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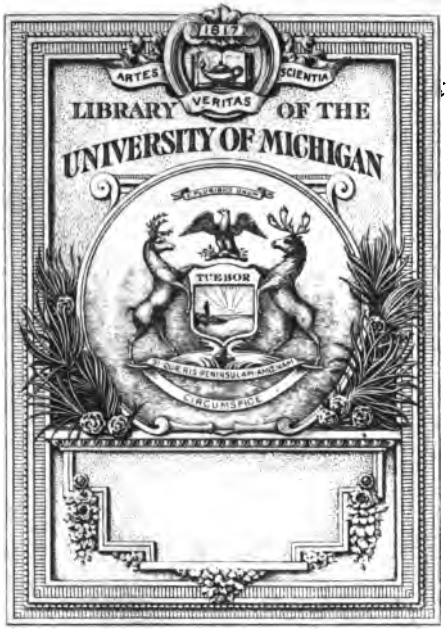

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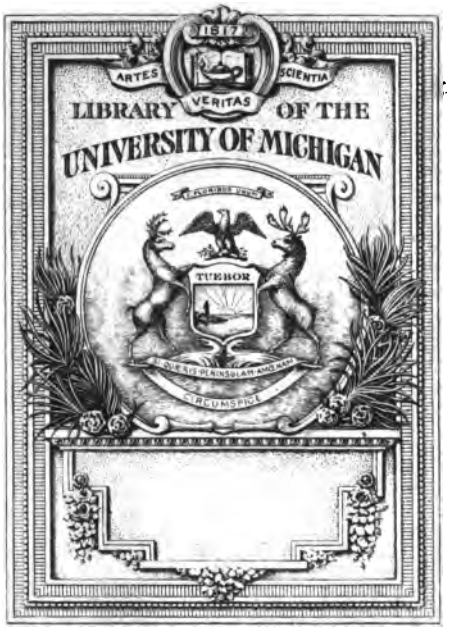

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THE VISITOR.

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THE

VISITOR,

OR

MONTHLY INSTRUCTOR,

FOR

1845.

THE WORKS OF THE LORD ARE GREAT, SOUGHT OUT OF ALL THEM THAT HAVE PLEASURE THEREIN. HIS WORK IS HONOURABLE AND GLORIOUS: AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS ENDURETH FOR EVER. HE HATH MADE HIS WONDERFUL WORKS TO BE REMEMBERED: THE LORD IS GRACIOUS AND FULL OF COMPASSION.—PSALM CXI. 2—4.

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE HONEST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE JUST, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE OF GOOD REPORT; IF THERE BE ANY VIRTUE, AND IF THERE BE ANY PRAISE, THINK ON THESE THINGS.—PHILIPPIANS IV. 8.

LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

Instituted 1799.

SOLD BY WILLIAM JONES, AT THE DEPOSITORY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD; AND BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

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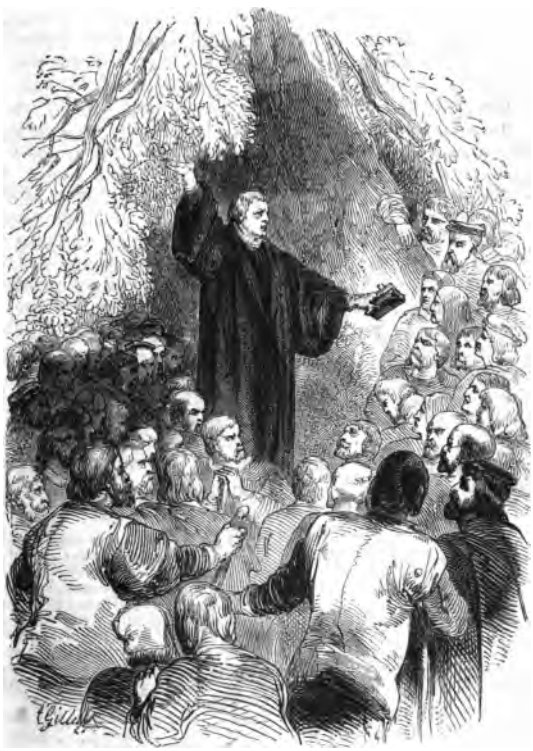

Luther Preaching.

LUTHER PREACHING BENEATH THE LIME-TREE.

"LUTHER and the lime-tree!" What memorable events recorded in the page of history does that one short sentence recall to memory! Associated with the character of Luther, who is represented in the engraving as standing beneath the ample shade of the tree, preaching the word of life to a listening and eager crowd, as once he did, it tells of a period when a fire was lit up in Germany, the flames of which finally reflected a broad and resplendent light all over Europe—the light of the Reformation.

The early history and progress of the

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German Reformation was represented in a pantomime, said to have been acted before the emperor Charles the Fifth. A man clothed in the garb of a doctor of divinity, to represent Reuchlin, first came forward, with a bundle of sticks, some crooked and some straight, which he deposited in the middle of the room, and then walked away. A secular priest, Erasmus, next followed, who took great pains to lay the sticks in order, and make the crooked straight, which, failing to accomplish, he shook his head mournfully and departed. Erasmus was followed by a monk, Luther, who went to work in a different manner, and with a more determined spirit: he set fire to the sticks, and, when the flames were enkindled, withdrew. Next came the emperor, who held a sword in his hand, with which he sought to extinguish the flames; but the more he stirred the lighted sticks about, the fiercer they burned. Lastly came the pope himself, who wrung his hands with grief and vexation, and looked eagerly about for some means of quenching the conflagration. At a distance stood a vessel of oil and a vessel of water, and in his trepidation he took up the former, and, pouring its contents upon the burning mass, so nourished and redoubled its fury, that he was forced to retire in a hurry.

In this representation there was some truth. Reuchlin and Erasmus had exposed the corruptions of the church of Rome, and had made some partial attempts at reformation; but it was the intrepid Luther who kindled that flame in Germany, which the united efforts of the pope and the emperor could not extinguish. The more they sought to quench it, the higher it cast its brightness towards the heavens.

Not less correct is the representation of the reformation in Europe shadowed forth by a richly-coloured drawing, in a copy of the Gospels, formerly used in the church of the Hussites, and now preserved in the library at Prague. In this drawing Wickliffe is represented as striking fire with a flint and steel; Huss lighting a small heap of wood; and Luther holding in his hand a blazing torch.

Luther, an Augustinian friar, was a man of strong feelings and an acute intellect. His mind was free from many prejudices; and before he entered upon his public career he prepared himself for the combat with "thrones, dominions, and powers," by a diligent study of the Holy Scriptures. Convinced of the corruption of that church of which he was a member, he felt himself called upon to resist the iron yoke under which his country and all Europe were groaning, and resolutely stood forth as their champion. It seems certain, however, that when Luther commenced his career, he had no just idea of the magnitude of the results which would follow, and that if he had not at the outset met with unworthy and cruel treatment, he would not have become such a "burning and a shining light" to the nations around, as he is justly represented in the annals of Europe. Irritated and afflicted by bitter invectives and incessant persecution, he was impelled to go to the extreme, and a contest which commenced about some few points in doctrine and practice, and on which justice was always ranged on his side, was gradually extended to all the dogmas of the church of Rome, which were brought out of its armory, and freely used as weapons against him, and finally to their great bulwark, the authority of the pope.

The mind of Luther appears to have received a great impulse upon visiting Rome. He saw, and was shocked at, the corruptions in discipline and morals which existed in the seat of the papacy. The profligacy of Julius II., then filling the papal chair, and the ignorance and shameless conduct of the clergy, not only disgusted his mind, but excited in it a lively concern for the interests of that holy religion which was thus misrepresented, abused, and trampled under the feet of its professors. He returned to Germany in heart a reformer.

O grace superb, and wonderful as deep,
That Rome and Luther should confronted be;
And there, in superstitious heart, our text—
Almighty like a thunderbolt—of truth
Down from the throne of revelation hurl'd—
Should raise him, while he crouch'd in faith
Deluded! Thus the champion for his cause
Was meeten'd; thus from Rome herself he drew
Weapons of might, whereby her powers would fall.
So, swift recoiling from his task abhorr'd,*
Uprose the brave Reformer!

R. MONTGOMERY.

The practice of indulgences was one of the first errors that engaged the attention of Luther. Viewing them by the light of Scripture, which he rightly considered as the great standard of theological truth, he saw that they were equally subversive of faith and morals. In his sermons he long and loudly lifted up his voice against the doctrine of indulgences, by which he

* An allusion to his ascending St. Peter's staircase upon his knees, as described by D'Aubigne.

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created many enemies; and being goaded by their fury, and especially by that of Tetzel, he at length posted on one of the doors of the churches in Wittemberg, a paper, containing ninety-five theses, or propositions, in opposition to it, with this celebrated challenge appended:—"In the spirit of honest and genuine love, and of especial anxiety, apart from all vain glory, to bring the truth to light, the Reverend Father Dr. Martin Luther, Augustinian of Wittemberg, Master of Arts and of the Holy Scriptures, etc., is willing, by God's grace, to treat of the following points concerning the doctrine of indulgences, to dispute concerning them, to defend and maintain them, against brother John Tetzel, of the order of preachers. And he requests that those persons who may not be able to dispute with him in person, will discuss the points in writing. In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

This celebrated challenge may be considered as the match which lit up the flames which the dauntless Luther enkindled. The propositions were promptly approved by his order, the university of Wittemberg, and by all intelligent persons far around. But not so were they by his enemies, the blind advocates of the errors of Rome. Tetzel promulgated a series of opposite propositions at Frankfort, and burnt those of Luther in the market of Juterbock, while he thundered forth curses against heresy. The Dominican, Sylvester Prierias, wrote violently against him; Hogstraten, likewise a Dominican, and a furious zealot, pursued the same course, and spoke of the sword and the stake. Eck, professor of theology, at Ingolstadt, arrayed himself against him; and the old emperor Maximilian summoned the pope to put an end to the contention by the exercise of his authority and power.

The summons of the emperor was responded to. Luther was cited to Rome. By the intercession of Frederick the Wise, however, who was his sovereign, his trial took place in Germany. He appeared in Augsburgh, before the legate Cardinal Thomas Vio de Garta, and the choice offered to him was, either to revoke unconditionally or be excommunicated. Luther appealed from "the pope misinformed to the pope disabused," and subsequently to a general council. But his appeal was of no avail. A sentence of condemnation upon his doctrines, and another of excommunication upon himself, provided he did not retract, were issued from the Vatican.

The emperor Maximilian, who was an implacable enemy of the reformer, was by this time summoned to give in his account at the tribunal of the heart-searching Judge of the world; and although his successor, Charles v., was inclined to carry the sentence into execution by the secular arm, yet Luther found such a powerful protector in the elector Frederic, (who by the change in the empire had become "vicar" in the countries of the Saxon law, and possessed of a temporary security,) that he became more enthusiastic in his great work. He burned the bull of excommunication, and with it the code of common law, publicly, at an appointed spot near Wittemberg.

Luther was now cited before the emperor's first diet in Worms. There was danger to his life in this journey; for although a safe conduct was granted him, yet one who was already condemned by the pope as a heretic, and towards whom only the external forms of justice were to be observed, could not be considered safe within the actual grasp of his enemies. It was predicted by some of his friends that he would be burned there, as Huss had been at Constance; and Bucer and Spalatin entreated him by no means to enter the city. But his purpose was fixed. To those who predicted his death, he replied, that if they were "to kindle a fire that should reach to the sky, between Wittemberg and Worms, he would yet appear there in the name of the Lord; that he would enter into the mouth of Behemoth, and acknowledge Christ." And to Spalatin he returned this memorable answer, "I would go into the place if there were in it as many devils as there are tiles upon the houses."

Luther went to Worms, and before the emperor, the princes of the empire, and a host of Romish prelates, boldly defended his doctrine, and declined the retractation which the assembly demanded from him, as contrary to his conscience. He concluded thus:—"If this work is human, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, you will never destroy it."

Luther left Worms in safety; but the sentence of proscription not only sounded after him and against him, but against all his defenders. Protected by the elector of Saxony, however, the edict of Worms was never carried into execution. Affairs of secular policy, complicated wars, and finally the emperor's own quarrels with

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the pope also, all tended to shield the reformer of Germany from personal danger. In the mean time the new doctrine had become so deeply and extensively rooted by the writings of Luther and his friends, that it was impossible to eradicate it; it became the salvation of Germany from the thraldom of popery, and when persecution raged in England, and the fires blazed throughout the country, that country finally gave shelter to many illustrious exiles.

Much has been written respecting the character of Luther. Romish writers represent him as the vilest of sinners; while his friends, on the contrary, represent him as possessing extraordinary excellences. His errors seem to have arisen chiefly from the circumstances of his position. If he were sometimes violent, it was the effect of fierce opposition and bitter persecutions; and if he sometimes passed the bounds of decency in his opposition to the Romish church, it proceeded from the magnitude of its corruptions. Great evils require extraordinary remedies to effect their cure, and Luther proceeded in his noble career, as though he was ever impressed with this great truth. Besides, no one has any reason to expect that Luther, engaged as he was in a struggle for life or death, should have displayed the moderation of a modern controversialist. Nor should any one look for the intelligence of the nineteenth century at the beginning of the sixteenth; or for the polite learning of the Christian scholar of modern times, in one who had been educated in the very midst of monkish absurdities. Violence, indecency of opposition to his enemies, and lack of learning, are charges which his adversaries have brought against him; but not one among them has ventured to call his courage, sincerity, and integrity of purpose into question. Rome would have purchased his return to her bosom by wealth and dignity, but he despised her proffers, and died poor.

As a preacher, Luther was energetic and eloquent, but his style was plain and intelligible to all classes of his auditors. According to his own testimony, which is found in a recorded conversation between him and Martin Bucer, he considered when he ascended the pulpit that the greater part of his hearers were illiterate people, and, therefore, preached to them in a manner which they could understand. The effects of his pulpit ministrations on various and isolated occasions are recorded in many passages of his history. They are seen, however, in a clearer light, by the final results of his noble struggle. He found his countrymen enthralled by the chains of superstition, and struggled manfully and successfully to obtain for them that true freedom which the soul obtains by simple faith in Christ.

E. F.

WINTER.

In the "Journal of a Naturalist" for January 10, is the following happy description of winter:— "The ground covered with snow, the pools with ice, trees and hedges leafless, and patched here and there with a mantle of white, present a cheerless, dreary void; no insects are animating the air, and all our songsters are silent and away; a few miserable thrushes are hopping on the ditch bank, swept bare by the wind; and the robin, puffing out his feathers and contracting his neck into his body, is peeping with his fine bright eyes into the windows, from the cypress bough. A few evergreens are waving their sprays, and glittering in the light, yet making but poor compensation for the variety, the flutter, the verdure of our summer. Though we have little natural beauty to note or to record, we are not left without a testimony of an overruling Power; and, however sad and melancholy things may appear at the first view, yet a more steady observation will manifest to us a presiding Providence and mercy. Frost and snow are but cheerless subjects for contemplation, yet I would add a reflection in my journal of one passing event, or rather recall from memory the truth that science has made known to us, revived by the sight of that frozen pool. There is one universal body, inherent in every known substance in nature—latent heat, which chemists have agreed to call 'caloric.' By artificial means bodies may be deprived of certain portions of it, and then the substance most usually contracts, and increases in weight. Water is an exception to this; for, in losing a part of its heat, the cause of its fluidity, and becoming ice, it expands, and is rendered lighter by inclosing, during the operation, more or less of atmospheric air; consequently it swims, covering the surface. To this very simple circumstance, ice floating and not sinking, are the banks and vicinities of all the rivers, lakes, pools, or great bodies of

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water in northern Europe, Asia, and America, rendered habitable; and what are now the most fertile and peopled, would be the most sterile and abandoned, were it not for this law of nature. Had ice been so heavy as to sink in water, the surface, on freezing, would have fallen to the bottom, and a fresh surface would be presented for congelation; this would then descend in its turn, and unite with the other, and thus, during a hard frost, successive surfaces would be presented, and fall to the bottom, as long as the frost or any fluid remained. By this means, the whole body of the water would become a dense concretion of ice: its inhabitants would not only perish, but the indurated mass would resist the influence of the sun of any summer to thaw it, and continue congealed throughout the year, chilling the earth in its neighbourhood, and the winds that passed over it preventing the growth of vegetation in the former, or blighting and destroying it by the influence of the latter.

"Winter is called a dull season; and, to the sensations of some, the enjoyments of others, and, perhaps, to the vision of all, it is a most cheerless period. This is so universally felt, that we always associate the idea of pleasure with the return of spring: whatsoever our occupations or employments may be, though its sleety storms and piercing winds may at times chill the very current in our veins, yet we consider it as an harbinger of pleasurable hours and grateful pursuits. We commence our undertakings, or defer them till spring. The hopes or prospects of the coming year are principally established in spring; and we trust that the delicate health of the blossoms around our hearths, which have faded in the chilling airs of winter, may be restored by the mild influence of that season. Yet winter must be considered as the time in which nature is most busily employed. Silent in her secret mansions, she is now preparing and compounding the verdure, the flowers, the nutriment of spring; and all the fruits and glorious profusion of our summer year are only the advance of what has been ordained and fabricated in these dull months. All these advances require omnipotent wisdom and power to perfect; but perhaps a more exalted degree of wisdom and power has been requisite to call them into a state of being from nothing. The branch of that old pear-tree now extended before me is denuded and bare, presenting no object of curiosity or of pleasure; but, had we the faculty to detect, and power to observe, what was going forward in its secret vessels, beneath its rugged, unsightly covering, what wonder and admiration would it create! the materials manufacturing there for its leaf and its bark; for the petals and parts of its flowers; the tubes and machinery that concoct the juices, modify the fluids, and furnish the substances of the fruit; with multitudes of other unknown operations and contrivances, too delicate and mysterious to be seen, or even comprehended, by the blindness, the defectibility of our nature—things of which we have no information, being beyond the range of any of the works or the employments of mankind. We may gather our pear, be pleased with its form or its flavour; we may magnify its vessels, analyze its fluids; yet be no more sensible of its elaborate formation, and the multiplicity of influences and operations requisite to conduct it to our use, than a wandering native of a polar clime could be of the infinite number of processess that are necessary to furnish a loaf of bread, from ploughing the soil to drawing from the oven. This is but an isolated instance, amidst thousands of others more complicated still. How utterly inconceivable, then, are the labours, the contrivances, the combinations that are going forward, and accomplishing, in this our dull season of the year, in that host of nature's productions with which, shortly, we shall everywhere be surrounded.

"It is in a period like this, where one comfortless hue predominates over all things,—

> 'Where all is sky, and a white wilderness;
> And, here and there, a solitary pine,
> Its branches bending with a weight of snow,'

that we fully perceive the beauty, the cheerfulness, of the colours of nature, which, like so many other things in life, we do not duly appreciate until we are deprived of them.

"The splendour, the variety of the autumnal glow, is certainly magnificent, and, by reason of the diversity of tints, gives a breadth and depth to woods and glades, exceeding that which an uniformity of colour would effect; but this gaiety, this lustre of the grove, however pleasing as a temporary exhibition, would, probably, not be agreeable as a lasting vestiture, independent of that cast of melancholy the decay of natural beings

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commonly conveys; but it is green, reviving green, that appears most to gratify the senses. A bank, an eminence, swept by the wind, and verdurous, the grassy streamlet, the ivy-vested trunk in the hedgerow, allure our view, as fertile islands in a desert waste; and we watch the progress of a thaw, as the subsidence of a wintry flood. Green seems to be the predominant hue of vegetation, when in health; and our faculties feel revived, reanimated, by its freshness when we view it. The wide-spread pastures, the foliage of the thicket, appear to impart their life to a wearied, languid being; and as the sick man looks out on the verdant turf, his jaundiced eye imbibes the universal spirit of vitality that circulates around; he admits the hope of restoration, as he sees the healthy existence of all things. And how is it that this colour conveys such sensations? Probably not from any innate love or accordance with a particular tint; for, if so, it would prevail in all things, become the influencing dye in our dress, of our fancies—which it is not. It may at times be an association of the memory—an impression on the mind of superior health and life, enjoyment, leisure, bland airs, and recreations; but, then, persons bred in cities and situations where no early recollections of such conceptions have had birth, yet feel pleasure in the verdure of nature, an importunity for the country. Surrounded by verdure, we inhale a larger portion of oxygen, of vital air: this increases the pulsations of the heart, augmenting the flow of spirits. An analysis of a certain number of cubic inches of the atmospheres from the crowded alley and the open down, would, probably, give no indication of this excess; yet we have strong presumptions that it exists. But this is an effect on the animal machine, not an operation on the mind by vision. The immediate satisfaction which the eye receives in resting upon verdure, is difficult to account for: many natural colours please, but green seems to be a tint that conveys a calm exhilaration, and, as an innate disposition in many, without reasoning or deliberation, effects its influences by actions imperceptible to our understanding."

The same writer observes, under the date of January 20th:—"A keen frost, and the ground covered with snow, present a scene of apparent suffering and want to many of our poor little birds; but the preservation of the fowls of the air, which sow not, 'nor gather into barns,' has been beautifully instanced to us, as a manifest evidence of a superintending Providence; the full force of this testimony is most strongly impressed upon us in a season like this, when winter rules with rigour; and we marvel how the lives of these beings can be supported, when the waters are bound up, and earth and all its products hidden by a dense covering of snow. Many of the small birds obtain subsistence by picking the refuse of our cornstacks, by seeds scattered about our home-stalls and cattle-yards; but multitudes of others are in no way dependent upon man for shelter or support, do not even approach his dwelling, but are maintained by the universal bounty of Providence, as the woodlark, the meadow-lark, the chats, and several others; but by what means they are maintained in a period like this, is not quite manifest. The portion that they require is probably small, yet it must be insect food; and the chats, larks, and gray wagtails, seem busily engaged in providing for their wants, upon the furze sprays, amidst frozen grass, or upon the banks of ditches and pools; and, as no insect, but the winter gnat, is found in such places, it is probable that this creature, which sports in numbers in every sunny gleam, yields them in this season much of their support. Some of the insectivorous birds have, at such periods, no apparent difficulty in supporting their existence, finding their food, in a dormant state, in mosses, lichens, and crevices of trees and buildings; but for those which require animated creatures, I am sensible of none that are to be procured but this gnat, and it possibly has been endowed with its peculiar habits and dispositions for a purport like this. We have many examples in nature of similar provisions, wherein one race supports the existence and requirements of another. The molluscæ and insects of the deep continue the life of some, the feeble races of the air and waters maintain the beings of others, and the beast of the wild seeks his food amidst those which inhabit with him; but where this chain ends, human faculties will probably never be able to ascertain. The remarkable fact which our microscopes make known to us, that all infusions of natural substances in water, will produce life, however extraordinary the form may be, seems to denote a continuation of beings beyond any possible comprehension, and probably subservient to the

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existence of each other: the minute creature that floats, an hardly perceptible atom in the water of the ditch, and which subsists many of the animals which inhabit those places, feeds upon smaller than itself, and those again, possibly, upon more minute ones, which the infusions of those places give existence to: here the investigation terminates, but the thread unbroken continues, probably, through endless gradations, perceptible to Infinity alone."

A NEW YEAR'S PROMISE.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

God is pleased to hide the future from the view of man. The veil that enshrouds it cannot be pierced by the keenest eye. And no voices from any part of creation come forth to tell, to the eager listening ear, that which shall be. "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God." Infinite wisdom and goodness are discernible in this arrangement of Divine Providence. It is productive of the most beneficial results. By our ignorance of what is before us we escape the suffering which would be inevitably, although unnecessarily endured, in the prospect of coming trials: the anticipation of them would injuriously affect the mind, long before the actual occurrences could give real cause for grief. And our ignorance of the future keeps us in a spirit of dependence upon God—a safe and fitting frame of mind.

At the commencement of a new year, both reflection and anticipation are indulged. We have parted with a period of time that brought with it mingled joys and sorrows. As it rolled on, events occurred that were little expected, a foreknowledge of which would have made us meet them with trembling apprehensions and increased difficulty of endurance. The cup of suffering may have been ours to drink, and bitter may have been the draught, and yet enjoyment was not absent. If there was the pain of the thorn, there was also the fragrance of the rose. Whatever may have been the Divine dealings with us, we have been supported under them all. Having "obtained help of God," we "continue to this day." And the language of the heart should be that of gratitude and thanksgiving to him "for all his benefits toward" us. We should "take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."

Another year is now before us. We have already entered upon it. What our circumstances and experience will be during its passing hours, we cannot tell. The wise man and the simple are here equally at a loss. The "prospect lies before us, but shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it." We must, therefore, for consolation, fall back upon the assurances of Infinite Goodness, that, resting upon the Divine arm, all shall be well with those who fear God. These assurances are many, and truly encouraging; and none more so than that which was given to one of the tribes of Israel, and which is now applicable to all the people of God, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Solomon says, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun." We may, therefore, believe the future will be, in many respects, a transcript of the past; and that human life will present a similar aspect to that with which it has hitherto exhibited itself. The world will still spread its snares around our feet; the flesh with its corruptions war against the spirit; and Satan go about like "a roaring lion—seeking whom he may devour." Still will the spiritual conflict have to be maintained; for to all, as long as we remain inhabitants of the world, it must be said, "Ye are not as yet come to the rest, and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you."

Now the graces of the Christian will be called into exercise by the trials of life, during the course of this year. These may be as varied as our positions in society; and many of them may prove of a nature too sacred to be obtruded on the attention of others. "The heart knoweth," and sometimes must keep to itself, the knowledge of its "own bitterness." Faith and patience may be subjected to a severe test. Like Jacob, we may think all things are against us, and tremble at the probable result. We may be assailed from quarters least expected, and tried in the tenderest points, while, through partial representations, we may become the subjects of reproof, unjustly given, and be wounded with "sharp arrows of the mighty."

There may be duties which will devolve upon us in the course of the coming year, that will require for their discharge much grace from above. Sometimes these are very uncongenial to our minds, interfere materially with our time or comfort, and

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render it necessary for our convictions to be very strong, and our sense of obligation to be imperative, before the repugnance we feel to them can be overcome.

Again—during the period of time now before us, we may expect to be subjected to the buffetings of Satan. He will annoy, if he cannot injure. He will often suggest hard and unholy thoughts of God; attempt to unsettle the faith and agitate the souls of Christians, and prevent their experiencing the joy of salvation. Doubts as to a personal interest in the Saviour, of our own sincerity, of the correctness of our motives, or of our final perseverance, may very probably be awakened. He will strive to make us misconstrue the providences of God, and to believe that in him we have an angry foe instead of a living and faithful friend.

The Christian will find, too, that the remaining depravity of his heart will seek occasion to develope itself. The "old man," although smitten with a deadly stroke, dies not in a moment. Our corrupt nature has a wondrous tenacity of life. Frequently it strives, like a pent-up torrent, to burst those barriers, which an enlightened judgment and awakened conscience have raised up; and the soul often trembles at the tremendous shock of the torrent. Such trials in the history of our spiritual being may be expected. We must not think all danger is past, because we have often triumphed, or that the final conflict is fought, and that now nothing remains to be done but to wreathe the chaplet of a conqueror, and bind it upon our brows, while we chant the songs of victory and gladness. This would assuredly be to give our enemy the advantage over us. We must remember we are yet in the flesh, yet in the country of the foe, where his arm can reach us, and his malignity find room and opportunity for exercise. "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

Then there is, most probably, before us bodily affliction—it may be death. From the former, exemptions are very rare, and much faith and patience are required to endure it; with respect to the latter, "there is no discharge in that war." It may be, both will pass over us before the year is closed. The brightest eyes that glance at this page may be dimmed in death, before half its months have rolled away. Now, with this solemn thought filling the mind, it is infinitely important, and necessary to the peace of the soul, that we be in a position to meet probable suffering, and, sooner or later, certain death! This preparation, however, can never be regarded as complete, until we "have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us" in the gospel. To all those who have believed in Jesus, renounced sin, and joined themselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten, the exceeding great and precious promises come, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be;" "All things work together for good to them that love God."

These assurances will be realised when the trials of life approach, and surround the children of God. All things are under the control and direction of infinite Wisdom, and he suffers not a heavier burden to rest on his people than they can bear. Thus it was with David, when pursued by Saul. On a review of the dealings of the Lord, he could say, "In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul." God will give sensible supports to the trembling spirit, by enabling it to bear what is laid upon it, if he does not remove the cause of affliction. This latter may be sometimes wished, as was the case with Paul, smarting with the "thorn in the flesh;" but God may see fit to continue it, and so, instead of removing, he gives grace to endure. He does not promise there shall be no trials, but he does assure us of support under them. "He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee." Christian reader, does not your past experience enable you to corroborate the words of holy writ? Then "trust in the Lord with all thine heart" in the coming year; and, however dark the heavens may be above you, however gloomy the horizon around, let faith raise you above fear.

When the conflict is maintained with spiritual adversaries, we may assure ourselves of adequate support, of strength as our day. This conviction is of vast importance—without it we should hesitate and tremble to oppose our weakness to the potency of evil and malignant spirits. The stripling, who met the gigantic Philistine in the valley of Elah, would, by his own strength, have been more able to grapple with the huge foe, than we to war against principalities and powers, against spiritual wickedness in high

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places, alone. But, like David, we meet an adversary "in the name of the Lord of hosts;" and it will be with a similar issue, "if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end." Our God has provided for us armour for defence, and weapons for our warfare. "Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." The Saviour, who sees all that is passing, does not forget us. As for Peter, so for us, he prays that our "faith fail not." He will be "a very present help in trouble." "Through God we shall do valiantly." "We are more than conquerors through him that loved us." And, notwithstanding the strength of the enemy, so long as we are found "looking unto Jesus," we can cry, without presumption, in the exulting language of the apostle, "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Equally consoling is the promise of God with respect to our sanctification. He will strengthen us with all "might by his Spirit in the inner man," and enable us this year, to crucify, yet more effectually, "the flesh, with its affections and lusts." He has said, "Sin shall not have dominion over you." The struggle may be severe, as it was with Paul; and often the agonised spirit may exclaim, with him, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But the same Deliverer is at hand, and the Christian may calm and comfort himself with the reply "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." "This is the will of God, even" our "sanctification;" and will he not aid us in our attempts to "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord?" Let us continue to strive, and—

"Though painful at present, 't will cease before long;
And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

Let us remember, "greater is he that is in us, than he that is in the world." The fetters of corruption will soon be broken, and the emancipated spirit, as it springs upward, will exclaim, with holy and rapturous delight, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

In the hour of bodily and mental suffering, in the conflict and solemnity of death, he will not leave or forsake us. He has said much on these points to comfort his people. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Whatever Infinite Wisdom may have ordained concerning us that is painful, and that shall come to pass during the year before us, he will so support and console his people, that they shall cry "It is good for us to be afflicted." "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;" and when "heart and flesh fail us, he will be the strength of our heart;" when we "walk through the valley of the shadow of death," we need "fear no evil," for his rod and his staff will comfort us.

With what illustrious proofs of supporting grace, under circumstances the most trying, have we been familiar! The naturally timid and fearful have passed over Jordan without the slightest alarm. A voice Divine whispered, "Fear not, for I am with thee," and the confiding spirit replied, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." And may not we, if "the children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus," calculate on the same gracious support and consolation? Reader! you may this year die. Do you look forward to that event with apprehension? If you are a believer, if sin be forgiven—and it is to every penitent suppliant who kneels at the cross—what have you to fear? To the Christian, "the king of terrors is the prince of peace." Only let sin be pardoned, and you are secure; let a meetness "to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" be yours, and if "this year thou shalt die," this year thou shalt be with thy Lord in paradise.

Oh let there be a grateful acknowledgment of the past grace and mercy of a sympathising Saviour. By him we have been upheld under dangers and difficulties; for having been "in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," he has been able and willing to succour us when tempted. Mercies received should lead us to hope for fresh mercies. At the commencement of a new year, his gracious voice assures us, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." This is cheering, and we may go forward, confident

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that our God will "supply all our need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." We can "do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us." "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us," and—

> "Each sweet Ebenezer we have in review
> Confirms his good pleasure to help us quite through."

"Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."

It is very probable these pages will meet the eye of an unconverted or undecided person. The past years of your life have been lost to God. Shall this be numbered with the barren and unprofitable ones that are gone? Lo, these many years has the husbandman come, seeking fruit of you, but finding none; and again and again the sentence of extermination would have been pronounced and carried into effect, but mercy and longsuffering have pleaded, and you have been let alone another year. This may bring with it the last day of your life. How shall it be spent? Your hours are numbered. They are hastening to a close. The pall of death may be falling over you; and yet sin is cherished, and Christ is rejected. Oh, redeem the time! A few rays of hope gleam through the thick clouds that are gathering around and above you. Trifle a little longer, and they vanish for ever! "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." For your guilt you require a sacrifice of atonement. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." You must be born again of the Spirit of God, or you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. Your Father giveth the Holy Spirit to them that ask him. "Ask, and ye shall receive." You have enemies who are plotting your destruction. Become a child of God, and you shall overcome them all. Under all circumstances; "in all time of tribulation;" when exposed to dangers near or afar off; in seasons of trouble, spiritual or temporal; if a friend of Christ, this year and all years—"as thy days, so shall thy strength be."

T. A.

SCOTTISH FISHERMEN.

Few common things impress the imagination more than an excursion through an agricultural district, with its one or two country towns, to some long-established fishing village. Let us instance, just for the recollections it may awaken, a walk taken through the rich agricultural district in the neighbourhood of Arbroath, to the fishing village of Achmithie. The fields through which we pass, the farm-steadings, the policies of the proprietary, the cottages, the towns, all bear, not only the stamp of their country, but of their country at the present time. The hand of improvement, like that of a horologe, indicates the hour. The agriculture is Scottish agriculture at its present date—agriculture based on the experiments of a century. The carefully husbanded soil, occupied to the extreme edge of the narrow, well-kept hedges, the long-drawn rectilinear furrows, the rich braird rising in well-defined lines, the absence of choking weeds, the skilfully-arranged steadings, with here and there the tall chimney of a steam-engine rising from their low roofs; the form of the implements employed in tillage; the heaps of draining-tiles, just prepared for laying down; the superior breed of the animals grazing in the fields,—all unite in testifying that the growing necessities of the country—the demand made for larger supplies of food, by its ever-increasing population on the one hand, and for a larger return in the form of rent, by a luxurious proprietary on the other—have called out all the energies of the farmer, and compelled him to press into the service of his profession, whatever in science or art could be rendered available for making two blades grow where only one grew before. Even the farm-servant, though deteriorated, not improved, in character, by the change, bears in his very appearance the impress of the country and of the time. We see that he has become one of the agricultural machines of the new system, and emphatically a hard-working one. In the various towns and villages through which we pass, mechanic labour is busy—we hear from cottage after cottage, in long lines of a quarter of a mile, the ceaseless strokes of the loom, and the monotonous rattle of the shuttle—the cartwright is busy in his shop, and the blacksmith at his forge. Some pale-faced weaver—pale, though he lives in the country—may be seen at his window, snatching a hasty glance of his favourite newspaper or magazine, acquainting himself with what Parliament is doing, or what is perhaps more likely—for the chance is that he is a Radical, if not a Chartist—with what Parliament *ought* to be doing, but what it does not. There

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are comparatively few children in the lanes; but we may hear, as we pass by, the murmur of the village school. The great machine of society is everywhere at work; for the age is peculiarly one in which it cannot afford to stand still. But, while the physical powers of the community are thus employed, the mental faculties, save in a few hapless instances, do not stand still; there is more reading, though perhaps not of the most ennobling kind, than at any former period, and much more political discussion; newspapers and magazines are multiplied far beyond precedent, and single literary journals possess more readers than composed the whole reading portion of Britain and Ireland, when estimated by Burke, little more than eighty years ago. The face of the country, and the appearance and occupation of the inhabitants—the jealously fenced policy of the proprietor, with its lettered board, denunciatory of pains and penalties against the intruder—not less than the ceaseless clatter of treddles from the low-walled tenements which line the wayside, are characteristic of the Scottish race in their present stage of development, and of the relations which the various classes among them bear to each other. The wayfarers we meet are all Scottish,—the gentleman farmer on his sleek riding horse, or with his family in his drosky; the Secession minister, returning on foot from a catechising; the unemployed journeyman, seeking work with his kit of tools slung over his shoulder; the cottager's wife, in her Sunday gown, bearing her basket of eggs to the market.

But we descend towards the cliffs, and enter the straggling fisher village, with its ranges of dingy cottages, and its corresponding ranges of fishy dunghills, heaped high with shells, and sprinkled over with broken tufts of arboraceous zoophytes and fragments of mutilated star-fish. What first strikes the eye, if indeed the ear be not first saluted, is the vast number of ragged children, far beyond the proportion of other villages—dressed up, the boys in their father's cast-off jackets, the girls in their mother's petticoats—and all uproarious, acute, quizzical, and mischievous. They gather around the stranger, full of practical joke and fun; if he chances to be mounted on horseback, there are attempts made to scare the animal, by shaking under its nose a breadth of superfluous jacket, or by some bold blow, dealt at a sudden sally, by some urchin armed with a dried tangle from the beach. There is nothing particularly malicious intended by the young savages, whose amazing number, in proportion to that of the grown inhabitants of the place, seems, so far as it is real, to be a result, as in Ireland, of the early marriages common to the class, and in the degree in which it is merely apparent to the want of a school, to shut up from the sight, at least, the teachable portion of them. They are all before us, in one noisy, frolicsome mob—not at all devoid, apparently, of that proud sense of superiority so natural to the wild man everywhere, which employs, as its proper language in such circumstances, the rough practical joke, the jeering laugh, the prompt nickname. But how striking the contrast between these embryo fishermen of the village and their grave sires! The imperturbably demure tabby, never beguiled into a single frolic, does not less resemble the vivacious kitten, all activity and play. There is a staid, slow-moving noiselessness about the grown men, that belongs to no other class in Britain. Despite of the short blue jacket and glazed hat, it is impossible to mistake them for sailors. The sailor, instinct with a spirit of enjoyment,—for his days spent on shore are holidays,—and trained of necessity to maintain a strict watch, that takes cognizance of everything, is quick in his motions, and proverbially observant; whereas the whole air of the fisherman speaks of a sluggish, inert, incurious gravity, that seems apathetically indifferent to every object around him. * Even when employed in repairing his nets, or baiting his lines, his motions appear rather automatical than the efforts of volition. But in order rightly to transfer his peculiarities of mien and aspect, one would require rather the calotype than the pen. We know no instances in which they have been rendered with half such truthfulness of effect, as in Mr. Hill's exquisite calotypes of our Frith of Forth fishermen; and it is a fact curiously illustrative of the supposed *foreign* character of the class, that these pictures, pencilled by the agency of light, without exaggeration or error, always remind the connoisseur, not of the productions of the British, but of the Dutch school. The figures seem invariably those of Dutch fishermen, as drawn by Ostade or Teniers. The women of the village we have come to visit, are found, like its adult male inhabitants and

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its children, to have a character of their own. The sex occupy among the fisher population a much more prominent place than the humbler women of the country generally. We find them busied at the out-door employments of the fishermen, preparing the solution of tan with which he imparts durability to his net yarns, or weaving, or preparing the nets themselves, or bringing from the shore the shell-fish with which he baits his lines, or engaged in transferring the naked mollusca to the hook, or setting out to market with a load of fish on their back. Their employments are slavish, but not so their position in the community. They form the agents through which all its sales are effected—its *men* of business, who occupy the important place between the class who produce, and the classes who consume, and through whose hands all the money of the village must pass. And hence, apparently, the well-marked energy in their physiognomy and action, which contrasts so strongly with the staid and silent gravity of their husbands and brothers. The women, like the men of the village, bear a peculiar air, the blended result of the character of their vestments, and of their robust and active frames, strongly developed by their masculine labours. The petticoat, shortened to adapt it to their laborious employments, especially to the gathering of shell-fish, and the digging up the sand-worm for bait, amid the wet sands of the ebb, falls, as in many of the nations of the Continent, only a little below the knee, and imparts to them a foreign look. Their love, too, of flaring colours—stripes of the broadest and brightest, flaunting calicos, and gay napkins, adds further peculiarity to their costume. Among the many thousands who crowded from all parts of the country to Edinburgh, two years ago, to see the queen, her majesty singled out, as strikingly different in appearance from any of the others, the fisherwomen of Musselburgh and Newhaven. There is a picturesqueness in the accompaniments of the picture—in the backgrounds, which relieve the various groups of figures, that greatly deepens the general impression; —the rude and not overclean huts, little touched by the improvements of centuries—the various rude implements of the profession scattered in front—the nets hanging in brown wreaths from the horizontal pole—the large oblong baskets with their coiled lines in the centre, and bearing their adroitly-baited hooks ranged in triple tiers on the edge—the pile of spare oars—the spread sail—the huge pot of boiling tan, sending up its seething steam in the sunshine from some quiet recess; and away in the distance, under the shadow of the overhanging cliffs, the boats of the community drawn up high on the beach.

What mainly strikes in such a survey, after we have first marked the external peculiarities, is the stationary character of the fisherman, compared with that of all the other working men of the country. There have been scarcely any improvements in the profession of the white-fisher for centuries. His circle of art is the identical circle of his great-grandfather, who plied his lines and nets when, according to Goldsmith, the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; he is acquainted with exactly the same fishing banks, and exactly the same phenomena of tides and winds; he sails in a boat of the same rude construction, and employs implements that have undergone no change. His modes of thinking, too, have remained as stationary as his profession. In these times of general reading, there are not many fishing communities in Scotland that receive their magazine, or newspaper. The news of the day reaches them at but second-hand, or reaches them not at all; but, as if in some sort to make amends, we may find among them more of the worn-out prejudices and opinions of the past—in some instances more of its obsolete language even, than anywhere else. The superstitions of a district die last among its fishermen. If one wishes to acquaint oneself better than by books with the modes of thinking, and the degree of culture which characterised our common people, ere the Reformation had given the country its parish and grammar schools, or theological truth agitated and exercised the popular mind, the fisher communities of our coasts may be found the best possible spheres of observation. They are isolated fragments of the past, carried down to the present, on the current of time, like sheets of ice, river-borne to the sea, from some inland lake, that continue to bear, amid the brine in their frozen folds, the reeds, and heaths, and mosses, that had congregated around them in the far distant scene, in which they first acquired form and consistence. Whatever illustrates the formation of character by exhibiting the influence of the agencies, physical and moral, whose

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long-continued operation produces such striking diversities among the races of men, cannot be devoid of interest; and it will be found that the country exhibits no diversity of the kind at once so strongly marked, and so easily traceable to its producing causes, as that furnished by our fishermen. Peculiarities as decided as those which mark national character, and which, as a class of our vaguer traditions testify, are popularly regarded rather as distinctive of a race than of a profession, are found closely associated in this primitive class with the circumstances which have produced them.

One of the first circumstances we would remark as peculiar, is that the profession of the fisherman furnishes employment, though not without long intervals of leisure, to the whole population of the fishing village, young and old. There is much time spent in procuring and preparing bait, and the consequent labour is of a kind in which the young people, from seven years upwards, can take a share; neither much strength nor skill are required in gathering shell-fish on the banks, left dry by the ebb, or in digging for the sand-eel or the log-worm; the art, too, of transferring to the hook the bait thus procured, though a tedious one, is soon mastered, and lies full within the capabilities of the urchin of eight or ten summers. Even younger children, boys and girls of five, find employment in tending the children still younger than themselves, left not unfrequently to their charge in the absence of their mothers and elder sisters, engaged in disposing, in the country or the neighbouring town, of the proceeds of last night's fishing. There is occupation for all; and one curious effect of this employment of the very young, is a corresponding precocity of development among the children of a fishing village. They may be found in charge of the infant of the family at an age when other children are scarcely intrusted with the care of themselves; or perhaps running an errand to the grocer's, or gathering up their little bundles of sticks for fuel in some neighbouring copse, ere it is deemed safe to permit their juvenile contemporaries of the trading town, or the farm-house, to escape from under the eye of the parent or the nurse. A similar precocity, induced, it is probable, by resembling causes, has been remarked in the children of savage or semi-savage tribes in various parts of the world. "It will be seen," says Dr. Madden, in his Parliamentary Report, "by all the answers the missionaries in our different settlements have given to my queries respecting the mental capacity of negro children, that they are considered in that respect equal to European children, and by some, quicker in their perceptions, and more lively in their powers of apprehension." But the same set of causes which lead to a precocious development of faculty in the children of the fisherman, serve eventually to set their minds asleep. In the general employments of the community, they are of too much use to be spared to the school. They have all their several tasks allotted them—tasks relieved by occasional intervals of unrestrained uproarious play; but without sacrifice on the part of the parents, there can be no regularly-recurring leisure intervals for educational purposes. The fixed period of school attendance may be some one of the ever-varying periods in which the sands are laid dry, and in which bait can alone be procured; it may be the time when the hooks are to be baited for the evening tide; or the time of market, when the mother is absent, and the infant child must be tended. And hence the extreme reluctance so often evinced by the parents to permit their children to attend school, even in the cases in which its benefits are gratuitously extended to them. The proffered education takes the form not of a favour conferred, but of useful services filched away. And thus pass by, in fisher communities, those years of early youth, in which alone the foundations of education can be laid among a people. In his sixteenth or seventeenth year, the growing lad accompanies his father to the sea; in a year or two after, he is a qualified fisherman, entitled to a full share of the boat's fishing; but who, without a wife to sell his fish, and to assist him in baiting his lines, cannot maintain his footing of equality with the rest of the crew. And so a wife he must have; not a girl selected arbitrarily out of the family of some neighbouring cottar or mechanic, but some fisher-girl, who can bait lines and repair nets, and who has accompanied her mother to the market, and learned to sell fish. Thus he marries, ere he is turned of twenty, a girl of his own class, of eighteen; there is no connexion formed with the classes outside his community—no chance of receiving in this way any infusion of new idea;

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he becomes the father of a numerous family, of which every individual passes through exactly the same course as their parents; and thus, from generation to generation, the opinions and habits of the race remain stereotyped, while all around them exists in a state of incessant change. They stand still, unconscious that the mass of society is in motion.—*North British Review.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON FOX-HUNTING.

No! I am not going to draw a cover, nor to drag you through the woods, thorns, and furze bushes, though the title I have chosen might almost lead you to suppose so. If you go with me, neither a red coat nor boots and spurs will be necessary.

Perhaps you may say, "What have we to do with fox-hunting or fox-hunters? There are some, nay, many, whom the subject might suit, but it is not at all suitable to us. It is quite out of our way: we are not fox-hunters." Now I am not quite certain of this. Nay, to speak plainly, it is because I half suspect that many of you are fox-hunters, that I thus address you.

I half suspect that, in some degree, most of us are fox-hunters; that, in following our favourite objects, "Hark away!" is the cry of us all. Every one pursues his own game, and hedges and ditches, and all other impediments, are cleared by us with wonderful dexterity.

A fox-hunter is thought little of by his companions in his break-neck diversion, unless he be a man of energy. Caution and prudence are not the most striking among fox-hunting qualities. He must be thoroughly ardent and impetuous to join in the chase.

Not only is the fox-hunter wrong in this, that he pursues trifles with ardour, and important things with apathy; but, during the chase, his whole soul is absorbed in his amusement: he has neither ear, eye, nor heart for anything else. When, then, I see any one so vehemently ardent in any favourite pursuit, as to make him unmindful of things equally important, I call him a fox-hunter. The object he pursues may be good, nay, excellent, but if it stop his ear, blind his eye, or otherwise render him insensible to things equally good and equally excellent, as I said before, that man, in my estimation, is a fox-hunter.

Having thus far explained myself, I will proceed to notice some of the fox-hunting pursuits which have, at different times, brought, and are still bringing, so many sportsmen into the field. I trust you now begin to perceive that, according to my definition, a man may be a fox-hunter without wearing a red coat, boots, and spurs, and go fox-hunting without clearing double fences, or risking his neck over five-barred gates. The objects of mankind are various, and even the best of them are sometimes moderately, and sometimes immoderately pursued: it is the immoderate pursuit of them that will principally call forth my remarks; which, whether just or unjust, will, at least, not be made ill-naturedly.

To render myself as intelligible as possible, let me divide my subject into three parts—pursuits which are wicked; pursuits which are indifferent; and pursuits which are praiseworthy. Among the first, with which I trust you have nothing to do, drinking, gambling, and fighting may be enumerated. Among the second may be mentioned politics, political economy, currency, corn-laws, public companies, hydropathy, mesmerism, dress, and a score others. And among the last, savings' banks, temperance societies, abolition of slavery, missions, Sunday-schools, distribution of religious tracts, and circulation of the Bible. A word upon each of these.

When a man falls in love with the glass, he is pretty sure to go down hill all his days; and yet how many are there who boast of the bottles or the cups they can drink? Men are not apt to boast of their infirmities—the ague, the fever, the rheumatism, and the gout; why, then, should they boast of their drinking disease, which is far worse than all the rest put together; since it not only jeopardizes the body, but the soul. A leap, at full cry, over a brook and a double fence is a daring and desperate deed, but what is this when compared to a leap into destruction?

As Epsom and Ascot races come round, numbers who have business to attend, and whose situation in life has not qualified them for such unenviable pursuits, are seized with the mania of gambling. By their conversation they appear as much at home in making up "a book" and taking the "long odds," as though they had been born at Newmarket, and brought up in a betting-box, with the first jockeys of the day for their companions. Steeple chases, yacht races, fights, wrest-

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ling, and walking matches, come all alike to them, so that a bet can be made, though the race course is their favourite amusement. They will tell you the points of a good horse as familiarly as if they kept a stud of their own. Talk of horses, and you will see them in their glory. They are intimate with the exploits of Eclipse, and Flying Childers, Diamond, and Hambletonian, Beeswing, and Cotherstone.

Some have a taste for prize fighting, and a strange taste it is. They love to read of barbarous encounters when they cannot see them, and interlard their conversation with the low epithets of pugilists. The supporters of drinking, gambling, and fighting, run such imminent risks, and are so reckless in their abandonment, that I cannot but class them among the most desperate of fox-hunters.

We now come to pursuits which may be said to be indifferent, because to engage in them is not necessarily either a vice or a virtue. Politics shall be first mentioned; and in politics many have made worse plunges than they have in fox-hunting. To entertain an opinion on points affecting the well being of our country is natural, and it is natural also for a man of warm feelings to feel warmly on such matters; but what a sight it is to see men who ought to be brothers rabid as mad dogs, and running over with bitterness. Since politics "separateth very friends" and makes them "sharper than a thorn edge" one towards another, I am doing them no very great injustice in ranking them among fox-hunters.

In like manner, when a man engages in any other pursuit or question, say political economy, or the currency, or the corn-laws, he is justified in concentrating the resources of his mind in his pursuit; but if, forgetful of the courtesies of life, and the commandment, "Love one another," he becomes arrogant, arbitrary, and dictatorial, urging on the fiery steed of his passions unduly, wantonly, and recklessly: how can I call him by a more appropriate name than that of a fox-hunter?

Did you never hear of any taking the field in a high flying temper, standing up in their stirrups, eager as "greyhounds in the slips straining for the start;" ready to go all lengths in their pursuit of shares in private speculations or public companies? When once the money-getting mania affects a man's heart and soul, it urges him onward at all hazards. No game comes amiss to him; mining, metal, waterwork, railroad, steamboat, or banking shares; all or any of them will do, —away he goes! You may call such a man what you will, but I must call him a fox-hunter.

I have known some who have been so inordinately attached to hydropathy—so much in love with the water system of curing diseases—as almost to induce the suspicion that a worse calamity, in their opinion, might happen to the world than a second deluge; and I have met with others so carried away by mesmerism, with its somnolency, somnambulism, clairvoyance, and introvision, as to credit the wildest visions that a distempered imagination could invent. Now, I am not at all inclined to dispute the position that the water system judiciously applied may, in many cases, be attended with advantage; and that mesmerism may have produced some extraordinary effects; but when one is thus, as it were, ready mounted, booted, and spurred to run all lengths and to overleap the highest barriers of probability, he certainly is duly entitled to figure among fox-hunters.

I may be thought to be a bold man to venture even on the supposition of a lady going a fox-hunting; and, certainly, the subject must be handled by me very tenderly, though truth requires me to admit, that I have numbered some fair fox-hunters among my friends and acquaintance. A fox's brush is not the only thing in the world that is thought worth attaining; there are furs of other animals, and there are also such things as silks and satins in the world, as well as precious stones and jewelry. It would bring a blush on my cheek to know that I had made an illnatured remark; but so strong is my imagination, that I can suppose the case just possible, that a fair fox-hunter might occasionally be found in full cry—not only after a piece of point-lace, or a cashmere shawl, but even after a fan or a feather.

It may be, my readers, that at present I have hardly come home to you; but it would neither be wise nor safe for you to conclude, because you have not joined in the chase after any of the things already mentioned by me, that you never go fox-hunting after others. As I have a little more to say, I do not absolutely despair of finding out your hunting grounds yet, and perhaps I may even stumble, unexpectedly, against your hunter, as he stands ready saddled and bridled in the stable.

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Let us now proceed to things that are praiseworthy. One man is of opinion that the peace, prosperity, and happiness of society, depend mainly on the prudence and forethought of its members; and, therefore, regards savings' banks as very important things—so important, indeed, that he has quite a mania for them, highly extolling all who encourage them, and blaming those who do not, though they may encourage twenty other good things. He regards savings' banks as almost a specific against public and private, national and domestic calamity. His principle is a good one, but he follows it out too urgently. It is his hobby, and on this hobby he goes out fox-hunting.

Another man is an intemperate temperance man—a red-hot teetotaller. His object is also good, but he regards it as better than all others, and has a private quarrel with you, if you do not regard it so too. You may practise all the cardinal virtues and all the Christian graces; but if you have not signed the pledge, you have a blot on your escutcheon, and a mark on your brow. Surely this has some resemblance to fox-hunting, and such a one is very like a fox-hunter.

"Talk not to me," says a third, "about your sobriety and your temperance; I have no notion of such nibbling, I like things on a larger scale. Slavery is one of the blackest curses that covetousness and rapacity have flung upon the world; and if your heart and soul are not set on its abolition, you have but little humanity." Now, I dearly love freedom, and heartily hate slavery; ay, and I am a thorough abolitionist, too; yet still I hold the possibility of an abolitionist being a fox-hunter.

"You make," says a fourth, "a great noise about anti-slavery; but, to my mind, it is much more important to attend to the soul, than to the body. The body will soon moulder in the grave, but the soul, the immortal soul, will live, for ever. To abolish slavery would certainly be an excellent thing, but I cannot think it right—nay, I absolutely think it wrong, that a man should give his money as an abolitionist, and yet not subscribe to a missionary society." Here, again, I discover the "Hark away!" of the fox-hunter.

"No doubt," rejoins a fifth, "that missionary societies are excellent institutions; but we ought first to look to the wants of our own country, before we go abroad to redress the wants of others. 'Charity begins at home.' Sunday-schools are the things to which we should attend. 'As the twig is bent, the tree will be inclined.' The welfare of mankind depends on the proper education of youth; and he who is not an active supporter of Sunday-schools, has very little Christian philanthropy, though he support a dozen other benevolent institutions." If the fox-hunter's "Hark away!" was heard in the last example, his "Tantivy!" is heard in the present.

"Sunday-schools are not to be compared in importance with the distribution of religious tracts," says one, who sees in every tract a seed that is to spring up and bud, and bear fruit a hundred fold. "Nor can the distribution of tracts be compared with the circulation of the Bible," cries another. "The word of God is the great engine to be employed in evangelizing the world. You do but little with all your subscriptions, unless you subscribe to the Bible Society." The contention grows warm, until these brother Christians might, with very great propriety, shake each other by the hand as brother fox-hunters!

Thus have I somewhat humorously alluded to a few of the many pursuits in which fox-hunters engage, and I make no doubt that many others will present themselves to your minds. You may smile at my odd way of treating the subject, but I think that you will hardly call in question the correctness of my conclusions.

When anxious to put things in a strong light, we are somewhat given to caricature; and, no doubt, I have caricatured on the present occasion; but in caricatures strong likenesses are often found, and some of you, in my fancies, may discover your own faces. If for a moment I have dipped my pen in satire, it has been in a playful spirit, to point out an infirmity in others which I have long since discovered in myself; for, in one way or other, Old Humphrey has been a fox-hunter the better part of his days.

And, now, what practical lesson have I sought to set forth by my remarks on fox-hunting? Simply this, that in pursuing even the best and highest objects, charity and kindness should never be lost sight of; that in provoking each other to good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, a sound judgment should be blended with Christian forbearance, and an ardent zeal with Christian love.

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Greenwich Hospital, in the Time of George I.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE I.

Queen Anne expired on August 1st, 1714. The successor to the crown of England was George, the elector of Hanover, great grandson of James I. by his daughter Elizabeth and the elector Palatine. The descendants of James II. were thus set aside—a measure rendered absolutely needful, after what the nation had experienced of the determination of that family to enforce Popery, and destroy all civil and religious liberty. Several descendants of the electress Elizabeth were passed by, as well as those of the princess Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., for they were Papists. This change in the succession had been so fully provided for, that, notwithstanding the desire of queen Anne, in her latter days, to restore her brother, and the determination of her ministers to effect this, they had not been able to make the arrangements necessary for bringing their designs to pass. The quarrels of her ministers and favourites, which hastened the death of the queen, did much to render their efforts nugatory; in a word, it was ordered of God that the counsels of these Ahithophels should be turned into foolishness, though Bolingbroke did not hesitate to assure a French agent that all was so far arranged, that if the queen had lived six weeks longer, his plans would have been matured, and fully successful.

Immediately upon the death of the queen, the privy council assembled, when a regency assumed the direction of public affairs; it was formed of the seven great officers of state, with eighteen peers appointed in writing by the elector, under the enactments of the Regency Bill, passed in 1705. The majority were Whigs; among them were the duke of Argyll, the earls of Cowper and Halifax, and lord Townsend. Marlborough, who had been for some time abroad, watching the course of events, with the intention of striking in at the important moment for decision, was detained a few days too long. He arrived in London on August 4th, but the elector had been proclaimed, and as he was not named to be one of the regency, he did not remain in the metropolis. It was evident that the new king must govern through his ministers; much intrigue, therefore, and many negotiations for places followed during the interval before the arrival of George, who, seeming to treat his regal acquisition with indifference, did not arrive till September 18th, more than six weeks after the death of queen Anne; when he landed at Greenwich. The Par-

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liament had been prorogued on August 25th, after granting a civil list of 700,000*l.* per annum, and offering a reward of 100,000*l.* for the apprehension of the Pretender, in case he landed in Britain.

That personage had gone to Paris, intending to proceed to England; but the French court refused to encourage him, while the intelligence from his friends in England did not encourage an attempt; he therefore was compelled to follow the advice of the French government, and returned to Lorraine. Both in Scotland and Ireland the new king was proclaimed without opposition, and the reflecting minds among the Protestants were surprised and grateful at the providential manner in which all the deep-laid designs of their enemies were thrown into confusion. On the king's arrival, he received the leaders of the Whigs with marks of attention. Bolingbroke had been dismissed by an order sent previously, the lord chancellor Harcourt and others were displaced, and Oxford found himself discountenanced. Halifax was appointed first lord of the treasury; Cowper, Nottingham, Marlborough, Townsend, and Stanhope, were among the new ministers, and Robert Walpole was in office; he was leader in the House of Commons. The earl of Sunderland was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland.

On October 20th, the new king was crowned. Rejoicings were general in the provinces; in many places the Jacobites were insulted, in others the friends of the exiled family were riotous; they pulled down meeting-houses, and attempted to raise the cry, that the church was in danger. This was well exposed by Addison, who urged that a Protestant church must be more safe under a Lutheran prince, than under a decided Papist. The Pretender injured his own cause, by excusing his recent inactivity on the ground that he had rested satisfied of his sister's "good intentions" towards him. This was an irrefragable proof of the designs of the late ministry. An order in the king's name was issued in December, forbidding the clergy to meddle with state affairs in their sermons.

The majority of the House of Commons being Tories, a dissolution took place. In the new Parliament, which met on March 19th, 1715, the Whigs were by far the most powerful. The king was present; but he was too little acquainted with the English language, even to read the speech his ministers had prepared. It was one proof of the power of Providence directing the hearts of subjects, that George I. owed nothing to popularity of manner, or any personal qualifications: the fact of his not having acquired, however imperfectly, the language of his subjects, shows indifference and apathy. The Parliament condemned the late peace, and the plans in favour of the Pretender were spoken of, and censured. Anticipating a prosecution, Bolingbroke fled to France in disguise, where he soon afterwards became secretary to the Pretender. A committee of secrecy was appointed, on whose report, in June, a vote for the impeachment of Bolingbroke was passed. Similar votes were passed against Oxford and Ormond, and the earl of Strafford, who had acted as one of the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht. Oxford, feeling assured that no proofs of treason could be brought against him, remained, and was committed to the Tower. Ormond retired to the continent. Prior and some other subordinate officers were also called to account; but the moderation of the government, as to past matters, was praiseworthy. It was, however, evident, that the decided partizans of the Stuarts would soon give new and sufficient occasion against themselves. The Jacobites resumed their schemes, endeavouring to excite the popular feeling against the Hanoverian family. This produced retaliation, and disturbances followed, which led to the passing the law known as the Riot Act, which makes it felony for twelve or more persons assembled for breach of the peace, to continue together an hour after being commanded by a magistrate to disperse.

The queen, Sophia of Zell, remained on the continent, where she was confined a prisoner. Her union had been unhappy. Not long after her marriage, being neglected by her husband, she had shown some partiality for a count Koningsmark. He was ordered to leave the court. Her attendants seem to have designed her disgrace, and induced her to allow the count a short interview before his departure; this blamable act, though there does not appear to have been any conduct absolutely criminal, was fatal to both. He was murdered immediately on leaving the queen, by the hand of the electoral prince himself, or under his direction and superintendence. She was placed in confinement, and lived separated from her husband, who came to England accompanied by two female

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favourites, to one of whom, created duchess of Kendal, it was reported he was engaged by a ceremony sometimes resorted to in Germany—a marriage with the left hand.

There was nothing prepossessing about the king. Advanced in life, ungraceful and slovenly, his immediate favourites were much of the same description. His two female companions, who were ugly, and far from young, excited much ridicule and disgust. But the popular feeling was not opposed to the vice or licentiousness, if it had been presented in what the world deems a more elegant aspect. Of this the friends of the Pretender availed themselves, and described that individual as all that was excellent and graceful: this made little impression upon reflecting minds, who were well aware of his demerits and similarity in character to the other Stuart princes.

Schemes in favour of the Pretender were formed; Bolingbroke was actively engaged in his service; and many, especially in Scotland, were ready to promote an attempt at invasion. These plans were checked by the failures of the duke of Ormond, who had fled to France after vain attempts to make a rising in the west of England, and still more by the death of Louis XIV., on September 1st, 1715. That event must not be suffered to pass without remarking the contrast presented by the first and last portions of his reign. For a long time he prospered; but becoming an unrelenting persecutor, and, at last, repealing the edict of Nantes, the Protestants were driven from France, many suffering death for their religion in various forms. From that time the prosperity of Louis declined, and the kingdom was a prey to every kind of suffering. Never was there a stronger instance of Divine retribution; it says to all rulers, "Be wise, now, therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth."

The regent Orleans was anxious to secure his own succession to the crown of France, in case the sickly child, then monarch, should die, which made him willing to be on good terms with the English government.

The attempt at insurrection was precipitated by an order from the Pretender to the earl of Mar to take up arms in Scotland: this was sent unknown to the principal advisers of the Pretender, and was a rash, unfeeling measure. Early in September, 1715, Mar set up his standard at Brae Mar, in Aberdeenshire; but active measures were taken by the government to oppose his progress. Some attempts were also made in England, but these were mostly checked at once, and the more active partizans were apprehended. An armed force was sent to Oxford, the members of that university being at that time foremost in disloyalty. Some officers of the Pretender, who had taken shelter in that city, were apprehended.

Forster, with the earl of Derwentwater, headed a rising in the north of England, where they proclaimed the Pretender, but were driven from the walls of Newcastle. Being joined by others from the south of Scotland, they proceeded as far south as Preston, where, being attacked by general Wills, the greater part surrendered on November 13th. On the same day, 3000 Dutch troops arrived at Deptford, and were afterwards sent by sea to Scotland. At this time, the archbishop of Canterbury published a declaration, signed by himself and thirteen of the bishops of his province, declaring their abhorrence of the rebellion. Atterbury and Smallbridge, the bishops of Rochester and Bristol, refused to sign, on which the latter was removed from his office of lord almoner.

Mar made some progress in Scotland, but showed little ability. A battle was fought at Dumblane, near Sheriffmuir, on November 13th, in which one-half of each army was victorious. Argyll, the commander of the royalists, kept the field, but retreated the next day to Stirling; while Mar, who had neglected to improve the advantages at one time in his power, withdrew to Perth; each thus returning to the places they had occupied before the combat.

When accounts were received of the success of the insurgents, the French government had been disposed to support the Pretender; but the failure of the attempt in England, with the able negotiations of earl Stair, the British ambassador at Paris, stopped the assistance once promised; the Pretender, however, sailed for Scotland, and landed at Peterhead, on December 22. Early in January he arrived at Scone, where the Scottish kings were crowned, and ordered preparations to be made for his coronation. The episcopal clergy of the diocese of Aberdeen presented a flattering address to the Pretender, which he graciously received; but the general feeling of the nation was against him, and

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only two ministers of the Scottish Established Kirk prayed for him as king. Even his partizans began to grow cold; they began to make terms for themselves, while he was not less disappointed to find the number of his followers in arms so few.

The preparations of the English government advanced, notwithstanding a very severe winter season. Argyll was rapidly approaching Perth at the end of January. Instead of the coronation taking place, the Pretender retired, and secretly left his supporters on February 4th, to embark on board a small French vessel, with Mar and a few followers. His army soon dispersed; more than a hundred of the principal gentlemen sailed in open boats from Moray for the Orkneys, but nearly fifty of them were drowned. On his arrival in France, the Pretender went to Paris, where he dismissed lord Bolingbroke, the only man of ability among his advisers, and then retired to Avignon, under the protection of the pope. The effort in his behalf was thus at an end, but many had to regret the part they had taken.

Lord Derwentwater and lord Kenmure were beheaded, but very few others suffered execution. Lord Nithsdale, Forster, and general Mackintosh, escaped to the continent, the wife of the former managing his escape from the Tower in female attire. Some severe examples were made, both of those concerned in the rebellion, and others who were active in rioting and seditious attempts; but the degree of lenity displayed by the government on this occasion contrasted favourably with the atrocious, illegal proceedings of James II., after the defeat of the duke of Monmouth, and spoke strongly in favour of the Protestant government, contrasted with the late Popish ruler, especially considering the far greater extent of this effort. Nearly a hundred estates were forfeited; the total value was estimated to be 1,652,450*l.*; the largest were those of the duke of Ormond, upwards of 20,000*l.*; the earl of Derwentwater, 6,000*l.*: and lord Widdrington, 5,000*l.* per annum.

Feeling the importance of having the continued support of the present Parliament, and of avoiding a general election, when a rebellion had been so lately ended, the ministers caused an act to be passed, extending the duration of Parliaments to seven years, and prolonging for that period the existence of the Parliament then sitting. At the same time an act was passed, excluding all who held pensions from the crown at pleasure, or for a fixed period. This measure having placed the king at ease, as to his English crown, he proceeded to Hanover, in July, 1716, where he engaged in the politics of the continent, his immediate object being to secure the possession of two small districts, Bremen and Verden; for this paltry acquisition he hazarded committing England to a war with the northern powers. These states formerly belonged to Sweden, but had been seized by the king of Denmark, and made over to the elector of Hanover, which brought George into hostility with Charles XII. of Sweden; who, choosing to identify the king and the elector as the same person, threatened to take up the cause of the Pretender, and to invade England. It is much to be regretted that, when conferring the crown of England on the elector of Hanover, the latter was not required to relinquish his continental dominions to some other of his family. In the present instance, the desire to enlarge those possessions, by a petty district less than a middle-sized English county, induced the king to form alliance upon alliance, and expend vast sums of British money, as subsidies to German rulers.

A series of political intrigues followed, which contributed to strengthen the ascendency of Sunderland; while Townsend and Walpole were displaced. In June, the earl of Oxford obtained his liberty, the proceedings against him being terminated by a purposely-contrived dispute between the Houses of Parliament; the Lords refusing to enter into a mixed charge of treason and misdemeanour, and requiring that the heaviest allegations should first be examined, a course which the Commons refused to adopt. Although there is full evidence of Oxford's correspondence with the exiled family, no acts of treason could be substantiated against him.

The prince of Wales and his royal father had not been on good terms for some time; the former was ordered to retire from court in November, 1717, when he became the main support of an opposition to the German ministry. The Hanoverian princes were for the most part unhappy in their families. Though free from Popish error, they were not influenced by scriptural principles; therefore their conduct, in many respects, was not honourable to the Protestant religion they professed.

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An incident which attracted some attention at this time, was the execution of a man named Shepherd, for treason. He was attended by one of the non-juring clergy, who publicly gave him absolution, and when questioned for what he had done, claimed a priestly power thus to grant absolution—a wide departure from the views and proceedings of the English Reformers.

The affairs of England now became increasingly mixed up with those of the continental states; but it is not possible here to give a minute detail of those proceedings, excepting when England was actively concerned. All seemed tending to a general war; but in December, the Swedish madman, Charles XII., was killed, and, like many others whom the world calls heroes,

"He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

This interfered with some of the intrigues then on foot, stopped his threatened support of the Pretender, and the proceedings of the czar of Russia against Hanover; but war was declared against Spain by France, supported by the king of England, who, to induce the French monarch to sanction his claim to retain Bremen and Verden, involved his kingdom by interfering to oblige Philip to give up Sardinia to Austria, respecting which those powers were in dispute.

The ministers brought forward in Parliament a law to relieve Protestant Dissenters, which was carried with difficulty, after a debate in which bishop Kennet did not hesitate to aver that the high church party in the reign of Charles I. had brought scandal and contempt on the clergy, and ruin both on church and state, by promoting arbitrary measures, and persecutions. Another act, which proposed to limit future appointments to the peerage, failed, the Commons not being inclined to close the opportunity for preferment against themselves.

Austria and Spain were in active warfare in the Mediterranean, the latter power having invaded Sicily, and threatening Naples. Into this dispute the English nation was now thrust, by a large fleet being sent to assist the Austrians, and their allies. An engagement took place, though war had not been formally declared, when the Spanish fleet was almost entirely destroyed. A declaration of war followed.

In March, 1719, the Pretender was invited to Spain, and received as monarch of Britain. An expedition was fitted out, to be commanded by the duke of Ormond, but only two vessels reached Scotland, where about 300 Spanish soldiers were landed; the greater part of the ships were dispersed; some were lost in a storm. The Spaniards, joined by a few Highlanders, remained quiet in Rosshire, till general Wightman attacked them on June 10th, when the invaders surrendered: those by whom they had been joined, dispersed. After the failure, cardinal Alberoni got rid as soon as possible of the Pretender, who retired to Rome. During the latter part of this year and the next, there were active hostilities in the Mediterranean, especially in Sicily, between the French and Spaniards, in which the English fleet took an active part. The main supporter of this war, Alberoni, was disgraced in December, 1719.

When Parliament assembled in November, 1719, the king took credit to himself for having laid the foundation of a union among the great Protestant princes; but he had been acting in unison with France, and had secured his own petty object, of acquiring Bremen and Verden, by a complicated set of alliances. The Peerage Bill was again rejected, and the act for the South Sea Company was passed. At the close of the session, the prince and his royal father were reconciled, Walpole and Townsend being admitted again to office. Sweden had been induced to give up its claims on Bremen and Verden for about 230,000*l.*; while the czar had been kept quiet, by the appearance of an English fleet in the Baltic.

NIGHT TRAVELLING.

To the traveller who is in a hurry, says Dr. Granville, and desires to enjoy as many of the comforts of a railroad as he can procure, the night train is unquestionably to be preferred. The very sight of its preparation for departure is inspiriting; and there is hardly a more striking or soul-stirring scene enacted by gaslight anywhere in London, than that which may be witnessed every evening under the colonnade of the Euston-square station.

The arrival of the mail train from the country at an early hour in the morning, at the same station, is tame in comparison.

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One only advantage does the stranger enjoy who arrives by that conveyance on a fine morning, which those who depart late at night have not: it is the sight of that imposing and massive entrance erected by Philip Hardwick, on the purest principles of a Grecian Doric elevation, which rises to the height of seventy feet, and imparts to the locality a grandeur commensurate and in character with the gigantic nature of the entire road, considered as one line of communication between two extremes—the first and the second commercial cities in England.

The departure parade, as it is called, at the hour of eight o'clock, P.M., is swarming with bustle. The experienced traveller in this species of conveyance reaches the spot in full time to see his luggage safely lodged on the top of the coach he is to travel in; and within that coach he afterwards secures his seat, and deposits his extra wrappers and personal articles. He then has leisure to survey the throng, and examine the long string of vehicles prepared to convey to their respective destinations an almost incredible number of travellers like himself, whom he sees arriving in groups and shoals, pouring in upon the departure parade from all the outlets of the various offices; some panting and fearful lest they should be "too late;" others coolly sauntering, with a cigar, like old hands at this sort of work; and many frightened at the mere idea of losing both property and passage.

First come the carriages of the second class, which slowly move on, like automatons, to take up their station at the outer end of the parade, where the headmost is yoked to the locomotive. These carriages are closed with glass windows, and are sufficiently snug in winter, but have not the luxury of cushion, stuffing, etc. An experienced traveller, however, will bring his own cushion and plenty of great coats, and make himself as comfortable in this particular class of vehicles as if he had selected the better class, and at considerably less expense.

Then follow next in succession the carriages destined for Manchester, forming the first division, and consisting of four, five, or more, according to the number of passengers who require them. After these comes what is emphatically styled the royal mail-coach, followed by the several carriages destined for Liverpool, which constitute the second division, composed, like that of Manchester, of several first-class carriages and the mail-coach. The latter, in both divisions, is a smart, dashing vehicle, within and without, most luxuriously fitted up inside, like the new chariot of a young baronet going to court on succeeding to his title. The former, also, are decked within with every comfort. They are well stuffed, have soft cushions, and a most convenient upright, with resting places for the elbows, and a pillow-like swelling on each side of the traveller, who can hardly resist from applying his cheek to either, and committing himself to sleep. Should he be sleepless, however, or by nature vigilant, a friendly lamp hangs suspended from the centre of the ceiling, bright enough to allow him to strain his eye over a guide-book, or the "unstamped," which are sold at the station.

But one of the most interesting portions of this long chain of vehicles, is the huge caravan-looking machine which follows in the rear of all the carriages, and which reminds one of the old days of Cross and Exeter Change. On peeping into it, an oblong square, well lighted and fitted up with pigeon-holes on every side, shelves, and tables, presents itself, the direct purport of which is very soon made manifest, by the introduction of unwieldy and foul leathern bags, crammed full of letters, which are being dragged in by men in the post-office liveries; while the operation of sorting the said letters is going on within. During the progress of the train, smaller letter bags are formed out of the larger ones, which, being afterwards hung outside the caravan in some opportune place, protected by a net-work, are, upon arrival at certain points on the road, snatched off without any detention, by a simple machine, whose alertness is never at fault; and thence they are conveyed to the respective offices in the neighbourhood for distribution.

The sight of this bee-like industry within a confined hutch, while the train is swiftly sliding on to its destination at twenty-five miles an hour, suggests the idea of a different and preferable arrangement for the conveyance of passengers in trains travelling to greater distances, like the one from London to Liverpool for instance, or the other (that is to be) from the metropolis to Exeter, and a third from the capital of England to the capital of Scotland. I mean the adoption of long omnibuses instead of coaches, fitted up with a long central table, around which the passengers may sit, and either write,

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read, converse together, or take refreshments, as in the state cabin of a steamer, and as I understand it to be the case on some of the long railroads in the United States, where people value their time too much, and are too busy, to afford to go to sleep, or be idle for so many hours even in a railway carriage.

The line of vehicles along the departure parade is terminated by the luggage van, and the truck for private carriages.

At twenty minutes before nine, P.M., this long procession started. In one hour and twenty minutes it had reached Tring; at a quarter before one, Coventry lamps hove in sight; and with a continuous movement, vibrating at times, and a noise generally drumming, but occasionally clashing, we reached Birmingham as the illuminated clock, under a much more stupendous colonnade than that of the terminal station in London, marked twenty-five minutes to two, A.M. *

One hundred and eleven miles of ground had thus been passed over in five hours (no prodigy for a railroad to be sure), before one could get fatigued. I am thus minute and particular, on behalf of such of my readers as are invalids, or of a trepidating nature, who will not be sorry to peruse what may appear trite, worthless, and commonplace to others.

If the starting from Euston station be striking in effect, the arrival at the Birmingham station is no less so. The sudden entering under the cover of a vast area, brilliantly lighted up like a fairy region, with the whole train, which pushes its course home to the very furthest verge of the platform, facing a grand building destined to give asylum and refreshment to the hundreds of passengers who arrive by the Liverpool train—is accompanied by sensations not experienced under any other circumstance. Neither are these sensations rendered tamer by the next spectacle, that, in the vast tea-room, offers itself during the halting time of three-quarters of an hour's duration, allowed to such as have to proceed to Liverpool or Manchester; although the room in question is not so elegant and ostentatious as the great morning or refreshment saloon just alluded to, designed and erected by the same eminent architect to whose imagination the Doric arch of Euston-place owes its origin.

The strange effect of suddenly beholding, upon emerging from the slumbering and dark monotony of a night journey, three hundred people of both sexes, arranged, as if by magic, and in an instant, within a spacious and well-lighted room, around several cross lines of parallel tables, who, but five minutes before, were variously distributed and apart from each other in thirty different carriages—is in itself amusing. But its entertaining character is considerably enhanced, if we follow these people in their operations, attacking and demolishing tea, coffee, chickens, tough ham, and stale bread; beef, pork, and stuffed pies—and all in ten minutes, and for two shillings.

* The mail train now arrives at Birmingham ten minutes before one. Some other alterations have been made since this description was written.

A VISIT TO THE NAPOLEON MUSEUM.

I LOVE to come in contact with relics of departed greatness or goodness. They seem, as it were, to connect past ages with the present time, and to give to the mind a tangible pledge of the existence of those celebrated men whom we have hitherto known only as the imaginary and immaterial occupants of books. What a thrill it gives me to look at the rude scratches of some of our sainted martyrs on the walls of the tower! What a sermon it is to see the words, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," carved upon the solid granite by one who, centuries ago, proved his faithfulness at the stake or on the scaffold!

I still remember the pleasure which I felt in inspecting the library of Melancthon when it was brought over to London, about ten years ago, for the purpose of being sold. It had been preserved nearly in its state of primitive integrity since the death of that reformer; and I could almost imagine, as I turned over its antique oak or iron-bound tomes, that Melancthon's mild figure was about to enter the apartment, and draw out from the volumes before me some fresh elucidations of that Divine truth of which he had been made one of the revivers to the world. A museum of the relics of Napoleon was therefore an object well calculated to gratify the contemplative tastes of one who, like myself, loves to get into a corner away from the crowd, and meditate on the strange and chequered web of life that is continually being spun out before me. Relics of Napoleon!—what a strange sound! But a few years ago, and his name was filling the earth with fear and dread. Kings were raised or dethroned

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by him, like puppets on a stage: and now where is all his power? It has passed away like a dream. The principal actors in those scenes have flitted away to their final account, leaving the lesson thrilling on the mind, that all flesh is indeed grass, and that verily it shall profit a man nothing should he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul.

The Napoleon Museum was exhibited, till within the last few weeks, in one of the rooms of the Egyptian Hall. It has been the result of the collection, by a private individual, during a period of five and twenty years, of objects of interest connected with the domestic and public life of that remarkable man. Portraits of Napoleon, his generals, the attendants of his court, are to be found in it in abundance; medals illustrative of the principal events of his career are also accumulated in it; with bronzes, autographs, and miscellaneous relics, all of more or less interest. The first thing which struck me, on entering the apartment, was a beautiful series of miniature portraits of the emperor, commencing with his likeness as the young officer of artillery, and terminating with a picture of him clothed in the imperial purple, for which his ambitious spirit so keenly panted. The first of the series is remarkably interesting. It represents him as wearing the republican uniform. His countenance is beautifully classical, and his eyes full of expression. Ambition had not then lighted them up with its baneful fires, as it soon afterwards did. His portrait as first consul follows next. His air in it seems more determined, as if he were in contemplation of that prize of empire which he so shortly afterwards seized. In the next picture of the group he is seen clothed in his coronation robes, his countenance flushed with the intoxication of triumph at having at last attained that airy pinnacle of power from which he was so rapidly to be precipitated. In the collection there is another full length portrait of him in the same dress, and in the act of putting the imperial crown on his own head. It was painted by the celebrated David "of the blood-stained brush," as he has been well called from his share in the atrocities of the first French revolution. If a proof were wanted of the inefficiency of mere secular accomplishments and genius to soften the heart, it would be found in the history of this artist, who, with intellectual powers of a really high order, could yet sit at the Committee of Public Safety with such men as Robespierre and St. Just, and assist in the cruel slaughter—under the mockery of the name of liberty—of some of the noblest and most excellent of his fellow countrymen. From these associations, I looked with much interest at this picture, particularly as Napoleon himself had sat for it, and had expressed himself much pleased with it. In another part of the room is a small picture of the emperor as he appeared at St. Helena after death. His countenance is, of course, unearthly pale; and his lips are blue and livid. The martial cloak which he wore at the battle of Marengo is thrown across his cold remains. Ten thousand persons, I was informed, visited in Edinburgh this picture when it was exhibited, without any other accompaniment. Although fine as a work of art, it is interesting principally from its subject. As I gazed upon it, I could not help thinking of the war of the elements that was raging at St. Helena on the night of Napoleon's decease, and on his last-muttered words, "*Tête d'armée*," showing "the ruling passion strong in death." Here, I thought, was the end of all his wondrous career. He that conquered so many kings, lay at length, in this picture, himself conquered by the king of terrors!—a sharer in that common lot of man, to a premature arrival at which his insane ambition had wantonly hurried so many millions of his fellow creatures. How little peace could all his glory, I reflected, have brought to his dying pillow; and how unspeakably more to be envied, at such a season, is the condition of the meanest, most lowly believer in Christ Jesus! I felt, in gazing at this picture, the full force and marvellous applicability of the prophet's words: "They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners?" Isa. xiv. 16, 17.

Adjoining this picture of Napoleon's remains, is another profanely representing his *apotheosis*, or his preparing to take his seat among the gods, like the other celebrated heroes of heathen antiquity. This picture is said to have cost 3,000 guineas; if so, it must have been a sad and unnecessary expenditure of money upon a worthless subject. The picture itself is, no doubt, exquisitely beautiful. The colouring is amazingly soft and deli-

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cate; and Napoleon's figure is graceful and elegant, as, girt with his conqueror's sword and decked with his wreath of laurel, he prepares, as it were, to soar to heaven. How grovelling, alas! however, must have been the conceptions of the artist; how little could he have known the true terms of admission to the spiritual kingdom! Many conquerors shall indeed be there, wearing the palms of victory; but they shall be those whose conquests have been bloodless—conquests achieved by faith and prayer over indwelling sin and corruption—conquests, it is true, obtained over a world, but over a world that lieth in wickedness. Turning from this specimen of the adulation which is so ready to be heaped on the memory of heroes, we come to some reminiscences of quieter scenes in Napoleon's career. Let us look at this smiling miniature. It is that of the amiable Josephine, as she appeared when she first won the affections of her young officer of artillery. A curious story is told by Bourienne, of Josephine having gone to consult an old notary, a friend of her family, as to the prudence of accepting, or otherwise, the offer of marriage which had been made to her by Napoleon. The notary strongly advised her against the step, saying that it would be the height of imprudence to marry a man who had nothing but his sword and his cloak. Napoleon, who was in an ante-room, heard these words, but never spoke of them to any one until several years afterwards; on the morning of his coronation, when decked in his imperial robes, and about to set out in procession to Notre Dame, he hastily ordered the old notary to be sent for, and, when he came, asked him, to his no small astonishment, "Now, sir, do you think I have nothing better than my cloak and my sword?" The old man's confusion at finding that the emperor had overheard his not very complimentary speech may be imagined. To return to Josephine; her portraits represent her countenance as wearing a very agreeable expression. Her eyes beam with cheerfulness and good humour. Alas! they had not then been dimmed with those tears which her husband's unkindness in separating from her afterwards caused to flow. In the collection is an embroidered portrait of Napoleon, wrought by Josephine herself and her daughter Hortense. Its date, I think, is 1797. I could not help looking with much interest upon it. Napoleon must, at the time it was wrought, have been in the middle of his Italian campaign, his future reputation just beginning to dawn upon him. I could not help thinking how Josephine and her daughter must have toiled with delight at this piece of needlework, in order to present it to Napoleon on his return. I could almost fancy Napoleon meeting them—thanking them for this proof of their kind remembrance of him in his absence. It seemed a touch of nature, and of real domestic life, amidst the numerous objects around, speaking of bloodshed and ambition. Poor Josephine! Thoughtless and extravagant as she undoubtedly was, she was still often the means of curbing the violence of Buonaparte's temper. Napoleon loved her, too, perhaps, as much as he ever did love any human being; but he loved his ambition more. He could, in compliance with the suggestions of that selfish passion, coldly separate himself from one who, for fifteen years nearly, had lived but to promote his happiness. Retribution, however, as is well known, but too surely followed; for the fallen monarch was obliged ere long to confess, that from the time of separation the star of his fortune, as he called it, begun to wane, until it was shrouded in the night of adversity that ere long settled down upon his broken fortunes. W. H. M.

DESCENT FROM THE COL TOWARDS CHAMOUNI.

"It is difficult to say," Mr. Forbes remarks, "whether the ascent or descent of such a glacier is more arduous; but in descending, one is at least more taken by surprise: the eye wanders over the wilds of ice sloping forwards, and in which the most terrific chasms and rents are hidden, like the ditch in a ha-ha fence The crevasses of the glacier gradually widened; the uniting streams from different quarters met and jostled, sometimes tossing high their icy waves, at others leaving yawning vacuities. The slope, at first gradual, and covered continually with snow, became steeper; and as we risked less from hidden rents, the multitude and length of the open ones caused us to make considerable circuits.

"But the slope ended at last almost in a precipice. At the point where the glacier is narrowest it is also steepest, and the descending ice is torn piece-meal in

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its effort to extricate itself from the strait. Almost in a moment we found ourselves amidst toppling crags and vertical precipices of ice, and divided from the Mer de Glace beneath by a chaos of fissures of seemingly impassable depth and width, and without order or number. Our embarrassment was still further increased by the very small distance to which it was possible to command, by the eye, the details of the labyrinth through which we must pass. The most promising track might end in inextricable difficulties, and the most difficult might chance ultimately to be the only safe one.

"The spectacle made us pause. We had made for the north-western side of the glacier, near the foot of the Petit Rognon, hoping to get down near the side of the rocks, although not upon them; but when we neared this part of the glacier, even Couttet shook his head, and proposed rather to attempt the old passage by the foot of the Aiguille Noire, where De Saussure left his ladder—a passage avoided by the guides on account of the steep icy slopes it presents, and the great danger which is run from the fragments of stone which, during the heat of the day, are discharged, and roll down from the rocks above. These stones are amongst the most dangerous accidents of glacier travels. A stone, even if seen beforehand, may fall in a direction from which the traveller, engaged amidst the perils of crevasses, or on the precarious footing of a narrow ledge of rock, cannot possibly withdraw in time to avoid it; and seldom do they come alone: like an avalanche, they gain others during their descent. Urged with the velocity acquired in half rolling, half bounding down a precipitous slope of a thousand feet high, they strike fire by collision with their neighbours—are split perhaps into a thousand shivers, and detach by the blow a still greater mass, which, once discharged, thunders with an explosive roar upon the glacier beneath, accompanied by clouds of dust or smoke, produced in the collision. I have sometimes been exposed to these dry avalanches: they are amongst the most terrible of the ammunition with which the genius of these mountain solitudes repels the approach of curious man. Their course is marked on the rocks, and they are most studiously avoided by every prudent guide.

"It was, however, in the direction of La Noire that it was thought that we might pass, and we accordingly crossed the glacier to inspect the passage; but there, barriers still more insurmountable appeared. One prodigious chasm stretched quite across the glacier; and the width of this chasm was not less than 500 feet. It terminated opposite to the precipices of the Aiguille Noire in one vast enfoncement of ice, bounded on the hither side by precipices not less terrible. A glance convinced every one that here, at least, there was not a chance of passing, unprovided as we were with long ropes or ladders. Nothing remained but to resume the track we had at first abandoned; for the whole centre of the glacier was completely cut off from the lower world by this stupendous cleft. Here the experience of Couttet stood us in good stead, and his presence of mind inspired me with perfect confidence, so that we soon set about ascertaining, by a method of trial and error, whether any passage could be forced amongst the labyrinth of smaller crevasses on the northern side of the glacier. A chamois, whose track we had followed earlier, seemed here to have been as much baffled as ourselves; for he had made so many crossings back and forward upon the glacier, and had been so often forced to return upon his steps, that we lost the track for a time. This animal is exceedingly timorous upon a glacier covered with snow, since the form of the foot prevents it from offering almost any resistance when hidden rents are to be crossed. We had accordingly passed, earlier, in many places where the chamois had not ventured; but the case was now different on the hard ice. He took leaps upon which we dared not venture; and as we were never sure of not being obliged to retrace every step we made, we took good care never to make a descending leap which might cut off our retreat. Many a time we were obliged to return, and many a weary circuit was to be made in order to commence again; but we seldom failed ultimately to recover the chamois track, which is the safest guide in such situations. The excitement was highly pleasing. The extrication from our dilemma was like playing a complicated game, and the difficulty of the steps was forgotten in the interest of observing whether any progress had been gained; for now we were obliged to descend into the bosom of the glacier, and to select its most jagged and pulverized parts, in order to cross the crevasses where they had become choked by the decay and subsidence of their walls.

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Thus hampered by our icy prison, we only emerged occasionally so as to catch a glimpse of what lay beyond, and to estimate our slow and devious progress. At length, by great skill on the part of Couttet, and patience on the part of all of us (for we remained inseparably tied together all this time), by clambering down one side of a chasm, up another, and round a third, hewing our steps,* and holding on one by one with the rope, we gradually extricated ourselves from a chaos which at first sight appeared absolutely impenetrable, and that without any very dangerous positions."

At length, after several toilsome hours, they saw a comparatively easier field before them; and the old familiar features of the Mer de Glace, with the Jardin in the distance, the branching icy beds of the Tacul, the Charmoz, and the Moine became apparent. They halted about one o'clock; "for we had now reached water, always a joyful sight to those who have been long wandering over the fields of snow. We drank of it freely, and the guides added fresh libations of brandy, which caused them to complain of intolerable thirst and heat of the head all the way to the Montanvert, which, by confining myself to cold tea and a very little wine with water, I entirely escaped.

"We all felt," continues the Professor, "an exuberant cheerfulness at being relieved from our embarrassments, and ran cheerfully down the magnificent glacier (du Géant), leaping crevasses, which at another moment we would rather have avoided. Soon on the platform at the confluence with the Glacier de Léchaud, all was plain and direct, and I reached the Montanvert at a quarter before four P.M. without fatigue, headache, or lassitude. Here I remained, intending to spend some weeks. My guides, having finished their brandy, descended to Chamouni, where their arrival created, I was told, some astonishment, as no one had before crossed the Col du Géant in a single day, and as it was supposed that the fresh snow must at any rate have rendered the attempt impracticable. I slept that night somewhat sounder and longer than usual, but rose next morning with a freshness and elasticity to which the inhabitant of the plains is a stranger."

* A geological hammer, sharpened at one end, is nearly as good an implement for this purpose as a hatchet. For this reason, amongst others, I generally wore it. A person so provided, if he falls uninjured into a crevasse, possesses the most essential means of extrication.

MINES AND MINING.

No. I.

The past history and present condition and extent of mining operations, present to a reflective mind many considerations of no small interest. It is impossible to think of the invaluable utility of coal and iron only—to say nothing of what are usually termed the precious metals—without being astonished at the inexhaustible magazine which is treasured up underneath the surface of this globe, expressly, as it would seem, for the comfort and advantage of man. And what extraordinary results may be effected by ingenuity and persevering labour in turning these hidden riches to account. But they teach us other lessons likewise. In how many pages of their history, especially in that of the metallic mines, do we read the vanity and uncertainty and unsatisfactory character of all that wealth which is emphatically "of the earth, earthy," which "some having coveted after," have "fallen into foolish and hurtful lusts," and "pierced themselves through with many sorrows." Nor can it be denied that there is much to sadden the heart, in the contemplation of the physical and moral degradation to which so many of our fellow-men have been and are still subjected in carrying on these vast operations, and that even in our own comparatively happy country, in large districts of which, it has been calculated that nearly twice as many human beings are employed in the gloomy regions beneath the ground, as in cultivating its surface in the cheerful sunshine and bracing atmosphere above. What can be done to meliorate their condition and to impart to them more fully the glad tidings of the gospel of peace? Surely this is a question well worthy the attention of every Christian philanthropist.

When the attention of men was first directed to these subterranean resources, we do not know; but, from the notices of the use of metals in the sacred records, it is evident that it must have been at a very early period. Silver is spoken of as a medium of commerce in the days of Abraham; and nearly all the more valuable metals are mentioned in the book of Job, who is supposed to have lived in patriarchal times. But even before the flood, copper and iron at least were well known; for Tubal Cain, we are told, "was an instructor of every artificer in brass (copper) and iron." But before these

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metals could have been subjected to the skill of the antediluvian artificers, the ore must have been extracted from the earth, and then subjected to some process, however rude, of purification and refinement. The knowledge, therefore, which Tubal Cain possessed, implies the previous existence of mines and mining. How then came it to pass that men totally unacquainted with metals, should, in the first instance, think of digging them out of the earth, or exposing them to heat in order to disengage them from those substances with which they are always more or less contaminated? This has occasioned much speculation. We know, however, that in modern times the discovery of mines has very often been the result of accident rather than of research. Sea cliffs rent by the violence of the waves, mountain torrents wearing down the sides of rocks, and sometimes volcanic eruptions, have disclosed the hidden treasure. We may therefore give credit to the stories that are told of the burning of forests and the consequent liquidation of metals near the surface, at least so far as to understand by them, that some unusual occurrence first revealed to men the existence of substances previously unknown, and that there were not wanting shrewd observers to turn the casual disclosure to some good account. Extensive mines of gold were worked in Egypt at a very early date, and the Egyptians soon became celebrated for their skill in extracting various metallic ores from the mines between the Nile and the Red Sea, and for the fabrication of metals. And the Israelites seem to have obtained from Egypt, on the one hand, or from Phœnicia on the other, such articles of metal as they required, ready made, or the metal for making them, in a fit state for use. But the supply from these sources became ultimately inadequate to the demand, and Solomon and some of his successors obtained larger quantities from southernmost Arabia, the east of Africa, and the coasts of other countries bordering on the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea. Of ancient mines we have, however, but a very imperfect account. The most considerable of which any description is given, are those of Athens, by the resources of which Themistocles first raised the naval power of that state to a condition of splendour and efficiency. We read likewise of some gold mines in Thrace which had been first worked by the Phœnicians; and that when the Athenians established themselves in Thrace, they entered into a contest with the inhabitants for the possession of them. But copper, more frequently than any other metal found pure in the ore, appears to have been the first which was brought into extensive use. In the earliest accounts we have of Roman commerce, commodities were either exchanged by barter, or for a certain weight of uncoined brass (aes rude). This was, in reality, *bronze*—copper rendered fusible by an admixture of zinc or tin. The copper mines of Tuscany appear to have been at that time immensely productive, whilst the produce of the mines of Cyprus was enormous; hence the name given to this metal—cuprum. Spain likewise yielded anciently a vast quantity of the precious metals as well as quicksilver, which served to refine them. According to Pliny, the Asturias, Galicia, and Lusitania yielded 20,000 pounds of gold annually. Silver was found there in still greater quantity, a source from which both the Romans and Carthaginians drew large supplies. It is said that one mine alone, that of Babel, yielded Hannibal 300 pounds a day, and that after Spain was vanquished by the Romans, those proud conquerors drew upwards of 100,000 pounds of silver in the space of nine years, or at the rate of about 12,400 pounds annually. In comparatively modern times, the discovery of America, it is scarcely necessary to say, opened to the astonished inhabitants of Europe a new world of wealth, and commerce and enterprise.

Metallic ores are found treasured up, either in larger or smaller masses, or more usually in lodes, that is, large veins, or in smaller veins, usually with some stony and earthy admixture. Stratified rocks, it is well known, are divided by geologists into *primary*, which are characterised by the nearly vertical or highly inclined position of their planes; and *secondary*, which lie for the most part in a nearly horizontal position. The former contain no traces of animal or vegetable substances; the latter are often replete with them: and between these, and partially intermixed with them, are what are called transition rocks, or those of an intermediate character, forming a link between the first and second systems of ancient deposits. Now, the metallic ores occur in different stages of the geological formations; but the main portion of them exists abundantly in the several

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orders of the primary strata, and suddenly ceases to be found towards the middle of the secondary. The coal formations are usually found between the transition and the truly secondary rocks. Iron ores are the only ones which continue, among the more modern deposits, as high as the beds immediately beneath the chalk, when they also disappear. The strata of gneiss or mica slate are, throughout Europe, rich in metals. There is hardly any kind of ore, which does not occur there in sufficient abundance to become the object of mining operations, and many are found nowhere else. But this order of things is far from being general, since in central America the gneiss is but little metalliferous, while the superior strata, which complete the transition series, and the lower part of the secondary deposits, include the greater part of the mineral wealth of that region of the globe.

The introduction of gunpowder for the purpose of excavation, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, effected quite a revolution in the art of mining. Possessing a power which has no limit, it is a most valuable as well as economical agent, and is therefore employed in various manners and in different quantities, according to circumstances. The process, however, in all cases, resolves itself into boring a hole and inclosing a cartridge in it, which is subsequently made to explode. This hole is usually made of a circular form, its depth varying from eight inches to five feet. Into the side of the cartridge a small cylindrical piercer is introduced, with which it is forced down to the bottom. The hole is then stuffed with bits of fine clay, and the piercer is withdrawn, thus leaving a channel through which fire may be communicated to the charge, and this is executed by pouring in gunpowder, or by introducing reeds or bits of paper filled with gunpowder, and exploding by means of a long match, so as to enable the workmen to retire to a place of safety. In some cases, as in rocks and ores of extreme hardness, the action of fire, by means of the combustion of fuel, is resorted to, to diminish their coherence, but not very frequently.

The excavations of mines are of three kinds—shafts, galleries, and the cavities, of greater or less magnitude, which remain in the room of the old workings. A *shaft*, or pit, is a hollow space, usually of a round form, the diameter of which is never less than thirty-two inches, but sometimes amounts to several yards. Its depth may extend to 1000 feet or more. It must contain some apparatus to extract the rubbish which tends to accumulate at the bottom, and the water which may percolate down into it, as well as to facilitate the descent and ascent of the workmen. For some time a wheel and axle with buckets, may be sufficient for this purpose, but it is soon requisite to have recourse to horse whims, and powerful steam engines. A *gallery* is a space usually of a triangular form, the strait or winding axis of which usually proceeds in a horizontal direction. Those galleries which follow the direction of a bed or vein, are called galleries of elongation, and are generally intersected by others at nearly right angles. They are usually made about a yard wide and two yards high. Some of them are several miles in length. It is impossible to advance the boring of a shaft or gallery beyond a certain rate, because only a limited set of workmen can be made to work upon it. There are some galleries which have taken more than thirty years to perforate.

It is difficult to give, in words, any accurate description of these marvellous subterranean caverns; but the following graphic sketch from the pen of Dr. Clarke, of a visit which he paid to a mine at Presburg, may serve to convey some idea of a Continental mine at least, in which the shafts and galleries are not formed with such regularity as in our own, nor the same attention paid to the comforts and convenience of the workmen, deficient as that, even in our own country, may still be:—

"As we drew near to the wide and open abyss, a vast and sudden prospect of yawning caverns, and of prodigious machinery, prepared us for the descent. We approached the edge of the dreadful gulf whence the ore is raised, and ventured to look down, standing upon the verge of a sort of platform, constructed over it in such a manner as to command a view into the great opening, as far as the eye could reach amidst its gloomy depth; for to the sight it is bottomless. Immense buckets, suspended by rattling chains, were passing up and down; and we could perceive ladders scaling all the inward precipices, upon which the work people, reduced by their distance to pigmies in size, were ascending and descending. Far below the utmost of these figures, a deep and gaping gulf, the

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mouth of the lowermost pit, was, by its darkness, rendered impervious to view. From the spot where we stood, down to the place where the buckets are filled, the distance might be about seventy-five fathoms; and as soon as any of these buckets emerged from the gloomy cavity we have mentioned, or until they entered it in their descent, they were visible, but beyond this point they were hid in darkness.

"The clanking of chains, the groaning of the pumps, the hallooing of the miners, the creaking of the blocks and wheels, the tramping of horses, the beating of hammers, and the loud and frequent subterraneous thunder from the blasting of rocks by gunpowder in the midst of all this scene of excavation and uproar, produced an effect which no stranger could behold unmoved. We descended, with two miners and our interpreter, into this abyss. The ladders, instead of being placed, like those in our Cornish mines, upon a series of platforms, as so many landing places, are lashed together in one unbroken line, extended many fathoms, and warped so as to suit the inclination or curvature of the sides of the precipices; they are not always perpendicular, but hang over in such a manner, that, even if a person held fast by his hands, if his feet should happen to slip, they would fly off from the rock, and leave him suspended over the gulf; yet such ladders are the only means of access to the works below, and as the labourers are not accustomed to receive strangers, they neither use the precautions nor offer the assistance usually afforded in more frequented mines. In the principal tin mines of Cornwall, the staves of the ladders are alternate bars of wood and iron; here they were of wood only, and in some parts rotten and broken, making us often wish, during our descent, that we had never undertaken an exploit so hazardous. In addition to the danger to be apprehended from the damaged state of the ladders, the staves were covered with ice or mud, and thus rendered so cold and slippery that we could have no dependence upon our benumbed fingers, if our feet failed us. Then, to complete our apprehension, as we mentioned this to the miners, they said, 'Have a care!—It was just so,' talking about the staves, 'that one of our women fell, about four years ago, as she was descending to her work.' 'Fell!' said our Swedish interpreter, rather simply, 'and what became of her?' 'Became of her,' continued the foremost of our guides, disengaging one of his hands from the ladder, and slapping it against his thigh, as if to illustrate the manner of the catastrophe, 'she became (pancaken) a pancake.' After much fatigue, and no small share of apprehension, we at length reached the bottom of the mine. Here we had no sooner arrived, than our conductors, taking each of us by an arm, hurried us along, through 'regions of thick-ribbed ice' and darkness, into a vaulted level, through which we were to pass into the principal chamber of the mine. The noise of the countless hammers, all in vehement action, increased as we crept along the level, until at length, subduing every other sound, we could no longer hear each other speak, notwithstanding our utmost efforts. At this moment we were ushered into a prodigious cavern, whence the sound proceeded, and here, amidst falling waters, tumbling rocks, steam, ice, and gunpowder, about fifty miners were at the very height of their employment. The magnitude of the cavern, over all parts of which their labours were going on, was alone sufficient to prove that iron ore is not deposited in veins, but in beds. Above, below, on every side, and in every nook of this fearful dungeon, glimmering tapers disclosed the grim and anxious countenances of the miners. They were now driving bolts of iron into the rocks, to bore cavities for the gunpowder for blasting. Scarcely had we recovered from the stupefaction occasioned by our first introduction, when we beheld, close to us, hags more horrible than perhaps it was possible for any other female figures to exhibit, holding their dim quivering tapers to our faces, and bellowing in our ears. One of the same sisterhood, snatching a lighted splinter of deal, darted to the spot where we stood, with eyes inflamed, and distilling rheum, her hair clotted with mud, and such a face, and such hideous yells, as it is impossible to describe."

THE COW IN GERMANY.

In Howitt's work, entitled "The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany," is the following graphic description of the German cow, which can hardly fail to interest the reader:—

"It is quite repulsive to our English feelings to see the manner in which the cows are worked in this country. An

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English lady observed to a German one, that of all things, she would not like to be a German woman of the common class, or a German cow, for they were both unmercifully worked. The German lady thought it a good answer to say, that she certainly would in this, as in any other country, prefer being a lady to an ordinary woman, and that she should not choose to be a cow at all. The English lady here again rejoined, 'But of all cows not a German cow.' In England, that paradise of countries, the cow is a privileged and most luxurious animal. In summer she is half buried in plenty. In beautiful herds, fair as those herds of Apollo which fed in the meadows of Trinacria or of Asphodel, they graze the most famous pastures in the world, and present to the eye of the lover of the country one of the most lovely spectacles which the country can show. They slowly rove from one portion of their extensive bounds to another, or lie down amid a blaze of golden and purple flowers and greenest grass—pictures of plenty, images and indicators of the farming wealth of England, which nothing can surpass. They stand in company beneath the shade of drooping willows and polished alders, in the glittering passage of the brook at noontide, in groups rich enough to raise a Cuyp or Ruysdael from the dust. O Devon, or Hereford, Durham, Northumberland, Chester, or Gloucester, what country on the face of the earth can show meadows like yours, with cattle like yours? What has this planet to exhibit of fat and milky like yours, enough to make the jolly heart of the English farmer proud, and big, and buttery, as it is? And what would you say, did you see the life of a cow in Germany? Here, for the most brilliant portion of the year, she is shut up in close prison. There are no green meadows, no running streams; no roving in sleek, round-bodied, dappled, and lowing herds, for her. She is cooped up in a little dark stall. Old women, and young women, and children with creels on their backs, go out with hooks and cut rough grass and rampant weeds from under bushes in the woods, along the road sides, and in the corners of fields, for her. Docks, chervil, rough sedge from the river's brink, anything that is green and eatable, is piled in baskets on old women's heads, and brought home to her. Shut up there, the very smell of aught green is enough to make her devour it. In summer, the lower leaves of the dickruben are stripped off for her; lucerne is grown for her; and odds and ends of cabbages, carrots, and turnip leaves fall to her share. She cannot rove in fields, for there are none. She cannot climb the hill sides, for there climb the vines; and the plains are full of corn, green crops, and tobacco, without a hedge to keep her from picking and stealing. When she comes out, it is to labour. With a fellow slave she is seized by the horns; a yoke is clapped on the back of her head, one end of which rests on her head, and the other on the head of her fellow; this is strapped fast, and secured to the pole of the wagon or the plough, and thus, with her meek forehead fast in the stocks of labour, she is driven afield, or to market, to perform all the work of her peasant master. It is a pitiable sight to see a couple of these mild and gentle animals coming along with heads hung down and immovable in any direction, for they must move together if they move at all; while behind comes the driver, whipping and bawling, 'Wisht! wisht!' or 'yisht! yisht! oot! oot! woa! woa! ah, whoo!' and such like sounds. While she lives this is the lot of the German cow. She has not the satisfaction of her milk flowing in warm and foaming streams into union with that of a score of her fellows, and thence arising piles of rich golden butter and the splendid masses of Stilton or double Gloucester. Such noble productions as Stilton, Dunlop, or double Gloucester never enter the region of a German peasant's imagination: on the contrary, her isolated stream goes to furnish a butter, meagre, pallid and poor, or cheeses formed in the palm of the hand, and dried on the outside of the window-sill, more like hens' eggs than anything besides. When she dies, too—miserable cow!—she has not even the satisfaction of dying fat. Yet the poor things do not, after all, look so much amiss. In his way, and according to his notions, the German farmer is, no doubt, kind to his cattle; and if he would but give them separate yokes, so that they could move their heads, as in a few instances is to be seen, they would not so much move our compassion."

THE BOX TREE.

(*Buxus sempervirens.*)

NATURAL ORDER. Euphorbiaceæ.
LINNEAN ARRANGEMENT. Monœcia Tetrandria.

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Flowers in axillary, yellowish groups. *Barren flowers.* Calyx, of three round, concave, spreading segments. Petals, two, roundish, concave, spreading. Filaments, four, awl-shaped, spreading, about the length of the petals. Anthers, two, lobed, a rudiment of a germen. *Fertile flowers*, in the same cluster. Calyx, inferior, of four roundish, concave, spreading, permanent segments. Petals, three, roundish, larger than the calyx. Germen, nearly globular, with three obtuse lobes or angles. Styles, three, short, thick, permanent. Stigma, obtuse, rough. Capsule, globular with three spreading beaks, three-celled, three-valved. Seeds, oblong, two in each cell. A small tree with glossy small leaves. Flowers in April.

"Thy groves of box, Cytorus, ever-green!"

Although now rarely to be met with, and diminutive as compared with the other denizens of our woodlands, the box tree must not be overlooked in the enumeration of the British sylva. Its exterior appearance may be rather that of a shrub than a tree, and its wood may scarcely deserve the name, or be applicable to the purposes of timber; yet as one of our most hardy evergreens, and therefore embellishing and cheering many a dreary month, and as fitted by the peculiar properties of its wood, in no ordinary degree to promote the progress of literature and the now generally diffused and yet further extending taste for the fine arts, it may assert an especial claim on our attention.

Many modern writers have asserted that, although introduced and cultivated in Britain from a very remote period, the box tree is not indigenous here. Their arguments, which are especially founded on the few places in which it can with any probability be regarded as growing spontaneously, are however controverted with much apparent propriety. In the present day, the only spot in which it can be considered as existing in a large quantity in a wild condition, is on the uncultivated ground at Box Hill, which gives name to that chalky hill, near the famous Mole or Swallow, where now, as in the days of Evelyn, "ladies and gentlemen often resort during the heat of summer to walk, collation, and divert themselves in those antilex (irregular) natural alleys and shady recesses among the box trees." Yet Ray, Parkinson, and Evelyn, authors of the seventeenth century, mention it as growing wild at other places in different parts of the country, some of them evidently deriving their names from the circumstance, as Boxley in Kent, and Boxwell in Gloucestershire. If, therefore, within the comparatively short space of less than two centuries, the box has disappeared from these localities, is it improbable that at a still earlier period, prior to the great demand and high value which for several centuries has been set on its wood, when we have authority to believe the country was generally covered with forests, that the box formed one of the undergrowths? It is unquestionably found wild in most parts of Europe and Asia between the degrees of 37 and 52 N.L., and hence would be equally indigenous in our southern districts.

Both the Latin and English names of this tree appear to be derived from the Greek *puknos*, dense, an epithet well applied either to the close firm texture of the wood, or to the thick and mass-like foliage, for which it is so remarkable. It grows very slowly, the shoots seldom exceeding a few inches in a year, and the average height of the tree is from ten to twelve feet even in a calcareous soil, which is that most congenial to it. Some specimens, however, are recorded of a larger size. Loudon mentions one at Kew, fifteen feet high. In the Oxford Botanic Garden are two very old trees, one of which, in 1835, was twenty-one feet in height, the diameter of the trunk measured seven and a half inches, and of the head eighteen feet. The Petworth hedge, supposed to be the handsomest specimen of a box hedge in England, is forty yards in length, fifteen feet high, and twelve feet broad at the base. The bark of the young trees is yellowish, but becomes rough and grey with age. The leaves are glossy, very small, and of a deep rich green when in a shady situation, though if fully exposed to the light, they display a yellowish tinge. The blossoms are likewise of a yellow hue; they grow in tufts at the axils or base of the leaves, and are succeeded by numerous though inconspicuous seeds. By these the tree is easily increased, though from the frequent clippings to which it is subjected these rarely are suffered to ripen, and it is more usually propagated by cuttings.

The wood of the box is hard, smooth, durable, and heavy, and it is the only European wood which will sink in water. "It is," observes a modern writer, "a unique among timber, and combines qualities which are not found existing in any other. It is as close and heavy as ebony, not very much softer than lignum vitæ; it cuts better than any other wood,

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and when an edge is made of the ends of the fibres, it stands better than lead or tin—nay, almost as well as brass. Like holly, the box is very retentive of its sap, and warps when not properly dried, though when sufficiently seasoned it stands well. Hence, for the wooden parts of the finer tools, and for everything which requires strength, beauty, and polish in timber there is nothing equal to it." Evelyn describes it as "continually sought after for many utensils, and of special use for the turner, engraver, carver, mathematical instrument maker, comb and pipe makers, who give great prices for it by weight as well as measure; and by the seasoning and divers manners of cutting, vigorous insolations, politure and grinding, the roots of this tree do furnish the inlayer and cabinet-maker with pieces rarely undulated and full of variety. Also," says he, "of box are made wheels, or shivers, (as our ship carpenters call them,) pins for blocks and pulleys, musical instruments, nut crackers, weavers' shuttles, hollar sticks, bump sticks, and dressers for the shoemakers, rulers, rolling pins, pestles, mall balls, beetles, tops, tables, chessmen, screws, bobbins for bone lace, spoons, nay, the stoutest axle-trees." In the present day, however, many of these articles are made from other woods, of which there is a more abundant store, box wood being too scarce and valuable to be thus applied. In England, at the present day, it is chiefly applied to the purposes of wood-engraving, being superior to any other wood for this purpose.

This simple, yet important art, was invented even before that of printing, and to its instrumentality we may indeed ascribe the honour, under Divine Providence, of the first step towards the revival of knowledge, the diffusion of science, and the extension of those blessed and scriptural principles of the Reformation; while, in the present day, we are equally indebted to it as depicting the facts and features of bygone days, illustrating the ideas and facts stated by the writer, and by its cheap and universal extension bringing home to the mind, and making familiar to the comprehension of the youngest child or most uninformed adult, the products of distant lands or scenes of bygone days.

It has been asserted that we owe to the Chinese the first discovery of wood engraving, and that it was practised by them long before the Christian era, and thence, brought to Europe; yet we have satisfactory proof that the art of producing and multiplying impressions by means of lines and figures cut in a block of wood or metal, is of still more remote antiquity. Stamps which might be thus used have been found in the tombs of Thebes, one supposed to be of the date of a Pharaoh, who was contemporary with the abode of the Israelites in Egypt, and among the domestic utensils of the Romans. It is also conjectured that the arrow-head characters impressed on bricks which have been brought from the ruins of ancient Babylon, supposed to be the most ancient species of inscription now in existence, were produced in a similar way. Engraved seals and signets are mentioned in very early history, and in every succeeding period they have been used to authorise and identify public and private documents. Thus we read of the letters which the wicked queen of Ahab wrote in his name, and sealed "with his seal," and of similar proof of authenticity being appended to the edict obtained by Haman for the destruction of the whole nation of the Jews, Esther iii. 10, 12; viii. 8. These devices or characters were most probably engraven on metals, or precious stones; many such are now preserved in various collections.

It is said that Charlemagne was the first to introduce the practice of signing documents by means of an inked stamp, on which his monogram, or cypher, was cut in relief, in a manner very similar to those now daily used at the Post-office. Here we have, perhaps, the earliest direct trace of printing, though there is nothing to hinder the supposition that the seals of a much prior period were also applied in the same manner, as well as upon wax. This method of attesting documents became from that time very general, and was practised by the nobles and clergy as well as by sovereigns, during the dark ages, as the middle centuries have well been termed, when reading and writing were regarded as rare accomplishments, possessed by few even of the highest classes of society.

Though many have supposed that the art of printing from wooden blocks, practised in China at the present day, was known in that country at a very remote period: no clear proof of this can be obtained. As to Europe, there is evidence to show that the art of engraving on wood and printing from such blocks, was practised early in the fifteenth century, a block

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with a delineation of St. Christopher has been found with the date of 1423. It was also early applied to the production of playing cards. The first artists who executed engravings on wood, endeavoured to represent the figures of saints and scriptural subjects, which had been so long only produced by the limners of the monasteries, in rich colours and gilding, upon their walls, or in the valuable illuminated missals, of which many copies are yet extant. These cuts were at first rude and grotesque outlines, yet they were very popular, and being accompanied by a few texts or passages of Scripture, proved as harbingers of the rays of gospel light which, in the blessed Reformation, were about to break on the then benighted world. The "Biblia Pauperum," or Poor man's Bible, as it is erroneously called, was produced about the same time; it consisted of about twenty pages, each of which was cut on a separate block of wood and represented various figures, with texts or sentences, in abbreviated Latin, to explain them.

The above is a fac-simile representation, on a reduced scale, of one of these pages, which were about ten inches long, and seven and a quarter wide. The two half-length figures at the top of the page are meant to represent king David and the prophet Isaiah; and those at the bottom the prophets Ezekiel and Hosea. The scrolls affixed to each contain texts of scriptures, which seem selected, like all the other figures and inscriptions on this page, to describe the union of Christ to his people under the type of a bridegroom. The translation of the left-hand scroll at the top are the words, "Even as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber," Psa. xix. 5; that of the right-hand scroll is, "As a bridegroom he hath adorned me with a crown," Isa. lxi. 10; that of the left-hand scroll below is, "Thy tire shall be bound upon thine head, and thy shoes upon thy feet," Ezek. xxiv. 17; and that of the right hand, "I will betroth thee unto me for ever," Hos. ii. 19. The words on each side of the two upper figures, seem to be references to, and ex-

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planations of, other passages of Scripture. In the centre one of the three middle compartments, the Saviour is represented as bestowing the crown of life on one of his followers kneeling before him. In the left is seen the daughter of Zion crowned by her spouse, and the lines beneath have been thus translated:—

> "Oh, soul divine! it rightly knew,
> To have the spouse was glory true."

In the opposite picture is the representation of an angel addressing the apostle John, and beneath the words which, translated, are—

> "And Christ the Bridegroom far above
> Conception, the fair bride doth love."

The inscription beneath the two lower figures seems to refer to the centre figures, and is—

> "Then souls rejoice with great delight
> When given is the diadem bright."

Thus, some knowledge of Divine truth was made more intelligible to the comprehension of the people generally, at a period when it was otherwise unattainable by them, from the extreme scarcity and high price set on the manuscript copies of Scripture, as well as the language in which they were written. Much error and superstition was indeed mingled with Divine truth in these block books, (as this and others of a similar character and date have been termed,) yet even they served a more important purpose, by gradually leading forward to the discovery of the art of printing by movable types, and diffusing more extensively some knowledge of the Scriptures, though it is obvious that such inscriptions as are here given in abbreviated Latin words, could not be of much use to the German laity.

THE MISSOURI.

The following interesting statement is taken from the Journal of Messrs. Lewis and Clarke:—

"Thursday, 13.—They left their encampment at sunrise, and ascending the river hills, went for six miles in a course generally south-west, over a country which, though more waving than that of yesterday, may still be considered level. At the extremity of this course they overlooked a most beautiful plain, where were infinitely more buffaloes than we had ever before seen at a single view. To the south-west arose from the plain two mountains of a singular appearance, and more like ramparts of high fortifications than works of nature. They are square figures with sides, rising perpendicularly to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, formed of yellow clay, and the tops seemed to be level plains. Finding that the river here bore considerably to the south, and fearful of passing the falls before reaching the Rocky Mountains, they now changed their course to the south, and leaving those insulated hills to the right, proceeded across the plain. In this direction captain Lewis had gone about two miles, when his ears were saluted with the agreeable sound of a fall of water, and, as he advanced, a spray which seemed driven by the high south-west wind arose above the plain like a column of smoke, and vanished in an instant. Towards this point he directed his steps, and the noise increasing as he approached, soon became too tremendous to be mistaken for anything but the great falls of the Missouri. Having travelled seven miles, after first hearing the sound, he reached the falls about twelve o'clock. The hills, as he approached, were difficult of access, and two hundred feet high: down these he hurried with impatience, and seating himself on some rocks under the centre of the falls, enjoyed the sublime spectacle of this stupendous object, which since the creation had been lavishing its magnificence upon the desert, unknown to civilization.

"The river immediately at its cascade is three hundred yards wide, and is pressed in by a perpendicular cliff on the left, which rises to about one hundred feet, and extends up the stream for a mile; on the right the bluff is also perpendicular for three hundred yards above the falls. For ninety or a hundred yards from the left cliff, the water falls, in one smooth even sheet, over a precipice of at least eighty feet. The remaining part of the river precipitates itself with a more rapid current; but being received as it falls by the irregular and somewhat projecting rocks below, forms a splendid prospect of perfectly white foam two hundred yards in length, and eighty in perpendicular elevation. This spray is dissipated into a thousand shapes, sometimes flying up in columns of fifteen or twenty feet, which are then oppressed by larger masses of the white foam, on all which the sun impresses the brightest

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colours of the rainbow. As it rises from the fall it beats with fury against a ledge of rocks which extends across the river at one hundred and fifty yards from the precipice. From the perpendicular cliff on the north to the distance of one hundred and twenty yards, the rocks rise only a few feet above the water; and when the river is high, the stream finds a channel across them forty yards wide, and near the higher parts of the ledge, which then rises about twenty feet, and terminates abruptly within eighty or ninety yards of the southern side. Between them and the perpendicular cliff on the south, the whole body of water runs with great swiftness. A few small cedars grow near this ridge of rocks, which serves as a barrier to defend a small plain of about three acres, shaded with cotton-wood, at the lower extremity of which is a grove of the same tree, where are several Indian cabins, of sticks; below the point of them the river is divided by a large rock, several feet above the surface of the water, and extending down the stream for twenty yards. At the distance of three hundred yards from the same ridge is a second abutment of solid perpendicular rock about sixty feet high, projecting, at right angles, from the small plain on the north, for one hundred and thirty-four yards into the river. After leaving this, the Missouri again spreads itself to its usual width of three hundred yards, though with more than its ordinary rapidity.

"The hunters, who had been sent out, now returned loaded with buffalo meat; and captain Lewis encamped for the night, under a tree, near the falls. The men were again despatched to hunt for food against the arrival of the party; and captain Lewis walked down the river to discover, if possible, some place where the canoes might be safely drawn on shore, in order to be transported beyond the falls. He returned, however, without discovering any such spot, the river, for three miles below, being one continued succession of rapids and cascades, overhung with perpendicular bluffs from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high; in short, it seems to have worn itself a channel through the solid rock. In the afternoon they caught, in the falls, some of both kinds of the white fish, and half a dozen trout from sixteen to twenty-three inches long, precisely resembling in form and the position of its fins, the mountain or speckled trout of the United States, except that the specks of the former are of a deep black, while those of the latter are of a red, or gold colour. They have long sharp teeth on the palate and tongue, and generally a small speck of red on each side behind the front ventral fins; the flesh is of a pale yellowish red, or when in good order of a rose-coloured red.

"Friday 14.—This morning one of the men was sent to captain Clarke, with an account of the discovery of the falls, and after employing the rest in preserving the meat, which had been killed yesterday, captain Lewis proceeded to examine the rapids above. From the falls he directed his course south-west up the river: after passing one continued rapid and three small cascades, each three or four feet high, he reached, at the distance of five miles, a second fall. The river is about four hundred yards wide, and, for the distance of three hundred, throws itself over to the depth of nineteen feet, and so irregularly that he gave it the name of the Crooked Falls. From the southern shore it extends obliquely upwards, about one hundred and fifty yards, and then forms an acute angle downwards, nearly to the commencement of four small islands close to the northern side. From the perpendicular pitch to these islands, a distance of more than one hundred yards, the water glides down a sloping rock, with a velocity almost equal to that of its fall. Above this fall the river bends suddenly to the northward. While viewing this place, captain Lewis heard a loud roar above him, and crossing the point of a hill for a few hundred yards, he saw one of the most beautiful objects of nature. The whole Missouri is suddenly stopped by one shelving rock, which, without a single niche, and with an edge as straight and regular as if formed by art, stretches itself from one side of the river to the other for at least a quarter of a mile. Over this it precipitates itself in an even uninterrupted depth of fifty feet, whence dashing against the rocky bottom it rushes rapidly down, leaving behind it a spray of the purest foam across the river. The scene which it presents was indeed singularly beautiful, since, without any of the wild irregular sublimity of the lower falls, it combined all the regular elegances which the fancy of a painter would select to form a beautiful waterfall. The eye had scarcely been regaled with this charming prospect, when, at the distance of half a mile, captain Lewis observed another, of

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a similar kind. To this he immediately hastened, and found a cascade stretching across the whole river for a quarter of a mile, with a descent of fourteen feet, though the perpendicular pitch was only six feet. This, too, in any other neighbourhood would have been an object of great magnificence, but, after what he had just seen, it became of secondary interest. His curiosity being, however, awakened, he determined to go on, even should night overtake him, to the head of the falls. He, therefore, pursued the south-west course of the river, which was one constant succession of rapids and small cascades, at every one of which the bluffs grew lower, or the bed of the river became more on a level with the plains. At the distance of two and a half miles he arrived at another cataract of twenty-six feet. The river is here six hundred yards wide, but the descent is not immediately perpendicular, though the river falls generally with a regular and smooth sheet; for about one-third of the descent, a rock protrudes to a small distance, receives the water in its passage, and gives it a curve. On the south side is a beautiful plain, a few feet above the level of the falls; on the north, the country is more broken, and there is a hill not far from the river. Just below the falls is a little island, in the middle of the river, well covered with timber. Here, on a cotton-wood tree, an eagle had fixed its nest, and seemed the undisputed mistress of a spot, to contest whose dominion neither man nor beast would venture across the gulfs that surround it, and which is further secured by the mist rising from the falls. This solitary bird could not escape the observation of the Indians, who made the eagle's nest a part of their description of the falls, which now proves to be correct in almost every particular, except that they did not do justice to their height. Just above this, is a cascade of about five feet, beyond which, as far as could be discerned, the velocity of the water seemed to abate. Captain Lewis now ascended the hill which was behind him, and saw from its top a delightful plain extending from the river to the base of the Snow mountains to the south and south-west. Along this wide level country, the Missouri pursued its winding course, filled with water to its even and grassy banks, while, about four miles above, it was joined by a large river flowing from the north-west, through a valley three miles in width, and distinguished by the timber which adorned its shores; the Missouri itself stretches to the south in one unruffled stream of water, as if unconscious of the roughness it must soon encounter, and bearing on its bosom vast flocks of geese, while numerous herds of buffaloes are feeding on the plains which surround it."

A FIRST VISIT TO ANTIGUA.

We were carried from the shores of England by the winds of a stormy winter, and, after we were fairly on the broad Atlantic, our progress was generally far from being equal to the speed of our wishes, as we had to submit to the vicissitudes of very light, if not contrary winds, and dead calms, for nearly six weeks. It was then, after we had escaped from these disagreeable detentions, and a week's steady breeze had swept us delightfully along, that one afternoon, a little before sunset, our captain announced our very near approach to Antigua—so near, that he immediately ordered a boy to go to the mast-head, and look out for land. Land! oh, how cheering the word to those who have long had no sight but the sky and trackless waters, whether that land contain their home or not! But for us, no land was yet seen, and great was the angry impatience of the captain, to soothe which, the mate kindly observed that the boy only wanted the sailor's experienced eye, and he would therefore go and look out himself, but still, to the poor captain's mortification, and our no less disappointment, no land was in sight. "My chronometer," he said, "may have deceived me, and if so, it shall not do so a second time, for overboard I'll throw it. But as the fault may be my own, it will be wisest to look over my reckonings." To the cabin he descended, and in a few minutes returned on deck with a more cheerful countenance, immediately giving orders to shorten sail, saying, that if the sun had given us half an hour's more day, Antigua would have been seen, as he had detected a small error in his calculations, which led him to conclude that we were a few miles further than in reality we were; but confident he was that the earliest dawn would show us the island.

How wonderful to a landsman, and how delightful to one who, for the first time, is ploughing the trackless ocean, is

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the accuracy with which a duly-trained navigator can ascertain his exact position, by the mutual aid of his chronometer and sextant, when he has been without the sight of land for several weeks, or, indeed, months!

Discussing this and kindred subjects on the evening in question, we sat long on deck, after a glowing sunset—

"Not as in northern climes obscurely bright"—

had left us to the balmy air of a tropical night, and the enchantment of a sky beaming with a transparency which we had never before witnessed, through which were visible an increased number of stars, and, to us, the new constellations of the southern hemisphere, among which was the southern cross.

With a mind thoroughly awakened by such excitement, and all eager for the first view of a new world in the morning, I cast myself into my berth, without undressing, that I might be ready to step on deck with the earliest beams of day. After a few hours of broken sleep, I could at first hardly distinguish between my busy dreams and the conversation on deck, awakened by land in sight, though I was soon sufficiently roused, to convince myself of the reality. And there lay the island, peacefully slumbering, as yet under the nightly canopy of a thin cloud, like an immense whale sleeping on the waves. In the east the first streak of day was slowly but perceptibly extending its advancing light; soon the rising orb announced its approaching power, by its shooting and increasingly-glowing streamers, until its burning self seemed to step on the waters in all its glory—and what a glory! The whole eastern sky appeared at once as its undisputed dominion—not a speck of a cloud in the bright expanse—not the faintest mist resting on the clear horizon—in all its majesty arose the golden orb—

"In one unclouded blaze of living light."

And now the island beamed upon our delighted view, like an emerald stretched out upon its bed of deep blue waters. It is, indeed, no abuse of the word, to call Antigua an "emerald isle," though all the West India islands wear the same vestment of perennial green. The most beautiful season is the one in which we arrived, shortly before the commencement of the sugar crop, when the different fields, or cane-pieces, as they are commonly called, are distinguished by the growth of the canes, indicated by the varying shades of green, till the ripened canes take the tint of a bright yellow, or a silvery hue arising from its feathery blossoms—the softly-blending tints of the whole presenting a beauty, of which European scenery can give no idea. And there is this peculiarity, which adds much to the soft beauty of these islands, that, however barren the rocks and mountains in other respects, they are always curtained over to their loftiest summits with the verdure of a perpetual summer. Here is nothing of the darkly frowning front of the bare rock, nor the brown waste land of the moor, which give beauty of another character to an English landscape. Sterility, in one sense, is not known in the tropics; for there every rock and stone, or waste of uncultivated land, are festooned, or carpeted over with vegetation, and all wear the bright tints of the emerald.

As the trade wind always freshens up towards nine o'clock in the morning, we found that, with a very good breeze, we were rapidly getting among the coral reefs, which render the entrance to St. John's harbour rather dangerous, particularly on the north-side of the island; so that the captain was now rather anxious for a pilot, nor was he long kept in suspense. Soon we descried a speck of a sail standing towards us, which, as we expected, proved to be the frail bark of our pilot; but what a novelty did that important personage and his whole turn-out exhibit! His vessel about the size of the ship's long-boat, the sails almost in tatters, more from long service than stormy weather, and, instead of the hardy, storm-beaten, and storm-braving son of Neptune, wrapped up in his bearish dread-nought, who hails you in the English channel, here was a feeble old mulatto man, as thinly clad as though he was navigating a mill-pool on a summer's day, and the whole crew beside himself made up of two stout, half-naked negro boys. All seemed a novelty, so smooth the sea, so balmy the breeze, and so much like a new world, did the whole scene appear.

As we neared the land, other novelties interested our eyes; and, though we were looking on the land of slaves, we could hardly indulge the idea that slave-driving or slave-dealing cruelties could be found amid the lovely scene. Now we could

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clearly distinguish the plantations; for, though there were no edges to divide the cane-pieces, the subdivisions were distinctly marked by the varying shades exhibited by the different growth of the successive fields of cane, and here and there the dark soil of the pieces which were taking their yearly turn of fallow idleness. And near the centre of each plantation stood its clustering buildings, the most remarkable being the wind-mill, like a massy tower, compared with which the wind-mills of England look like toys, and near it were the other large buildings for the manufacturing of the sugar. At a short distance, but standing quite apart, was seen the comfortable mansion of the proprietor, which the negroes commonly designate "The great house;" and then, in another direction, but serving to complete the group, was seen, as in a neighbourly cluster, the negro huts, their thatched roofs peeping amid the mass of deep green foliage of the banana, orange, and calabash trees, in which they seemed peacefully embedded.

On entering the harbour of St. John's, we were greeted with scenes of another character, the harbour itself being a smooth bason, running far into the land, and its still water exhibiting the most exquisite tints of a transparent blue-green, the shades varying according to the depth of water which covered the coral bottom, a peculiar beauty for which the harbours of Antigua are remarkable, from the coral formation of the island. Around the great part of the harbour stands the town, chiefly composed of wooden houses, neatly painted, with a profusion of green, jealoused windows, and galleries running along the front, if not several sides, of the houses, the jealousies, as they term them, being like, only stronger made than, venetian blinds. But what strikes an European as most peculiar, is the total absence of smoking chimneys; for though chimneys are commonly a deformity to a building, to our eyes, deformity or not, there seemed a something wanting. On some rising ground stands the church, a very conspicuous object, overlooking the whole, like the guardian spirit of the place. Though to St. John's the negro term, "the big church," might be literally applied, it is to be lamented, that it was not so much from the comparative size, as from the exclusive use, that, to each parish church, that term was applied; as there, for a long time, accommodation was provided only for the whites. Now, indeed, the case is otherwise; and in this fine church of St. John's, every foot of space is arranged, by its devoted minister, to the accommodation of all classes and colours.

Having spoken of the church, I may here mention a circumstance which occurred in its vicinity shortly after I landed, as it shows the fearful apprehensions which, in England, are commonly associated with the idea of a residence in the West Indies, and which, of course, must be vividly awake on first landing there.

In rambling about the town, we had strolled into the churchyard, and seeing a grave just opened, my companion directed our attention and footsteps towards it, without the slightest idea of the alarm awakened in my own mind, and which I was ashamed to express. How dangerous, thought I, to approach, from mere curiosity, that soil so newly turned up from a bed in which may have been laid the remains of some poor victim of the horrid yellow fever. Surely, said my apprehensions, some fatal miasma must be emitted from soil which has been so much impregnated with the poisonous vapours of the dead in this land of fevers. Often, indeed, have I since laughed at my groundless fears, though it was well that I concealed them in my own breast at the time, to save me from the laugh of others.

The circumstance, however, led me to a train of very profitable reflections. First I could not but adopt the conclusion, that the same powerful hand which had been my safety in crossing the wide waters, would be my shield in all the dangers to which I might be exposed in this land of new perils. In this I felt more confirmed, when I adverted to my object in coming, looked afresh into my motives, and thought of the special safety of those who, in any undertaking, first give themselves to the Lord, and to the disposal of his will. I could not but pity those who, allured by golden dreams, were tempted from the endearments of their native land, to encounter unknown hazards. Oh! the powerful spell of the love of money—how painful the sacrifices endured from its impulse—how many the toils it willingly encounters—how fearful the dangers it arduously braves—and then, alas! if realized for a

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moment, how short-lived its dreams! With a nobler object before me, with purer motives for my impulse, and with a brighter and more certain end in view, I could thank God, and take courage for the work to which I had given myself. Finding myself at the end of my voyage, and landed in a climate where disease was supposed to put on a fearful aspect, and exert a fatal power, I could not but glory in a work which sought not the riches of a perishable world, but, in giving its efforts to make others "rich in faith," gave the stronger assurance in His word who says, "Thou shall not be afraid of—the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

B. L.

SINGULAR USE OF NAMES IN AMERICA.

To be called upon by some fellow-passenger, says Mr. Buckingham, to look around and see Athens, appears at first like a joke; it seems so difficult to separate from the sound of that word the glories of the immortal city of Minerva, with its frowning Acropolis, its beautiful Parthenon, its temple of Theseus, and its classically sacred associations. The very name conjures up the shades of Pericles, Phidias, and Praxiteles, and the imagination wanders through the gardens and listens in the portico, to the great teachers of the several schools of Grecian philosophy, to Socrates and Plato, to Aristotle and Zeno; from thence passes on to the theatre, and hangs with delight on the tragic glories of Euripides, Eschylus, and Sophocles; to the Areopagus and Agora, to hear the thunders of Demosthenes against Philip, or to the hill of Mars, to listen to the great apostle of the gentiles unfolding to the inquisitive Athenians the nature, attributes, and purposes of the Infinite Being to whom they had dedicated an altar with the inscription "To the Unknown God." But all this dream of the imagination vanishes the moment the eye reposes on the humble village which here assumes this imposing name.

It is not peculiar, however, to any one part of America more than another, thus to appropriate to itself the most renowned names of history for their cities, towns, and villages; everywhere this singularly ill-directed taste is apparent. From New York to Albany, within the compass of a single day's journey, including the valley of the Hudson and its neighbourhood, we have Babylon and Jericho, Salem, Lebanon, Gilboa, Carmel, Goshen, Athens, and Troy, with a railroad to Syracuse, Utica, and Rome, from among the ancient cities and places of celebrity; and Oxford, Canterbury, Salisbury, Windsor, Hamburgh, Hyde-park, Kingston, Glasgow, Bristol, Durham, Cairo, Bath, Cambridge, and Waterford, from among the modern. The evil of this is increased by the constant repetition of the same practice in different states, so that there are no less than fourteen places bearing the name of Athens, and nine of Rome, besides a Romeo, and a Romulus, fourteen Palmyras, twelve Alexandrias, four of Damascus, two of Joppa, and three of Jerusalem.

In the names of more modern cities, the repetitions are even still greater, but the most multiplied of all are those in which towns are called after distinguished political leaders, of which it may be sufficient to mention as an example that there are no less than fifteen Jefferson counties and forty Jefferson towns, eight Jackson counties, and sixty-six Jacksons or Jacksonvilles; twenty Washington counties and eighty Washington towns, in addition to the city of Washington, in the district of Columbia, which is the seat of the general government. The greatest confusion already results from this tautological nomenclature; and the evil will increase with every succeeding year, till it forces some reform. It is the less excusable, also, as the Indian names are sufficiently varied and beautiful to admit of constant adoption.

THE DOLPHIN.

The changes of hue displayed by the dying dolphin are peculiar; but have been much exaggerated by the poetical descriptions of travellers. Soon after the fish has been removed from the water, the bright yellow with rich blue spots, which constitutes the normal colour of the animal, is exchanged for a brilliant silver, which, a short time after death, passes into a dull grey, or lead colour. The original golden hue occasionally revives in a partial manner, and appears above the silver field, producing a very interesting display of colours; but the diversity of tints is not greater than I have described.—*Bennett.*

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The Via Mala.

THE VIA MALA.

The Via Mala is pre-eminent among the sublime solitudes of the Alps. Its name was derived from the supposed difficulties and dangers of passing through it. It runs through a dark and uninhabited valley, overspread in many parts with thick forests, which admit only a partial light, and are so exceedingly narrow, that the steep rocks which enclose it, hang over, and seem almost to meet towards their summits. The Rhine foams at the bottom, sometimes not visible, and at others rising to the view. The sight is very impressive, especially when the imagination is excited; for though the materials of the scene may often be witnessed, yet here they are so singularly grouped, so wildly arrayed, as to form a picture, perhaps without a parallel. A recent traveller thus expresses his feelings at the spectacle :—

"How fearful even on the stedfast ledge
To lean, and watch where leaps the boiling surge
Like lightning through the abyss, whose frowning edge
Strewn thick with rocks and pines, whose trunks emerge
Majestic from the gulf; each like a wedge
Firm in its crevice, stoops with beetling verge
Above thee and below, and sheds a gleam
Of terror."——

To erect bridges over such a ravine was an enterprise of singular difficulty and peril. For this purpose large pines, hewn and lowered from opposite sides of the valley, were firmly bound together with ropes, and swung across to form a temporary scaffold for the workmen. About three miles from the commencement of the Via Mala, is one of the products of their skill and toil, represented in the engraving: a stone bridge of a single arch crosses the gulf. "A sublime scene," says Coxe, "which I stopped to admire, and left with regret." Of late, many

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improvements have been made, and that which was once merely a mule path is now changed into an excellent carriage road.

CITY SKETCHES.

CONTRASTED with the country, the city is monotonous and unlovely. Here are no silver brooks, shadowy trees, scented flowers, and joyous birds. The successive months, which develope such an infinite diversity of beauties in the country landscape, here exhibit little variety. There is no spring nor autumn in the city: the lifeless brick and stone are unchanged by the frosts of winter or the heat of summer, and the streets show little or nothing of the progress of the year. No glittering dragon-fly spreads its gauzy wings before our eyes, no joyous bee hums past us with his load of honey, no soaring lark pours his flood of melody into our ears. The very sky is here but partially seen, rarely, indeed, can the eye revel in the ample breadth of its blue vault. Instead of the living green carpet which is elsewhere so gracefully spread over the earth, here is the dull grey granite; and, instead of the "leafy luxury" of trees, never-ending masses of brick and mortar, surmounted by clusters of chimney pots, meet the wearied eye on all sides. Instead of beauty, peace, and repose, all here is noise, excitement, and distraction. Yet the attentive observer will find that even these streets, barren as they may at first seem, are replete with interest; that in this heart of the country may be more distinctly noted those mighty pulsations which vibrate to its remotest extremities; and that to mark the various occupations of the inhabitants of this great ant-hill, and its different appearances, as seen under various phases, is deeply interesting.

It is morning. The grey twilight is slowly departing, and indistinct objects are becoming every moment more visible. The east is brightening, and fleecy clouds above are tinged with the golden light of the yet unrisen sun. The city is still enveloped in the grey twilight, but the cross of the gigantic cathedral is lit up with the first beams of the morning. See, in the east the sun rises, fresh and vigorous as ever, bursting up from above the house-tops, and pouring a flood of light upon the streets, and lighting up the windows with his beams. No longer is there need of the pale sickly glimmer of the lamps, and the lamplighter hurries along with his ladder on his shoulder to extinguish them. The appearance of the city is now singularly beautiful. In the pure air and intense sunlight everything seems strangely distinct, and the silent streets of the yet sleeping city singularly contrast with their usual crowded appearance. "The very houses seem asleep:" nothing appears awake but the saloop-seller at the corner of the street, or the pale newsman hastening homeward from his tedious night work; scarce an echo is heard, but the heavy-measured tread of the yawning policeman. The fine lines of a celebrated poet well describe the city under its present aspect:—

> "The city now doth like a garment wear
> The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
> Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
> Open unto the fields and to the sky,
> All bright and glittering in the smokeless air."

The church towers and spires, and the architectural decorations of the public buildings, the long perspective of the streets, and the quaint beauties of ancient edifices, are now seen to the best advantage. The buildings erected by sir Christopher Wren now appear in all their beauty and harmony of proportion, and the minutest details of the "blossoming of stone" are now distinctly visible. Anon from a solitary chimney-pot the thin smoke slowly struggles through the bright atmosphere. Irishmen, in knots of two and three, are hurrying to Billingsgate, chattering as they go, with their large flat baskets behind them, and solacing themselves with a short pipe; and Irishwomen, too, little less masculine in appearance, imitate the rougher sex. The costermonger, too, lazily seated on his flat barrow, urges forward his donkey, scarcely larger than himself, that he may secure an early supply of fish; while butchers and fishmongers' carts begin to clatter through the streets at no very gentle pace. Various classes are now commencing their occupations. The milk people are going their early rounds, silently chiding the late risers who detain them so long at their doors. The scavenger begins his daily labour of cleaning the streets before they are choked up with vehicles. Watercress vendors sit at the street corners, making up their cresses into cheap bundles. Now, boys in caps, and labourers in flannel jackets, with their dinners in bundles, crowd into the city, while the smoke from numberless chimneys bears evidence to the general lighting of fires, and preparations within for the active duties of the day. The dusty

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mail (nearly the last of its tribe) arrives, and wends its way at its accustomed pace to the Post-office, the sleepy guard rolling in his seat. The plot thickens; every moment the streets are becoming more animated. Crowds of mechanics, labourers, warehousemen, shopmen, etc., are hurrying into the city to their daily avocations. The sleepy shop-boy slowly unbars the shop-door, and sluggishly proceeds to take down the shutters. About nine o'clock the tide increases: girls are hurrying to the shops or establishments of their employers, and well-dressed clerks are bustling citywards from all quarters to the public establishments or private counting-houses, some with a choice handful of flowers, home-grown specimens, to be produced in rivalry against those of fellow-clerks. News-vendors, with their damp newspapers under their arms, are shuffling onwards with the account of last night's debate, to their impatient customers. The postboys mercilessly spur their miserable horses, and omnibuses filled with postmen leave the Post-office, to facilitate the early distribution of the letters. Now the shop-keeper is busily engaged dressing out his windows, and exhibiting his wares in the most attractive manner. Pleasure parties are hurrying to the steam-boat, or the railroad station, with carpet bags and cloaks, while others, fearful of being too late, are posting eagerly along in the cabriolet, anxious lest, being five minutes too late, their plans should be disarranged, and the pleasures of the too infrequent holiday marred by disappointment. Another hour elapses, and omnibuses and stages arrive, laden with tradesmen, merchants, and principals of firms, from their suburban residences. All is now bustle: the lately solitary streets are filled with passengers. The liveried postman is busily delivering his letters; the crook-legged dustman goes from house to house to collect the ashes; the baker shoulders his unwieldy basket; and the old bearded clothesman is going home, ceasing his singular cry of "Clo, clo; old clo." These are the principal features of the morning.

It is noon. The swelling tide of human life pours along restless and hurried. What a confusion of gaudy carriages, rumbling wagons, rickety cabriolets, and lumbering omnibuses, thread their intricate way along the too narrow street! What anxiety and calculation are visible in the countenances of the many—with some because they have too little, with others because they have too much! How many of the passers-by evidently "eat the bread of carefulness," and expend a fearful amount of thought and energy in the pursuit of mere earthly gains and pleasures! On all sides what comparing of watches, what anxious glancing at clocks, what fears expressed of being too late for engagements! Here a crowd loiters before a print shop, to the annoyance of the bustling passer-by. Here a gaping countryman is gazing about in perplexed wonder, and inquiring the way to some of the "lions" of the metropolis. Here a timid female is hurrying with ludicrous haste across the street, though no danger is near, or hesitatingly waiting on the kerb-stone till her opportunity is lost. Here is a swarthy sailor, with his frank, manly bearing, but showing by his awkward walk he has been more accustomed to the deck of a ship than to thread the mazes of a crowded street. Here is a servant girl, out for a holiday, with her handkerchief in her ungloved hand, bustling along, flushed, and evidently embarrassed by her unaccustomed finery. Here a file of men obstruct the foot-path, bearing huge boards, puffing, in colossal letters, some newspaper or cheap shop. Here a mock auction obtrudes itself on the notice of the passer-by, with the noisy auctioneer surrounded by his decoys, bidding with well-dissembled earnestness for the valueless trash manufactured only to glitter and to sell. Here touting conductors of rival omnibuses annoy the distracted passenger with their solicitations and their persevering cries of "Paddington," "Blackwall," "Chelsea," "Hammersmith," etc. In contrast to this excitement and bustle, the patient Irishwoman sits placidly at her fruit stall; and the cheerful countenance of the penniless Italian boy, as he quietly plods his way through the crowd to some less noisy spot, seems to rebuke the fierce struggle and din around him. Well would it be for the many if they were as habitually contented and as easily satisfied as he. To the eye nothing can be more monotonous than so many persons in black coats and hats hurrying to and fro, yet how various are the hearts beneath! Here is the philanthropist, whose thoughts are busy about mighty plans for ameliorating the condition of the human family; here is the sharper, in the dress of a gentleman, with eagle eye searching for a dupe; here is the mere man of money, calculating interest and planning

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speculations; here is the Christian, seeking for opportunities of doing good, and serving himself best when he can serve his Master. How different are the hearts of men who pass each other with such similarity of exterior! If here are congregated some of the vilest, here also are to be found many of the most excellent of the earth.

"Ten righteous would have saved a city once,
And thou hast many righteous. Well for thee—
That salt preserves thee; more corrupted else,
And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had power to be,
For whom God heard his Abraham plead in vain."

Here is little respect of persons. Among the motley crowd of passers-by the beggar may take the wall of the prince, and nobility be jostled by rags. The hour of lunch has arrived, and the chop-houses emit their savoury odours, significant of the soups and hot joints which are ready within. Some are refreshing themselves with the tempting luxuries of a pastry-cook's shop, while others, more economical of their time and money, content themselves with a more wholesome biscuit, discussed on their route. The obsequious shopkeeper is busily engaged in suiting his fastidious customers, and the wandering vendor of petty wares stands on the kerb-stone noisily proffering his articles to the passing crowd. Yet, even in the noontide bustle of the city streets, the heart may be self-possessed, and the mind calm and collected, and even here set its affections on things above. If the quiet of the country, where we are surrounded with God's works, be more favourable to religious meditation than such scenes as these, yet even here the mind may wing its thoughts heavenward, for

"Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity;

Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.
Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,

Through the great city roll'd,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind."

It is evening. The setting sun flings his last rays upon the higher windows, and the grey twilight rapidly gathers round the city, but the active lamplighter hurries round his district to supply, as far as feeble art can do, the loss of the great lamp of day. Lads are running with letters and bags of newspapers to the Post-office, fearful of being too late. The shops glitter with tastefully-arranged finery and trinkets, rendered still more dazzling by the brilliant gas, in the light of which the poor half-naked wretch stands begging. The merchant has long since returned to his suburban residence, and even his clerks have left their high stools and dispersed, and now the welcome hour arrives which, to the mass of the labouring classes, closes the toils of the day. Artizans, boys, girls, now emerge by dozens from the warehouses and large establishments, and wend their way homewards from the city in all directions. The pale, exhausted shopman, however, is yet behind the counter, condemned to toil still longer in the close atmosphere of the brilliantly lighted shop, harassed and vexed at the needless trouble wantonly inflicted by the fastidious. Now, the votaries of fashion and frivolity awake to the excitements of their unnatural day. Vehicles are hurrying along, conveying their occupants to the ball-room, the concert, or the theatre. Now the drunkard reels for his accustomed glass into the favourite gin-shop, which shamelessly rears its impudent head above its worthier neighbours, and the degraded daughter of infamy proceeds in her guilty course. The gambling-house is lit up, and the glaring light over the entrance announces to the initiated that "play" has commenced. All the haunts of folly and vice are opening their doors, with the returning darkness, to their degraded devotees. The potato-vendor, with his steamy apparatus, stands under the gas-light to supply the needy with a cheap and wholesome supper, and the Italian image-seller, placing his image-board in some safe spot, rests himself awhile previously to his return to his comfortless lodging, while some belated brother of the organ makes the quiet bye street re-echo with his tinkling melodies. The streets are again lonely, even the later shops are closing, lights are extinguished below, and anon their re-appearance in the upper room is significant of rest and repose.

It is night. The "cold round moon," rising behind the dusky steeples, calmly pursues her course through the silvery clouds, throwing her broad light and shadow on every object. All is strangely quiet; few are stirring, except some outcast daughter of shame, some reeling debauchee from the theatre or the gaming-table, or the cloaked doctor, summoned

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to the bedside of his relapsed patient. Scarcely a vehicle is to be seen in the lately crowded street, except some ponderous creaking cart laden with vegetables for the morning markets. All is silent as a city of the dead; the inhabitants are wrapped in slumber; all the windows are in darkness, except where a solitary feeble light betrays the chamber of sickness, or the unseasonable hours of some late homecomer. The red lamp glares afar off, betokening the readiness of medical skill, even at this hour, to attend upon the sick. Scarcely an echo is awakened, except when the various-toned bells from a hundred steeples proclaim with iron tongue the hour of the night, while with an overpowering deep bass the bell of the domed cathedral booms forth, as with the voice of a deep-mouthed giant, his solemn warning of the departure of time. What a mass of prostrate, helpless life, of unconscious immortality, is reposing in the mighty city! Thanks and praise to Him who wraps us round with the dark curtains of night, shutting out for awhile the garish light, making work difficult, and limiting the cupidity of the hard taskmaster and the toil of the willing labourer; whose paternal eye is never closed, but watches sleeplessly over the safety and well-being of his creatures. Even here, in the soundless street, we may read the mercy of our compassionate Father; even its hushing silence praises him—

"It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps."

S. W. P.

LOSS OF SIGHT COMPENSATED BY OTHER SENSES.

"There is something extremely remarkable," says Dr. Abercrombie, "in the manner in which the loss or diminution of one sense is followed by increase of the intensity of others, or rather, perhaps, by an increased attention to the indications of the other senses. Blind persons acquire a wonderful delicacy of touch; in some cases, it is said, to the extent of distinguishing colours. Two instances have been related to me of blind men who were much esteemed as judges of horses. One of these, in giving his opinion of a horse, declared him to be blind, though this had escaped the observation of several persons who had the use of their eyes, and who were with some difficulty convinced of it. Being asked to give an account of the principle on which he had decided, he said it was the *sound* of the horse's step in walking, which implied a peculiar and unusual caution in the manner of putting down his feet. The other individual, in similar circumstances, pronounced a horse to be blind with one eye, though this had also escaped the observation of those concerned. When he was asked to explain the facts on which he formed his judgment, he said he *felt* the one eye to be colder than the other.

"Dr. Rush relates another instance, not less extraordinary, of acuteness in the sense of hearing. Two blind young men, brothers, of the city of Philadelphia, knew when they approached a post in walking across a street by a peculiar sound, which the ground under their feet emitted in the neighbourhood of the post, and they could tell the names of a number of tame pigeons, with which they amused themselves in a little garden, by only hearing them fly over their heads." *

Many similar well-authenticated instances of the same merciful provision for the supply and alleviation of this distressing calamity have been related by other authors. Dr. Saunderson, who was totally deprived of sight by small-pox, when only one year old, was remarkable for the celebrity which he attained in mathematical science, and, it is said, he acquired most of his ideas by the sense of touch. He was able, with the greatest nicety and exactness, to perceive a very small degree of roughness or polish on a surface, so that in a set of Roman medals he was able to distinguish the genuine from the false, though they had been counterfeited with such exactness, as to deceive a connoisseur, who had judged by the eye. His ear was also equally exact; by the quickness of this sense, he could distinguish the fourth part of a note, and could judge of the size of a room and of his distance from the wall.

Sir Kenelm Digby relates the case of a blind man, who could feel in his body, and chiefly in his head, (as he himself affirmed,) a certain effect whereby he knew when the sun was up, and could discern a clear from a cloudy day. He frequently told this without any mistake, when for trial's sake he was lodged in a close chamber, into which the sunshine had no admittance; nor did any body come to him, to give notice of the state of the weather.

* Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, p. 52.

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Mademoiselle de Salignac, a French lady of the last century, was capable of reading a book printed in the usual manner, if printed on one side only, and had some books prepared for her use in this manner. On being asked as to the clearness of her conceptions on the arts of drawing, engraving, and painting, she replied, "If you were to trace on my hand the figure of a horse, a moth, a man, a woman, a tree, I certainly should not be mistaken; and if you were to trace the profile of a person I knew, I should not despair of naming the individual, if the likeness were exact; my hand would become to me a sensible mirror. If the skin of my hand equalled the delicacy of your eyes, I should see with my hand as you see with your eyes, and I sometimes figure to myself that there are animals that are blind, and are not the less clear-sighted."

In James Mitchell, who was deaf from birth, as well as blind, the sense of smell was sufficiently acute to distinguish one person from another, and he was able clearly to recognize the entrance of a stranger.

John Kay, a blind mechanic, in Glasgow, was accustomed not only to walk alone in that and neighbouring towns, but to be the guide of any one who might accompany him. Walking one day in the streets of Glasgow with a friend, who warned him of being near a horse, he said there was no need of that, as he could perceive it himself. Being asked how, he replied that he found a difference in the current of the air on his face, when near any particular object, and that from this feeling he could always avoid a lamp-post when he approached it, which he was frequently observed to do when walking alone. But what was better than all in this case, the true light had effectually shined in this poor man's heart, and he had his senses exercised, in a spiritual sense, to distinguish between good and evil. He took a most active part in Sunday-school instruction, and was accustomed every Wednesday evening to meet his more advanced pupils for religious instruction. If any were inattentive, and appeared to disturb the rest, he would quickly perceive it, and say, "I cannot see you, but remember God sees you, and will not forget what you do." He was, likewise, a zealous friend to the Religious Tract Society, and was in the habit of taking every opportunity to distribute tracts, and to get them conveyed to individuals and families to whom he thought them likely to be useful. He died in great peace on the 16th of December, 1809, in the thirty-third year of his age.

W. D.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

The following oriental illustrations of Scripture are taken from the entertaining and instructive "Sketches of a Missionary's Travels in Egypt, Syria, Western Africa," etc., by Mr. Macbriar:—

"The town of Beyrout is mean and confined, and surrounded by walls, and contains a motley group of inhabitants. Its environs, however, are pretty. I was much struck with the narrowness of the high roads, and the shocking state of disrepair in which they are suffered to remain; and several passages of Scripture came to my mind, as being here finely illustrated. Foremost was that of Balaam and his ass. Many, like myself, have wondered how a public way could be so narrow as not to admit of a man passing by an ass; as it is written, 'But the angel of the Lord stood in a path of the vineyards, a wall being on this side and a wall on that side; and the angel of the Lord went farther, and stood in a narrow place where there was no way to turn either to the right hand or to the left,' etc., and the ass fell down (see Numbers xxii. 24—27). But in this neighbourhood a complete picture of such a place was frequently brought before my view. The gardens and orchards are embanked so as to prevent the soil from being washed away by the heavy rains, which fall twice a year; and the path between them is generally only a few feet wide, but in some places so narrow that two asses could not pass each other: and much less could a loaded beast have passed a man standing in the middle of the path. These paths are full of stones; no care whatever being taken to clear away those hindrances which the rain washed down into them; so that the greatest circumspection is requisite for a foot passenger, lest he stumble and fall; a circumstance which gives much force to the promises given in Psalm xci. 12, that God's angels 'shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.' The ways are frequently so steep, that flights of steps are made in them; and the beasts have to go up and down the steps with burdens upon their backs; and as the whole country is very mountainous and destitute of level

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roads, horses are rarely used, in comparison with asses and mules; the latter, which are of a superior breed, being much more sure-footed than the former. This fact accounts for the prophets and great men always riding upon what we should esteem an inferior kind of animal, though actually more highly prized in such rugged districts. Fine horses are, however, used by grandees in their cities and plains.

"In proceeding from Lebanon to Damascus, we journeyed through long passages and defiles between majestic mountains, ever hoping to reach a watering place that had been pointed out to us upon the top. At length the sun arose, and beat upon our heads with his scorching beams; for not a breath of air was stirring, and languor seized upon man and beast. After travelling for some hours, we reached the expected spot, when we found the well was dried up by the summer's heat! Onwards we went to a stream at a short distance farther; but this, likewise, was dry. In vain we searched for a little water that we thought might be left in any pool of the rivulet; and again we travelled many miles along its dry channel: in vain did I cast my longing eyes again and again towards the smooth pebbles that lay in its empty bed. With what force did those passages of holy writ come to my mind, where its spiritual blessings are likened to refreshing waters and to springs in a desert! And how did I not understand something of the feelings of the psalmist, when, in his longing after God's favour, he says, 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!' When quite exhausted, and scarcely knowing what would become of me, I saw an Arab at a short distance, with a tin canister in his hand; and I immediately despatched my servant to learn what it was that he carried. Upon inquiry it proved to be leben, or sour milk, being intentionally made sour, in order to keep it in that state for several days; and I gladly paid for a draught, which was as enlightening to my eyes, as was the honey-comb to Jonathan's after his fight with the Philistines. With strength renewed, I pushed forward and soon overtook the rest of our company, who had gone ahead; and at length we reached a living stream, the very sight of which gladdened the heart. Man and beast being here invigorated, we proceeded to a village called Deemas, where we obtained refreshment and repose in a comfortable little cottage which had oftentimes entertained strangers; and having rested during the greatest heat of the day, we set forth briskly in order to reach Damascus before sunset, when the gates of the city are closed."

THE TALE-BEARER.

SOLOMON said, by Divine inspiration, that, "where no wood is, there the fire goeth out: so where there is no tale-bearer the strife ceaseth," Prov. xxvi. 20. And again, "The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly," Prov. xxvi. 22.

The mischief, indeed, which a tale-bearer is calculated to inflict upon society was expressly provided against among the Hebrews under the Levitical law. Among the many admirable injunctions in that law, delivered by Moses to the people from the lips of the Almighty, in order to ensure right moral conduct, we read, "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people," Lev. xix. 16.

Although Scripture has thus denounced tale-bearing as mischievous to society, and Christians are aware of the fact, perhaps there is no sin more prevalent among all ranks of people, and less generally considered as an evil. Move in whatever circle we may, there we meet with a tale-bearer, revealing the secrets of our very neighbours and friends by way of amusement.

A remarkable character of this kind once lived in our village circle, whose real name I shall veil under that of dame Tomkins.

Dame Tomkins was a woman who obtained a livelihood by the sweat of her brow. She was what might be termed an industrious person, but her love of tale-bearing was far more strong in her than her love of work. Often have I seen her tall gaunt frame pass from the house of one neighbour to another; that lixivium of soap and water commonly called suds, streaming down her bony arms as she passed along, and bespattering each door as she opened it to reveal a secret. And dame Tomkins did not confine her tale-bearing visits to those of her own grade. Often have I heard her more respectable neighbours complain that she would, whatever they might say to the contrary, obtrude herself upon them for the purpose of relating the affairs of her neighbours. They could not, they have

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observed, put her out of countenance, and make her blush for her folly; and let them be doing what they might, whether taking their meals, or performing their daily duties, she would enter their doors, and when once entered, would not depart till she had performed her errand. No, no, dame Tomkins was not to be abashed; for besides having to reveal a secret to those she was in the act of visiting, she had to collect material from their hearths for a renewal of visits to those whose doors she had not long closed.

In my visits to the cottages of the poor and to the more respectable families within dame Tomkins's tale-bearing sphere, I have frequently had an opportunity of witnessing her manners. There was a marked difference in them, according to the station which the parties held in society whom she favoured with a visit. On opening the doors of her more respectable neighbours she would usually commence by such terms as these: "I beg your pardon, but I thought you would like to know the news;" and having thus prefaced her words, she would continue with a volubility truly surprising, until she had related all she knew. And, unfortunately, dame Tomkins would often relate more than she knew, for the tale-bearer generally is not nice as to the truth of what is related. As, indeed, a ball of snow gathered in the hollow of the hand, if rolled along the silvery surface, soon increases to a heap too huge to move, so grows a tale in the lips of a tale-bearer.

The disregard which dame Tomkins had for the truth was more especially apparent when she visited the cottages of her own class. I remember, on one winter evening, hearing her "glowing falsehoods" myself. I had just been to her cottage for the purpose of reading the Scriptures to her, and had taken my seat in a neighbour's house behind the door, when on a sudden the door was thrown open, and the long shadow of dame Tomkins reflected itself upon the opposite side of the cottage. Notwithstanding it was very cold, she did not take the trouble to come in, but stood with the door open, and with the latch in her hand related her news. "I have just had neighbour ——," she observed, "the philosopher, as they call him, to visit me, and I will venture to say, he will never take the trouble to lift my latch again. He asked me to let him read to me, but I would not have any of his nonsense. I told him so plainly, and the gentleman seemed quite offended. He told me that I was an obstinate old sinner, and that I was going to perdition; and turning upon his heels he shut my door. But what do I care for him? He may talk as larnedly and piously as he pleases, but all his larning and all his piety is not worth a straw. If he was to come, indeed, and give us a bit of silver now and then, that would be another thing. One might then be tempted to listen to his sarmonising a little, for we might then get us a drop of something to comfort us with afterwards, which would help us to forget what he said. I have no patience with such people, and I pity them who will listen to what they say. I dare say he is lecturing some poor creature now, and I will venture to say they will go to bed melancholy like. So let them: for my part I like to be happy while I can, and he shall never disturb my rest for one minute. It would be sad, indeed, if us poor folks should be miserable here, and then, as he says we shall if we do not attend to what he says, be miserable for ever when we die. But I don't believe a word that he says, and I pity them who do. We can live and die without him, I warrant you."

When dame Tomkins commenced her tale, I had put my finger upon my lips, as a sign to the cottagers I was then visiting to be silent; but when she had thus far proceeded in her tale, I rose from my seat, and seeing my shadow approach hers on the wall, she looked round to see who was there. I shall never forget her appearance on that occasion. Her face became the colour of crimson, and as she mumbled out, "I beg your pardon, sir," she hastily left my presence and closed the door.

And well might dame Tomkins be ashamed of her conduct; for, with the exception of the fact that I had been to her cottage, her whole tale was untrue. No one was ever, apparently, more ready to listen to the reading of the word of God, and no one received my remarks with more apparent good will than dame Tomkins. Even if I ventured to touch upon her besetting sin, she would listen with all seeming respect to me, and even at times acknowledge her errors with something like a penitential feeling of sorrow for them. I made similar remarks to these, after dame Tomkins had made her exit, to the cottagers I was then visiting, giving them to understand she had been relating falsehoods.

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"There was no occasion to tell us that, sir," replied Mrs. Crofts; "we know dame Tomkins well. And, to tell you the truth, this is the first time she has darkened our doors for a whole fortnight, when she slandered my good man and me to our neighbours. She came in then with some of her tittle-tattle, and somehow or another we were just having a few angry words with one another, as married folks do sometimes,—the more is the pity,—and what does dame Tomkins do, but she runs from house to house and tells our neighbours that Crofts and his wife were having a most desperate quarrel, which she was afraid would end in mischief. Before she had finished her errand our strife had ceased, and we were sitting quietly over the tea-table, when all on a sudden we heard a great noise at our door. 'What is the matter,' said I to Crofts?' 'I don't know,' says he, 'go and see.' So I went, and you may judge how grieved I was when I learned that the folks had come to hear the quarrel which dame Tomkins had told them we were having. Crofts was not so much vexed as myself, for when I told him what was the cause of our house being thus beset, he got up, and being a bit of a wag in his way, told them it was all over, and forgotten long ago. I must say, I could not take it so easy myself, for I was ashamed to be seen for several days afterwards, and had you not been here, sir, this evening, I should have told her to have gone about her business. It was from a feeling of shame, indeed, that made her stand in the doorway as she did to-night. If she had not known she had acted wrong towards us, she would have come and sat herself down by the fire, and not have gone away again for, I dare say, a full hour."

I believed what Mrs. Crofts related was perfectly true, both as regards the slander of dame Tomkins and the slightness of the quarrel in which she had been involved with her husband, and therefore simply remarking, that we should all do wisely to adopt this prayer of the holy psalmist, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips," Psa. cxli. 3, I bade them good night, and returned home.

As I left Crofts' cottage, I saw dame Tomkins leave the door of another cottage close by, where she had doubtless been repeating the same tale, with, perhaps, something added to its burden. I took no notice of her, however, resolving in my mind to pay her a visit on an early day, for the purpose of giving her a lecture on her conduct. I put this resolve into execution, and when I had seated myself, I prefaced my remarks by observing that I feared I had called upon her to talk on a very unpleasant subject. A slight blush of confusion passed over dame Tomkins's face; but recovering herself, with her usual apparent readiness, she replied she should be glad to hear anything I might have to say.

"Indeed!" I rejoined, "I should hardly have thought as much: you recollect, I dare say, that we unexpectedly met at your neighbour Crofts' the other evening, soon after I had been to see and to read to you."

"Why, yes," answered dame Tomkins, "I believe we did: I had almost forgotten it, though. I am ——"

Dame Tomkins was evidently going to add, she was sorry for what she had said, but feeling that this would be untrue, as her only sorrow would have been—if she possessed that feeling at all—that she was detected; I stopped her, and remarked: "Pray do not add sin to sin. Besides, I do not want any apology, for you have neither offended nor injured me. But I can tell you one whom you have grievously offended—that is God. And I can tell you, also, one whom you have greatly injured—that is yourself. Now I should like to read to you two or three passages in Scripture, which will prove that tale-bearing is a great sin in the sight of the Almighty. Reproving the tale-bearers among the Christians of Thessalonica, the apostle Paul writes, 'We hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busy bodies,' 2 Thess. iii. 11. The same apostle, also, speaks thus plainly of women who were guilty of the sin of tale-bearing, in his Epistle to Timothy: 'And withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house: and not only idle, but tattlers, also, and busy bodies, speaking things which they ought not,' 1 Tim. v. 13. The apostle Peter, likewise, advises Christians of all ages of the world, as well those who live in our days, as those who lived in the times of the apostle himself, not to 'suffer as busy bodies in other men's matters,' 1 Pet. iv. 15. And that they will suffer if not in this world, yet in the next, we are assured by our blessed Saviour himself. In the Gospel of Matthew, he says, 'I say unto you, that every

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idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned,' Matt. xii. 36, 37. "So you see, dame Tomkins," I continued, "you bring yourself into great danger by your tale-bearing. And I am sorry to say that the danger is increased by your disregard of truth. Tale-bearing, indeed, most frequently is coupled with lying, and the mischief does not even end there or with the tale-bearers themselves. It leads to strife and discord in families, and very frequently disturbs the peace of a whole neighbourhood. I need only to refer to your tale about the quarrel of your neighbour Crofts and his wife, for a proof of this. Now I do hope that you will reflect upon your conduct. As you value your immortal soul, I beseech you to abstain from tale-bearing. It is a great evil in itself; but, as I have shown you, it leads to greater evils, and endangers your everlasting happiness. Among the works of the man who shall dwell in God's 'holy hill' and 'never be moved,' the psalmist says, is he who 'backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour,'" Psa. xv. 3.

Dame Tomkins listened attentively to my reproof, though at times I thought I saw her anger rising against me. I was in hopes she would profit by it, but I fear she carried her character as a tale-bearer down with her to the grave. It is hard work to shake off a besetting and confirmed sin, whence we should "watch and pray, that we enter not into temptation." E. F.

"I HAVE DONE WITH ROME AND ITS ALTARS;"

OR, THE TRUE HISTORY OF A LADY WHO WAS CONVERTED FROM POPERY.

(*Translated from the French.*)

It is very remarkable, that at the time when the church of Rome seems to be resuming her ancient influence, the truths of the gospel are acting with much power on a large portion of her members, whether priests and college professors, or the most uninformed of their hearers; whether nobles and great men, or artizans and labourers. Many "Farewells to Rome" have been repeated in the eloquent and powerful addresses of clergy and scholars, who have thrown aside their errors and their employments, while whole families are submitting to the Bible, and, with genuine Christian repentance and prayer, rejecting the superstitions by which they have been misled.

Such testimonies to the power of the gospel, and the conquering influences of the Holy Spirit, are numerous in the present day. Papists may feign not to see or to care for them; but the work of God goes on, and though the church of Rome may be struck by blows hardly perceptible, it will at length appear to be shaken from its very foundations, by efforts that prepare, under the Divine direction, for the execution of that final sentence, which the Lord has pronounced against the "man of sin," and all who listen to him. The following statement is only one of these numerous records; nevertheless, it is one of those demonstrations of the truth of God which will be appreciated by serious minds, since it contains a full and faithful narrative of the experiences of an instructed and pious female, when the word of the gospel strove in her heart, against her own sincere attachment to the religion of her fathers, to that "mother church," by which all her convictions and obedience were engaged.

There is no fiction, nor is it a narrative merely founded on a few facts, but it is a simple account of what has really taken place; a truthful attestation of what a Roman catholic has seen and done. The reader may rest assured as to the truth of what is here stated, as well as of those other authentic relations which well-known priests have lately published, and which have been widely circulated.

Some years ago I was visited by a young lady of the educated portion of society, who seemed anxious for serious conversation on spiritual subjects. I could easily perceive that she had an enlightened mind, and also a correct and discriminating understanding; while she appeared resolutely desirous fully to know the grace of God, and to serve him, according to the precepts and promises given to the church of Christ, in the Bible. This amiable and sensible woman gave me some account of her religious views. Her parents were Romanists; her mother had carefully trained her to observe all the duties and ceremonies enjoined by their church; and she witnessed, with displeasure, and even indignation, the conversion of one of her sisters to the Protestant faith. Yet after-

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wards, and by imperceptible degrees, she experienced the power of the word of God, and after a long but ineffectual struggle against it, she was subdued by the truths of the gospel, and constrained to leave that church which she had once loved above all things.

"But," she added, "though I am now a Christian, yes—through the mercy of God to me, I am a sincere Christian, and I now rely only, and with all my heart, on the free salvation which God has offered to us through Jesus Christ—I am still uneasy as to one important point—my own personal election. I have no positive assurance that the sacrifice of Christ was an atonement for me, and that I am saved by it, now, and for ever."

She had therefore a sincere reliance on the atoning sacrifice of Christ, but yet she lacked one thing, that seal of the Spirit of adoption, that perfect and simple faith by which a believer may address God as his Father, and, as it were, subscribe with his hand, saying, "I am the Lord's," Isa. xliv. 5.

The word of grace was sent to relieve and strengthen this disciple of the Lord. Two things were learned by her, from the same word: first, that the Saviour, the great High Priest of his church, has by his one offering made reconciliation for the sins of all his people: and secondly, that every soul which believes truly in Jesus is "born of God," is entitled to all the privileges of the children of God, is fully justified, and ought to look forward, with believing confidence, to the enjoyment of life everlasting. Then this true believer added, "I must receive and follow the word of God. It is his testimony, and that alone, which I desire to treasure up in my heart. Thus, as Abraham was assured that he should be the father of many nations, because he had the promise of Him that cannot lie, in like manner I may be sure that I have eternal life, and am a child of God, because his word declares and bears witness that I am one. How easy it is to believe, when our souls have received it, a gift from God. To believe God, and what he has said, is all the desire of my heart—I will then rest upon it; and since Jesus has declared that all who believe in him have passed from death unto life, and even now have everlasting life, I believe what he has said, for I feel, and he knows that with all my heart I believe in him, the eternal Son of God, the Christ, the Messiah. I believe in him; I would say without hesitation, I am the Lord's."

In this manner God blessed his own word; and thus this young female was brought into the true liberty by which Christ makes his people free, as he declared, John viii. 32, 36.

But her account of the steps by which God had been pleased to lead her seemed so interesting, that she was requested to put it on paper, and permit it to be published, without giving her name. She did so, a few days after, and then wrote to me the following statement. The name and some local circumstances are purposely concealed; but, reader, you will be able to trace the progress of the truth, the effect produced by the Bible, and the Bible alone; and should you resemble what the writer was, (especially if you are a member of the Romish church,) do not turn from the account she has given; like this sincere Christian, prefer the Bible to your own opinion, and the blood of Jesus to vain and deceiving ceremonies.

Cologne, July 12th, 183—

I have done with Rome and its altars, and, according to your request, I now send you the account of what God has done for me. I told you, that when my sister thought of changing her religion, she wrote a paper, which I read, and observed several things that astonished me. She spoke particularly upon the sacraments of the church of Christ. I considered her words for some time, and at last mentioned them to my confessor; he said that I ought not to concern myself about the subject; it was a temptation; and that the paper I referred to contained reasoning, which must have come from Satan. This was enough to frighten me; and whenever my thoughts would have returned to the subject, I silenced them by the answer which the priest had given me.

My devotions were generally addressed to the Virgin Mary, and to her I repeated prayers every day; but many of the titles by which she was addressed in these litanies produced a painful impression on my mind: such as these—Gate of Heaven; Morning Star; Ivory Tower; Golden Temple; Ark of the Covenant, etc. These, and other similar titles, often disgusted me.

At this time I sometimes had intervals of deep depression, which haunted me, both in company and when alone, when I was yielding to my vain and trifling

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mind, and when I constrained myself to acts of devotion and seclusion. This was not anxiety about my salvation; neither was it a sense of my wretched state; but it was a weight, an uneasiness, which could not be removed by my repeated confessions, prayers, or observances. At these painful seasons I frequently went to the church; I never missed the service on Sunday, and every day in the week I spent more than an hour in the church alone, towards evening. I was earnest in my devotions, and I constantly used, often with many tears, a prayer from my book, called "the Hours," which began by speaking of the sweetness of the name of Jesus to those that love him. But where was the use of such a prayer, either from my heart or lips, while I remained ignorant of the true character of the Saviour?

On a great festival, called All Saints' day, I went to the church, and after the service I prepared as usual to read the litany for the day. But it was not in my power; thinking that my mind was wandering, I persevered, and began again three different times. Yet all this was in vain; and while reflecting upon what I felt, this thought forcibly struck me: "To whom art thou praying? Do these saints hear thee?" From that day I felt doubts respecting the worship of the Virgin and the saints; I cannot express the pain I experienced.

Three months afterwards I was from home, in a town where a Protestant minister held some meetings, at the house of a family whom we knew. They urged me to attend, but I was unwilling; and when, at last, I agreed to accompany my friends, it was with the firm determination to pay no attention whatever. During the time for prayer, Scripture reading, and exposition, I forced myself to think of other subjects, and when I listened for a few moments, it was only from mere curiosity.

Returning home, I used even falsehoods to conceal what I felt, but I could not restrain my uneasiness, when others around me spoke of the power of grace, of the efficacy of the blood of Christ, the fulness of his salvation, the joy of possessing it, and the assured confidence of every soul that is enabled, by faith, to rely only on the sacrifice of the Lamb. All this language was new to me; it seemed exaggerated, mystical, ridiculous; but while I secretly despised it, my conscience was uneasy.

My concern was increased the next day, when a visitor spoke respecting the Divine election. "Christ," he said, "has not died in vain; he has saved all those for whom his blood was shed. It was not shed for those who will be eternally lost." These words pursued me while I addressed my prayers to the Virgin; and I felt so uneasy that I could not take pleasure in anything. This text, which I had heard more than once, sounded constantly in my ears, "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God," Eph. ii. 8. These words seemed to be written in characters of fire on the pages of my book of devotion. These thoughts tormented me so, that I was ready to say that there was no salvation for me, since I could neither read nor pray; and felt nothing but weariness in the public services at church.

These feelings lasted some weeks, during which I avoided speaking about religion to any one whatever. But by a merciful providence, as I have often since gratefully acknowledged, I did meet with one Christian, who, with much kindness of manner, showed me, that since I was looking to Jesus, I had no reason to think myself rejected, but rather, on the contrary, to rely on the mercy of God, and cherish the fullest hopes of his grace.

These words did me some good, and though my faith still wavered, I took courage, and resumed my religious exercises. But I felt less confidence in the church of Rome, I less frequently addressed the Virgin and the saints, and the services at church were wearisome to me. In my trouble I again applied to my confessor, who made light of the matter, and his advice gave me no relief.

The Christian friend, already mentioned, had given me a French New Testament, translated by De Sacy. I read it; and my concern increased; I saw that it was opposed to my religion, I continued to read, but trembling, always fearing to discover something still more strongly condemning my belief. It occurred to me, that if I continued to read it, I should be forced to leave the church of Rome, and this idea startled me. In this church I had been brought up by my affectionate and dearly loved mother, notwithstanding many difficulties; and though she was now dead, her will still was a law to me, and I was filled with

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terror at the idea of failing in the promise I had made to her, that I would always be faithful to my church.

How much did I suffer during these days of conflict! I felt that I must read the book of God, in spite of myself; and my religion strove against those passages which condemned it; I seemed already an unbeliever; I detested what I considered a delusion, and apostasy.

One word of Christ's occasioned a still greater struggle. This was respecting going to confession, as I had been used to do and considered an ordinance appointed by God. This text was the address of Christ to the penitent sinner: "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee." I thought, Did Jesus say this to a woman, degraded in his sight by the greatness of her crimes, and will he not say the same to me? Are not his love and mercy still the same? If I go to him and confess my sins to him, will he not say to me the words he spoke to this poor sinner?

This thought impressed me so strongly, that I no longer hesitated to tell my confessor that I must give up my visits to him. He was much offended, and his answer disturbed me much. I lost my rest, and regretting the want of that ease in which I had once lived, I resolved no longer to read the Scriptures, which always made me uneasy, and I turned to my other books, "Of the Imitation of Jesus Christ," "The Inward Life of the Soul," and others. But the work God had begun could not remain unfinished, and I found no repose in my determined return to the offices of our church and my private devotions.

The remembrance of my mother seemed like a voice from heaven; and as, on the one hand, I could not resist it, on the other, I could no longer approve what I had discovered to be error; therefore I tried to bargain with my conscience; and deceitfully resting on this text, "Hast thou faith, have it in thyself towards God," I tried to persuade myself that it was not necessary to leave the church of Rome; and that it was sufficient for me, being more enlightened than some other devout souls, to lay aside a few doctrines and some practices, yet remain faithful to the worship of the ancient church. This arrangement satisfied me for a time, though I could not hide from myself its disingenuousness; and an unexpected occurrence showed me the fallacy of my reasoning. One day, when alone in my room, I mechanically took up my Testament, and opened it at the Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews.

How surprised was I to read, as a sort of preface to this epistle, words to the following effect. The converted Jews having been persecuted by their own countrymen, several were overcome, and returned to their synagogues. St. Paul having heard this, wrote the following epistle, A.D. 63, to strengthen their faith, and afford them consolation. The Jews boasted of all that was splendid in the observances of their religion, of their sacrifices, their ark of the covenant, of all the ceremonies appointed in their law, and they reproached the Christians for having nothing of the sort. St. Paul, therefore, endeavoured to support the Hebrews against this temptation, by showing the superiority of the sacrifice of Christ to the sacrifices under the law, which were but a shadow, and not the real benefits which can only be derived from Jesus, the High Priest of the New Testament.

These words dismayed me, and well understanding what would be the drift of this epistle, I at first refused to read it. But I could not persist in this intention, and I began the perusal. I had not yet been staggered respecting the sacrifice of the mass and its ceremonies. I had heard it discussed by several persons, without any impression being made on my mind, and I had always attended its performance regularly. But after reading this epistle, another field seemed to open before me; and the mass, as a repetition of the sacrifice of Christ, though without shedding of blood, appeared at least useless. I thought, "If Jesus has not offered himself often, and by one offering hath perfected for ever those that were sanctified by the will of God, where is the need of a sacrifice being repeated, which can add nothing to what the Saviour has already accomplished?" The next morning I returned to the priest, and told him what was passing in my mind. After a long conversation, which could not convince me, he advised me to read an "Exposition of Catholic Doctrine," by Bossuet; and I proceeded carefully to study that work, but it afforded so little relief, that my suspicions, on the contrary, were deepened by it. But I did not indulge them, without self-condemnation for opposing so learned a teacher as Bossuet. Surely, I thought, I must have have misunderstood St. Paul; and I read through the epistle again with

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renewed diligence. Every chapter, or rather every verse, was like a blow from a hammer, at the foundation of the Romish faith, and the ceremonies and observances hitherto so dear to me.

Observe here the resistance made by my heart and imagination. Though I was thus pressed on all sides by Scripture, I refused to yield to its evidences, and thought to escape from them by reading the history of the early ages of the church, especially of the first Christian martyrs, whose lives and deaths would show what was the religion of their times. I procured a book, called "The Acts of the Martyrs," by Ruinart, a Benedictine monk of St. Maur, whose name inspired my confidence. The work began with the acts of St. James, bishop of Jerusalem, Ignatius, Polycarp, and other martyrs.

These I read; but I was at once surprised and dejected, to find, in no one part of their lives or writings, the slightest mention of the sacrifice of the mass, or its ceremonies, the worship of the Virgin, the intercession of saints, or any sort of confession, except that one of the martyrs, who went to suffer death, exclaimed, "I am a Christian."

These first few pages might have satisfied me; but I went on reading, till I came to the martyrdom of Philip, bishop of Heraclea, where I met with this account:

"Aristomachus, an officer of the garrison of Heraclea, entered the church, expelled the Christians from it, and placed on the door the seal of government. Philip looked at him with pity, and said: Think not that the Almighty God dwelleth under a roof and within walls. Knowest thou not that the heart of man is the abode which he loves best? Surely thou hast not read the prophecy of Isaiah, where thou wouldest have read these words: 'Thus saith the Lord, The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool: where is the house that ye build unto me?'"

I wept before my God, humbled and overcome by these last words; for I, too, had never read the prophecy of Isaiah. I met with this account one evening, and I spent the hours of night in comparing the words of Philip with my own religion. The next day, as soon as possible, I sent for a Bible; it was Martin's version, and I felt some suspicions, but as no other was within my reach, I began to read the whole of Isaiah from the beginning, seeking for the text in question. I cannot describe what I felt, when reading these words, "My people," whom I have chosen, "I have redeemed thee," nor the eagerness with which I studied the chapters forty to forty-eight inclusive.

I had quite forgotten my design, and when I resumed my reading, it was not till I reached chapter sixty-six that I found the words I sought in the first verse. "Here it is!" I exclaimed, as I found it; and having read it again and again, I laid my finger on the text, and added in full conviction of its truth, "What is the use of our altar, our temple, our holy vessels and sacraments, our doctrine of the real presence, and our continually burning lamps? They are mists! they are shadows! And what will become of our ceremonies, images, and ornaments! All are vanity." But instead of deeper humiliation, I felt only irritation and obstinacy at the conviction which pressed upon me. "What did I want with this?" I said to myself; "I was happy when I knew nothing about it; and now what can I do?" I remained in this state of mind for several days. I read no more from the word of God, and I went twice to the church. The first time I went of my own accord; and during the whole service of the mass I was very uneasy, especially at the moment of the elevation of the wafer. I found myself surrounded by a crowd of prostrate worshippers. I hesitated a moment as to whether I should kneel or stand; and at last I half bent, from a fear of being observed; but feeling deeply grieved, I rose, in spite of myself, and quickly left the church.

The next day I went to the priest, and declared that I could no longer attend at church, and even related my struggle the day before. He replied, with much kindness, "This is a time of severe temptation;" and used various arguments to persuade me to go again to the church. So I went the following Sunday, and while waiting for the service to begin, I read my book of hours, (a manual of devotion,) and found in one place the following verse from Psalm xcv.: "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

I had often read these words without being struck by them, but now they were to me a reproof from the Lord himself for my resistance to his word; and at this moment I felt an earnest desire to believe simply what is revealed in the Holy Scriptures. Fully employed by these

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thoughts, I paid little attention to the service of the mass, and only listened for a short time to the discourse of the priest.

From this day may be dated my decided withdrawal from the church of Rome. The axe was laid by God to the root of the tree. But for a full month afterwards I knew no peace. During this time I felt several violent inward struggles, and severe temptations, which might truly be termed "the fiery darts of the wicked one," to use the language of Scripture.

"How," said the tempter, "dost thou know that all this is true? Who has told thee that this Bible is truly a revelation from God? And how dost thou know that Jesus Christ is Jehovah, and that his death is a sufficient sacrifice?" God himself delivered me from these snares.

I returned to his word, and found the darkness vanish. With unchanging proof of its Divine origin, I also learned there the pride of my heart, and the vanity of self-righteousness. Daily my convictions were deepened by the consciousness that salvation is wholly of God, and that his grace is solely the result of his mercy.

Thus I saw (and I trust that my discourse with you confirmed it) that Jesus is indeed "the way, the truth, and the life;" and that all efforts to save ourselves, by our own devotions, our prayers, or our doings, are but so many insults to the infinite love of the Saviour.

Now, the Bible is to me a living word: I have heartfelt joy in Christ: I wish to love and serve him faithfully, and, if I can, I will publish to the world that salvation is not of ourselves; but "it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."

Reader, do not throw aside this account as though it were no concern of yours. What message do you expect from God, more than you receive in the common course of events? No angel will be sent from heaven to preach to you; and even if this could take place, the angel could only repeat to you the plain truths of the gospel. Then listen to these truths wherever you find them; and since they are brought before you in these pages, receive them with attention; and, when in secret before God, compare what you have here read with your own views and feelings.

Reader, reflect! your eternal salvation is certainly herein concerned. Think of it seriously! Above all, be sincere with yourself. What is your chief, your real, your only interest? Is it not, after all, that your soul may not perish after this life is ended, and that you may also be at peace during your sojourn here?

If God, who assuredly knows what would constitute our present and future happiness, who is your Creator, your Preserver, and your Judge, now draws near to you in love—he is full of compassion and gracious. Can you refuse to listen to his voice, and when he points out to you the sure way of happiness, will you dare to answer that you know these things as well or better than he does; and will you turn away your ears and your heart from following his counsels?

If that be a truth which God has declared in every age and place, it is that the happiness of man, in time and for eternity, is surely and richly to be found in the knowledge of his Saviour. Two other truths must also be declared, supported by the same evidences—first, that without Christ, the soul remains in a state of sin and death, subject to the wrath of God; and, secondly, that there are false Christs, and that the soul which follows them and delights in their lies, may imagine itself in the right way, and boast of the same, but only till the day of calamity comes upon it.

It is not a matter of indifference whether or not we are in the truth of God. The unbelieving world, that despises the word of God more than any other thing, may try to shelter itself by turning back from it, and crying, that all religion is good if it produces just and honest earthly conduct; that after all, there is not much difference between Catholicism (as it calls Romanism) and Protestantism; that we may find salvation in one of these religions just the same as in the other; and that it is the first duty of charity to leave every man to his own religion, and to avoid controversies which only disturb the peace.

Such is everywhere the language of the worldling. But the Lord Jesus Christ does not speak thus. He declares, No man cometh unto the Father but by me. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered, and burned. In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. True worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.

Therefore, reader, if you suffer yourself to be governed, deceived, or led captive by some human authority or persua-

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sion; if you resolve to cleave to your own religion, merely because it is your own, not because it comes from God, then you despise—perhaps with anger—every attempt to deliver you from your delusion, and enlighten you by the true light of God, which is in Jesus Christ; if that is indeed your firm resolve, your determination, go on and persevere. But for the love of your own soul, do not thus resolve and persevere till you are sure, before God and from his word, that you have indeed entered on the way to heaven—that this is the path through which you have been led in childhood and in youth, and in which you now pause to consider your ways. The Scriptures say, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." "Can the blind lead the blind? shall they not both fall into the ditch?"

To continue to slumber, when overcome with drowsiness, at the top of the mast of a ship, is to prepare for a dangerous fall and awful death, as soon as the tempest shall shake the vessel. To persevere in the mere outward forms and observances of religion, relying on them as necessary to salvation, is to forget that the wicked may also bring a sacrifice, but that his offering is abomination to the Lord. Yet he does not flatter himself, that his worship is faultless, and that by its performance he ensures to himself the favour of God.

Be not satisfied with mere negative obedience; still less with self-deception, or sinful carelessness. If you do not yourself watch over your own soul, no one else can do it for you. "Every man," saith the Scripture, "shall bear his own burden;" and each must answer for himself to an infallible Judge, from whose sentence none can escape. The Bible lies before you. It is given to you by a God of love, who bids you read, believe, and be happy, in following its guidance, now and for ever.

Here, then, you may clearly perceive the true road to heaven. It is that where the pilgrim finds guides, who offer to him the Bible, who tell him of the Bible, explain the Bible to him, and require him to obey the Bible. This, assuredly, is the heavenly road. Keep that path, and press forward in it.

But observe, that where the Bible is hidden from you, refused, seldom read, never explained, and on no occasion applied as the only sure and infallible guide, this road cannot be the path of life. In the first road there is Jesus, for the Bible is his word. He is not to be found in the other course, from which his word is banished.

Fear not, reader; you are accountable to God for your choice—for your decision; and if God were but as one, and the religion of the world ten thousand, I ask of what avail would be the ten thousand voices of the world, compared with the voice—the one voice of God.

WONDERS OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

There is arising from every point of your body (says Dr. Johnson) a countless number of little vessels, which are at this moment, and every moment of your life, actively engaged in the pleasant task of eating you up. They may be compared to a swarming host of long, delicate, and slender leeches, attached by innumerable mouths, to every point in your fabric, and having their bodies gradually and progressively united together until they all terminate in one tail; which tail perforates the side of one of the large veins at the bottom of the neck at the left side; so that whatever is taken in at their mouths is all emptied, by the other extremity, into that vein, where it becomes mixed with the blood contained in that vein. Now, for a moment turn your eyes inward, contemplate these greedy little cormorants, complacently if you can—observe their activity—remark their unwearied assiduity—behold the dogged perseverance, the unerring certainty, the beautiful precision, with which they are devouring you. See! mouthful after mouthful is going—going. They never tire, nor are they satisfied; for every atom which each mouth sucks up, and converts into fluid is instantly conducted along the tail, by which it is discharged into the above-mentioned vein. Thus, though for ever feeding, they are for ever hungry. 'Tis true they take in but small mouthfuls at a time; but when it is considered that these mouths are millions in number, and that they are never shut, but constantly at work, night and day, you will easily see that the entire body would speedily be devoured, and carried away into the blood, if there were no contrivance to build the body as fast as these little vessels eat it down and carry it off. These vessels, which I have just introduced to your notice, are the *absorbents*.

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Kœblinger Strasse, Hanover.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE I.

A GENERAL pacification took place in February, 1720, when the quadruple alliance formed between Austria, France, Holland, and England was acceded to by Spain: it was then settled that Sicily should be united to Naples, Sardinia being given in lieu to the duke of Savoy, and Spain giving up all claims upon either island.

The disastrous proceeding known as the South Sea scheme next claims attention. It is necessary to revert to the year 1711, when Harley, finding the government embarrassed by the extent of the national debts outstanding in various forms, incurred to carry on the wars of Marlborough, proposed that a large sum should be made a permanent debt, and an interest of 6 per cent. paid, with farther benefits to the holders of these claims by their being formed into a Joint Stock South Sea Company. These benefits, however, proved only to be a disgraceful share in the slave-trade to South America, and the privilege of sending one ship every year with a cargo of goods. The commercial scheme being found a failure, a financial operation was planned which, it was thought, might advantage the company and benefit the nation. On certain terms the company were to become responsible for the whole public debt, the proprietors of annuities and other securities were to be induced to relinquish their direct claims on the public, in consideration of greater advantages to be given by the company. Blunt, the leader of the company, induced Stanhope, Sunderland, and the ministers generally, to support this offer, but Walpole and others urging that offers should also be received from other public bodies, the Bank of England was admitted to compete: the South Sea Company then only obtained the preference upon offering the

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vast sum of seven millions and a half of pounds sterling, though the annual amount of the outstanding annuities was less than 800,000*l.* Walpole saw the danger to be anticipated from the measures to which such extravagant terms would lead, but endeavoured in vain to introduce limitations.

The object of the leaders of the South Sea scheme was now to enhance the price of their stock, thus to induce the public to become purchasers, or subscribers, at a high rate, far beyond the price of other stocks, so that they might fulfil their bargain with the government. Reports that Gibraltar and Port Mahon were to be given up in exchange for districts in Peru, with rumours of new and lucrative trading and mining speculations were spread. The probability of dividends of even 50 per cent. was asserted, and considerable sums were applied to purchase their own stock, so that, on opening books to receive the names of persons who were willing to pay after the rate of 300*l.*, or to subscribe their claims upon government for that amount in exchange for every 100*l.* in the Company's stock, a subscription of two millions was so rapidly filled, that the directors did not hesitate to take subscriptions for half a million more than they had proposed. This was succeeded by other subscriptions, on April 30th, of one million, at 400*l.* per cent. On June 2nd, the market price was 890*l.*, but it fell before night to 640*l.*, rising again in a few days to 820*l.*; and a third subscription for five millions of stock, at 1000*l.* per cent. was opened and taken, the greater part of the first payment of 5,000,000*l.* being lent out by the directors on the security of their own stock. At this time it was computed that the nominal value of the schemes then afloat amounted to five hundred millions, being more than double the estimated value of all the lands and property in the nation.

These subscriptions rapidly changed hands, many people hastening to part with property of every other description to become holders of this stock, and others eagerly buying anything to realise their gains. The directors, though well aware that all this was unreal, used artifices to stimulate and keep up the madness; a dividend of 30 per cent. at Christmas, and of 50 per cent. for the next twelve years, was actually declared. Another subscription was opened on August 22nd for 1,250,000*l.* also at 1000*l.* per cent. This was soon filled, and for a few hours bore a premium of 40 per cent., but the prices soon fell.

The main evil was, that the spirit of cupidity being thus let loose, other speculations were set on foot; mostly of the wildest description — some founded on downright fraud. On these, only small sums, by way of deposit, were at first required, even as low as a shilling on 1000*l.*, so that it was easy to deal in them, in the expectation of selling these bargains before further payments or the full amounts became due. Companies were brought forward, for carrying into effect the most absurd and impossible projects; the original holders of the shares quickly sold them at a large advance. Peers, country squires, clergy, and ladies, to say nothing of traders and adventurers of all sorts, crowded day after day to the centre of the city of London, where, in the great mart for these bubbles, 'Change-alley, in Cornhill, they purchased, sold, and re-sold these fraudulent bargains. The universal cry was, "Let us but subscribe to something; we care not what it is." It was well said at the time:

"Thus with like haste through different paths they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone."

Many schemes were gross deceptions. In one case, mere bits of card, with a seal, and the words, "sail cloth permits," were sold and re-sold: they brought 60*l.* each. The holders of such things, fancying themselves to hold, not only value for their money, but what would eventually bring in a hundred-fold, supposed that they were rich, and indulged in all manner of extravagance; while the few who had held shares of these various deceptive schemes, and had possessed sense or cunning enough to realise their gains, like most who are suddenly enriched, purchased lands and houses at high prices, and at once adopted habits of luxury, freely expending their newly-acquired wealth. A newspaper of August 5th, 1720, says:—"Our South Sea equipages increase every day. The city ladies buy South Sea jewels, hire South Sea maids, take new country South Sea houses. The gentlemen set up South Sea coaches, and buy South Sea estates, and they neither examine the situation, the nature or quality of the soil, or price of the purchase, only the annual rent and title; for the rest they take all by the lump, and give forty and fifty years' purchase. This has brought so many estates

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to market, that the number of land-jobbers begins to increase to a great degree, almost equal to the stock-jobbers we had before."

This was too absurd and violent to last long. The termination was hastened by an act passed at the instance of the South Sea Company, against what were called "bubble companies." The government proceeded to enforce it at the request of the South Sea directors, who did not consider that the public would be induced thereby to examine more closely into their own position. By September, 1720, the holders of the dearly-bought South Sea stock, and of other schemes, all became alike anxious to realise their fancied gains, and to get rid of their remaining liabilities. All had been buyers, and then prices rose; all now became sellers, and, of course, prices more rapidly fell. The words were exemplified, that they had slept out their sleep, and now awaked and found nothing in their hands. The stock that was sold for 1040*l.* in August, brought only 175*l.* on September 29th; though it recovered to near 320*l.* for a short time. Those who had embarked real property in these purchases now found it gone, while those who had borrowed money to enable them to join in the unhallowed pursuit, and had large instalments still to make up, were in debt, without any hope to repay. The goldsmiths, who were the bankers of that day, and many merchants who had speculated in these concerns, or had lent money upon what they fancied securities, were at once rendered unable to pay the just claims upon them, or to return the money really placed in their hands. They failed, and many orphans and others who had taken no part in the madness were ruined thereby.

The public consternation was at its height; the South Sea directors and all concerned with them were execrated, and it was found that a few of them as well as of the public had realised large sums, while, as there had been no real source of income, these sums were all lost by others, and not a little had been squandered during the days of folly. Stanhope, Argyle, Roxburgh, and Townsend were almost the only peers who had not lost or gained by this gambling. Walpole was a large gainer, having sold his investments at the highest. The prince of Wales had disgraced himself by lending his name to a fraudulent copper company, from which he withdrew with a profit of 40,000*l.* just before the worthlessness of the scheme was exposed. The king and his mistresses were also said to be large gainers, considerable sums of stock having been given to them and other influential persons when the directors sought to obtain authoritative sanction for their schemes. Many of these, having sold their stock, both avoided farther claims and realised great profits.

Under these difficulties, which shook all public and private confidence, the king was recalled to England; but Walpole had come forward, and did much to reassure the public mind, so as to stop the panic, which had now gone into a needlessly and injuriously opposite extreme. In the end, the claim of government was relinquished, and the Company in like manner gave up their claims on the holders of stock for farther amounts. An arrangement was made in favour of the holders of claims on the government, who had exchanged their securities for South Sea stock, but they were, on the whole, losers to one half of their income.

The directors of the South Sea Company were called to account before a secret committee of the House of Commons. Knight, the cashier, fled, with one of the private registers; but it was declared that a train of the deepest villany and fraud had been detected. It now appeared plainly that large sums of stock had been placed in the names of members of parliament and others, to influence them to promote the act for the Company. The members were expelled. Stanhope was so agitated by the accusations of the duke of Wharton, that he died in a few hours. His relative had received a large profit on stock, and so had Aislabie, the chancellor of the exchequer, who found it necessary to resign, and was succeeded by Walpole. He was afterwards committed to the Tower. Craggs, the secretary of state, was implicated, but he died of the small-pox at this time. His father poisoned himself. The greater part of the property of the directors was confiscated, though some had been losers instead of gainers by the scheme; but the public mind was unduly prejudiced, and in this state of passion, strict justice was not regarded. It has been fairly observed, that "avarice had at that time deeply infected persons of all ranks, which contributed not a little to favour the schemes of the South Sea managers, and to forward their own subsequent losses."

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As instances of the folly of this memorable year it will suffice to mention the following as some of its projects. Insurance against theft; making oil from sunflower seed; importing jackasses; companies for a national dispensary; a wheel for perpetual motion; curing disease; furnishing funerals; and "for an undertaking to be revealed in due time." It is needless to speak of others, which were equally futile, though sounding more plausible, for mines, manufactures, trade, and insurances. Only two really beneficial undertakings have survived from this mass of bubbles, and obtained the royal charter. These exist to the present day—the Royal Exchange and the London Assurance Companies.

A philosophical historian has remarked:—"The first and most obvious lesson that is afforded by these transactions, is no doubt the excess to which the passions of avarice and hope may be carried, the extraordinary effects of sympathy on large bodies of mankind, the inaccessible blindness in which the understanding may be left, when exposed to such powerful principles in our nature as these undoubtedly are. The whole scheme failed, because there neither was nor could be any trade to the South Sea, or to any sea, sufficient to pay adequate dividends on a stock purchased so dearly."

One principal political result of the South Sea scheme was, that it established the power of Walpole, who was chief minister from this period to 1742. From the commencement of the reign his influence had been considerable; and certainly he may be regarded as the main instrument for securing the house of Hanover on the throne of England. He was an able man, well-skilled in business, and a decided lover of peace. In many respects he discerned the national interest, and sought to promote what he considered it to be. But he was utterly devoid of religious principle or of true honour. Living at a time when bribery and venality were at their height, he estimated men accordingly, and did not hesitate to avail himself of that corruption, which he found most easily gave him the influence necessary to conduct the government. His main object was to live for the day, and he gave few proofs of an enlarged mind or enlightened policy. Still his blamable self-indulgence was ruled for good. He avoided harsh or oppressive measures, and sought to restrain all violent counsels; but at the period now under consideration, the nation was fast sinking in irreligion; worldly principles everywhere prevailed; the rulers and the people alike loved to have it so; and few inquired what should be done "in the end thereof," Jer. v. 31.

Walpole's first care was to re-establish public credit. As already stated, the bonus promised to the government was given up. A small annual interest was secured to the holders of South Sea stock, and thus the result of this dreadful national convulsion was, that some individuals were enriched, while a greater number were ruined or impoverished, by their wicked avarice and foolish expenditure. But the evil effects were long felt: while innumerable families mourned over their losses, a spirit of gambling had been excited, which never has disappeared, and which, at repeated though uncertain periods, has brought on excitements, and panics, with alternations of gain and loss, that have affected thousands. Later times have seen speculative madness to a great extent; but the government has not again directly lent itself to stimulate the insanity, nor have the rulers been thought to have personally engaged, to any extent, in such discreditable and dishonest proceedings.

Peace with Spain was concluded in June, 1721. The eagerness of George to secure the paltry possessions of Bremen and Verden again appeared in the terms made with that power. He was even willing to treat concerning the restoration of Gibraltar; but the public mind could not be tampered with on that subject. One important proceeding characterizes this year. Inoculating for the small-pox was first introduced at the instance of lady Wortley Montague, who, when at Constantinople a few years before, had her own son inoculated. It was now tried, by their own consent, on two condemned criminals, who recovered, and were pardoned.

In the parliament a bill was rejected which would have subjected to imprisonment all impugners of the doctrine of the Trinity, and opposers of the Christian religion. The Quakers soon afterwards obtained an alteration in the terms of their affirmation, though opposed by bishop Atterbury and the London clergy. An order of council at this time was issued for suppressing blasphemous clubs. The infatuation of the South Sea year, as already observed, increased luxury and vice to a great extent; profligacy led to open pro-

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faneness, and societies were formed for encouraging licentiousness and blasphemy. One in particular, called the "Hell-fire Club," was a most abominable institution. It was supported by the duke of Wharton and others of rank. These now received a check; but many continued to sin with a high hand, utterly forgetful of the solemn denunciations of Scripture, and the awful inquiry, "Who shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Other societies, formed for the reformation of manners, were in operation in 1724. They reported, that during the preceding thirty-three years they had instituted eighty-nine thousand prosecutions for immoral practices in and near London.

Early in 1722 the earl of Sunderland and the duke of Marlborough died. The former had been engaged in a correspondence with the supporters of the Pretender, though with the consent of the king. The latter had for some time been in a state of dotage. In the following year, at the age of ninety-one, died Wren, the celebrated architect.

New plots were on foot in behalf of the Pretender. Atterbury, the bishop of Rochester, was among the most active leaders. A distinct warning was given by the French government, and precautionary measures were taken. Carte, the historian, and some others, escaped. Lord Orrery, bishop Atterbury, and Layer, were amongst those apprehended. Many others were implicated. Layer was executed, Atterbury was deprived and banished by an act of parliament. Some have animadverted severely on the government for having recourse to this measure, but in Atterbury's case it seems to have proceeded from mercy. It was difficult to bring forward and establish public charges without implicating many whom the government did not wish to punish; and a promise to act mercifully had been required by the French government when disclosing this plot. That Atterbury fully deserved his punishment could not be doubted. He retired to France, in his journey passing Bolingbroke, who was now pardoned, and allowed to return to England. This unquiet genius sought in vain to regain his place in parliament, and to be active in political matters. Though in 1724 he was restored to his estates, the wretched infidel had no feeling of gratitude for the lenity with which he had been treated.

In 1722 the king addressed parliament in the following memorable words, which place the wickedness and folly of the Jacobites in a strong light, and should be remembered whenever attempts are made to undervalue the Reformation which delivered from spiritual bondage, and the Revolution which freed from tyranny:—"Had I, since my accession to the throne, ever attempted any innovation on our established religion; had I, in any one instance, invaded the liberty and property of my subjects, I should less wonder at any endeavour to alienate the affections of my people, and draw them into measures that can end in nothing but in their own destruction. But to hope to persuade a free people, in full enjoyment of all that is dear and valuable to them, to exchange freedom for slavery, the Protestant religion for Popery, and to sacrifice at once the price of so much blood and treasure as have been spent in defence of our present establishment, seems an infatuation not to be accounted for."

In January, 1724, the sitting of parliament was opened by a royal speech, expressing in strong terms the prosperous state of the country. But though all seemed quiet in England, there was a dangerous disturbance in Ireland, from a very insufficient cause. Much inconvenience was felt in that country from the want of copper money; and a large English copper-worker, named Wood, obtained a patent for supplying Ireland with halfpence and farthings. Care was taken that the coin should be as good as the copper money of England; but all was done without consulting the Irish parliament or council, which excited some discontent. This would soon have passed away, but that dean Swift thought it a good opportunity to make himself popular at the expense of others, and he wrote a series of letters, under the signature of M. B. Drapier, calculated to raise the popular outcry. These letters were filled with the grossest mistatements as to the coin, and all sorts of political misrepresentations. But they were penned with much ability, and fell in with the ignorant popular feeling, which the cynical demagogue wrought up to the highest pitch of extravagance. He did not hesitate to go on, and even to urge that the Irish nation should be independent of any other. Walpole saw the danger to be expected from persisting in the project: he therefore allowed it to drop, and the coin was withdrawn; though the examination by Sir Isaac Newton fully justified the terms of the contract. The people

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gradually cooled, but Swift, who before had been unpopular, was idolized; when, in fact, he had deeply injured the Irish nation in this affair, to gratify his own malevolent and party feelings. It is painful to consider how often an undiscerning public is thus misled, but Swift's character is now rightly understood, and duly appreciated, or rather properly despised. It is true that the policy of the English government towards Ireland, at this period, was very unwise, and only calculated to benefit a small number of its partizans; but that does not excuse the conduct of Swift, or justify the measures he pursued under the mask of patriotism. The real abuses and causes of suffering to Ireland were very slightly touched, and little cared for. No effort was made to enlighten the mass of the nation, or to remove the gross darkness that covered the land.

In Scotland, the people also were irritated: this was occasioned by a tax of threepence on each barrel of ale being imposed, instead of a malt-tax like England. Some lives were lost in suppressing a riot at Glasgow on this account in 1725.

Harley, earl of Oxford, and Sacheverel died in 1724; the leading characters of the late reign had mostly departed this life. Early in the following year, another active spirit, the Czar Peter, was also called to give his account before the King of kings.

The venality of the leading men at this period was shown by the case of the lord chancellor, Parker, earl of Macclesfield, who was fined 30,000*l.*, for corrupt proceedings with the money in his court. It is a cause for thankfulness that since that period no charge of venality has been brought against any intrusted with the administration of justice in England.

Fresh political intrigues disturbed the states of the continent. In 1725, a treaty was formed between Austria and Spain against France and England. One object was to secure what was called the Pragmatic Sanction: an arrangement for the succession to the Austrian government passing into the female line, in case there should remain no male heir. Russia was induced to join; but a counter alliance between England, France, and Russia, with Holland and Denmark, was formed soon after. The latter treaties were objected to, as committing England to matters in which she had no concern; but Walpole held his power by carrying out the king's wishes for continental alliances, and secured a large majority in the House of Commons to approve what had been done. Measures were taken to prevent any proceedings on the part of Russia; a fleet was sent to the Baltic, which obliged the empress Catherine, who had succeeded the Czar Peter, to remain quiet. England was now engaged to maintain what was called "the balance of power," among the nations of the continent. Two fleets were sent out; one to the West Indies, under Hosier, to seize a richly-laden fleet, if it put to sea; but he was strictly limited by his orders not to engage in hostilities, and the protracted inactivity of his cruise off Porto Bello, rendered the diseases of the country most fatal. The ships had, also, been badly furnished and provisioned, as was too generally the case in the navy at that time; the result was, that the admiral and a great part of the crews perished by sickness, while the ships became rotten and unfit for service. The other English fleet ranged along the coast of Spain; and returned in safety, but without any important result.

The king opened the parliament in January, 1727, with a more warlike speech; alliances and subsidies were proposed, and strongly opposed by Pulteney and others; but large supplies were voted. The designs of Austria and Spain in behalf of the pretender were loudly insisted upon. After much political altercation, a treaty was settled with Austria, with which power there was a dispute relative to an East India Company established at Ostend, the suppression of which the English merchants obliged the government to require. Matters were in a more doubtful state with Spain; but the breaking out of war was prevented by the decided love for peace which characterized both Walpole and Cardinal Fleury, then the French prime minister. Their wisdom in this respect cannot be too highly commended; and their views were strengthened by the fall of Ripperda, a Flemish adventurer, who had risen to be prime minister of Spain, and had, by a series of complicated negotiations, brought on an alliance with Austria; but the monarchs of both countries found themselves deluded by his representations of their resources; he became unpopular, was dismissed, and took refuge in the house of the English ambassador at Madrid, to whom he made disclosures which enabled Walpole to defeat the designs of these confederates, by vigorous measures with the northern powers. That extraordinary

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character, Ripperda, after escaping from a Spanish prison, resided for some time in England and Holland; at length he became a Mohammedan, and entered the service of the emperor of Morocco. He died at Tetrean, in 1737, after some extraordinary changes in that country.

The preliminaries of a general peace were signed in May; and Walpole had thus successfully extricated the country from war; but Bolingbroke gained the aid of the duchess of Kendal, and was intriguing to displace the minister who had allowed him to return to his native land. For a time, at least, Walpole defeated this project, and it was finally closed by the sudden death of George I.

The king was travelling to Hanover, on June 10th, 1727, when he was seized with a fit of apoplexy. The attendants proposed to stop, and obtain medical aid, but as the king said "Osnabruck," a place a few miles distant, they endeavoured to reach that town. On arriving there, he was insensible, and soon expired. His wife, who appears to have been an injured woman, died some months before: it is reported, that when on this journey, he was much agitated by receiving a solemn letter, addressed to him by her, a short time before her death. It is said, that after George I. came to the throne of England, proposals for a re-union were made to her, by some influential persons, which were refused, with the indignant reply, "If I am guilty, I am not worthy to be your queen: if I am innocent, your king is not worthy to be my husband."

Few monarchs on the throne of England have been personally less influential than George I.; yet his reign, on the whole, was beneficial to the country. Succeeding to the crown at an advanced age—dull, inactive, and of retiring habits, which were derived, like his attachments, from Germany and Germans—he was not likely to be an able ruler: he proved such as was to be expected; but, happily, he was goodnatured and quiet. His vices were not splendid enough to draw much attention, though they are quite sufficient to prevent his being recorded in favourable terms among the list of monarchs.

The nation prospered during this reign, commerce and wealth increased, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of the South Sea scheme. Public charitable institutions increased, more attention was given to the state of the poor, and the student of the history of this reign sees much to show a gradual advance favourable to the national prosperity.

A darker part of the picture remains to be described. From the period of the restoration, in 1660, to that now under consideration, the state of morals and religion in England had much declined. The vices introduced by Charles II. and his profligate court were influential, and from the higher ranks they had infected the great mass of the nation. There is, indeed, always much wickedness amongst a numerous population; but when it prevails in "high places," the increase is rapid. Nor was the state of the ministers of religion such as to meet the evil. Many of the best and most pious of the clergy having been driven out and silenced by the Bartholomew act, with the persecutions that followed, their places were filled and succeeded to, for the most part, by worldly-minded men, who cared for the possessions and pleasures of the world rather than the concerns of the soul, or the solemn duties of their office. Many were inclined to Popery; while those who refused the soul-enthralling errors of Rome, with others, who were chiefly anxious to avoid the evils resulting from the abuse of religion, and the too often nominal profession which had abounded, sunk into apathy, or held latitudinarian doctrines of various gradations. Some placed the chief reliance on works, while others embraced the dark errors that denied the Holy Trinity, and utterly opposed the atonement. While this was the state of the Established Church, there was also much lethargy among those who saw these evils, and dissented from the Establishment. Even among them a large portion of the Presbyterians had become infected with Arianism. But there were others who saw the evil and called on their brethren to declare their adherence to a scriptural standard. A few, indeed, both in and out of its pale, still held the doctrines of the Reformation; but even in the writings of Watts and Doddridge there is a declension from the fulness and clear views of the reformers and puritans.

In a word, the nation was rapidly falling into that state described in prophetic language, when darkness covers a land, and gross darkness the people, and the judgments of the Most High are rapidly approaching. A few there were who attempted to stem the rushing torrent of evil: their proceedings are on record in the History of the Society for the Reformation of Manners, already mentioned; but

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it is obvious that they rather sought to suppress sin by legal measures, and encouraging a system of forms, than by going to the root of all—showing the evil state of the heart, and fully and plainly pointing to Christ, as the only remedy. They began to diffuse instruction; but that always is, and must be slow in its results, exhibiting what has been done in the preceding generation, rather than the effect of measures actually in progress.

The state of morals was bad. The newspapers and historic records of the day exhibit drunkenness, violence, and profaneness, as prevailing in an open and unblushing manner, and to a fearful extent; increased by the spirit of gambling, already alluded to, so prevalent at this period. Much is said of the frequency of robberies and acts of violence; but it is probable that they were brought more prominently into notice than formerly.

God had purposes of mercy towards England; it was yet to be spared, and even made an instrument of diffusing gospel light and truth. The commencement was small and despised, with much imperfection in those employed in the work: still it went forward, for they were evidently under Divine direction: it was of God; when he wills, who shall stop it? The history of the revival of religion in England, however, belongs to the following reign. At the time of the death of George I. the ministers of the gospel of Christ, of all denominations in the land, were few and widely separated; their flocks were small and scattered, nor had their doctrines attracted public attention.

THE ROOKERY.

The following description of the rookery, by William Howitt, author of "The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany," will find its way to the heart of every reader, and revive his recollections of the past.

"Who that has been brought up in the country has not been accustomed from his infancy to hear the cawing of the rookery; to witness the active labour, and cares, and schemes of these birds in spring? Has not stood by his father or other old friend, while the young have been fetched down from the lofty elm by the cross-bow?—has not run to fetch it as it fell?—has not clambered into the green tree in which it has, perhaps, lodged in falling, and hooked it down?—has not helped the keeper to carry to the house the black, feathery bunch of young rooks thus shot, for the cook to convert into the most savoury of country pies; or to be despatched in different directions as presents to friends? Who has not, on bright summer days, when the young have got abroad, seen them in almost every green oak, or on the turf of every green meadow, when the country was all flowers and sweetness, with fluttering wings, demanding food from their busy parents?—and in the still, broad, quiet sunshine of summer evenings, as he has sat in garden arbour, or at open window, with the dear old friends of his youth, has not often seen them come soberly homewards from their day's wanderings, in a rustling and jetty array, from whose wings the light of the setting sun glanced, seeking those ancient and towering trees, which had overspread the hall for ages? Who, in the days of warm feeling and expanding affections, when life was a long summer of happiness and gaiety—when, perhaps, the attachment of a life was growing, as he has ridden home in the sweet dusk of a June midnight, has not heard them in their lofty nest, half roused by the horse's tread, give a rustle, a caw, and then all quiet again? Or when he has looked out in the profound quiet of such a midnight from his chamber window, and felt, as it were, the unseen odours of mingled flowers floating up to him from the garden below, from beds made beautiful by the fair hands of sisters; and now perhaps dead or dispersed into wide countries, or pulled down, and all their loveliness gone, like a dream of such a night, with heartless husbands and luckless children, and has not heard from the tree-top some faint mutter, some drowsy cry, as if the side-by-side nestled rooks were talking in their sleep, or were complaining of being crowded by some heavy old fellow on their bough? Sounds which provoked laughter at the moment, but are preserved in the memory for long years. In short, what Englishman recalls the dear old home of his birth and his youth, with all its affections, and delights, and transactions; who recalls its garden nooks, its bee-hives by the sunny wall, its fields, its woods, its friends, its favourite animals, its sorrows and its merriments, its gay meetings and its partings to meet there no more, everything which makes that spot what no other spot on earth besides ever can be by any magic, even the most

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powerful magic of love, and does not find the English rook a part of his retrospect, uttering his joyous, rough, John-Bullish caw, or his laughable midnight muttering, insignificant as he is in himself, an indispensable dweller in the paradise of the past? Nay, the very blue air of a summer's afternoon does not seem right to me without the high-soaring, solemn wing of the rook; the fairer landscape is not complete without the rook; the flowery, deep grassy full fields of most glad spring would be melancholy without the rook. The rook, with all his attendants of pert jackdaws and circling starlings, who love his sedate and judge-like company, is dearer to an Englishman than he is aware of. But in Germany, the rook—the grave, the sober, the knowing and social rook, is so little known, that he has no other name than "Krahe mit dem weissen schnabel," the crow with the white bill. He is neither loved, known, nor wanted there; for he would grub up the springing corn in quest of his prey, and would find none of the grand old pastoral meadows he finds in England to supply his demand for slugs and worms.

THE BOX TREE.

No. II.

After printing was discovered, woodcuts were employed, often profusely, to explain or render books attractive. These were carried to great perfection by Albert Durer and other artists; for in those days the designer and engraver seem to have been one and the same. Cranmer's "Catechism," published in 1548, contains twenty-nine wood engravings, some of which are attributed to Holbein, a favourite painter at the court of Henry VIII., and his son; so is also an ornamented title page of Coverdale's English translation of the Bible, round which are ten separate pictures, representing subjects of Scripture history. The title page to Cranmer's, or "the great Bible," is another good specimen of the art. The engravings in the early editions of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" are in a very superior and spirited style; the impressions are especially good in the edition printed in 1596. Many of them give undoubted likenesses of the individuals they represent; nor need we wonder that these striking illustrations of the sufferings to which our Protestant martyrs willingly submitted for "the sake of Christ and his gospel, and for refusing to comply with Popish doctrines and superstitions," should be instrumental in exciting and maintaining in the minds of the people "a horror and hatred of that religion which had shed so much innocent blood."

After the discovery of engraving on copper, wood engraving fell comparatively into disuse, till revived and improved in the last century by Bewick. His spirited, graphic, and accurate delineations of the simplest scenes of nature seemed to re-create the art, and by calling the attention of the public to it, showed the remarkable manner in which it was applicable to cheap and rapid printing, and led the way to further discoveries and improvements in the art. Prior to his time the trunks of the box trees were sawn into planks, and the engraving cut upon the side of the grain with a knife, or similar instrument; but now the blocks are cut about an inch thick across the grain, which presents a much finer and harder surface for the tools to work on. The process is very simple. The design being carefully drawn upon the smooth surface of the block, the graver removes the untouched parts, thus leaving the fine pencil lines in *alto relievo*, that is, standing above the surface of the block. This being arranged with the letter-press, the raised lines receive the ink in the same way, and at the same time, as the metal types, and transfer it in like manner by pressure to the paper placed above the block. The tools used are very simple, intended in various ways to remove the part of the block intended to be left light. Thus the process of wood engraving is the direct reverse of copper-plate engraving: in the one the dark lines are left standing above the surface, in the other they are hollowed or cut below it. The part to remain white is untouched in the copper-plate, but carefully removed from the wood-cut. The manner in which the plates are worked, too, is widely different; the ink being put into the incised lines of the copper-plate, and upon the raised parts of the block. Hence, as the wood-cut can be used with the types as a part of the same page, the great difference in the labour and consequent expense of the two methods, and the peculiar adaptation of the latter to the cheap periodicals which so distinguish our day, and are the means of diffusing pleasure, information,

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and instruction, to every class, and through every country of the civilized world. Many of the illustrated works of the day exhibit admirable specimens of the perfection to which the art has already attained, and the progress it is still making; and the publications of the Religious Tract Society, in proportion to the extent of its operations, are in no degree inferior, either in the number, style, or execution of the cuts which adorn them. This society was the first to introduce these embellishments to a considerable extent, in works widely circulated, more than twenty-five years ago; and it has been admitted by artists themselves, that this circulation mainly contributed to induce the general use of wood-cuts by other publishers, executed in a far superior style to those which had previously appeared. We state this, as the revival of the art has been restricted to the last twenty years by a quarterly journal; but the publications of the Tract Society some years earlier, show that increased attention had then been given to the subject, and a wide application of it already commenced. The continued extensive circulation of these publications, has enabled the society to expend large sums on these embellishments, and to take advantage of every improvement which has successively been made. During the last twenty years, from the day when their "halfpenny story books" exhibited specimens far superior in design and execution to those which any work, even of larger size or higher price, could then boast, they have acted as pioneers in thus gratifying the popular taste; and their present list of publications will bear comparison with any other in the style and beauty of their illustrations.* From the frontispiece to the little hand-books, one hundred of which are sold for eightpence! and the cuts which are so liberally supplied in the juvenile and Sunday-school publications, to those which are so abundantly spread through the pages of their works on natural history; the larger and more elaborate ones which adorn newly published series of square books, and the annals of English history; and those in a yet superior style intended correctly to illustrate the Scripture history, all are alike superior for the taste and conception which designed, and the skill, and delicate, yet spirited firmness which executed them, and prove them to be among the productions of some of the ablest artists of the day.

On account of the large demand thus created for box-wood, much is annually imported from Turkey and Odessa; the latter supply is obtained from Circassia and Georgia, where the tree, though of the same species, is more abundant, and attains to a much larger size than with us. Yet, for delicate and valuable engravings, the smallest wood is invariably preferred, as being of a closer and firmer texture than that of a larger size, and less liable to shrink or absorb damp. British box is admitted to be "superior to all other; for, though small, it is generally so clear and firm in the grain that it never crumbles under the graver; it resists evenly to the edge of the tool, and gives not a particle beyond what is actually cut out." Much care is required in seasoning the block before working on it, and also in preserving it afterwards from damp, as the wood easily absorbs moisture, though it may under some cases be restored by care to its original dimensions. Some of the blocks engraved for the "Penny Magazine," after undergoing the process of stereotyping and subsequent washing, increased two inches in exterior dimensions.

Much box-wood is used in France for a similar purpose, nor are our continental neighbours very far behind our English artists. It is also much used by them in turnery work. The town of St. Claude, in the neighbourhood of the Forest de Ligny, one of the largest natural box woods yet remaining in Europe, is principally inhabited by manufacturers of, and dealers in, snuff-boxes, spoons, forks, buttons, and similar trifles made of box-wood. Rosary beads are also made from it; and some have conjectured that the pyx, or box used as a receptacle for the holy wafer, as the Roman Catholics denominate the consecrated bread which they believe to be transformed, by a priest pronouncing over it four Latin words, into the actual body

* Among these we would especially commend to notice, many of the 18mo series bound in cloth, as "The Missionary Book for the Young," "Uncle William's Kind Words," etc., and more especially the "Footprints of Popery," in which, for the trifling sum of a shilling, we have upwards of thirty cuts, all exquisite in execution, and many of them copied from the best and most interesting illustrations of Foxe's Acts and Martyrs, of which we have already spoken. We might also name Richmond's "Annals of the Poor," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the sixpenny edition of "Watts' Divine Songs," as far superior in the number and style of their embellishments to those of any former period, even at a much higher price; but to particularize were impossible.

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and blood of our blessed Saviour, was originally of box, and hence derived its name.

The branches and leaves of this tree are recommended by a French author as the best manure for the vine, as no plant deposits, in decomposing, more vegetable mould. A decoction of them possesses powerful medicinal qualities, and the oil which they yield is said to cure, or at least assuage, the toothache. The spray, though it burns slowly, gives out a great and long continued heat, and is much esteemed in France as fuel for kilns, ovens, etc. The smell which proceeds from the leaves and fresh clippings of this tree is considered by many as offensive, though, as Evelyn remarks, this is easily removed by "casting water on it." It may be on this account, that cattle rarely, if ever, attack the box; some authors, indeed, have asserted that its leaves are highly poisonous, and that the honey of Corsica possesses deleterious properties from being collected from its blossoms. To this cause also may be attributed the fact, that the wood is rarely, if ever, attacked by worms which frequently pierce through other timbers which are much harder and tougher. It is mentioned that a young artist who acquired the habit of chewing the particles of wood which he cut out with his graver, suffered from sickness, but on relinquishing the practice soon recovered his health. The same writer mentions the case of a rabbit, compelled by hunger to attack a box shrub, and dying in consequence.

Like the ivy and holly, our other evergreens, the box bears a part in the Christmas garland, and with them forms a bright and cheerful ornament for the church or dwelling-house. In the north of England, Wordsworth tells us, that it is yet customary at funerals to place a basin full of sprigs of box at the door of the house from which the procession starts, and that every mourner carries one of these with him, to throw into the grave upon the coffin. Here may be traced a remnant of the feeling which, in some degree, prompted our forefathers to associate the yew with the spot where they deposited the bodies of their friends. These evergreen sprigs would seem to be used as simple testimonies of a belief in immortality, that the body though dead shall yet live again for ever, by and through our "Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." And blessed even amidst his tears is the sorrowing mourner who, not merely as a customary observance, but with faith and hope, can cast such a sprig upon the mouldering remains of some cherished lost one, if enabled thus to realize that "he is not dead but sleepeth, and shall rise again" for an endless re-union in the bliss of heaven.

"When Christ victorious from the grave
Ascended up on high,
He gave to all his saints a pledge
That they should never die.

Though for a time they sleep in death,
Each resting in his bed,
Soon the archangel's trump shall sound,
And call them from the dead.

If we are Christ's, and persevere,
Obedient unto death,
United to our risen Lord
By true and living faith;—

For us, unworthy as we are,
Against that joyful day,
A crown of glory is reserved,
That fadeth not away.

Help us then, Lord, to live to thee,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
To finish here our course with joy,
And thus in death to sing;—

We know that our Redeemer lives
Who bought us with his blood:
We know that we shall live with Him,
And in our flesh see God."

It has been noticed that the box is found growing wild in the districts of Asia, and attains there to a much larger size than with us. Hence, probably, the allusion made to it by the prophet Isaiah, who includes it with other evergreens of lofty and noble size, when he would typify the total and wondrous change wrought in the moral wilderness by the life-giving and refreshing influences of the Holy Spirit. See Isaiah xli. 18—20. Again, we find the box-tree, with us so small and diminutive a shrub, blended with "the glory of Lebanon" (the stately cedar), and other forest trees, in describing the latter-day glory of the church, Isaiah lx. 13.

THE THEATRE.

The following striking paper was written several years ago, by the justly celebrated John Foster.

It must be quite obvious for what purpose it is that society chooses to have a theatre, and by what part of society it must be principally supported. It would be disingenuous trifling to pretend,

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that the theatre is raised and supported, with any other view on the part of the public, than that of amusement. A very few individuals may occasionally, or even habitually, attend it for the purpose of philosophical observation; but even if these were sincerely anxious to apply the knowledge of human nature there acquired to the service of virtue and religion, which is rarely the case, the circumstance would be inexpressibly too trivial to be mentioned against the notorious fact, that the part of the community that require and frequent a theatre, do it for no purpose, even the most distantly related to moral improvement. This would be testified, if it needed any testimony, by every one who has listened to the afternoon conversation of a party arranging and preparing to go to the play, and to the retrospective discussion of this party during the eleven o'clock breakfast on the following morning; or by any who has listened to the remarks made around him in any part of the boxes, pit, or galleries. The persons who are intent on moral or intellectual improvement, will be found occupied in a very different manner, inspecting the works of the great historians, philosophers, moralists, or divines, or holding rational conversations with their families or friends, or even (if they judge instruction really is to be obtained from that source,) reading the most celebrated dramatic works in their own or another language, and with a far more judicious and scrutinizing attention than any one exerts amidst the thousand interfering and beguiling circumstances of the theatre. Now if amusement is the grand object sought at the playhouse, the object on copiously ministering to which its existence wholly depends, it must, to preserve that existence, adapt itself completely to the taste of that part of society that is devoted to amusement, and will pay its price, in time, health, and money. And what sort of persons are they that compose this part of society? It really might have been accounted superfluous to say that they are necessarily the trifling and the immoral. They are such of the wealthy as have neither occupation nor benevolence; the devotees of fashion; the most thoughtless part of the young, together with what are called young men of spirit, who want a little brisk folly as an interlude to their more vicious pursuits; loungers of all sorts; tradesmen who neglect their business; persons who, in domestic relations, have no notion of cultivating the highest social and intellectual interests; and old debauchees, together with the wretched class of beings, whose numbers, vices, and miseries, they can still be proud to augment. It is by the part of the community composed of these classes that the theatre is mainly supported; and these it must gratify, or it will perish. And if it must gratify this part of the community, of what moral quality must its exhibitions be? Is it possible to maintain, with a grave face, that these exhibitions can be lessons of pure morality, and even piety,—that "the stage shall go hand in hand with the pulpit?" The stage will have a beneficial influence, one says, when the writers, actors, and frequenters compose, and act, and attend plays "with a view to the glory of God"—(a most original association of ideas)—and when they preserve, amidst these occupations, a deep concern for the "salvation of their souls." Now, can any one believe that there are twenty frequenters of the play-house in all England, who could hear such a state of mind insisted on as necessary, even in the common course of life, without sneering at such notions as rank methodism; or who would fail to mutter a charge of stark madness, if seriously told it was a necessary state of mind in attending the theatre? Is it not fully settled in the minds of all classes of its frequenters, that it is a place of perfect immunity from grave thought and converse with conscience, and from all puritanism, cant, sermonising, saintship, godliness, sober representations of life and duty, and squeamish modesty, excepting so far as some, or all of these may be introduced for ridicule, in which mode of introduction, indeed, they are probably greater favourites with an English theatrical audience than all other subjects? In short, are not the entertainments of the theatre resorted to, and delighted in, as something confessedly, avowedly, and systematically opposite, to what is understood by its frequenters to have formed the chief concern, the prominent and unpopular distinction, of the most devout and holy men, of dying penitents, of Christian apostles, of all the persons most deeply solicitous for the "glory of God," and the "salvation of their souls?" This has always been the character of the stage, and is the character of the great

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body of our written drama. And why has this been uniformly the character? Are we to believe that the writers and actors, with an unparalleled contempt of self-interest, have been for several hundred years forcing on their grand and sole patron, the public, a species of dramatic exhibitions disapproved by that patron? On the contrary, these writers and players have always been to the full as sagacious with respect to their own interest, as any other class of persons who are to prosper or famish according to the acceptance or disapproval of what they furnish to the public market; and quite as obsequious in accommodating to the public taste. In a few instances, indeed, it may have been attempted to make the stage a pure Christian moralist, and a sort of half Christian divine; and the attempt has failed. It deserved to fail; for, if a manufacturer in any department absolutely will make his goods of a quality and form quite different from what he knows the public have uniformly required in that sort of article, nobody compassionates him for the consequence. And where is the reasonableness and humanity of requiring the writers and actors of plays to commit a professional suicide by provoking the disgust and indignation of their supporters? The present time shows what an imperious aspect the public, that is, the play-going public, can assume when they are not pleased; and if, instead of the trifling alteration of a little advance in price, there were to be introduced a moral change which would instantly give the denomination of "Methodist Theatre," can any one believe this genteel and vulgar rabble would not bellow to a still nobler tune if possible, and fairly baffle at last the utmost rhetoric of the journalists in attempting, even with the aid of the Miltonic diction, to describe the "confusion" still "worse confounded?" Parson Kemble, or Saint Cooke, after having once appeared, seriously, in the gospel scene, would prefer taking the second turn in the pillory at Charing-cross.

In thus predicting the treatment awaiting the stage when turned methodist, we have not misrepresented our preacher as to the extent of the conversion which he demands. He insists, with respect to the drama, as it ought to be insisted with respect to every institution which is to be retained in society, that its entire spirit and tendency must be made strictly coincident with the Christian religion; and he perfectly agrees with Mrs. More and several other writers, that, besides all the more gross and tangible immorality adhering to our drama, there is a decidedly antichristian quality prevailing through almost its whole mass, so that even most of its greatest beauties please with a noxious lustre. Consistently, therefore, he requires the stage to be purified from its many modes of heathenism, from its erroneous conceptions of divine justice and the atonement of guilt, from its profane language, from its pernicious notions of honour, from its encouragement and extenuations of suicide and duelling, from its extravagant and often corrupt representations of love, and from its indecorum. And all these things, we are to believe, may be swept away in the very face of the persons who are paying expressly for their continuance; and by whom the pure Christian contraries of all these things will be received with abhorrence, unless, while the transmutation is taking place on the stage, a sudden conversion also visits the minds of the audience, as when Peter was preaching. But, it may be said, the change is to be gradual; something is already effected, and "we must go on to perfection." It is true that a very slight superficial amendment has taken place, in avoiding the excessive undisguised grossness which prevailed on the stage in a former century; and this is because the age is grown more delicate, not, probably, because the audience are much more moral; for can we really believe that the theatre now contains a less proportion of profligate men and women than in former times? But taking this slight superinduced refinement at whatever it is worth, nothing is more evident than that the pervading heathenism and profaneness, the detestable moral principles, and the romantic extravagance, remain nearly undiminished; and we would therefore ask how many ages, at this rate of improvement, we are to be waiting for the stage to attain even the point of neutrality between good and evil of moral and religious influence. And should not the melancholy thought of so many tens of thousands, whose principles, with respect to the most important subjects and concerns, are to be acted upon by a powerfully pernicious influence in the course of this long period, impel us to exhort to an instant withdrawment of all countenance and support from one of the worst enemies of human virtue and happiness?

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Our argument above has been, that it is impossible for the stage to become good, in any truly Christian sense; because its character must be faithfully congenial with that of its supporters, and they chiefly consist of the more trifling, irreligious, and immoral part of the community. But perhaps, if the stage, by a resolute effort of its directors, were quite to change its character, and become the mirror of Christian sentiments and morals, it might obtain a better class of supporters, and thus afford to lose the frivolous and the dissolute. And if this were possible, is it desirable? We are not convinced it would be any great advantage gained to the happiness of society, if we were to see the great temple of wisdom and virtue in Covent Garden lined with an auditory of right reverend bishops, zealous ministers, and the worthiest part of their flocks, dressed in sober faces and decent apparel, rank above rank, up to the region of what used to be called "the gods;" if we were to see the pit occupied by a battalion of Quakers; if worthy domestic men, who have been accustomed to pass their evenings in reading with their wives and sisters, after half an hour's sport with their children, were to commence the practice of either sliding off alone, or taking their families along with them, to the new rendezvous of saints and philosophers; or if virtuous young men qualifying by diligent study for important professions, and young women qualifying for their wives, were seen flocking to the dramatic oracle to inquire how to combine wisdom and love. But if all this were ever so much "a consummation devoutly to be wished," it would never be attained; and the mansion of the christened Apollo might be surrendered to the bats, unless he would forswear his newly adopted and unprofitable faith, and again invite the profane and profligate. The orderly, industrious, studious, benevolent, and devout, would never, in any state of the theatre, frequent it in sufficient numbers to defray the cost of dresses and wax candles. And besides, what becomes, during this hopeful experiment, of that worst part of the community which the stage was to have helped the gospel to reform? They are the while wandering away, perverse and hapless beings! from the most precious school ever opened for the corrective discipline of sinners. But the place originally intended to please them, will not long be occupied by the usurping morality that would assume to mend them. Like the unclean spirit, they will soon re-enter the swept and garnished house, and even, like him, bring auxiliary companions, the more effectually to assert whose house it is. We will not waste more words. No theatre could support itself under the odium of maintaining an explicit hostility against not only direct grossness and vice, but all anti-christian principles of morality. It is a ruined thing, if not only the women of the town, and the vile gangs of journeymen and gentlemen blades that frequent the place to joke with them, purchase them, or insult them, but also the more decorous holders of a fashionable moral creed, are to be dosed there with Christian medicaments, and fumigated off with an effluvium a hundred times more nauseous to them than the smell of the burning fish was to the goblin that haunted Tobias's bride. As long as there is a play-house, it will and must be assumed, as their legitimate place of resort, by the least serious and the most irreligious and profligate class of the nation. Where else should they resort?—to the evening lecture at church, or at the conventicle?—Thus the stage, so far from contributing to promote the ascendancy of good over evil in society, will be the faithful attendant and ally of the evil, at once living on it and ministering to it, just so long as a sufficient measure of it shall exist in the shape of vain and profligate persons to support the amusement, and perishing at length when Christianity shall have left too few of these persons for this purpose. Or shall we suppose it will then arise and flourish afresh under a renovated Christianized character? That is to say, shall we suppose, that at such a happy period, it will be deemed one of the worthiest efforts of virtue and religion to raise and furnish edifices at the expense of 150,000*l.* a-piece, and maintain in each of them, at a cost equal to that of several hospitals, or of some fifty or a hundred of Lancaster's schools, an establishment just for the purpose of employing a number of persons to sham the name and dress of certain fictitious foreigners, or, if you please, good home-bred Christians, and recite a course of lines from a book which the audience could have quietly read at home; and, if they are tragic lines, read, according to the opinion of Dr. Johnson, with a deeper impression?

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OLD HUMPHREY ON TIME.

Were I to content myself with telling you that time is "the measure of duration," and that this measurement is made apparent to us by the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, by the changes of the seasons, and by the returns of day and night; as well as by human contrivances, such as hour-glasses, clocks, and watches, you would perhaps think, and with great propriety, that I might very safely have given you credit for knowing all this quite as well as myself; but, as I do not mean to content myself with giving you this unnecessary information, I feel that I have some claim on your regard.

It is much better to improve time, than to be able to define it; and if I can impress your minds with the value of time, I may do something towards the attainment of this desirable object. Listen, then, to the words of Old Humphrey.

Time—silent, stealthy, and unstaying Time, with sinewy frame and capacious wings, watched his hour-glass. The elements were around him—war was at work—plague, pestilence, and famine, pursued their course—disease was slaying his thousands, and intemperance his ten thousands; but Time regarded them not. He only regarded his hour-glass, and the sands ran on.

Time—rigid, pitiless, and implacable Time, as he moved on, held in his hand his scythe, which he seemed to have newly sharpened. The captive, who longed for liberty; and the swain and maiden betrothed in marriage; and the fundholder, who looked onwards to his dividends, urged him to increase his speed; but he would not. Others there were whose plans were not matured, whose money was not ready for the day of payment, and whose lives were nearly spent, who begged hard of Time—yea, besought him with tears for some delay, but he deigned not to notice them; his keen, grey eye rested on his hour-glass, and the sands ran on.

Time—aged, hard, and inaccessible Time, reclines on a sofa at the end of a ball-room, where Beauty leads the dance. Pleasure and joy live in her smile; the glance of her eye is felt from afar, and a thoughtless crowd flutter around to pay her homage. She is tastefully and splendidly arrayed, for riches are hers and power, and this is a season of revelry and delight. Alas! even now her cheek is pale!—the diamonds in her eyes are dim! A mortal stroke, to which all are liable, has suddenly palsied her frame; she is hurrying to eternity! A moment she revives. Time, she is faintly shrieking thy name!—she has a neglected Bible to read—neglected poor relations to relieve; and she has to prepare for her latter end. Hark! she is raving for thee! Time seems not to hear her; for, as she is carried away, he leisurely adjusts his hour-glass, and the sands run on.

Time—selfish, severe, and immoveable Time, sat at his ease in a chamber, while a miser grappled with Death, whose summons to quit the world he declared himself willing to obey, but not then. The conflict was desperate; and almost had Death overpowered him, when the miser, as his last resource, turned to bribe Time to assist him. He offered him silver and gold,—hundreds, nay, thousands,—for another year; ay, for another hour. Fool that he was to suppose that golden and silver dust would be taken in payment for the sands of life! Time gave no answer to his appeal, but occupied himself with his hour-glass, and the sands ran on!

Time—rigorous, ruthless, and resistless Time, lingered in the precincts of a palace. A mighty monarch was drawing near his latter end, and an important document affecting a kingdom's welfare was being drawn up for the royal signature—dominion hung on a spider's thread. The order of peaceful succession, and the anarchy of a contested throne, were suspended in the balance. Among men, "where the word of a king is, there is power"—

> "But wealth and power, and courts, and kings,
> With Time are very trifling things;
> No more they are, nor will they be,
> Than bubbles on the boundless sea."

The expiring monarch, the princes of his court, and his physicians, were urgent and importunate with Time, for an hour was worth a diadem; but Time was deaf to their entreaties—he was busy with his hour-glass, and the sands ran on.

Time—austere, callous, and insensible Time, had seated himself at night on the stump of an old tree near a cottage. Alice was sober, honest, industrious, and cleanly; but, oh! it is a fearful thing to be everything for this world, and nothing for another! Alice had found no time for prayer, no time to read her Bible; and when she wanted it, it was not to be had. A fire broke out; the flames caught Alice in her bed, and she

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was burnt, dreadfully burnt, before she was rescued. Then it was, when eternity appeared in view, that she entreated Time to let her read and pray; but princes and peasants, courts and cottages, are alike with Time. Alice's entreaties were disregarded—Time shifted his hour-glass, and the sands ran on.

Time—hoary-headed, obdurate, and relentless Time, walked on the billowy beach. A vessel was about to sail to a distant land, having on board a broken-hearted parent, whose abandoned son had forced him by his profligacy from the land of his birth. That son, repentant and reformed, was flying to throw himself at his father's feet, that he might bathe them with repentant tears. In another hour he would have arrived, and sorrow would have been turned into joy. Did Time grant him the space he required? Only one little hour! Not he. The son came, but the father was gone for ever. Time heeded them not—he heeded his hour-glass only, and the sands ran on.

Time — remorseless, inflexible, and flinty-hearted Time! stood on a scaffold. The rope was around a culprit's neck, but as yet the cap was not pulled over his face. The wretched man strained his eyes toward the distant road, for he expected a reprieve. As he gazed with agony, the clammy sweat hanging in bells about his brow, he saw at a distance a horseman urging on his flying steed, and waving a handkerchief—the symbol of pardon, to attract attention. It was but for a moment that the culprit saw the distant messenger, flying as a saving angel to his rescue. He told the sheriff of what he had seen, but he believed him not. He then turned to Time, with all the fearful energy of one grappling for life. He begged, he prayed, he raved for a few minutes' delay—in vain! The cap was pulled over his distorted face—Time only looked on his hour-glass, and the sands ran on.

Time—stern, unsparing, and inexorable Time, leaned against a bed-post in a sick chamber. A backsliding reprobate had sinned away his season of grace—his mortal hour was come. The pangs of remorse were tearing him; the horrors of despair were gathering around him. He cried aloud that a space might be allowed him for repentance—a year, a month, a day, an hour—nay, only a quiet moment to put up one prayer—one cry for mercy—one breath to ——. Sin chuckled at the frightful scene, and Death smiled in derision, as Time, iron-hearted Time, turned his hour-glass, and the sands ran on.

And will Time tarry for neither youth, beauty, nor riches? Will he neither stand still for princes and peasants, nor allow a moment's respite to the dying reprobate and malefactor! How, then, reader, canst thou expect him to deal more tenderly with thee? Trust him not, but improve thy flying moments with all thy power, so shalt thou survive the tyranny of Time. Turn thee from Time to the Eternal, for with the Lord one day is "as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day," 2 Pet. iii. 8. Adore his name, seek his grace, believe his gospel, obey his word, give him thy heart, and then—

> Though Time—exhausted Time, shall die—
> An old, forgotten story—
> Yet shalt thou live and reign on high
> In everlasting glory.

THE RED MANGROVE.

The red mangrove is most forward in invading the dominion of the sea. Its manner of growth is curious: a number of stems or roots, ten or twelve, rise from the wet and muddy soil, and only unite into one stem when five or six feet from the earth. The roots, or, more properly, intermediate stems, are sometimes tangled, and the trunk rather crooked. The leaves are dark green, of a leathery texture, and of a shape acutely ovate. Water appears necessary to its existence, and it seems to require brackish water; for, though it grows occasionally considerably inland, on low tracts of land partially covered with fresh water, yet, where I have seen it, it has always been in soils that had been made from the sea, and which therefore contained a considerable portion of salt. It is generally found forming a narrow border along the edge of shallow shores, with some of the intermediate stems growing directly out of the water, and others of the same tree springing from the shore; and thus, inch by inch, with one foot on land and the other in the wave, it seems to dispute the territory of the ocean.—*Hawkshaw.*

DUTY AND DANGER.

Let us not run out of the path of duty lest we run into the way of danger.—*Rowland Hill.*

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THE INTERIOR OF ANTIGUA.

It is a happy truism of the poet, which says, "God made the country, but man made the town." The country, indeed, everywhere exhibits a freshness, a natural joyousness and simplicity, which render a converse with nature a very gratifying intercourse with the wonders of the Creator's own works. But how much is this found to be the case where a new country opens up a new world of wonders.

It was near sunset—a delightful time for travelling in the West Indies—when I left town, to spend a few days in the country, for the first time. Turning our backs on the glowing west, we had all the fanning freshness of the balmy trade-wind in our faces, as that wind, with little variation, blows from the east, sweeping directly from the wide Atlantic. After we had driven a short distance, so as to be quite away from the town, "What noise is that?" I inquired, from my unconscious companion. "What noise!" he replied, "I hear nothing but the nightly chorus of insects and reptiles, which usually raise their noisy pipings soon after sunset;" and, on saying this, he pulled up, to satisfy what, he recollected, must be a stranger's wonder; when we found ourselves saluted with one of nature's own choruses, poured forth by a combination of noises, made up of the shrill chirp of the cricket and grasshopper, the indescribable note of the small frog, and the differently modulated whistle of the lizard and harmless snake—an evening chorus of animated nature, indeed! These reptile and insect noises vary in different islands, and in some are scarcely heard at all; but in Antigua they remarkably abound.

While our ears had been thus greeted, and our attention thus engaged, we were almost unconscious of the rapid flight of the short-lived twilight; it seemed, however, only sunk away—a slight transition—into a real starlight enchantment. The sky was transparency itself; and while Venus beamed like a young moon, and the other planets glowed with their native glory, diminished only by distance, and not dimmed by an impeding atmosphere, and the smaller speck of a star appeared to stand out with a peculiar visibility, the milky way spread out such a broad belt of milky light, as fully to justify the application of its distinctive term.

Thus our evening ride was beguiled, or rather improved, by the elevation of our hearts to a devout contemplation of Him whom the unconscious reptiles were so joyously praising with their wild notes, and the heavens were magnifying, by the wide display of unnumbered worlds, or worlds which only could be numbered by the Mind that made them.

Having arrived at the end of our journey, we had not long been comfortably seated before we found ourselves exposed to a peculiar annoyance—the ceaseless attacks of the musquitoes; an annoyance which we had scarcely felt in town, but which, in the country, very much prevails, especially in situations where there is much water or swampy ground; or, as we were, in the neighbourhood of one of those smooth bays, around the margin of which the mangrove trees and bushes are found to luxuriate. These little winged pests assailed us incessantly on the hands and face; and the ancles, too, of those who were not defended by their boots. Those newly arrived in the West Indies are always the most smarting victims of these attacks, as their European blood is supposed either to be more tempting to the bite, or to render them more sensible of its pungency; so that we had abundant employment in rubbing our ancles, or in slapping one hand upon the other, or upon the face, to be revenged on the little invaders before they had time to escape after their stinging assault. In such a situation as I have mentioned, you are throughout the day exposed to the bite of one kind of musquito, as well as the annoyance of a smaller insect, the sand-fly; but at night, you are so beset that your only retreat is found under the well-contrived musquito net, as the muslin bed-curtains are called; but if you happen to close in with you a single musquito, its continual singing round your head will keep you wakefully apprehensive of an attack, if you have not the oft-repeated bite. These defensive curtains, however, are rather misnamed musquito-nets, for certainly they do not serve to catch, but rather so exclude them as to give you the only chance of sleeping at your ease; and when you have securely taken up your nightly quarters, you may bid defiance to your little foes, though they will sometimes surround your net in swarms, and sing you a lullaby with their soft buzzing song.

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Thus, protected by my muslin defence—while the windows were so contrived that the cool air was softly circulating through the room, as is commonly the case—my sleep was unbroken, until, shortly after sunrise, I was aroused by music of another kind—the animated noise attendant on the commencement of busy day. The windows of my bedroom overlooking the yard around which stand the buildings for sugar-making, I there witnessed the cheerful activity of a very lively scene, though it was at once very evident that there was a listlessness connected with it, which arose either from the spirit of slavery, or the effects of the climate—perhaps from both.

The first process of the day's sugar-making commenced with the powerful windmill, by crushing the canes, and thus extracting the juice, that machine was swinging round its immense arms in the fresh breeze. The dronish oxen, apparently labouring to drag one leg after another, were creeping along with a clumsily constructed cart loaded with canes, while the negro drivers were hooting and beating the poor animals, to quicken their pace. Three or four stout young women were carrying the canes in bundles up what is called the gangway, to feed the mill; the grass-gang, composed of children between seven and fourteen years of age, under the direction of an old woman, were bringing their first loads of grass for the cattle pens, with all the noisy prattle of young life. The blacksmith's anvil and carpenter's saw were heard in different directions, the coopers, under a large wide-spreading tamarind-tree--their usual workshop--were engaged one in setting up the staves for a new hogshead, another driving on the hoops to a drum-like sounding puncheon, and a third, adjusting the head of another cask, all but ready for its load of sugar; while their unrestrained chattering gave cheerfulness to their work. Thus, in a small compass, manifold seemed the occupations; both sexes and all ages appeared pressed into work, yet light-heartedness evidently animated the whole; and as I was for the first time looking on the toils of slaves—if toils they could be called—so far, I thought their slavery could be little more than the name, though the mere name is sufficiently appalling to a freeborn Englishman; and, as I subsequently found, that name was connected with a spirit which had a very degrading moral, as well as physical, influence over the unfortunate children of Africa.

As the morning advanced, the yard assumed additional animation; the mill having accumulated a sufficient quantity of cane-juice, or liquor, as it is called, for the boiler-men to "call fire" under their coppers, which call, with some variations, they go on reiterating through the day, to regulate the movements of the men at the fire holes. Now the scene was all alive; every branch of work was in operation: the mill had quickened its pace, in consequence of the breeze freshing up, as usual, about nine and ten o'clock, and this seemed to quicken the movements of all; while the "grass-gang," with the addition of the partially infirm, and the old people incapable of heavier work, were spreading the magoss about the yard to be dried in the sun; that is, the canes which had been crushed in the mill, and from which, apparently, every particle of juice had been extracted, and which is the only fuel for boiling the sugar.

What is commonly called cane in England, and is used for walking sticks and other purposes, is properly the bamboo, a very different plant. The sugar-cane varies in size from four to six or seven inches in circumference, and is covered with a hard but thin rind, or bark, while the body of it is a very juicy pith, or succulent substance, and when it has passed through the mill, is a flat piece of pith of a very flammable nature.

In this busy scene, however, there were many mills, of another kind and miniature scale, constantly at work, grinding for their own gratification; for not only the children, but almost every negro, were frequently running to the heap of canes, and selecting a choice one, from which they would strip the rind with some dexterity, and then so far masticate it as to obtain all the juice. And as they are extremely fond of the juice, and will almost subsist upon it through the day, while it is found to be very wholesome, little or no restraint is imposed upon them; so that, in reference to them, that principle of Holy Writ is carried out: "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn."

Thus, looking at the cane itself, and witnessing the simplicity with which it was enjoyed in its natural state, I could not but form a better idea of the estimation in which it must have been held in

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the east; and was led to see more clearly the force of Jehovah's expostulation with ungrateful Israel, when he says, by Isaiah, "Thou hast bought me no sweet cane with money;" and again by Jeremiah, "To what purpose cometh there to me incense from Sheba, and the sweet cane from a far country? Your burnt offerings are not acceptable, nor your sacrifices sweet unto me." B. L.

THE GLACIER DE MIAGE.

The immense extent of this glacier deceives the eye as to its inequalities; and I scarcely ever remember to have had a more laborious or rough walk, than the traverse of the lower part of the Glacier de Miage, which I followed down its centre to the spot where it divides into two branches. This icy torrent, as spread out into the Allée Blanche, appeared to me to be three and a half miles long and one and a half wide; but I am aware of the uncertainty of these measures. After struggling for a long time among fissures and moraines, I at length mounted a heap of blocks higher than the rest, and surveyed at leisure the wonderful scene of desolation, which might compare to that of chaos, around me. The fissures were numerous and large, not regular, like those of the Mer de Glace, traversing the ice laterally, but so uneven, and at such angles, as often to leave nothing like a plain surface to the ice, but a series of unformed ridges, like the heaving of a sluggish mass struggling with intestine commotion, and tossing about over its surface, as if in sport, the stupendous blocks of granite which half choke its crevasses, and to which the traveller is often glad to cling when the glacier itself yields him no further passage. It is then that he surveys, with astonishment, the strange law of the ice world, that stones always falling seem never to be absorbed —that, like the fable of Sisyphus reversed, the lumbering mass, ever falling, never arrives at the bottom, but seems urged by an unseen force still to ride on the highest pinnacles of the rugged surface; but let the pedestrian beware how he trusts to these huge masses, or considers them as stable. Yonder huge rock, which seems "fixed as Snowdon," and which interrupts his path along a narrow ridge of ice, having a gulf on either hand, is so nicely poised, "obsequious to the gentlest touch," that the fall of a pebble, or the pressure of a passing foot, will shove it into one or other abyss, and the chances are, may carry him along with it. Let him beware, too, how he treads on that gravelly bank, which seems to offer a rough and sure footing, for underneath there is certain to be the most pellucid ice; and a light footstep there, which might not disturb a rocking-stone, is pregnant with danger. All is on the eve of motion. Let him sit a while, as I did, on the moraine of Miage, and watch the silent energy of the ice and sun. No animal ever passes, but yet the stillness of death is not there: the ice is cracking and straining onwards—the gravel slides over the bed to which it was frozen during the night, but now lubricated by the effect of sunshine. The fine sand, detached, loosens the gravel which it supported, the gravel the little fragments, and the little fragments the great, till, after some preliminary noise, the thunder of clashing rocks is heard, which settle into the bottom of some crevasse, and all again is still.—*Forbes.*

MINES AND MINING.

No. II.

COAL MINES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

It is difficult to estimate the advantages which this country derives from her immense and extensive beds of coal, not merely because they supply us with one of the principal necessaries of life, but as contributing more than any other species of property to our manufacturing and commercial prosperity. To what can we attribute the immense increase of the population and resources of Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and other towns in the north, as contrasted with once flourishing, but now impoverished cities in the south, Canterbury, Winchester, Salisbury, etc., but the abundance of coal in their vicinity, which enables the inhabitants of those places to put into operation powerful and complicated machinery, and thus to produce results which are altogether beyond the reach of those who have not the same quantity of this mineral at command? The present annual consumption of coal is estimated by Mr. M'Culloch, to be, at a moderate computation, about 22,700,000 tons. Our ancestors, it must be confessed, were not

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very forward in availing themselves of this advantage. In the reign of Edward I., the use of coal was prohibited in London, on account of its supposed tendency to infect the air with noxious vapours. And so lately even as in the days of Elizabeth, Harrison expresses his apprehension lest it should be made a substitute for wood. "It is to be feared," says he, "that if woods do go so fast to decay in the next hundred years as they have done in this, that broom-turf, etc., and sea cole will be good merchandize even in the city of London, whereunto some of them have already gotten passage, and taken up their inns in the greatest merchants' parlours."

The coal formations of this country lie generally in situations easily accessible. Had the arrangement been otherwise—had they been deposited in the interior of high mountains, for instance, they would in a great measure have been useless to society, to manufactures, and to commerce. They are disposed in the form of basins or concavities, varying greatly in extent from a few to many miles, and containing numerous strata or seams of coal, of various degrees of thickness, which alternate with parallel beds of sandstone, slate clay, ironstone, and occasionally limestone, and contain the impressions of vegetables, and sometimes the remains of fresh water shell-fish. Of the vegetable origin of coal there can no longer remain any doubt. The following general outline may serve to convey some idea of the extent of these mineral deposits.

Commencing in the south, and proceeding northwards, about eighteen miles from Bath, we approach a curved tract, stretching twelve miles in length, and three in its widest diameter. This is the Somersetshire "coal field," as it is termed—that name being appropriated to insulated tracts of carboniferous matter. Proceeding onwards, we immediately come to the south Gloucestershire, or Bristol field, of about the same size. This is the nearest place to London at which coal has been found. The next coal field is that of the Forest of Dean, which is somewhat of an oval form, the average diameter being about seven miles. Directly west of this is the great south Welsh coal field, extending upwards of one hundred miles, and averaging throughout nearly its whole extent, as much as from eighteen to twenty miles. Returning to the line first drawn, and still proceeding northward, we now come to the Shropshire field, including Colbrook dale and the plains of Shrewsbury; these taken together may make eighty or ninety miles of coal. In a north-eastern direction lies what may be called the South Staffordshire or Dudley and North Wiltshire field, the first basin of which contains an area of about seventy or eighty square miles, whilst the second basin has an extent of twenty miles, the average breadth being about three miles. What is called the North Staffordshire or Pottery coal field, may be said to spread over at least one hundred and fifty miles. We come next to the great Lancashire coal field—exceedingly irregular, and dividing into many branches, but the area of which cannot be considered less than from four to five hundred miles. Eastward of the last mentioned, lie the important coal fields of Yorkshire, Nottingham, and Derbyshire, constituting one continuous extent of formation, stretching from Nottingham to Bradford, a distance of upwards of sixty miles in a straight line, and being on an average hardly less than eighteen miles in breadth. The Whitehaven field stretches along the eastern coast of the Irish sea, forming an arc of about thirty miles. And lastly, as respects England, we come to the great Newcastle coal field, extending into the counties of Durham and Northumberland, and containing those immense deposits from which not only the metropolis is supplied, but likewise a vast circuit of towns and villages on the coast, from Berwick round to Plymouth: the whole area of it cannot be less than one thousand five hundred square miles. Scotland likewise furnishes an abundant supply of coal—one great field of which stretches from south-west to north-east across the centre of the country, and contains about six hundred thousand acres, which may be worked with advantage. The researches hitherto made as to the extent and depth of these mines, and the degree to which they are capable of being worked, with whatever little approach to exact accuracy, have at least proved sufficient to furnish data for the conclusion, that many centuries must elapse before posterity can experience any serious inconvenience from the diminished supply of this mineral. According to the calculations of Mr. Taylor, the coal fields of Durham and Northum-

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berland are still adequate to furnish the present annual supply for at least seventeen centuries. Dr. Buckland, it is true, considers this statement as exaggerated; but, in his examination before the House of Commons, he quotes with approbation a statement in Bakewell's Geology, that the coal fields in South Wales are alone sufficient to supply the whole present demand for coal in England, for a period of two thousand years to come. Besides, in the West Riding of Yorkshire there are many extensive coal fields hitherto unworked. In Staffordshire, the coal strata are of immense magnitude; and the bed round Dudley is no less than thirty feet thick. For all present purposes, therefore, the supply of coal may be considered to be quite unlimited.

In order to convey some idea of the method of working these vast mines, we may notice that the first operation, as hinted in our last number, is that of sinking a shaft, and securing it by means of a lining of brickwork. To facilitate the process, it is frequently necessary to use gunpowder, and powerful machinery is required to remove water, stone, rubbish, etc. It is requisite either to divide the shaft by a partition of board, so as to form upward and downward tubes for ventilation and the working of engines, as well as for drawing up coals, or else—which is frequently found more convenient—another pit must be sunk in connexion with the former. The manner in which ventilation is usually accomplished, is by well heating one pit, in consequence of which that portion of air which has been rendered foul, rushes to the rarified air, whilst to supply its place a new and unvitiated volume is forced to the open pit. Some idea of the extent of the operations connected with sinking alone, may be formed from the statement of Mr. Buddle, that, in Northumberland, he has, in several instances, known a single pit, previously to its being worked, cost upwards of 70,000*l.*—the whole object of which was merely to get at the coal. The deepest pit with which the above gentleman was acquainted, as a working pit, was one hundred and eighty fathoms; but the workmen sometimes descend much deeper by inclined planes under ground. As connected with sinking, it is necessary to form what are called drifts, or adits, for the emission of water from what are called "clay levels." Since the application of steam power in its most extensive forms, these have been made on a more extensive scale, and some gigantic undertakings for drawing off water in this way have been carried into effect. The Cornish adit, for example, drains about fifty mines, and extends its ramifications for about twenty-six thousand feet, or nearly thirty miles—finally emptying itself into the sea at Falmouth harbour. And the adit of the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, at Worsley, is about thirty miles long, and navigable for barges used in the extraction and transit of the coals. When the coal strata is effectually reached, the work of excavation commences; but this is not accomplished by hacking and hewing down as large a quantity as possible. The great desideratum is to combine economy in working with securing the personal safety of the pitmen—an object unhappily not always accomplished. Plans are, therefore, laid down for underground operations, as if a complicated building or city were about to be erected in the light of day; and these are carried out with a degree of precision which nothing but long practice and incessant attention could have suggested. Commodious galleries are excavated in a transverse direction, connected with the shafts or pits, which are usually laid with cast-iron tram-rails, for the conveyance of all matters that are to be drawn out. One of these is usually called the horse-road,—a large number of horses or ponies being generally employed in coal mines, which are doomed to perpetual toil in these dark abodes, and never see daylight—a circumstance, by the way, which occasioned Mr. Cobbett, on one occasion, to commit a somewhat ludicrous blunder. He had been lecturing in Newcastle and its neighbourhood in the autumn of 1832, and, in the course of a week afterwards, the public were favoured with the following announcement in his political Register:—"Here is the most remarkable thing in the whole world: thousands of men and thousands of horses continually live under ground; children are born there who never see the surface at all, though they live to a considerable age!!" The orator had unfortunately understood as including the human species, some information which had been conveyed to him with reference to the horses only.

But to return. At right angles to the galleries just mentioned, other passages are worked out, and these again intersected—double rows of puncheons being

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introduced to support the roof as the coal is cleared out. In some of the Staffordshire collieries, where the strata is of such amazing thickness, immense sections are excavated with comparative safety, pillars of coal being left at intervals to support the roof. And in consequence of the height of the roof and the extent of the workings carried on underneath, they present when lighted up a most impressive spectacle. Sometimes what is called a crust, or a creep, occurs, especially when the intrepid miner proceeds to work out the material of the supports so far as is thought to be compatible with safety. This is a protrusion or bursting up of the floor of a mine, in consequence of the liability to sink of these bars or pillars.

There is another danger to which individual workmen are exposed. Large quantities of slatery roof may sometimes fall, and seriously injure or kill them on the spot. Accidents of this kind are, however, rare. More frequent and fatal calamities arise from sudden irruptions of water into the workings, in consequence of which the men are sometimes drowned, before they can reach the shaft or any elevated level. At Heaton colliery, in the county of Durham, so deplorable an accident of this kind occurred, in the year 1815, in consequence of tapping an old work, that only eighteen out of one hundred were able to make their escape. But by far the more awful, fatal, and, it is lamentable to add, the more frequently occurring accidents, are those arising from the accumulation of inflammable gas (carburetted hydrogen), or from what often follows in its rear—the presence of carbonic acid gas, or what is termed "choke damp." The returns of these casualties are not complete, yet, defective as they are, it appears from them that no less than 2070 persons lost their lives in coal mines during the twenty-five years preceding 1835. By a single explosion which took place in one of the northern mines, more than one hundred men and boys were instantaneously destroyed. It is even stated that, during the eighteen years that elapsed immediately after the introduction of sir H. Davy's safety lamp, more explosions took place in the northern mines than during the preceding eighteen years. This is said to have arisen not so much from the invention having disappointed the hopes to which it gave rise, as from the fact that by means of it many dangerous and fiery mines have been wrought, which must otherwise have been abandoned. It has, however, been clearly established that, in certain circumstances, especially when exposed to a current of air, the safety-lamp is no protection at all.

Nothing appears likely to obviate effectually these dreadful calamities but constant and efficient ventilation. It is when some kind of obstruction occurs, either in consequence of the fire in the furnace shaft being neglected, or from some other cause interrupting the free current of atmospheric air, that an extensive magnitude of fire-damp accumulates, and when this is once ignited, the whole mine becomes instantly illumined with the most brilliant light; a roaring whirlwind of flaming air tears up everything in its progress, scorching some of the miners to a cinder, burying others under enormous heaps of ruins shaken from the roof, and thundering up the shaft, finally spends its volcanic fury in a discharge of thick clouds of coal, dust, stones, timber, and not unfrequently, limbs of horses. Nor is this, although so appalling, the most destructive result of these subterranean explosions. Atmospheric air being for a short time excluded from the workings, those individuals who have escaped the "fire-damp" are often suffocated by the "after-damp"—the carbonic acid gas, which rises to fill up the vacuum occasioned by the explosion. Such are the perils of the miner; well calculated to call forth our deepest sympathy for their eternal as well as temporal interests. The records of the labours of Whitfield and the early Methodists afford ample proof of what, by the blessing of God, may be effected among them; and the following little anecdote gives us reason to hope that some are in a state of preparation for those sudden and awful catastrophes: In one of the northern collieries forty-one men and thirty-four boys died by suffocation, or were starved to death; one of the boys was found dead with a Bible by his side, and a tin box, such as colliers use; within the lid he had contrived to engrave, with the point of a nail, this last message to his parent and brother:—"Fret not, dear mother, for we were singing while we had time, and praising God. Mother, follow God more than ever I did. If Johnny is saved, be a good lad to God, and thy mother."—*See Tract, No.* 497. D. W.

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SOURCE OF THE THEORY AND SCIENCE OF MUSIC.

The only department of pneumatic science, in which discoveries appear to have been actually made in remote ages, is that which relates to the theory of sound, to which modern science has given the name of acoustics. This, though formerly considered as a distinct branch of natural philosophy, having been ascertained wholly to depend on the motion of air, is most properly classed, in the present day, with pneumatic experiments. The records of antiquity prove that this department of physical science was not unknown to the ancients. The invention of different kinds of musical instruments, and the astonishing effects said to have been produced by ancient musicians, indicate a considerable advance towards perfection in an art which could not have been attained in any high degree without scientific knowledge. Pythagoras is universally acknowledged to have been the first among the Greeks who applied the elements of arithmetical and geometrical science to the theory of sound, and the laws by which it is propagated. To him is ascribed the invention of the harmonic scale, and the discovery that chords are produced by synchronous or isochronous vibrations, that is, by vibrations measured by equal spaces of time; and discord by those in which the spaces are unequal and various.

The manner in which that celebrated philosopher was led to this discovery has been thus stated by Nicomachus, an ancient writer on arithmetic:—"Pythagoras was passing one day by a blacksmith's shop, while several workmen were hammering on the anvil, and was surprised to hear sounds which accorded with the intervals of the fourth, fifth, and octave tones of what is called the diatonic scale. On entering the workshop, he perceived that the diversity of sounds arose, not from the form of the hammers, or the force with which they struck the iron, but merely from the difference of their weight. Reflecting on the cause of this phenomenon, after he had caused the hammers to be accurately weighed, he concluded, that in exact proportion to the percussion was the vibration effected; and as these were in the gradation of four, five, and eight, the tones produced exactly corresponded with those proportions." If the testimony of this ancient writer is to be credited, such was the occasion which led to the construction of the harmonic scale. But whether this be a fable or not, it is certain that to Pythagoras belongs the honour of having developed the musical ratios, on which the harmony of sounds depends, and to which the ear is indebted for so much of its enjoyment. The lively imagination of this philosopher led him to transfer this doctrine of musical chords to the celestial spheres. He imagined that those spheres, in which the planets move, being composed of material substances, struck on the ether through which they passed, and thus produced sounds exquisitely harmonious; that these sounds must differ according to the magnitude, velocity, and relative distances of the bodies; and as these were admirably proportioned, they could not fail to produce perfect chords, infinitely diversified. This fanciful doctrine respecting what was then termed the "music of the spheres," gave rise to the names affixed by Pythagoras to musical tones, the deepest or most grave being called after Saturn, because that body was believed to be the greatest and most remote of the planets; and the shrillest or most acute sound after the moon, because the least of the planetary bodies, and nearest to the earth. These first ideas of Pythagoras relative to equal and unequal vibrations of air, as the cause of harmonious or discordant sounds, were the true source of the theory and science of music; and the pneumatic discoveries of modern times have abundantly confirmed their truth.

"IN EVERY THING GIVE THANKS."

It is not enough for Christians to pray unto the Lord for a supply of their wants, they must also offer unto him the excellent sacrifices of praise and thanksgivings. In this service the holy angels, and spirits of just men made perfect in heaven, are continually exercised; and therefore, by abounding in this duty, we shall be made most like unto them. And as respects the acceptableness of it, let us hearken to what the Lord himself says: "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me," Psa. l. 23. A sinner may put up his requests unto the Lord and not honour him, but serve himself, by seeking to have his necessities supplied: but he that offers the sacrifice of praise must needs glorify God, because that proceeds from a

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free and loving heart, touched with a lively sense and feeling of God's loving-kindness and merciful goodness. All the ten lepers prayed unto Christ to be healed, but the poor Samaritan alone glorified God, because he only returned to give thanks. Christians can never want causes or occasions of thanksgiving to God. For even in the midst of our crosses we enjoy innumerable blessings, both corporeal and spiritual. "The Lord, even in judgment, remembers mercy." And those very afflictions which come nearest to us, are sent in mercy. He never lays more upon us than we need; nor ever so much as we deserve. And in our greatest extremities he is with us, to strengthen us, to uphold us, to direct us, to sanctify our troubles unto us, to give us patience under them, a good use of them, and, in the end, a blessed issue out of them; in all which respects, he is "greatly to be praised."—*Dodd.*

ANIMALS AND PLANTS ACT BY A RULE OR LAW OF THEIR NATURE.

In contemplating the works of creation, it is observable how creatures that are without the faculty of reason, nevertheless act according to the exactest rules of reason, which could not be the case, unless they were guided and actuated by some other principle than their own respective natures; for no nature can act of itself beyond its own principle. Thus we see how the bee makes its comb, and the spider its web, and the birds their nests, and the beavers their houses in the waters, consisting of several stories, all arranged according to the exactest rules of art and reason. And if we choose to resolve this into instinct; yet what shall we say of those creatures that have neither sense nor a sensitive life, as plants and trees in this lower world? Whence is it that the ivy, as if conscious of its own weakness, and its inability to exist of itself, should naturally bend to the wall or tree that is near it, there to fix, and, as it were, incorporate itself by a strong and firm adhesion? Whence is it that a tree fixes its roots with that strength and art in the bowels of the earth, that human ingenuity cannot devise how it could be done better, as though it knew what blasts of wind it had to encounter, and which threaten its subversion? What wisdom is that which guides and carries the root downward, when the boughs and branches ascend upward, as if it understood the need it was in of the fatness and moisture of the earth, and therefore sends forth its roots up and down, as it were, to forage and fetch in the earth?—*Barker.*

THE BEJUCAS.

One of the most singular appearances of the South American forest arose from the number of a species of plant called bejucas. These are everywhere seen stretching from the earth to the tops of the highest trees, like stays to the mast of a ship. Sometimes stretched perfectly tight, and twisted round each other in pairs, they resemble hempen cables, being quite regular as to thickness, and without a leaf or branch. They were of various thicknesses, from the smallest twine to six and seven inches in diameter. When young, they are applied to all purposes for which cordage is used in England; in the woods, the natives lash the beams and rafters of their houses with them; on the coast, the fishermen use them as ropes for their fish-crawls, which they sink many fathoms deep. I have seen trees of large diameter, when cut through with the axe, remain perfectly stationary, until these natural stays, which were supporting them on all sides, were cut away; and not unfrequently have riders been pulled from their horses by riding against one, which, from its tendril-like appearance, being not thicker perhaps than a quill, they expected to break.—*Hawkshaw.*

A CALM AT SEA.

Of all the minor inconveniences attending a journey by sea, a protracted calm is certainly the most annoying both to sailors and to landsmen. Whatever length of time a passage may occupy, if the motion of the ship is rapid, it is endured with patience; whilst, on the other hand, but a few successive days of perfect calm appear as a tedious century, and destroy the equanimity of the most resigned voyager. On those who have not the inclination to resort to intellectual pursuits to beguile their time, the affliction falls with greater force. With them the ship becomes at once a floating illustration of the Castle of Indolence, where

"Labour only was to pass the time;
And labour sore it was, and weary woe."

—*Bennett.*

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Falls of the Reichenbach.

THE FALLS OF THE REICHENBACH.

Travelling is often attended by many inconveniences and toils, but though they may be endured on a visit to the Falls of the Reichenbach, in Switzerland, these celebrated cascades amply compensate for them all. The vast body of water which howls and foams from the precipice is supplied by the Scheideck, the Rosenland, and the Schwartzwarld, and rushes through the gorge of the Swirgi. The second fall, represented in the engraving, is the more stupendous of the two superior ones, having a breadth of about thirty feet, and falling, in its successive bounds, four hundred feet into the waters that flow at its base. Water forms a peculiarly conspicuous feature in the physical structure and scenery of Switzerland. Its rivers, after rolling for a considerable space through immense mountain valleys, accumulate into a vast mass, which, reaching the plains, and no longer finding a channel capable of containing it, spreads into wide watery expanses. The smiling valleys and cultivated hills which form the immediate border of its lakes, with the lofty mountains that tower behind in successive ranges, till they terminate in icy pinnacles, rising above the clouds, produce a remarkable union of the sublime and beautiful.

AN ANCIENT FAMILY.

Antiquity has for many a great charm, and the feeling thus operating may be fully gratified in reference to the family now to be described, since its date is extremely remote. It is the boast of some, that their ancestors arrived in this country with William the Norman, and of others that Saxon blood flows in their veins; but, in this instance, heraldry is set at defiance, for we are directed to a period not only long before the use of armorial bearings, but even before lines and partitions, from which they are formed,

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were first produced on shields by transverse sword cuts. We must go back to a time when history was unwritten, and the events of life could only be transmitted orally to succeeding generations. This ancient race is the family of the DOLITTLES.

It is no less true that it is as extensive as it is ancient. We are sometimes struck by splendid equipages, yet there is not one which has not been possessed, or does not now belong to some of its members. Every depository of the dead contains the reliques of others, under magnificently sculptured tombs or grassy mounds, and their remains are as certainly found where the Egyptian women go to throw sweet herbs on the graves—where those of Turkey water, with respectful attention, the myrtles planted in memory of the departed—and where the Nubians set up palm trees for a memorial—as they are where the foot of the savage, or of the man in the highest state of social refinement, traverses the dust which once lived.

Another characteristic of this family, equally as remarkable as their antiquity and diffusion, is variety. The naturalist, speaking of the world in which he loves to roam, exhibits a bird, a plant, or a mineral, and, from his description of any one of them, it may be promptly recognised as belonging to a certain class or order, wherever it is afterwards observed. But, in reference to this ancient family, so great is the diversity in rank, property, mental and moral qualities, that no such general clue can be given. It is obvious, therefore, that we must content ourselves with a few specimens, and take them in aid of future observation and research. As, too, our object is to profit, as well as please, some of these individuals the reader is most likely to meet with, shall have the preference.

At the outset it may be remarked, that not a few of those now referred to are young. We allow for the buoyancy and ardour of opening life, but still it must be affirmed that they suffer the natural feelings of the bosom at this period to run to extremes. As to health, they assume that theirs cannot be impaired. As to knowledge, the only path they think of treading is some "royal road." As to advancement in life, their favourite theme, they never ruminate on the necessity and value of prudence, energy, and perseverance, but on what they call "luck, or good fortune," associated with some such story as that of Hualpa, who, scrambling up a bank, caused a branch by which he held to give way, and thus, accidentally, discovered a mine of silver. The chief employment of their minds is indeed in day-dreams, until the whole intellect becomes, "something like a hemisphere of cloud scenery, filled with an ever-moving train of changing, melting forms of every colour, mingled with rainbows, meteors, and an occasional gleam of pure sunlight; the mental, like this natural imagery, all vanishing away, when its hour is up, without leaving anything behind but the wish to recall the vision."*

The consequence of such indulgences is truly lamentable; they produce distaste for the dull yet important avocations of ordinary life, and they enervate and impoverish the intellect, so that it is unfitted for the exertions which are absolutely indispensable. The victims of this folly were intended for the legal profession, but they are solicitors without clients, and barristers without briefs; they belong to the faculty, but, happily for others, no confidence has ever been excited in their skill; they seek to take a degree, but they are "plucked" in their college trials; they are intent on marrying large fortunes, but only to be refused where there are golden expectations, or accepted, notwithstanding their thirst for wealth, where there is none. Such individuals have been compared to a traveller, who indolently musing in some soft bower, where he has sought to be shaded from the rays of noon, falls asleep, and dreams that he is in the midst of the highest enjoyments; but, as he awakes, he finds to his regret that he has yielded to indulgence, when he ought to have urged his way onwards: so, sooner or later, they will discover that their reveries are followed by bitter disappointment, perhaps agonizing remorse.

The relationship of some parents to the family now under consideration is beyond dispute. Among them we may frequently recognise a mother whose appropriate and imperative duties are entirely delegated to nursery-maids, private governesses, and the masters and mistresses of schools. The only word descriptive of their personal treatment of their offspring is indulgence. As in the nursery the infant had whatever it cried for, so in after-life, the gratification of its wishes was provided for, or enjoined, un-

* Foster on the Epithet Romantic.

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less indeed the morbid sensibility displayed at first, issued, as it often does, in feeble regard, or absolute indifference. It is said that the author of many a sentimental appeal left his mother to die in a workhouse; and it is by no means uncommon for those who in society claim to be all sensibility, utterly to dislike the common yet paramount duties of life, so that for instruction and discipline their children are wholly indebted to others, whose course is not a little embarrassed, if not absolutely thwarted by this lamentable and wicked repugnance. It is equally certain that a father is often as neglectful and blameworthy as mothers of the class just referred to. The idea is most lamentably common, that if the children "come in with the dessert," that if they are then the subjects of a few kind words, or an occasional joke, and that "if no expense is spared" on their dress, instruction, and amusement, all is done amply and generously, that can be required of "a good father." Who then can be surprised, knowing what human nature is, that many bear through life the marks of such treatment, or that parents frequently suffer severe mortification? They only reap in such circumstances what they have sowed.

Others of this ancient family may be observed in every circle in which we may mingle. Many of them are extremely loquacious. Those who are good listeners are in the high road to their favour. Their scale of judgment is like that which an eminent and eccentric surgeon applied to his patients: "much talking—great stupidity; a few words occasionally—a very sensible person." Of course they are marked exceptions to their own rule, for theirs is a railroad volubility. Listen! and you can scarcely fail to be impressed with what they have accomplished. They "wrote so many letters," they "called incessantly," they "saw the parties so many times on the subject," they "went to the spot, notwithstanding all the inconveniences and difficulties of the journey;" and strange therefore would it have been if the objects on which their hearts were set had not been gained. Another impression appears equally inevitable from the ability they have still to put forth. You want aid; and how how near you seem to the realization of your wishes. It will be "quite a pleasure" to do what you require; they will "certainly introduce the individual in whom you are interested; they will mention the affair to Mr. ——, or sir John, who, though he dislikes such matters, would certainly attend to it for them." Suppose not, however, that we are cynical if we whisper in your ear, Be not too much elated:

> Stillest streams oft water fairest meadows,
> And the bird that flutters least is longest on the wing.

It is easy to promise; the probabilities are, when so much is said, that to perform will be forgotten.

There is no station of life in which some members of the same family may not be discovered. They figure prominently at splendid dinners avowedly for charitable purposes; they thrust themselves into some of the chief seats at public meetings; as orators, they harangue on whatever topics appear most agreeable to their audience; as patriots, they seem among the entirely devoted to their country; and as philanthropists, among those who are constantly intent on personal sacrifice. They may as certainly be found in very different circumstances: as merchants without consignees; tradesmen whose goods are taken in execution, or sold under prime cost; bankrupts asking in vain for their certificates, and even in danger of prosecution for felony; and as wanderers in this and other lands, abject, beggared, desolate. All these persons are, in fact, the mere butterflies of the human species; the idlers of society, the people who talk fluently perhaps, but who shrink from all effort which can, by any means, be avoided, and give the smallest amount of personal exertions to any object which they are compelled to pursue.

The spirit this family discovers is diametrically opposed to their highest interests. Labour was the ordinance of God, not for man as a fallen, but as an unfallen being; all that now makes it painful has been produced by our apostasy. God sanctified the seventh day as a season of rest, thus marking out six days of active employment to the man he had put into the garden "to dress it and keep it," before sin sowed the seeds of the thorn and the thistle. There was doubtless a communing with God peculiarly intimate and endeared, amidst the enjoyments of Eden; but still the appropriate duties of the first husbandman were discharged, thus teaching us the important lesson that the herdsman among his cattle, the merchant at his counting-house, the artisan at his loom, and the mother amidst the employments of domestic life, by cultivating a spirit of devotion, may at the same time

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glorify God. It is possible for true and eminent piety to give its impress to what in other instances is but worldly occupation; thus anticipating the glorious season foretold by prophecy, when "there shall be upon the bells of the horses, holiness unto the Lord, and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar." The great apostle of the Gentiles did honour to the noblest principles of his religion when he laboured as a tent-maker, that the gospel might not be hindered.

It should be urged on all, particularly on the young, that nothing valuable is gained without labour. To adopt the true saying of an American poet,*

"No good of worth sublime will heaven permit
To light on man as from the passing air;
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare;
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
That 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers."

The "genius" of Newton has been long a theme on which many have delighted to expatiate; but what they have thus denominated he was accustomed to trace to patient and persevering effort. When asked how it was he discovered the principle of gravity, his answer was, "By always thinking on it." Allowing for the true humility of his character, it is certain that, overlooking what was trivial in any subject, and separating what was extraneous, "he bore down," as Sir David Brewster says, "on its prominences with all the energy he could command, and having grappled with its difficulties, grasped it with a might proportioned to the mental labour it had exhausted." The nearest approaches ever made to his distinguished success, have been marked by the strongest resemblances to his unweariedness in toil.

Nor should it be forgotten, that the human intellect is never so likely to secure the most precious acquisitions for itself and for others, as when putting forth its utmost energies, it is committed most simply and dependently to the guidance and benediction of the Almighty Spirit from whom it emanated. To do this, however, is not an easy task, but it must be accomplished, if we would attain true happiness; and hence we are charged —not to meditate on it merely, or only to wish for admission, but to "strive to enter in at the strait gate." Surely he cannot believe there is a heaven, who acts as if it were not worth an effort. It is true that as everlasting happiness is the free gift of God, through Jesus Christ, the great and only Mediator, good works can neither constitute, nor tend to constitute a passport to heaven; but still they are indispensable as signs or tokens of meetness for its enjoyment. What are they but holiness in action, without which no man shall see the Lord, and which consists of dispositions springing up in the soul from the grateful love of a Divine Redeemer and a pardoning God? The works thus demanded and secured are greater in number and higher in character, than any that could be done were human toil the price of heaven's happiness.

Let, then, the charge be reiterated—and that emphatically—Strive! Strive; for blessings beyond all price are held up before you. Strive; for so deceitful is the heart, that it will muster again and again its unsubdued corruptions to wrest them from your grasp. Strive; for the eyes of the great tempter are on you, to augment their strength, and impair yours. Strive; for the reward is the smile of God, and likeness to him and residence with him. Refuse—and his curse will rest on you now, and on you that flame will beat which will be fanned by the breath of the Almighty's displeasure for ever and ever. "Work out, then, your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure," Phil. ii. 12, 13.

Associated with the claims of your own soul are those of benevolence: he that loveth God will love his brother also. In the manifestation of this regard, what relief might be found in circumstances of trial. The words of the poet already quoted deserve to be remembered:—

"Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppress'd with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.
'Tis when the rose is wrapp'd in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when, all unroll'd,
Leaf after leaf, its blossom, rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air."

And who can describe the joy of pure benevolence? Howard knew it, as he acquired undying renown in his "circumnavigation of charity." Eliot knew it, when, having nobly earned the title of Apostle of the American Indians, he

* Rev. Carlos Wilcox.

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wrote the memorable sentence, "Prayer and pains through faith in Christ Jesus can do anything." Marsden knew it, when, after years of labour, he exposed himself to a heavy fall of snow, and to the toils and inconveniences of a long journey of several hundred miles, simply to engage, at his own expense, a rope-maker to teach his art to the New Zealanders; and then declared that he was neither exhausted by fatigue, nor had any sense of the inclemencies of the season, so absorbed was he in pursuing his object, and so gratified by its accomplishment. Williams knew it, equally at home as he was in building a vessel, translating a tract, or preaching the gospel. Paul, the great apostle, knew it, who was in labours more abundant than his companions. And infinitely above these may we add, Jesus, the adorable Redeemer knew it, who went about doing good, whose meat it was to do the will of his Father, and to finish his work.

Reader, be it yours to present a striking contrast to the ancient family now portrayed, and let your heart and conduct show that you are living and labouring for the glory of God and the good of man.

"Do something, do it soon, with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop, if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above,
The good work done by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

C. W.

PROVIDENTIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

"Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee?"—MILTON.

THE more we search into the arrangements of Providence, with a view of ascertaining the reason why certain objects were created, and why they are found in certain localities, and not in others, the greater reason shall we have to admire the wisdom and goodness of the Great Creator. The adaptation, also, of various animals, fruits, and vegetables, to peculiar climates and soils, all of them necessary to the comfort and well-being of man, is not a little extraordinary. If we look at the construction of the camel, we shall find it capable of supplying the place of the cow and the sheep, as regards food and clothing, to the wild Arab of the desert. The goat is of the same use in another district; while the Laplander is equally benefited by the rein-deer. Wheat, that hardy plant, which retains its vital power through a long succession of ages, and is so necessary to man, will flourish in almost any climate, and in every country. I have now some in my possession, the produce of a grain of wheat found in an Egyptian mummy. Those who have been in hot countries, speak with delight of the refreshing juice of the water-melon and other indigenous fruits, while bread, milk, and even a sort of butter are found on or in trees in other climates, as if prepared expressly to supply mankind with these necessary articles of food. We have wool, flax, cotton, and silk, for clothing; and, in the coldest countries we find furs of the warmest kind, which are used for the same purpose. We have fuel provided in the greatest abundance, the clearest springs to quench our thirst, and various kinds of food to sustain us. That noble animal the horse has been created for our use and enjoyment. The cow yields us milk and butter; the ox labours for us; and the flowers of the field, and the little birds of the air, add to our gratification and pleasure.

It would be an endless task to endeavour to enumerate all the benefits bestowed by a bountiful Creator on man, in the various countries of the world. Man seizes upon these gifts as his right, little mindful of the gratitude that he owes to the Giver. He fells the noblest trees of the forest to build his ships; he digs into the earth for iron to accelerate his passage from one place to another; his comprehensive and inquiring mind brings to light the power of steam, and thus he is enabled to make conquests and discoveries, and to draw countries, once far distant, to a nearer and nearer approach to his own. While thus engaged in his own projects after wealth or power, he forgets that he is an agent in the hands of Him, who made all, and rules over all, and who guides this intellectual power of man, in order to fulfil his own designs and purposes.

The effects of steam in promoting the civilization of the world, and the dissemination of religious knowledge, must be great. Whenever steam can be gene-

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rated by matter more condensed than what is at present employed for that purpose; or when coal is found in intermediate stations, as it probably will be, the remotest countries will change their relative position, and the intercourse of nations will be frequent and influential.

This intercourse, also, cannot fail, by intermarriage and other causes, to destroy the clanship of nations. The bigotry of the Mohammedan, the idolatry of the Chinese, and the false religion of the Hindoos, may all disappear before the spread of Christianity and civilization, and the intermixture of one people with another. Far removed as these events may now appear, and improbable as they may be thought, it is impossible for any reflecting mind not to see that an extraordinary revolution is now going on, which it is probable may change the whole relative position of this world, and pave the way to the knowledge of the truth of revelation.

How much, then, does it become the duty of every one, however feeble his endeavours may be, to do all in his power to promote the furtherance of religion, both by his precept and example. We must all of us, sooner or later, quit this scene of life, and enter upon another. When that period arrives, happy will it be for those who, having wisely separated themselves from the pride, vanity, folly, and allurements of the world, have enjoyed the pleasure of obeying their Maker, and done their best to promote the well-being and happiness of their fellow-creatures.

The remarks I have been making on the arrangements of Providence for the benefit of his creatures, is beautifully illustrated by the following fact. In the vast prairies of the Texas, a little plant may always be found, which, under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine, invariably turns it leaves and flowers to the north. Let us fancy a solitary traveller making his way over one of these trackless prairies to some far distant spot. He has no star to guide, no compass to direct him, but he finds the latter in a humble plant, and he pursues his way certain that it will not mislead him. This fact affords another proof, not only of the goodness of a benevolent Creator, but that the mechanical and other discoveries of man, have not only been forestalled, but may probably all be found in the works of nature. It is, indeed, a fundamental truth, one which cannot be controverted, and which must be apparent to every one who will take the trouble to reflect on the subject, that the Great Creator has stamped a proof of his existence, power, and love, on all the works of his hand. We may see it in the smallest flower and insect; in the gummy covering of a bud; in the secretions of a bee from which the wax is made; in the light which has been afforded us—the heat which warms us; in the air we breathe, and in the food which has been so abundantly provided for us. But when we survey the heavens, consider the earth, the seas, and all they contain, wilfully blind must he be, who does not perceive the existence of a powerful, wise, and benevolent Creator.—*Jesse.*

HENRY ELLIS;

OR, VANITY AND FALSEHOOD.

No. I.

One evening in spring, between nine and ten o'clock, four young men were seated by themselves in the parlour of a silkmercer, in a market town not a great many miles from London. Supper was over, and, according to the uniform custom of the house, the employer and his family had retired to the drawing-room, leaving the assistants to occupy themselves as they chose in the parlour till bed time.

One of the young men—the eldest among them—had already taken up a book, and was busily engaged in reading; the others had drawn their chairs together at the other end of the table, and were examining, with evident pleasure, the contents of a small packet which the youngest of them, an apprentice of about sixteen, had taken from his pocket and opened on the table.

There was a striking difference between Mr. Ellis, the reader, and his companions. For one thing, there was a deeper shade of thoughtfulness on his good-humoured countenance; but then he was older, and had, perhaps, lost some of the natural hilarity of youth. But, for another thing—his dress, though sufficiently good, was of a plain description, and there was an evident avoidance of everything like finery or studied effect about it, which contrasted powerfully with the elegance and fashion which were manifestly attempted by his younger shop-mates, the elder of whom shone conspicuously above the rest by means

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of a sparkling ring which he wore on one of his fingers, and a diamond, or paste, breast pin, which reflected the light of the candles with considerable effect. The younger man, wanting these attractions, was more to be remarked for the dashing cut of his garments, and the gay colours exhibited in his waistcoat and satin stock; while the apprentice before mentioned, seemed willing to emulate his two friends, each in their own way.

Henry Ellis was not so absorbed in his book as not to hear something of what was going on among his younger companions. The exclamations "splendid," "beautiful," "elegant," "genteel," etc., met his ears; and he looked up from his book to see what attracted so much admiration. The young men had each of them a silver watch-guard in his hand, examining, admiring, and comparing one with the other. As these glittering gew-gaws caught the eye of Mr. Ellis, a close observer might have witnessed a palpable change in his countenance, and an attentive listener would have heard a slight sigh, as he laid his book upon the table, and paid a more undivided attention to what passed before him.

"I say, that this is incomparably the handsomest article," said Anderson, the elder of the two young assistants. "I would buy it myself, only, unfortunately, my cash runs low, and I have already drawn part of next quarter's salary. But if I were you, William, I should say this, decidedly."

"Ah," replied William, "but only consider the price. Thirty shillings is more than I can afford. Besides, I think it is rather too showy for me. I do not think Mr. D. would like me to wear it."

"Well, then, what do you think of this?" asked Morgan, the junior assistant. "You could not have anything neater; and the price is low enough—only fifteen shillings"

"I do not like that," replied William; "it is too neat—just like the paltry wire things that the Jews carry about, and sell for sixpence a-piece."

"You are hard to please," remarked Mr. Anderson: "suppose then you were to fix upon the one you have in your hand. I should think it would suit you, price and everything."

"Ask Ellis," said Morgan; "he has been looking on without speaking a word."

"Oh, Ellis is no judge," observed Anderson, with a slight sneer; "he does not care for such things. I suppose he thinks himself handsome enough without them. Eh, Ellis?"

Mr. Ellis drew nearer to his companions, and took the trinkets into his hand, one by one, and then laid them down again. "If you really ask my opinion," he at length said, "I would advise you to have neither."

"Ah, I thought so," retorted Mr. Anderson: and he glanced with complacency at the glittering ring on his finger, as he spoke. "I'll engage to say that you never wore a bit of gold or silver about you in your life.

"He keeps it all in his pocket," said Morgan. "By the bye, I cannot think what you do with all your money, Ellis. Yours is a capital good salary; I wish I had anything like it. What *can* you do with all your money?"

"Saves it up to buy a wife," exclaimed William, laughing at his own wit.

"A wife! not he," said Morgan. "Ellis is cut out for an old bachelor. I rather think he is saving his salary to get him into business one of these days."

"I wish him joy of it," replied Anderson: "It would be a queer sort of business that the savings of a poor fellow's salary would bring in. I know *I* should wait long enough for a business if I had to get it in that way."

"Very likely," quietly retorted Mr. Ellis.

"Why," continued Anderson, "with all your scrapings, I should not mind risking a small wager that you have not saved fifty pounds yet?"

"I never lay wagers," said Mr. Ellis; "and never mind my scrapings; though I do not know why you should apply that term to me ——"

"No, nor I either," said William, with energy; "remember what he did for poor Phillips, and —"

"Well, never mind poor Phillips either," continued Mr. Ellis; "let us return to these pretty things on the table. Let me advise you, as a friend, not to have either of them, William."

"Why not?" asked the young apprentice.

"Because such things are quite unnecessary: and—to say nothing of the money wasted upon them—the habit of indulging in such expenses is often positively injurious to character and future prospects."

"I do not see how that can be," said

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Morgan; "to be sure, they do cost money; but that seems to be all the harm that can come of them. But it is just like you, with your single suit of clothes a year, and your old duffel coat and rusty slippers, and the rest of your oddities. I dare say you would think it a sin to wear such a waistcoat as this,"—saying which, the young man placed his hand upon a richly embroidered satin garment, which lay on the table, and appeared to be fresh from the tailor's.

"I certainly have no ambition to wear fine clothes or fine ornaments," replied Mr. Ellis; "but Anderson was wrong when he said just now that I never had bought or worn anything of the kind. Will you give me leave—before you decide on buying either of these watch-guards, William—to tell you a story about myself?"

"By all means," said Mr. Anderson; "You *can* tell a good story when you are in the humour for it."

HENRY ELLIS'S STORY.

"Twelve years ago I was about your age, William; and, at that time, I was apprenticed to Mr. —. I will call him Mr. Smith, though that was not the name—, in Oxford-street. My father was then, and is now, the head clerk at a wholesale warehouse in the city.

"Some of the young men at Smith's were considerably addicted to finery; one, in particular, was so noted for his dandyish and really expensive mode of dress, that he was nicknamed by some of the plainer sort in the shop, 'Count Crump:' Crump being his name—a rather unfortunate one for so magnificent a title. But whatever others thought of Count Crump, he was to me the personification of elegance and gentility. I began by admiring him at a humble distance; but I went on to imitate him: the height of my ambition was to dress like Count Crump. I was enabled, in some measure, to do this; for I was an only child, and my father's income put it in his power to supply me plentifully with good clothes and pocket money; and he had, at that time, no objection to my dressing gaily, for he himself dressed very expensively. The consequence was, that I became almost as notorious as Mr. Crump for the diversity and fashion of my clothes; and as to my pocket money, it almost all went in the purchase of gold pins, brooches, silver pencil cases, and other nicknacks."

"And what cured you?" asked Anderson. "If the medicine was not very nauseous, I should feel inclined to take a dose of it myself; for I confess it is not very convenient to be always wanting to buy something or other of the sort."

"I was just coming to it," continued Mr. Ellis.

"One evening in winter, a lady came to the shop and bought a parcel of goods that amounted to nearly fifteen pounds, and wished them sent to her house, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Edgeware-road, and she would, at the same time, send back the money by the bearer. Accordingly, I was sent with the parcel, with orders to wait for payment. It was nearly eight o'clock when I started; and when I got to the house—which was two or three miles from our shop—I had to wait some time for the money; so that it was past nine when I came away.

"It happened that there was a jeweller's shop, a little out of the direct road, where I had often bought trinkets; and I thought that this would be a good opportunity of stepping in and making a purchase which I had long projected, and for which I had for some weeks been saving up my weekly allowance. I did so, and after a good deal of consideration, fixed upon the article—a gold seal—the price of which was thirty shillings. This was the most considerable purchase I had ever made in this way, and it was with no little vanity that I pulled out my purse to pay for it; particularly as I had put into it, with my own cash, the money I had received for the goods. This transaction consumed, perhaps, a quarter of an hour; but I had another call to make.

"I had, some days before, ordered a crimson velvet waistcoat of a tailor who lived a few doors from our shop; and I looked in to see if it were ready. It was, and I again pulled out my purse and paid a pound—the price of the garment, which I buttoned under my coat as I hurried home. By this time, my purse was pretty nearly emptied of my own money. Indeed, I should not have had so much, only that I had seen my father the day before, and received from him the sovereign for the waistcoat, which I told him I had ordered.

"It was just ten o'clock when I reached home, and I found that the shop was closed, and Mr. Smith was not at home. I inquired for the cashier; but he, too, was out; and there was no one else who was authorised to receive the money from

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me. I was, therefore, obliged to retain it in my own possession for the time.

"Shortly after my return, I had supper, and, being tired with my walk, went to bed. I slept in the shop, in a bed under the counter; and, after locking myself in the shop, no one had access to me, except the old porter, who slept in an upper warehouse, and had a pass key to let himself in and out.

"Well, I went to bed, and fell asleep, and was soon dreaming of my gold seal and velvet waistcoat.

"In the morning, the first thing I did, after dressing myself, was to feel in my pocket for the money I had received on the previous evening: but, to my utter dismay, it was gone—purse and all. At first, I thought I must have dropped it out of my pocket in undressing or dressing; and I searched diligently all about my bed; but in vain. I was sure that I had not moved two steps from the bedside from the time of undressing to that in which I missed the purse; and, quite as certainly, it was not to be found within six steps of the place. I sat down on my bed in a state of mind impossible for me to describe, and endeavoured to recall every circumstance of the past evening, from the time of receiving the money to that of looking myself into the shop. First, it was certain that I had the purse and money safe when I bought the seal: then, it was equally certain that I had it when I paid for my waistcoat: next, I was sure—nearly sure—that I had my hand in my pocket, and the purse in my hand, when I made inquiry for Mr. Smith and the cashier: and lastly, I had an indistinct recollection of hearing the purse in my pocket fall heavily on the floor when I threw off my clothes; but of this I could not be certain, for I was very sleepy with my walk.

"Having thus brought my mind to a pretty satisfactory conclusion that I had, at least, brought the money into the house, the next question was, how it could possibly have been lost. This I could not decide. I had not even the shadow of a suspicion that any one in the house had robbed me: I thought it barely possible that some of the young men might have played me a trick before I went to bed; but I could not imagine how or when the purse could have been abstracted without my knowledge. As to the porter, he was too old and steady to be a party to such a joke, and he had been so long in Mr. Smith's service, and was so unboundedly trusted, that suspicion of foul play could not attach to him. Indeed, I hardly thought at all about him.

"My next question was—and it was a terrible one—how could I give a satisfactory account of myself when I should be called upon for the cash? The thought then flashed across my mind,—'Mr Smith will be sure to think that I have made off with the money in some way or other; and that seal and waistcoat will be dreadful evidence against me: I wish, with all my heart, I had come straight home.' All at once it occurred to me, 'Hide them, hide them, and say nothing about them.' It was natural perhaps; but it was the most foolish thing I could do, and as criminal as it was foolish. However, I yielded to the suggestion without giving a thought to the probable consequences of the act; and threw the little packet containing the seal and the waistcoat, behind a shelf of summer goods which I knew had not been disturbed for three months, and which, in all probability, would remain unmoved for three months longer. By this time, the young men began to come down into the shop, and I went about my work with a heavy heart." S.

[To be continued.]

CIVILIZATION BY THE GOSPEL.

The change effected in the temporal condition of the people of Polynesia, since they have been under the influence of the gospel, is almost incredible. Were it possible for Bougainville, Cook, and others, who saw them in their heathen state, to visit them now, they would scarcely believe that they were the same people. The once naked savage is now clothed, and in his right mind. Formerly the principal chiefs were satisfied with a little native cloth, or a mat round them; and, on particular occasions, they would have something similar thrown over their shoulders. They may now be seen dressed from head to feet in European clothing. The females, who used to appear in the most indelicate manner, are clad in modest apparel. The children, instead of running about naked and filthy, are clean, and comfortably clothed. No sooner do the heathen make a profession of Christianity than a striking change is at one visible in their external appearance. On those islands where they have opportunities of obtaining European articles, parents and

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children now make a very respectable appearance. Where they have not the means of obtaining these, they manufacture articles of dress with native materials, so as to make a good substitute for foreign clothing. Christian friends in England and America would be surprised and delighted were they to attend some of our chapels on the sabbath day. The stillness, order, and attention of the congregations, together with the decency with which many of the attendants are clad, form a striking contrast to the sleepy indifference, the vacant stare, and the savage ferocity that at first characterised their assemblies.

Their civilization appears not merely in the article of dress. A savage may be clothed in the best attire, and he will be a savage still; but let the same individual experience the transforming influence of the gospel, and that visage, almost too terrific to look upon, which was a true index of the ferocious disposition and the vile passions within, becomes placid and mild, indicative of the peace and tranquillity which reign in the heart. Those eyes, formerly accustomed to flash with rage, now sparkle with benignity. That thundering voice, once a terror to all who heard it, now falls pleasantly on the ear in accents of love. The heart, formerly full of haughty pride and cruel revenge, is humble, and filled with the tenderest emotions. No longer impelled, by vicious principles, to deeds of violence and blood, he is actuated by the "golden rule," which teaches us to do to others as he would have them to do unto him. It may be truly said of these people, that "old things have passed away, and all things have become new."

As a natural consequence of this great change, they adopt new modes of living. Many who, in their heathenism, were content to live in dirty hovels, have now neat cottages, divided into different apartments, as the circumstances of the family may require. Some of the chiefs have very good houses. Queen Pomare's residence is a neat, large, and substantial building. It is seventy-two feet long, and forty wide. The front part is divided into three large rooms, each having two windows and a double door glazed, opening on to a wide veranda. The middle one is the drawing-room, in which the queen receives captains of ships of war and other persons who call to pay their respects to her majesty, or on official business.

Having good houses, they are anxious to have them well furnished; but this cannot be done without considerable labour and expense. If they would have good clothing in which to appear respectable, and well-furnished houses in which to live comfortably, considerable exertion is required; hence industry is greatly promoted. Numerous artificial wants are created, and the people are not satisfied till these wants are supplied. In place of canoes, they now have good boats. Besides many small boats purchased from foreigners, they have at the Society Islands alone from twenty to thirty large ones, or rather small schooners; some of which are over forty tons burden, built by themselves. Instead of walking, they have abundance of saddle-horses, used by males and females, and some have their carriages, and appear to enjoy a ride as much as many of the nobility bowling about in Hyde-park. The cattle belonging to the natives are becoming numerous, and are a source of great profit. Formerly, if important business had to be transacted between certain parties living at a distance from each other, verbal messages were sent from one party to another; but now they write notes and letters just as others in more civilized countries. When I was in England I received from one of the natives a long letter, three sheets folio, beautifully written, giving me a particular account of various things which had transpired during my absence. The late king Pomare used to keep a daily journal, in which he entered numerous incidents as they occurred.

With a view of acquiring property with which to obtain those articles which they now consider essential to their comfort and respectability, thousands have been led to cultivate their lands. Large tracts of land, formerly covered with brushwood, are now in a state of cultivation. In every direction there are enclosures of taro, potatoes, plantains, sugar-cane, and various other things, partly for their own consumption, and partly for barter.

Mr. Pitman, referring to one of the out-stations on Rarotonga, says, "In my former visits, it more resembled a wilderness; but now attention is paid to cultivation; their lands are cleared, various things planted, a large stone wall, extending upwards of four miles, (to prevent the incursions of the hogs,) is in progress of erection, and comfortable dwelling-houses are being built. Men, women,

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and children, who formerly lived like beasts, are now neatly attired, and cleanly in their persons. What, it may be asked, has produced this change? It must be attributed to the introduction of the gospel of Christ into these districts." In another letter he says, "I am quite astonished at the change which has taken place in these districts, especially the willingness of most of the people to labour. Formerly it was with great difficulty that their chiefs could prevail upon them to work on their farms for a few days together; but since the introduction of the gospel in those districts and the formation of this little settlement, they have been all most actively employed, and show no disposition to neglect the cultivation of their land." Mr. Parker, one of the missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, referring to the effects of the gospel in promoting civilization among the natives, says, "It teaches them to labour with their hands, and consequently provides them with some of the comforts and conveniences of life. Instead of the little hut, eight or ten feet square, those who have been brought under the influence of the gospel erect decent and comfortable dwellings, and are more cleanly and are better clothed. Parents provide for their children better than formerly. They cheerfully labour to supply their children with books, provide them with decent clothing, etc."—*G. Pritchard, Esq.*

THE SUGAR CANE AND SUGAR MAKING.

It may be difficult to say which department of nature exhibits the greatest wonders; but certainly we are especially called to admire the wisdom and kind arrangement of God, displayed in the vegetable kingdom, by the fact, that a very few plants contribute more than anything else to the real necessities, the common comforts, and luxuries of life. Giving the first place to wheat, the "bread of which strengtheneth man's heart," the next consideration must be assigned to the sugar cane, when we advert to the endless purposes to which its produce is applied. And it is scarcely more wonderful in this respect, than in the growth of the plant itself, and in the application of every part of it to some purpose.

Unlike most other plants, the cane is propagated by neither seed nor shoot. What is used for carrying on the cultivation is simply a piece cut from the upper part of the ripe cane, and being merely put into the ground, it soon "takes root downwards," and in due time "bears fruit upward." On the cane itself are a succession of joints, about three or four inches apart, and at each of these joints is, what is called, an "eye," which is found to contain the germ of the future cane; so that when a piece, on which there are three or four of these eyes, is planted, and left to germinate, it will produce quite a clustre of canes.

The cane is usually allowed to grow about ten or twelve months, before it is cut for sugar making. We will, then, now suppose it ready for the bill, that is, the reaping knife; and the whole "gang," being drawn up in regular line, merrily go to work; while Quaco the driver, to have the better oversight of all, takes his station in the rear, leaning on his crook-like staff, and now and then raises his voice of brief authority, to quicken the movements of Quasheba, Cuba, and Kitty, Sancho, Sammy, and Quaw, or even addresses in the same tone the more classical personages, Scipio, Cato, or Cæsar. The first cut of the bill takes off the head of the cane, with the bunch of green sedgy leaves, which is thrown aside as very agreeable food for the cattle; the next cut brings down what is called the "top," being the greenish part nearest to the leafy head, and though not ripe enough for making sugar, serves the better as the piece reserved for planting; and then, by another stroke of the bill, given near the root, the main body of the cane is brought down, and is immediately carted off to the mill. And thus field after field, as it is found ready for the bill, is cleared of its yearly crop; though not in a few weeks, like an English harvest, but occupying six or seven months, as the cane pieces are so planted as to ripen only in gradual succession. But "crop time" being the most lively half of the year, the negroes have, at last, their simple harvest-home, not, indeed, attended with anything of English feasting and drinking, but more child-like doings—the field-negroes collecting all the showy pocket handkerchiefs, they convert them into flags, red, blue, yellow, and white; and thus decorating the last load of canes, accompany it to the mill in merry procession.

After the ripe canes are cleared from

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the ground, the "tops" are tied up in bundles and borne away for planting; the green leaves are carried to the pens for the oxen and sheep, or to the stable for the horses—all being alike fond of this food, especially of the soft piece of cane attached to the leaves; and as a great quantity of dry leaves are found on the ground, which had fallen off from the canes during their growth, they are used for various purposes, as we use straw, to thatch the negro cottages, and to provide beds for the horses, etc., or are allowed to remain to protect from the sun the roots left in the ground, until they begin to shoot afresh, when "the trash," as it is termed, becomes a kind of manure to the young canes or "ratoons," as they are called. In the rich soil of the new colonies, these ratoons are produced by the same roots many successive years, but not more than two or three in the islands which have been long in cultivation.

But we must now follow the canes to the mill, and there we see them passed through very powerful iron rollers, to express the juice, and coming out a compressed mass of pith, they are, when sufficiently dry, taken to the fire-hole under the coppers, where they answer all the purposes of the required fuel. And even the small particles of cane, which fall from the rollers with the juice, are carefully collected, and given to the horses, as food almost equal to "corn."

If we next turn our attention to the boiling-house, we find a gradation of coppers placed in a row, commonly four. There is also a large one called a "clarifier," in which the juice is subjected to a very moderate heat, not approaching to *boiling*, where it is found that the heavy and dirty sediment sinks to the bottom. Then the "clarified liquor," for we will use the technical term, is quietly drawn off into the largest in the row of *boiling* coppers, where the remaining impurities are brought up to the surface and skimmed off, while the watery particles escape in the shape of steam. As the "liquor" is thus reduced in quantity, by evaporation, but at the same time advanced in purity, it is cast from one copper to another of a smaller size, until it arrives at the last, where it becomes a thick syrup, when the experienced eye of the head boiler ascertains the exact point at which it should be cast out, as expeditiously as possible, into a shallow cooler, where it is left to granulate as it gradually cools. Having thus attained the form of sugar, it is at length thrown into the hogshead where it is allowed to remain without being disturbed, that the molasses may drain off; when it is at length found to have sunk into a very solid mass; without the fabled report of the negroes' naked feet being brought into requisition, to press it down.

But, in addition to the circumstances that a simple piece of this remarkable plant is sufficient for propagation, while the body of the ripe cane becomes fuel for boiling its own juice into sugar, it should also be known, that even the scum and washings of the coppers are turned to some purpose—I wish it could be said to be a *useful* one—but, alas! the only purpose is the distillation of a poison under the more agreeable name of rum.

But this sketch of the cane and its produce can hardly be complete without some account of the mode of its cultivation. The labourers being a very different race to ourselves, so is their chief instrument for working the soil different to any thing used in England for turning up the clods. That instrument is indeed a *hoe*, but very unlike the almost play-thing for English gardening—it is more approaching the spade in shape and dimensions, which, being fixed on the end of a strong handle, they use like a pickaxe, and rapidly plough the soil into deep trenches, and otherwise work with great facility. The common plough drawn by horses is sometimes employed, where the ground will admit, but it can do little more than break up the surface and enable the hoe to work more effectually.

The first process in preparing the soil for planting is, marking out the ground in duly measured squares, as regular as the squares on a chess-board. Then the negroes, sixty, seventy, or even a hundred, in a line—men and women indiscriminately—go to work and dig a deep trench, lightening their labour with abundance of noisy prattle, while the driver, as captain in charge, stands in front of the line, to keep them attentive to their task. Having covered the whole field with trenches, all running in one direction, they then "cross-hole," as their term is, by digging similar trenches, at right angles across those already formed. Then they further deepen the hole in the centre of each square thus formed, and lay in three or four of the pieces indiscrimi-

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nately called "tops" or "plants," slightly covering them with soil. After this the labour is comparatively light, being only an occasional weeding.

But when man has thus done his work, how bountiful is the Divine care which carries on the course of vegetation! Perhaps in nothing is the rapidity of this course more seen, than in the cane, when favoured with rain in due season, while its precariousness is great; for if not blessed with the refreshing showers, the burning sun soon withers the tender blade, or stints the advancing plant. And though the rain of an English thunder storm will bear but little comparison to the showers of the West Indies, yet there those showers, with scarcely an exception, are gladly acceptable; and so beneficial is half a day's good pouring, that the planters congratulate each other on having had, as their common phrase is, "a season of rain."

And can we advert to the fact that sugar contributes in numberless ways to our every-day comforts, and not feel interested in the process of its manufacture and the cultivation of the plant of which it is the produce? How much, then, ought we to admire the wisdom, and gratefully adore the goodness, which have thus rendered the vegetable kingdom so subservient to our gratification! If man were disposed to exalt his own skilful contrivances, and take all credit to himself for the means by which he turns this wonderful plant so much to his own purposes, we might well ask him in all his arrogance, Who gave thee power for the exercise of anything like skill, and who —before any human skill could avail— invested the cane with all its remarkable properties, giving a simple cutting the incipient powers of vegetation, enriching the juice with the saccharine material, and rendering the compressed and exhausted stem so immediately convertible into fuel, and so conducive to the finishing part of the process? Oh! if we would, while we enjoy our most common comforts, think of the goodness which appointed, the wisdom which arranged, and the power which secures them, how should we prize and taste them all with a joy, till then unfelt!

God might in his goodness have provided largely for our absolute necessities, without conveying that provision in so many agreeable ways. He could have made ample arrangement for the good of our bodies without, at the same time, as amply blending our innocent gratifications with our necessary good. But he has, in the almost-playfulness, certainly in the perfectness, of His love, created an endless feast for our various senses, in his vegetable gifts alone! "Why," as Old Humphrey says, "every individual tree, bush, shrub, and plant, is enough of itself, ay, and more than enough, to impart a thrill of transport to him who feels that he has in nature's God a merciful Father and an almighty Friend. How with such mercies can we help magnifying the Lord? How, with such abundant gifts, can we do less than live to his glory? Alas! our insensibility and ingratitude!" L.

ASSURANCE.

There are three kinds of assurance spoken of in the word of God; 1. The "assurance of understanding," Col. ii. 2: which means a clear, comprehensive, heart establishing acquaintance with divine truth. 2. The "assurance of faith," Heb. x. 22: which signifies an entire persuasion of the truth of the gospel, 3. The "assurance of hope," Heb. vi. 11: which imports a confidence of personal interest in Christ. It is of the latter I treat in this address. They are all three intimately related to, and grow out of each other. In proportion as we fully know and are spiritually taught the doctrines of the gospel, we shall be fully assured of their truth, and have the "assurance of faith;" and in exact proportion as we are fully assured of the divine person, mission, and work of Christ, we shall be fully assured of our personal interest in them: faith being based upon knowledge, and hope upon faith. The assurance of knowledge and faith have reference to the gospel in itself: the assurance of hope to the state of our heart in reference to the gospel. The assurance of faith is called for in a man's first profession of the gospel, in order to his being acknowledged as a Christian. The assurance of hope, again, is an enjoyment proposed to them that believe, and have already begun the Christian race, which they are called to follow after, and to give all diligence to obtain.

It does not appear to be necessary to this state of mind, that we should have such a persuasion as utterly and continually excludes every shade of doubt; and which is so absolutely perfect as to admit of no degrees, or increase; for that

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is not the sense in which it seems to be understood by the sacred writers, but rather as importing a prevailing and satisfactory conclusion: a state in which the mind sees no reason to question its sincerity and safety. Nor is it necessary to this blessed condition that the person who enjoys it, should be able or disposed to use bold, strong, confident affirmations, such as, "I am as certain I am a child of God, as if a voice from heaven declared it; and as sure of arriving safely in glory at last as if I were already there." Many a modest, humble believer, if the question were put to him, "Are you a child of God?" would, perhaps, under the influence of meekness and self-abasement, shrink from the positive "I am, I am sure I am," and content himself with saying, "I hope and believe I am, having no serious reason to doubt it, for I am deeply convinced of my fallen, sinful state; I renounce every ground of dependence, but the righteousness of Christ, and rest my hope of salvation on him. My faith has given me peace, and led me to love God. And conscious of this, I doubt not I 'have passed from death unto life.'" This latter is the language of scriptural assurance.

Such a prevailing and satisfactory conclusion as to our state may be obtained. Had no injunction in reference to it been given in the Scripture, nor any declaration made concerning it, still it might have been fairly presumed, that a change so great as that of regeneration could not have taken place without being its own evidence, to him in whom it is wrought. The old and the new nature; the work and image of Satan, and of God, are not so alike, as not to be easily distinguished: but, in fact, we are commanded to give all diligence to obtain and preserve the full assurance of hope; and evidences are laid down by which we may ascertain whether we are the children of God or not. Every one of us may know this; the means of judging are within the reach of us all.

If, then, we may know it, we ought to know it. Assurance is in one sense our duty, as well as our privilege. If it is our duty to believe, it is our duty to hope, and if to hope at all, to hope even to assurance. Every man ought to know his spiritual condition. It is a matter of too great moment to be suffered to remain undecided. We ought not to be content to remain another hour in ignorance of our spiritual state.

How is assurance to be obtained? This is a momentous question. May God preserve me from error in giving an answer to it. It is said by the apostle, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God," Rom. viii. 16. Now as it is witnessed, or testified, by the Spirit, that we are the children of God, we naturally ask, in what manner is this testimony borne? This must either be in the way of a direct revelation to our mind, or by enabling us, on a comparison of the Spirit's work in the heart, with the description of the Spirit's work in the word, to draw the conclusion that we are truly born again. Some believe that there is granted to each regenerated soul a direct witness, in the way of suggestion, or impression, of its spiritual birth. This, however, does not appear to me to be the meaning of the apostle. It does not accord with the context, which is obviously practical, and speaks of the influence of the Spirit as received for mortification of sin, and for the production of all the dispositions and habits of the Christian life, especially the spirit of adoption: it is unsupported by any other passage where assurance is spoken of: it would, if this were its meaning, come under the head of a revelation from God, and seem to require something else to authenticate it: it would open a door for mistake and self-deception: it has never been received by multitudes who have been sincerely and eminently pious; and it is unnecessary, because, without being supported by the inferential evidence, it is not to be trusted. It is much safer and more correct to consider the witness of the Spirit as purely inferential. The case stands thus. "The Holy Spirit speaks in the word. The same Spirit operates in the heart. There must be a correspondence between his testimony in the word, and his operation in the heart. The evidence lies in this correspondence. We take the divine word, as dictated by the Spirit, and containing a declaration of his mind:—we see there what he testifies:—we see especially the description which he there gives of the faith and character of God's children—of the principles and dispositions, the affections and desires, the hopes and fears, and the peculiar walk and conversation by which they are distinguished. If our spirits in the court of conscience, and before the Father of our spirits, bear witness to a correspondence between this description, and what has been effected in us by the same Divine

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Agent—then there is a concurrence of the testimonies: the testimony of God's Spirit and the testimony of our spirits agree: the one witnesseth with the other. What the Spirit of God has wrought in us harmonises with what the Spirit of God testifies in the word: and in proportion as our spirits have the inward consciousness of this harmony, do we possess the witness of the Spirit to our being the children of God."*

This is in strict accordance with what is said in other places of Scripture. "These things," says the apostle John, "have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life," 1 John v. 13. We are to know that we have eternal life, by the evidence of what is written, and of course by the comparison of our heart and life with it.

In reply then to the question, how you may know that you are a child of God? I answer, by consciousness, and a comparison of your state with the word of God. The apostle says, "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus," Gal. iii. 26. "I am conscious," says an assured Christian, "that I do believe, and therefore I know I am a child of God." And suppose he were in any doubt about the reality of his faith, he pursues the subject, and says, "The word of God says, in whom believing we rejoice; I have peace and joy:—to them that believe he is precious; Christ is precious to me:—faith worketh by love; I love God, Christ, his people, and holiness:—'this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith;' 'I have overcome the world:'—'we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren;' I love the brethren—therefore I conclude I am a child of God. The fruits of my faith which I discern in myself, answer to the description of them given in the word."

It is not, then, by any such methods as by dreams, or the suggestions of texts of scripture to the mind, or visions, or impressions on the mind, or strong persuasions of our eternal election, that we are to obtain this blessed hope of personal interest in the mercies of redemption, but by comparing our hearts with the word of God. I will here quote the beautiful language of the celebrated Ralph Cudworth, in a sermon preached before the House of Commons, during the Commonwealth: "The way to obtain a good assurance of our title to heaven, is not to climb up to it by a ladder of our own ungrounded persuasions, but to dig as low as hell by humility and self-denial in our own hearts: and though this may seem the farthest way about, yet it is indeed the nearest and safest way to it. We must, as the Greek epigram speaks, 'ascend downwards, and descend upwards,' if we would indeed come to heaven, or get any true persuasion of our title to it. The most triumphant confidence of a Christian riseth safely and surely on this low foundation, that lies deeper under ground, and there stands firmly and stedfastly. When our heart is once turned into a conformity with the word of God, when we feel our will to concur with his will, we shall then personally perceive a spirit of adoption within ourselves, teaching us to say, Abba, Father. We shall not then care for peeping into the hidden records of eternity, to see whether our names be written there in golden characters: no, we shall find a copy of God's thoughts concerning us written in our own breasts. There we may read the characters of his favour towards us: there we may feel an inward sense of his love to us, flowing out of our hearty and unfeigned love to him. And we shall be more undoubtedly persuaded of it, than if one of those winged watchmen above, that are privy to heaven's secrets, should come and tell us, that they saw our names enrolled in those volumes of eternity."

In this way, and as it appears to me, in this way only, is our personal interest in the blessings of salvation to be ascertained. It will be evident then, that our assurance will be more or less full, according to the measure of our piety. It admits of degrees of certainty, and these will be regulated by our degrees of vital, experimental godliness. Hence the force of the apostolical exhortation, to give all diligence to make our calling and our election sure; *i. e.* sure to ourselves, as a clear and well attested fact, that we are called according to the purpose of God. —*Rev. J. A. James.*

* Dr. Wardlaw on Assurance, p. 140.

ON STUDYING THE CONDUCT OF CHILDREN.

The man who is too proud to learn from children is unwise. It is said that the celebrated Berquin, so well known for his juvenile stories, was never so happy as when he was amongst children,

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observing their simple manners, and watching the workings of their young hearts. In this cheap and innocent amusement he had his attention repaid a hundredfold, to say nothing of the advantage of acquiring a habit of receiving pleasure from that which would have been an annoyance to many. By this practice he was enabled to throw much point and life into his interesting narratives.

While walking along a back street, the remembrance of Berquin's amusements suddenly struck me, as three children made their appearance, wheeling along a small hand-barrow filled with gravel. I determined to watch their progress intently, and to seek pleasure or instruction from their conduct. The children evidently enjoyed their occupation, and thought themselves engaged in an important work, having, no doubt, been sent by their parents to procure the gravel for some useful purpose. One little boy, the most honoured of the three, held the handles of the barrow, the two others acting as supporters and impellers to the slowly moving mass, grasping the sides of the barrow with their hands, and assisting the chief actor in urging it forwards. To them their pursuit was no trivial child's play. It was manlike and important. They were working like their fathers, and the gravity of their countenances showed their sense of the dignity of labour. Heavy was their task, but they put out their strength to the work, and proceeded with a perseverance equal to that of the tortoise in the fable. I slackened my pace, and sauntered by their side, until we approached a long entry.

Hitherto the young labourers had proceeded smoothly, though slowly, in their undertaking, but neither man nor child is secure from stratagem and treachery. Hidden mischief lurked within this unsuspected passage; for while these children slowly passed the entry's mouth with their barrow, a young urchin, about their own age, who had evidently been on the watch, rushed forth from the passage at his full speed, and made a plunge with both hands at the loaded barrow, overturning it in a moment, and lodging its contents on the pavement. Then, as quickly retracing his steps, he disappeared down the long passage from whence he had so suddenly issued.

The children stood still for a moment, surprised and confused by the attack; they remained, however, but an instant inactive, for two of them hastily plunged down the passage in pursuit of their retreating foe, while one remained by the overturned barrow, as a guard against further mischief. The mischievous urchin, however, had the start of his pursuers, and the two children soon returned from an unsuccessful chase. All three then set to work righting and refilling the barrow, and were long busily occupied in scooping up the gravel with their little hands. This was, indeed, unlooked for labour, but in process of time it was completed, for they worked with ant-like energy, and left but little gravel on the pavement. Their temporary trial had been of service, and they were now more secure than before, for their discomfiture had sharpened their faculties, taught them the value of vigilance, and rendered them less liable to a second surprisal. All being ready for the march, they proceeded slowly onwards as before, steering homewards, no doubt hoping and expecting to receive the commendations of their parents.

I left them pondering on what I had seen, and came to the conclusion that Berquin's knowledge of human nature was extended by his love for the company of children. The Frenchman went to the root of things when he mixed among the young ones, and studied the growing qualities of little women and miniature men. G.

THE WOLF.

The wolf is not, as might be supposed, untameably savage. It is susceptible of attachment to other animals and also to man. One at the Zoological Gardens would always come to the front bars of her den to be caressed as soon as any person she knew approached. She had pups too, and used to bring them in her mouth to be noticed, and, in fact, so eager was she that her little ones should share with her in the attention of her friends, that she killed all of them in succession as she brought them forwards to be fondled, by rubbing them against the bars of the ear.

DARKNESS IN DIVINE SUBJECTS.

What we call darkness in Divine subjects is nothing else than their celestial glory and splendour striking on the weak ball of our eyes, the rays of which we are not in this life able to bear.—*Dr. Owen.*

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Result of gin drinking, as represented about A.D. 1740.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE II.

The intelligence of the death of George I. reached England on June 14th, 1727. His son was proclaimed king of Great Britain on the day following. He had no brother. His only sister was queen of Prussia. George II. had the advantage of being able to converse in English, and was better acquainted with the people than his father. His manners also were less gross. He was regular in his proceedings and habits of business; but he was a slave to avarice. Extravagance and careless profusion are great faults in a ruler, but the reverse is also injurious. The word of God speaks fully to the covetous: it was one of the evil qualities divinely cautioned against in the appointment of rulers among the Jews.

Although, like nearly all the potentates of that day, he lived in adultery, George II. treated his queen with respect; in fact, allowing her to guide the state, for which she was, in some respects, better qualified than himself. In addition to general abilities of a high character, she possessed considerable learning, though it led her too far into metaphysical and abstruse studies. Her manners were amiable and correct, while the forbearance she evinced to the infidelity of her husband showed fortitude and discretion, and added much to her influence. One of her first proceedings was to induce the king to continue Walpole prime minister, instead of sir Spencer Compton, to whom the new monarch had designed to commit the affairs of the state, but who was so thoroughly unfit for the station, that he was obliged to ask Walpole's help, in preparing the usual address from a new monarch to the privy council. Walpole discerned that the king really loved as well as respected the queen more than his mistresses; by seeking her favour only, he preserved his post and his influence, while other courtiers, acting upon the experience of former

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years, paid their deference and respect to these women, degraded by their intercourse with the king, though outwardly decorous and exemplary, compared with the unhappy wretches favoured by the Stuarts. It is, indeed, a striking proof of the inconsistency of the human heart, when under the power of sin, that one of these females, lady Suffolk, was strict in her outward devotions; and those were not ceremonies of the Romish church—performed too often only to gain license for sin—but Protestant observances, which are founded on the principle that no worship is acceptable to the Most High, but that which is performed in spirit and in truth. Of course such devotions were only matters of form.

Walpole farther confirmed his influence with the queen, by inducing the parliament to vote her a jointure of 100,000*l.* per annum, in case she survived. The civil list also was increased to more than 800,000*l.* In the following month, the parliament was dissolved.

The personal adherents of the Stuarts had hoped for a favourable turn at the decease of the late monarch, but were disappointed. Though it was evident that the Tories, as a party, were actively endeavouring to get into power, it seemed probable that their personal regard for the exiled family was much diminished, and that the success of their own party was the object they had chiefly in view. The matter for contest was rather which party should rule under the existing line of monarchs, than any desire to change the dynasty. Some few might retain a personal affection for the lineal descendants of the house of Stuart, but such feelings had much abated; a party, or selfish desire of power predominated, while it was generally considered desirable to avoid the dangers of rebellion. Thus even those about the Pretender saw that nothing could be hoped for his benefit, without very considerable foreign aid. Atterbury, the exiled bishop, continued active in his cabals till his death in 1731. Wharton and Ormond were also devoted to the Pretender's interest, but the evil conduct of that prince involved him in disgrace, and then in misery and ruin, while some of the subordinate agents took money from Walpole to betray their master's secrets.

At the opening of parliament in January, 1728, the king spoke of the probability of war. This seemed chiefly an excuse for large subsidies to pay foreign soldiers, and for not accounting as to a considerable sum spent as secret service money, which it was supposed had been expended in the late elections, or in bribes to members. An explanation was pressed for, but the court of Spain having agreed to the preliminaries of the late peace, Walpole declared that it was spent in accomplishing that measure.

Considerable supplies were needed every year, to keep up the regular military and naval force of about twenty thousand soldiers, and nearly as many seamen. This produced debates regularly every year; an opposition was constantly on the watch to censure and retard Walpole's proceedings; the leaders at this period being Shippen, Wyndham, Pulteney, and Jekyll. They acted from different principles, but all united in seeking power for themselves. Pulteney and his followers were of the same political sentiments as Walpole, but having a personal dislike to him, they united with others, whose views they disapproved. Such is the effect of political intrigue. The greater part of the foreign subsidies were only grants to needy German princes, and were intended to protect Hanover, rather than to benefit England. One instance will suffice. The duke of Wolfenbuttel received 25,000*l.* annually for four years, in consideration of which he gave his guarantee that George II. should possess the British crown, engaging to support him with five thousand men, if necessary.

In 1729, Frederic, the prince of Wales, was allowed to come to England. George II. had been an undutiful son, and now experienced retribution. His son availed himself of the popular favour, and gave his father much trouble. Another large sum, probably spent in bribery, remained unaccounted for. Such proceedings cannot be defended or excused, still we may mark how they were overruled to support the power of a minister, who by wisdom or natural disposition was bent on maintaining peace. A defensive alliance between England, France, Spain, and Holland, was finally adjusted in November.

The year 1730 began with new negotiations, and subsidies to the German princes. A measure more directly affecting England, was a bill to prohibit placemen or pensioners from sitting in parliament. It was carried in the House of Commons by a small majority, but was rejected by the Lords. This bill

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and other measures led to disputes between Townsend, and Walpole his brother-in-law. The former resigned, but not till after a quarrel, in which they came to personal violence. Thus Walpole was left absolute in his power, and he wisely used it to promote peace and benefit commerce.

Though Walpole was thus absolute, he had to encounter a formidable opposition, but the debates of parliament then were only imperfectly printed, and after considerable delay, so that this resistance was far less formidable than it would be at the present day, and left Walpole at liberty to carry into effect several beneficial measures. One of these was to expedite and simplify the administration of justice, by directing that all legal processes and pleadings should be in English instead of Latin. Strange to say, many opposed this wise change, especially the lawyers; but when it is remembered that there are many who advocate the gross absurdity and unscriptural practice of the church of Rome, in having Divine worship in that tongue, unknown to the people at large, this instance of blind attachment to proceedings, now become injurious, is less to be wondered at. Some, indeed, might think it beneficial to their private interests that legal pleadings should still be carried on in this language, which had become a mere jargon, putting Latin endings to French and English words.

Another important benefit was an inquiry into the state of the prisons, in which a system of cruelty and fraud on the part of the gaolers generally prevailed. This examination arose from the horrible state of the Fleet prison, where the warden exercised great cruelties at his will upon the prisoners. Early in 1730, the chief baron, who went the western circuit, died at Dorchester, as well as some of his officers and others, from the jail fever, supposed to have been caught from the prisoners on their trial. At this time, and even later, it was not unusual to keep prisoners in confinement for fees, after they had been acquitted of the crimes laid to their charge.

Another laudable measure, to prevent the removal of bishops from one see to another, failed. The renewal of a tax upon salt was very unpopular. One argument against it, that the poor could not afford to eat fresh provisions, shows that then, as in later days, the fare of the labouring population was but very inferior. "The value of corn, cattle, etc.," says the son of an agriculturist, who lived about this time, "was then very low, compared with what it has been since, and the price of labour likewise. The common pay of a farmer's labourer, from Michaelmas to Midsummer, was 4s. per week, and his beer, and a mess of milk or broth at breakfast. In the summer quarter, they had considerably more." Still the general wealth and prosperity of the nation is said to have made a deep impression on the duke of Lorraine, when visiting England. In a contract for victualling the navy, ten years later, the beef was supplied at 2d. per pound.

The tranquillity of England at this period presented cause for rejoicing, though there was much grumbling among the leaders out of power, with some caballing among the opponents of the government. In June, 1732, the king proceeded to Germany, where he took under his protection the exiles from Salzburg, driven from their home by popish persecution, though promised protection by the treaty of Westphalia. Many came to England, from whence they were conveyed to America, to settle in the new colony of Georgia. Disputes with Spain still continued; the British merchants complaining of injuries, while the Spanish government asserted that they had engaged in unlawful trade.

At this period, England exported corn largely. It was calculated that 800,000 quarters were sent to Portugal alone in 1733. This caused a great increase in the charge for freights, and raised the price of corn to 4s. the bushel.

In 1735, more than 430,000 quarters of corn were exported, on which a bounty of 72,000*l.* was paid by government to encourage and increase exportation. Among other beneficial measures then in progress, was the improvement of the roads, but so little was this advantage understood, that in several places the turnpikes for collecting tolls were pulled down. The increased attention to charitable institutions was a pleasing circumstance. There were at this period fifteen hundred charity schools in England, educating thirty thousand children. This is a very small number compared with those now under instruction, but it was a material advance at that time, when, considering the actual number of the population, there was far more gross vice, and impunity in crime, than at the present period.

Another instance of putting a stop to

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peculation occurred in 1734. A fraudulent purchase of the forfeited estates of the earl of Derwentwater having been detected, it was annulled, and the property was given to Greenwich hospital for superannuated seamen.

Notwithstanding the state of peace, and though the national debt was in a course of reduction, the finances of the nation were not in a satisfactory state. The minister thought it desirable in 1732 to conciliate the country gentlemen, by reducing the land-tax to a shilling in the pound, but in 1733 and the following years, he took a part of the sinking fund, or sum which ought to have been applied yearly to pay off a portion of the national debt. At the time now under notice, this incumbrance was considered to be a security to the family on the throne, as a revolution would have been accompanied by a refusal to make good those claims. All, therefore, holding the public funds, were, by their interests, opposed to the Stuarts.

Among the financial measures of Walpole was a much misrepresented plan, called the Excise Scheme. On investigation it was found that gross frauds were practised to evade the duties paid under the head of customs and excise, especially the latter.

On March 14th, 1733, Walpole adverted to the frauds in the tobacco trade, showing that while it was an article of luxury, in use by every rank, the poorest were unequally burdened, inasmuch as, while they paid what was assumed to be the tax, they had also to pay in other ways for the deficiency resulting from the fraudulent practices of the dealers; the government receiving little more than a fifth part of the sum, which the gross amount of duty would have fairly produced. He, therefore, proposed to place the tobacco duties under the excise, so as to check fraudulent practices by a supervision of the stock of the dealers; at the same time reducing the amount of the duty itself from sixpence and one-third of a penny, to fourpence three farthings. He spoke of afterwards adopting the same course as to wine; and to make London a free port, by allowing merchandise to be brought in and warehoused for exportation without payment of duties.

Those who had profited by the illegal practices, were, of course, opposed to Walpole's plans; and, unhappily for the nation, it was just one of those subjects on which a popular outcry might very easily be raised. The opposition, therefore, eagerly availed themselves of it; instead of applauding what was wise in the measure, and exerting themselves to remove any objectionable matters in detail, outcries of oppression, slavery, and all sorts of falsehoods, were raised. A few of the wisest and most independent members of the House of Commons supported the minister, but he found on his first division 205 against the scheme, and only 266 in its favour. The clamour out of doors was still more violent and absurd, petitions poured in against the scheme; the ferment soon increased almost to a rebellion.

Walpole, finding his majority diminish to 16, resolved not to proceed under such opposition; he called his supporters together, and told them he was not one who would impose taxes, if only to be enforced by bloodshed, and therefore he would drop the measure, or resign and leave it to others. On April 11th, he quietly dropped the bill, by postponing the second reading to a day beyond the intended limit of the session of parliament.

The whole country was in a frenzy of joy; the monument in London was illuminated, while effigies of Walpole were burned in the bonfires. The Jacobites joined in raising a cry of "Liberty, Property, and no Excise," and cursing the minister; but to the few reflecting persons, it was evident that a wise and beneficial measure had been rejected by party efforts. One result the opponents of government dreaded from the bill, evidently was, the increase of influence by the larger number of revenue officers; but this Walpole met, by stating that the whole number required for tobacco and wine would not exceed 130 persons.

The queen supported the minister, and the rejection of the measure was followed by depriving lord Chesterfield, the duke of Montrose, and others, of their places and offices. It is worthy to be remarked here, that the very measures for which such obloquy was heaped upon Walpole, were afterwards adopted and found beneficial; and that the warehousing system in particular has done much to increase the commercial prosperity of the British nation.

Such is continually the case with the best and wisest plans; it is one of the curses upon the well-designing man in power, to find his most excellent and useful plans not only defeated, but entirely misrepresented. Still it is much to the

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praise of Walpole that he did not persevere, as a weaker mind might obstinately have done—he was wise in giving way to the public opinion, as he did not thereby swerve from any moral duty.

The Protestant character of the government was farther shown in 1734, by the marriage of the princess royal to the prince of Orange.

The politics of Europe were again disturbed by the death of the king of Poland, in 1733. That monarchy was elective. Augustus, the son of the late king, was supported by the imperial powers of Germany and Russia, while Stanislaus, who formerly was king, but had been dethroned, was now supported by France, of which country his daughter was queen consort; the latter was elected by a large majority. The power of Russia was exerted: Stanislaus was again dethroned; notwithstanding the wishes of Fleury, and the efforts of Walpole, war was begun; France and Spain uniting against the emperor of Germany.

In 1734, the opposition endeavoured to repeal the act, extending the duration of parliaments to seven years. On this occasion Wyndham delivered a most tremendous invective against Walpole, who, despising the attack, delineated Bolingbroke as a contrast, in a manner which seems to have tended to drive that profligate politician from public life. The attempt to make elections more frequent failed. In April, the parliament was dissolved; the new elections were severely contested; in several instances the Tories prevailed.

The warfare on the continent between France and Spain against Austria, was chiefly waged on the Italian dominions of the latter. Naples and Sicily were conquered and made a kingdom, under Don Carlos, a Spanish prince. The emperor applied for aid, but Walpole wisely kept from taking any part in the contest, though the warlike state of affairs was made a reason for obtaining additional supplies. Peace was again restored; but a quarrel between Spain and Portugal obliged England, as an ally of the former, to threaten hostilities against the latter.

In the next session of parliament, early in 1736, the king spoke of the restoration of peace, and said that his forces might be reduced.

Discontent was excited by a heavy tax upon gin, of 20s. the gallon, sold by retail; imposed with a view to check the disgraceful drunkenness that prevailed but it led to an increase of illegal proceedings and secret dealings; for within two years after passing that act, 12,000 persons were convicted for having sold gin unlawfully. The scenes prevalent in consequence were graphically delineated by Hogarth in a picture which has furnished ideas for the engraving on page 97. There was, however, in the years 1738 and 1739, a considerable decrease of the deaths in London, which was, by some attributed to the diminished consumption of spirits. The act was repealed in March, 1743. At this time it was found that 7044 places were licensed in Westminster, the Tower Hamlets, and Finsbury alone, for the sale of spirituous liquors by retail, besides the many places in which it was secretly vended. By the new act, the sum of 50*l.* annually was required for a license.

The little disposition to right views of religious toleration, was shown by the failure of an attempt to repeal the Test Act, and of a law to relieve the quakers from ruinous prosecutions for non-payment of ecclesiastical imposts; though it gave an easy remedy against their property for the amounts. Walpole was much displeased at the resistance of the leading prelates to the latter measure. In this parliament, the statutes against witchcraft, which had so long disgraced the nation, were repealed. A bill also restrained the devising lands by will in mortmain, or under the pretext of charitable uses, intended to guard against such evils as had prevailed before the Reformation, when a very large proportion of the land in the kingdom was held by monastic establishments, so that had that system continued, in all probability nearly the whole territory would have become the property of the monks.

During the absence of the king, in the summer of 1736, the mob at Edinburgh threw stones at the city guard attending the execution of a smuggler, condemned for robbing an excise officer. The captain and some of his men fired; several persons were killed and wounded. For this, Porteous, the commander was tried, and found guilty of murder, by a majority of eight against seven of the jury, though they admitted that he had been attacked in the discharge of his duty. The queen respited him for six weeks, but on the evening before the day appointed for his execution, a mob, organized under unknown leaders, secured the city gates and attacked the Tolbooth prison: the magistrates were inert; the military would

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not act without written orders from legal authority, which were not obtained till too late. Porteous was taken out, and hanged on a dyer's pole, in the Grass-market, the usual place for executions. The queen was very angry at this proceeding against her government: upon investigation, it was evident that it had been a sort of national affair. Severe and exasperating measures against Edinburgh were threatened, but by degrees a wiser feeling prevailed. In the end the provost was disabled from holding office, and the city fined 2,000*l.*, which was applied as a provision for the widow of Porteous. The whole proceeding did much to render Walpole unpopular in Scotland.

The difference between the king and the prince of Wales became an open quarrel. The latter had married Augusta, princess of Saxe Gotha, in 1735, but had only what was thought an insufficient provision of 50,000*l.* per annum from the civil list. This inclined the prince to seek the aid of the opposition, to obtain an addition of as much more, direct from the nation. After a variety of discussions and intrigues, the question was brought before parliament, when it was negatived both in the Commons and the Lords. The details are related by contemporary writers, especially by a shameless political jobber of those days, Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, who took a prominent part for the prince, but evidently cared only for his own interest and advancement. The details are too long to be given here, but are highly instructive, showing what courts are, and especially exposing the political jobbing, venality, and intrigue of that day; while the disappointment of Doddington, and his unavailing regrets, when too late, at having left the ministerial party, strongly exemplify the declaration that "Bread of deceit is sweet to a man, but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel," Prov. xx. 17. The undutiful conduct of the prince, with his evident desire for his father's death, exposed by the narrative of these proceedings, is also painfully instructive. His own untimely end, during the life of his father, appears a just retribution; and it may be matter for satisfaction to an Englishman, that this weak, wrong-minded man never was permitted to rule over the nation.

Immediately after the rejection of his application, the prince, to show his displeasure against his father, risked the life of his wife, causing her to be removed from Hampton Court to St. James's, at the hour of giving birth to a child who might be heir to the crown. The king deeply resented his son's conduct, which seemed a retribution for his undutifulness to his own father. Horace Walpole, son of the prime minister, speaks of this proceeding of the prince, as an act of unfeeling idiotism.

The king forbade the prince's residence in any royal palace, after which he lived in Norfolk-house, where he held a sort of court, frequented by the leaders of opposition; all persons resorting to him were excluded from the royal presence. The leaders of the prince's party did what they could to keep up this ill feeling between the son and the father. Just after this quarrel, the queen died after a short illness, in consequence of a neglected rupture; on her death-bed she sent a forgiving message to her son, but on account of the king's displeasure, would not see him. Her last hours were clouded with severe bodily suffering, and do not appear to have been supported by spiritual hope. The king was much affected by her death, and showed respect to her memory.

The death of the queen was a severe blow to Walpole; but in her last hours, she urged the king to continue to support him; the royal promise reassured the minister, though he now began to experience the increased unpopularity and failure of influence, ever the lot of men in power. "The glory of man is as the flower of grass;—but the word of the Lord endureth for ever," 1 Pet. i. 24, 25; and that word never was prized by Walpole.

His fall was retarded, for no one immediately rose to supplant him; while direct opposition was rendered nugatory by the breach between the king and the prince. The duke of Cumberland, the monarch's second son, was more attached to military affairs than politics; while the immediate favourites of the king had no political influence. The princess of Orange, an imperious and ambitious woman, thought to have taken her mother's place, but the king sent her first to Bath, and then back to Holland; her younger sisters were content not to interfere beyond their sphere. The tenacity with which Walpole clung to power was a great mistake; but it is difficult for any one accustomed to public business to settle down in private life, and it is especially hard for one, who has long directed the government of a great nation. Of political influence, as well as of moral dignity, it may be said—

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"Go, bid the winter cease to chill the year
Replace the wandering comet in his sphere,
Then boast, (but wait for that unhoped-for hour,)
The self-restoring arm of human power."
COWPER.

Walpole's views respecting religion were wholly earthly. The church preferments he gave fully showed this—they were bestowed, like other places, to strengthen his party. The few instances in which he found it necessary to select men of some note for their ability, did not much strengthen true religion. The high church contests of the preceding reigns had been dropped; a stony deadness seemed to creep upwards; Arian and Socinian views were openly advocated; low thoughts of Christ, and of the atonement purchased by the precious blood of the Son of God prevailed. Many leading ecclesiastics maintained unscriptural views, while the dissenters were not free from similar evil principles. The greater part of the Presbyterians and General Baptists adopted these views; the Independents remained more sound, but had little life or energy, though some came openly forward to oppose the progress of error. But Socinianism and Deism prevailed; nothing better than heathen ethics and dead morality was heard from the pulpits, while, in practice, gross immorality was general. The best prelates of this period seem to have been Sherlock, Secker, and Butler, the two last not only of nonconformist parentage, but educated as Dissenters; these held more of the doctrines of the reformers and fathers of the English church than their brethren. Butler was a great favourite of queen Caroline, from whose recommendation he was made a bishop, though not appointed till after her decease. He is known as the author of a valuable work, "The Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature;" showing that, from the undeniable truth, there is a God who governs the world, incontestible evidence is to be deduced of the truth of revelation, testifying of the Son of God coming in our nature for our salvation. But however acceptable his deep metaphysical reasoning may be to the mind of some profound thinkers, and his royal patroness was of the number, they are cold to the general mass of readers. There is, it is true, the light of the Sun of righteousness to be discerned, but it shines as a reflected light, illumining but not warming the objects it brings to view.

It has been stated that gross immorality prevailed. "Because of swearing the land mourneth," might truly be said of England, while drunkenness was most prevalent, as already stated. Theft with personal violence was notoriously frequent, promoted rather than checked by the total inefficiency of the police of that day. Thieves were protected by those who were called thief-takers, till such time as they were become so notorious that a tempting reward could be obtained for their apprehension; while there is undeniable proof that inexperienced and ignorant persons were often inveigled to commit crime, and sometimes even falsely accused, for the sake of reward and to screen the guilty; there was also a regular traffic for the recovery of stolen goods, or the disposal of the prey, carried on by the superintendants of the police. Such was the dark state of religion and morality in England at this period; but in the moral, as well as in the natural world, it is often the darkest just as the day begins to break.

ROMANISM AS IT IS.

THE following extract is taken from "A Narrative," lately published by Raffaele Ciocci:—

I was one of those unfortunate beings upon whom the Roman tigers had fixed their claws.* Victim of an Inquisition, which, in the nineteenth century, ought, with shame, to conceal itself in the caverns of the dread abyss from whence it came to desolate the earth, I should not now have the privilege of making known my sufferings in these pages, but that I have been rescued, by a miracle of Providence, from its bloody fangs. Believe not the subtle protestations of the Romish tyrant, who would persuade men that the gallows and the stake were not of her erection, but that they originated with those sovereigns who sanctioned laws in favour of the church. Were such the fact, the Inquisition would have ceased

* "We are authorised by Ciocci," says the editor of the *Achill Herald*, "to state that he is now preparing another work for publication, in which he will show to all Europe what Rome is at the present time. He will also publish in this work, the certificates which confirm the truth of his narrative, his correspondence with Dr. Wiseman, Dr. Baldaconni, the bishop Rosini, general of the Cistercian order, the procurator-general of all the monks, father Hayes the Jesuit, and his brother, the priest mentioned in the narrative. He will also publish some matters relating to cardinal Acton, and he will give the names of the two Protestant English gentlemen, to whom, before his flight from Rome, he discussed his religious opinions, and the cruel injustice with which he was treated."

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at that period when indignant nations cast her from them, and must, in the present age, have been entirely forgotten.

In Rome the Inquisition avowedly exists. In other parts of Italy it has changed its name, but not its character; for government, in a degree no less galling, tyrannizes over the consciences of men. Dominicans have given place to commissioners and inspectors, without renouncing their right to search out the secrets of all hearts under the veil of a supposed sacrament, satisfied to find victims on whom to place their iron grasp. Whoever affirms that the bloody persecutions of the Vatican have ceased, asserts a falsehood. The following pages afford ample testimony to the barbarity and tyranny of the religious system of the church of Rome at the present day.

The first seven years of my life glided happily away in the pure enjoyment of an affectionate mother's love. It was then decided by my parents to place me in a college, that I might be trained to piety and learning, and associated with youths of my own rank and standing. In furtherance of this object I was sent to the college of the regular clergy, known as that of S. Redentore, in the city of Frosinon. This, commonly called the Order of the Liguorini, was founded by Alphonso di Liguori, at a time when the Jesuits were rapidly losing ground, and was designed to take their place in arresting the progress of European civilization. In truth this new society laboured more strenuously in the attainment of their object than did the Jesuits themselves. They, to a certain degree, encouraged learning, but the Liguorini, besides adopting their iniquitous maxims, and imitating their inveterate obstinacy, forged a new weapon; making themselves promoters of total ignorance.

Having arrived at the college, I quickly overcame the grief occasioned by this my first separation from my parents. Maternal caresses were followed by the kindnesses of the fathers, who, upon seeing me, might possibly say among themselves, "There is a small fish which will be easily caught with the bait."

It was their first care to instil into my mind an ardent devotion and a restless fervour, qualities which, in the heart of the young, readily take deep root. Being naturally of a docile disposition, I willingly and sedulously followed their advice, and during the five years of my sojourn among them, my life was one uninterrupted course of devout occupations and frivolous ceremonies, dignified by them with the name of piety. Half an hour every morning was dedicated to the meditation of great and abstruse mysteries—mysteries difficult even to the most profound thinkers. Three subjects were usually read, upon which we were all exhorted to reflect; they were generally chosen from the four last things—death, judgment, hell, and heaven. Was it to be expected that boys from seven to ten years of age should derive any advantage from such a custom? A practice beneficial, no doubt, to persons of matured minds, but only calculated to produce in children weariness or melancholy. Nor was this all; for being but just out of bed, and our eyes scarcely open, we not unfrequently slept profoundly the whole of the time. It was certainly little worth while forcing us thus to chafe our knees, dozing on the benches of a chapel, when we might, with infinitely more comfort to ourselves, have been enjoying our repose in bed. Once a-week I went to throw myself at the feet of my confessor, not to seek for absolution for sins, which, at that happy age, I had not committed, but to listen to insidious questions tending to excite evil passions in my breast. From thence I proceeded to the altar, to eat of the bread, and to adore it. Let me here observe, that, notwithstanding all their systems of theology enjoin that no child shall be admitted to the holy table before twelve years of age, I was made an exception to this necessary rule, being permitted, at the age of seven years, to communicate.

What shall I say of the practice of corporeal mortification, to which I was incited by the counsels of my confessor? I shall, amongst others, name that of flagellation, which was prescribed to the youths of the college every Friday, when assembled in the chapel. Each one, at the extinguishing of the candles, was to strike his shoulders with a lash of knotted cords during the slow and solemn recital of the psalm "Miserere." I was sometimes commanded to repeat seven Ave Marias, in memory of the seven sorrows of the Virgin, with my hands the whole time placed between my knees and the pavement. It was also frequently suggested to me that I should, at breakfast or at dinner, leave my portion of food untouched, and that I should at times abstain from those amusements most congenial to my lively disposition, in order

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that I might, by such acts of self-denial, acquire command over my appetites and desires. Sacrifices of this nature are called by the friars in Italy, "Flowers whose odour is agreeable to Mary."

My ready application, and the tractableness of my disposition, led the fathers to believe that I was a fit object for a member of their community; they therefore lost no time in persuading my parents to dedicate me to the ecclesiastical ministry, for which they declared that I already showed a decided inclination. I ask of you, my dear readers, whether the impressions of a child eight years of age, induced by circumstances, ought to have been received as a decision in a case so serious? In bland words they communicated to me their own wishes, and the consent of my family, drawing at the same time a brilliant picture of the sacerdotal vocation. It is easy to imagine that my desired acquiescence was not long withheld. At that age, had they told me to renounce human nature, as a mark of gratitude to the Madonna, I should have done it with the same eagerness with which I should have swallowed a sweetmeat. Seven days after I was "tonsured" by MonsignorMaria Cipriani, bishop of Veroli. Behold me now united to the clergy by the contrivance of others, in the same manner in which it is customary in some countries to enrol soldiers, drawing from their mouths an imprudent "yes," amid the foaming glasses and boisterous mirth of a joyous feast, with the allurement of extravagant promises of far-off advantages.

Reader, question me not as to the usages, the mysteries, and the intrigues of the sect of the Liguorini, for, at that tender age, appearances under the empire of the senses wear the features of reality; and most assuredly, from appearances, I could not do otherwise than look upon them as incarnate angels, breathing only love to God, and zeal for the eternal salvation of souls. Were I now to judge them, from the manner in which they fastened to my foot the first link of the chain that afterwards bound me so roughly, I should call them "fanatics," for I believe they were sincere, and actuated by mistaken zeal. For five years I studied in this college, and was from thence sent to the college of the Jesuits at Rome.

On being presented to the governor of the college, he immediately admitted me to the study of the classics and of rhetoric, and read to me the rules prescribed for the establishment. They differed very little from those of the Liguorini, and were as follows:—To attend the school twice a day, to hear mass every day; and during that time to read the praises of the virgin Mary; to confess once a week; to receive the sacrament every Sunday; not to frequent places of public amusement; not to raise the eyes when traversing the streets; and to read only books approved by the masters.

I listened with patience, while he commented largely on the importance of the exact fulfilment of these various duties; but when, in conclusion, he emphatically added, "Remember, these rules are binding upon all, but more particularly so upon you, who have dedicated yourself to God," I exclaimed, "How, father? On quitting my college, I believed myself freed from all obligations there imposed upon me. It is not my intention to follow the ecclesiastical career."

The Jesuit, astonished, stood with the disappointed air of a child, who, thinking to pounce upon a bird in its nest, stretches forth his hand to seize his prey and finds it gone. He opened his eyes, fixed them upon me, examined me from head to foot, and then repeated the words,

"It is not your intention to follow the ecclesiastical career?" adding, in a solemn tone, "Why, my son, you have received the tonsure, you have made a promise to God, and God is not to be trifled with. Such promises may not be revoked: if you now draw back, woe be unto you!—you will receive the punishment due to your guilt—you will set upon yourself the seal of your damnation."

"What, father! is a promise made at eight years of age to bind me for life? and am I to be a priest by force?" I said.

"Oh no, not by force. The dedication of yourself to the church was voluntary. As to your youth—tender plants are pleasing to God, and Mary loves those children who place themselves under her tutelage, and give themselves to her service. I perceive that this is a temptation of the evil one. The best remedy, under such circumstance, is to have recourse to God, through the medium of Mary. We are now arrived at the month peculiarly her own. Go; throw yourself upon your knees in your chamber, and with true humility write an address to that powerful advocate; ask counsel of her; and be assured that she will inspire you for your good." Thus saying, he dismissed me.

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With regard to this advice, it is necessary I should explain that there is a custom prevailing in Rome, of dedicating the entire month of May to the service of the virgin. All the students of the Roman college, who are under the guidance of the Jesuits, are required in this month to write an address to her, bearing the following inscription—

"*To the Most Holy Mary,*
Queen of Heaven and Earth."

In this address, each young lad exposes his peculiar wants to Mary, and opens to her the most secret recesses of his heart; asking her for assistance to enable him to repress those passions which he feels himself least able to govern. These addresses are placed upon the shrine of the Madonna, where they remain till the last day of the month; when they are burnt amidst dedicatory songs, the youths being taught to believe that petitions thus offered will infallibly have their effect, if not in this world, in the world to come.

Who cannot, in this usage, perceive the depth and subtlety of the Jesuit, employed to discover the inclinations and predominant passions of the youth under his guidance? Alas! poor youths!

But to return to my narrative. I wrote my address without delay, not because I had full faith in its efficacy, but to avoid singularity, having before me the example of about three thousand youths who attended these schools. Certain it is that the Jesuits did not, from my epistle, read my heart, for by it I appeared rather to have obtained their good-will.

My mother's constant praise of these men, and her reiterated injunctions to me to imitate their example, together with the kindness that they uniformly exercised towards me, inspired me little by little with a certain degree of attachment for them, but an all-merciful God saved me from becoming one of their disciples. The Jesuits were induced to look upon me with a favourable eye, from perceiving in me a fervent devotion, joined with an ardent zeal for the conversion of souls, and for preaching, which manifested themselves in my juvenile discourses. These they considered qualities proper to form an apostle, and they sought by every means in their power, to make me conceive the idea of becoming one.

To this end they frequently made Protestantism the subject of their conversation, and never failed to represent that faith in a most detestable light. I, therefore, hated the very name of Protestant, and looked upon the English nation as a people of monsters. And how should I do otherwise? I was constantly told that the Protestants worshipped Mammon instead of God, that they did not believe in Christ, that they slaughtered each other daily like ferocious beasts, that they put the Roman Catholics to death, that they attended to no civil restrictions, but continually lived in a state of anarchy. These misrepresentations, these diabolical assertions, were received by me as incontrovertible truths. Imagine, then, the prejudices I imbibed; but, nevertheless, I thirsted with a desire to recall these lost ones to the true religion, to reclaim their disordered lives, and the fathers, in order to keep alive the fire already kindled in my bosom, styled me the "Juvenile Reformer of the British Isles."

Thus, under the veil of religion, was instilled into my heart the most bitter hatred. Oh! how little did I then think that a day would come, in which I should be placed, by the hand of Providence, in those very isles. That time has arrived, and I now dwell among a people whom I once believed my veriest enemies—a people whom I once hated in the name of the God of peace and love. Oh, deceivers! They call those enemies of Christ who, denying it to the creature, offer worship and adoration to God alone; they call those contemners of the Saviour's blood who, disclaiming all merit in themselves, look for salvation only in the efficacy of Christ's atonement; they call those profaners of the gospel, who, leaving human inventions, refer everything to that Divine code of truth. Blind that I was! Oh that I could recover from the vortex of the past, the years spent in ignorance and idolatry!

Members of the church of Rome! examine for yourselves the Bible; confront with it the rule of faith which man has presented for your credence, and place your reliance on that rule, only so far as it is in accordance with the sacred test! Is there any conformity between God and Mammon; between Christ and Belial; between light and darkness? When I opened the sacred volume, the glorious light of Divine truth shone around, and I, like Saul, was changed from a persecutor to a brother of believers.

I, at length, beheld the English; but

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I did not, with them, find anarchy and bloodshed. Instead of hatred I found social love—the precious fruit of the gospel; instead of disorder, liberty and justice. Is liberty of conscience a crime? Is reverence for the word of God a fault? —that reverence which leads them to reject adulterations, fraudulent additions, and human embellishments, which the spirit of pride and of avarice has dared, with a profane hand, to mingle with the holy volume? Answer, O Rome! answer, if you are able! My dear English brethren in the faith, pardon and forget, I entreat you, the hatred that I confess to have once nourished towards you; it was imbibed in ignorance, and no longer finds a place in my heart. Your kind reception of me; your pious conversation; your excellent examples, have assisted in strengthening what was begun in me; but the Father of mercies had worked the marvellous change before my arrival among you.

ON THE PRACTICAL USE OF THE MIRACLES.

The miracles performed by Christ on earth not only furnish indubitable evidence of his Divine power, but afford also a ground of strong encouragement and hope for persons in every stage of weakness and suffering. Varied as they are, in circumstances and in subject, they are fitted to embrace all possible classes. But, in order to derive comfort from the study of these instances of his dealings, we must keep constantly in mind, that, although the Lord our Saviour no longer tabernacles among men, nor goes "about doing good," he has carried to heaven the same power, and the same compassion which shone so attractively in the manifestation he then made of his character on earth. It is this remembrance that inspires all our hope in drawing near to him. It is the view of "God in Christ," set before us in the gospel record, that can alone win from our hearts their enmity and their fears. We might read that if the wicked forsake his wickedness, and turn to the Lord, he will be abundantly pardoned, and our evil and doubting hearts might be disposed to turn from this invitation as incomplete: but when we find that God came in person to reconcile the world unto himself, that hundreds of sinners like ourselves shared his gracious forgiveness and aid, and that none knelt before him in vain; when we learn from the experience of many that this record has been proved true; above all, when by grace we are so blessed as to know within ourselves of a surety that God is as near to us now by his imparted Spirit, as in those days of his actual presence on earth, and that he is willing to be, nay, has been, to us, the very hearer of prayer which the word represents him to be; when we thus learn the Divine character in the person of Jesus, as gracious and accessible to all, and when we realize the truth of this testimony, either in our own experience or that of others, then we are drawn in some degree to trust in the power and love of this unchanging Friend; and each particular in the narrative of his life on earth supplies us with fresh ground of confidence in our approaches to him.

In the miracles we find an exhaustless mine of comfort and instruction. In every way in which they can be viewed they form a subject of profitable contemplation. It may not be amiss to place before our minds a few of the natural and simple lessons which are plainly inscribed on these interesting portions of Scripture, and may be read at a single glance. And first, we would remark, the gracious invitation to bring our afflicted and suffering friends before the Lord in prayer, which is implied in the fact that he instantly healed all who were commended to his notice by the faith and affection of their anxious relatives. "Simon's wife's mother was taken with a great fever, and they besought him for her." "And they let down the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay," and set him "in the midst before Jesus." How often the sympathy and skill of the good Physician have been found true, let those testify who have made the trial, who have brought their sick and laid them at his feet, and have been granted their request, to the intent they might believe. Nor can we think that the mention by name of particular diseases which engaged the sympathy of Jesus is altogether without its design. "The fever"—"the palsy," etc. We may readily conceive with what intense interest these narratives would be read or remembered, by any whose hearts were full of anxiety for friends sick unto death of similar afflictions; and how eagerly they would cling to the hope inspired by the special mention of the very diseases whose ravages were threatening to smite down the desire of their

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eyes. "Surely this is written for our comfort," they would say. At the moment of bitterness it might have failed to raise a hope, had they read only that Jesus healed "multitudes sick of divers diseases," and probably there was need of the exact mention of the particular case to attract and encourage their hearts.

The narrative of the woman who "touched the hem of his garment" always seems to us not only to afford an illustration of faith, but also to convey a very gracious and tender message of sympathy to the heart of many a silent sufferer. It tells them that the Saviour condescends to enter into all the details of their diseases, even though they may be too humbling for the ear of the nearest friend on earth: he brings forward this instance of his suffering child, and puts this honour on her modest yet trustful application to him, for the encouragement of many others who should be similarly afflicted.

And for all who in any degree feel their need of spiritual help, the miracles teem with useful and encouraging lessons. In some cases, we find the answer was not immediately vouchsafed: these are to excite to constancy and importunity in prayer, to arm with faith, to instruct in patience. Many a soul which had long been sighing for deliverance from evil, and whose eyes failed with looking upwards, for Jesus seemed to answer never a word, and they had well nigh said, "Our strength and our hope is perished from the Lord,"—has been drawn from the deep waters by the recollection of those cases where the relief was not granted until after repeated applications; they remember that the blind man was strongly tempted at first to hold his peace, but when he "cried the more a great deal—Jesus stood still and commanded him to be called." Filled with hope, they receive this miracle as a message from God to their soul, and they "rejoice in the word, as one that findeth great spoil."

From the narratives of the centurion and the nobleman of Capernaum, who besought Jesus for a servant and for a son, believing in his assurance of help, although they were not standing with him by the couches of the sufferers, expecting to see him lay his hand on them and heal them,—they believed the simple word, and according to their faith it was done unto them. From these narratives we draw a lesson of encouragement to spread before the Lord all the wants of our friends at a distance from us, and having done so, to have a pleasing trust that he will undertake for their welfare in every way.

The strengthening of the withered hand has often been cited as an illustration of the nature and power of faith, and shows that God gives no command without giving also the ability to obey it. "Stretch forth thy hand; and he stretched it forth." Satan raises objections and difficulties in the way of belief and obedience, but let us hold fast the truth that "God's ways are equal;" that "his commandments are not grievous;" that he never demands impossibilities. This miracle, with some others, was performed in the synagogue: we learn from this that it is good to frequent the places where God is specially present, and to be seeking after him in the ways of his appointment. None shall long look thus for him in vain; it is written not only "Shout for joy all ye that are upright in heart," but also, "Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord." Assuredly, all who diligently use the means of grace shall meet the spiritual cure, for it is the Lord himself who disposes them in any degree to desire it. When any "ask the way to Zion," it is he who hath turned "their faces thitherward."

Much has been said on the subject of demoniac possession; and it is believed by some that Satan was permitted to exercise this fearful and unwonted sway over the minds and bodies of men during the period of our Lord's ministry, for the purpose of exhibiting his Divine authority in overcoming the powers of darkness. The instances which display his power over our enemy, and his compassion for our race in casting out devils by the finger of God, are well fitted to encourage and replenish with strength many a weary soul sighing by reason of the bondage of indwelling sin, trembling under the oppression of long-indulged habits of evil, or distracted by the fiery darts of temptation, and given to exclaim, almost in despair, "Surely I shall one day perish by the hand of mine enemy." This class of miracles is suited for the need of souls in such conflicts, and are so various as to speak seasonably to many who may feel their cases to be peculiar, and cannot take comfort from other narratives of ordinary cures, knowing "every man the plague of his own heart." Are they sensible of corruptions within

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peculiarly deep-rooted and inveterate? Then they may recall to their minds that Jesus cast out of one unhappy individual seven devils, and taking courage may cast themselves into the fountain open for sin and uncleanness. Do they groan because of their deadness of spirit, their dryness of soul, their dull and cold frame in devotion, their closed lips or speechless heart in prayer? Then it may revive and strengthen them to remember, that the Lord whom they seek, when on earth, cast out the unclean spirit that was dumb, and "straightway the dumb spake, and the multitudes marvelled;" and their prayer will ascend with hope, "O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise;" put thou a "new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God!" This is a subject on which it is unnecessary to dilate; the design of these remarks is merely to indicate the manner in which the miracles may be used as sources of instruction and comfort. The circumstances and characters of individuals are so various, that each will best understand how to draw for himself, from this precious storehouse, the needed supply of personal encouragement.

The miraculous feeding of the multitudes from provisions apparently so insufficient as a few loaves and fishes, may well win and encourage poor and needy believers to cast all their care on him who "careth for them;" who "knoweth that they have need of these things;" and who has specially provided for their temporal wants, and attracted their waiting eyes towards himself for every supply, by putting into their mouths the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." In these miracles, and in that performed at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, we trace the working of the same Almighty power which fed the prophet at the brook, and multiplied the widow's cruse of oil: thus plainly displaying the union of the great God and our Saviour, and showing that the "Author and finisher of our faith" is also the God of providence. It is surely an attractive and delightful contemplation that all our life, temporal and spiritual, is derived from Him

> "Whose gracious eye survey'd us
> Ere stars were seen above,
> In wisdom who has made us,
> And died for us in love."

The view seems to have been a source of joy and gratitude to the royal psalmist; in his words we close our short observations; and may every fresh consideration of the life of our Lord on earth, every new experience of his unchanging power and faithfulness and compassion as our heavenly Intercessor, lead us with David to exclaim from the heart, "Blessed be God who daily loadeth us with his benefits, even the God of our salvation!"

W.

OLD HUMPHREY ON SLAVERY.

For a Christian philanthropist never to open his mouth against slavery would argue that something was out of order in his head or his heart. Slavery is a crime of too crimson a dye—an enormity of too frightful a character to be passed over. When blinded by interest or prejudice we often grievously err in judgment; but so long as we can clearly distinguish between black and white, vice and virtue, evil and good, we cannot avoid regarding slavery with abhorrence.

It is an excellent thing to keep alive our hatred against all that is cruel and vicious, and to foster in our hearts all that is kind and virtuous. The latter part of this observation is fully in agreement with the words of the apostle,—"Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things," Phil. iv. 8.

While pondering on the subject of slavery a little latitude must be allowed me, for my feelings are somewhat quick. If I could write on slavery with a smile on my face, and with a spirit as bland and unruffled as though I were describing a guileless, rural scene of simplicity and happiness—whether you would be ashamed of me or not, I should be heartily ashamed of myself. As I cannot do this in sincerity, it shall not be affected by me. A little honest and hearty indignation against evil, whether we thereby reprove others or ourselves, is attended with advantage.

"Slavery," says the philanthropic Wilberforce, "is the full measure of pure, unmixed, unsophisticated wickedness; and, scorning all competition or comparison, it stands without a rival in the secure, undisputed possession of its detestable pre-eminence." Strong as this language is, it is not stronger than the description of slavery requires.

But it is in vain that we define slavery

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in glowing language, holding it up to deserved execration: to understand what slavery is, we must put ourselves in the situation of the slave. We must try it by the scriptural rule, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise," Luke vi. 31. When the negroes of a plantation revolt, pillage their master's property, murder his servants, ill-use his family, and burn his habitation, the planter is horror-struck at the enormity—he has not words strong enough to express in proper terms the atrocious villany of his revolted slaves. Now what is it that so suddenly opens his eyes to discern the abominable wickedness of pillage, violence, conflagration, and murder? Why this circumstance, that they have been perpetrated by others against him, instead of being practised by him against others. The outbreak of the slave is a rare occurrence; whereas pillage, violence, conflagration, and murder are a necessary, and every-day part of the system of the slave trade. Does the planter think that the just and holy One will judge his creatures according to the colour of their skins? But thus it is when man takes his own unhallowed will instead of God's holy word for his guide: he drinks in iniquity like water, and wantonly oppresses his brother man. Even now there are countless Cains in existence, with brows doubly branded by their unrighteous cruelty, against whom the blood of unnumbered Abels is crying from the ground! As yet they revel in the fruit of their oppression, for their eyes are blinded that they cannot see, and their minds darkened that they cannot understand that an Almighty voice will yet thunder in their ears the inquiry, "Where is Abel thy brother?"

You may think that I am growing a little warm, and perhaps I am, but let me go on. The leprosy of the slave trade, when once one nation was affected, soon spread to another. Spain and Portugal began the cruel traffic, and France and Holland, and Denmark and Sweden afterwards caught the contamination. At the present time the New World is deeply implicated; but why do I not mention England! Alas! England greedily pursued, for a season, the ungodly gains of slavery; but the Father of mercies, at last, moved her to cleanse her red hands of the crimson stain. Year after year had Christianity and philanthropy cried aloud, "Verily, we are guilty concerning our brother," before a spirit of mercy ran through the land. It was not the trickling rivulet of individual influence, but the tide, or rather torrent of public opinion, that was made the means of sweeping away the foul pollution from our shores. Among the brightest records in the annals of my country, are those which commemorate the making the slave free who sets his foot on British ground, and the payment of twenty millions for the abolition of slavery. These are, indeed, costly gems in the diadem of England's renown. I regard the payment of the princely sum I have mentioned, as a glorious monument to British justice and British mercy—a monument that I would not have bartered for the dominion of the extended earth, and all the gold that could be piled up beneath the stars.

There are many who suppose that, because England has abolished slavery in her colonies, the slave trade is not carried on to the extent it used to be; but there is too much reason to believe that it has increased, rather than declined. England abolished the slave trade in the year 1807, and, since then, between three and four millions of slaves have been carried away from Africa for the Brazils, Cuba, and Puerto Rico, the French colonies, Mexico, and the United States. There are now not less, perhaps, than six millions of slaves under nominally Christian governments; and among the different countries of British India, some say there are as many as ten millions, while others affirm the number to be much greater.

While slavery is in existence, a Christian man, on account of its reckless injustice and abominable cruelty, is bound to hold it in abhorrence. Directly opposed as it is to man's good and God's glory, its upholders can be no other, ignorantly or designedly, than the enemies of mankind. If there be a future state; if!—away with the word, for the Scriptures of eternal truth have said, "There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust," Acts xxiv. 15. If the Almighty Maker of all things shall punish unrepented transgression; if!—what right have I to say if, when in the Holy Scriptures it is written, "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil," Eccles. xii. 14. Then well may slave dealers tremble!

When a thousand victims are forcibly torn, or treacherously lured from their

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habitations, to be carried into slavery, one half of them perish either in the seizure, their march to the coast, or during the time they remain there. Of those who go on board the vessels fitted out to receive them, one fourth die during their passage; and of those who arrive at the land of their servitude, one-fifth sink under their seasoning in a single year; so that out of this cargo of misery, out of a thousand hapless victims of the slave trade, seven hundred perish, and the remaining three hundred groan in bondage, doomed to a life of suffering, and a premature grave. Is this true, and do we hear it unmoved! Is this true, and can we forbear to do all in our power to arrest the progress of so frightful an outrage on humanity!

It has been computed that the slave trade dooms to the horrors of slavery at least one hundred and seventy thousand every year; and that in procuring these, two hundred and eighty thousand are destroyed; thus forming a total of four hundred and fifty thousand. How do these remarks affect you? Does your heart beat, and your pulse flow calmly? or does a consciousness of outraged humanity hurry the crimson current through your veins?

The slave trade presents a three-fold picture; and whether we regard the treachery, the hut-burning, the rapine and violence attendant on the capture of slaves; the manacles, the crowded holds, the thirst, the fever, the suffocation, and the bodily and mental agony of the middle passage; or the labour, the oppression, and the cruelty endured till death puts a period to their bondage, hardly is it possible to decide which is the most afflictive.

Put slavery in the most favourable point of view, make every apology you can for the selfishness of getting gain at any price, and then ask these questions—Can any possible combination of circumstances give man a right to tear defenceless men, women, and children, from their dwellings, and bear them forcibly thousands of miles over the raging ocean to a strange land?—to sell them to hard task-masters?—to punish every act of disobedience with severity?—to manacle their limbs with fetters, and afflict them with iron collars and heavy chains and weights?—to set them in the stocks?—to suspend them by their arms, and lash them without mercy, rubbing red pepper into their lacerated flesh?—to beat them brutally with the working paddle?—to cut off their ears, and to knock out a part of their front teeth by way of mark?—to brand their flesh with hot irons?—to break their bones?—to draw cats over their naked bodies, that they may be torn with their claws?—to hunt them with blood-hounds, when they run away from their tormentors, and shoot them down like beasts? Think not that I am colouring too highly, for I have given you but a small part of the cruel catalogue of the wrongs of a slave.

And while these inhumanities are being practised, will British men and women enjoy the fruits of their labours, without even thinking of the miseries of slavery? though, let but a common toothache affect them, or a speck of dust blow into their eyes, and their sudden susceptibility draws largely on the sympathy of all around.

I am not so simple as to suppose that all slaves are treated with barbarity; it is quite sufficient for me to know that any of them are subject to the enormities I have mentioned. No doubt there are planters whose hearts, accessible to pity and compassion, treat their slaves with kindness; but the system is a system of ruthless oppression and ruffian violence, and as such it ought to meet with an enemy in every Christian, and in every friend of humanity. Slavery is what it has ever been, and it is to our reproach that it excites so little of our sympathy and our indignation. Africa! injured Africa! in the day of thy humiliation thou art but little regarded—thy miseries are all but unheeded by thy very friends; for, of the number of those who bewail thy sorrows, how few, how very few will do anything to relieve them! Like the priest in the fable we pity thee, and give that blessing, which, when it costs a fragment of time, or a fraction of our possessions, we grudgingly withhold. Reader! I ask, what to some will be a humiliating question, not, Have you taken a prominent part on behalf of oppressed Africa? but, Have you ever attended a single meeting, given a single shilling, or offered up a single prayer for the abolition of slavery throughout the world?

CHRISTIANITY IN GREECE.

One sabbath-day in Malta, I was instructing a class of little Greek boys, all about fourteen years of age. They were

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learning the "Parent's Guide," chiefly a translation of "Watts's First Catechism." The young rogues, one and all, most stoutly insisted that to pray for enemies is not a duty. A philippic of Demosthenes against the Macedonian could hardly have exhibited a more testy opposition.

I was one day standing at the table, receiving the names of new scholars. Two brothers came up. "Well, what is your name?" "Leonidas," he replied. "And yours?" "Lycurgus," said his brother. Only imagine, Leonidas and Lycurgus in a Sunday-school! "Ah," I have said, as I thought on these two dear boys, "if your celebrated namesakes had enjoyed your privileges—had they sat at the feet of Jesus, what a happy land Lacedemon might have been!"

I was painfully struck, on the second sabbath of my stay, to observe the gross profanation of the sabbath-day. England is, in this respect, with all her faults, an example to the Christian world. I remember counting, when in Paris, the proportion of closed and open shops; and, it may be said, that two in every six stood wide open for ordinary business on the day of holy rest. In Malta, the market is, on this day, fuller than usual. A gentleman of Sicily informed me, that there even the post-office, custom-house, merchants' offices, and other public places are plunged in secular concerns on this day, just as on others. Yet all these countries profess the law of Christ. The Greeks of Spetsia heard mass in the morning, and all was over for the day. On such occasions, I generally turned to singing, and on this I sang those sweet lines of Addison:—

"When in the sultry glebe I faint," etc.

Deeply feeling that the island ought to have the gospel, I opened my mind to the venerable priest Procopios. "I hope, my dear friend, you will recommend the Holy Scriptures from the pulpit as often as you can."

P.—"But we have scarcely any preaching at all in the island."

"What a pity! The gospel should be preached to all, my dear sir."

P.—"True, but I cannot preach unless I write my sermon and commit it to memory—no easy affair in Greek."

"But can you not tell the people something simple and plain about the love of Christ?"

P.—"That is not quite the way to preach. The Greeks must have eloquence; and to write and get by heart such a sermon is hard work. I cannot preach properly without writing all. You may, perhaps, have heard that I pronounced the funeral oration on the death of Lord B—; but, sir, I composed the whole, and committed it to memory first."

"My friend, forgive me, if I think you mistake the true character of preaching; I do not think you need all this toil."

P.—"But, sir, the people will have eloquence; besides, without writing, I cannot talk for half an hour; it is no easy matter."

"But let us see. If a man feels deeply that we are lost sinners, by nature and by practice; that God has pitied our forlorn state; that he has sent his dear Son to die for us; that Jesus died on the tree to atone for our sins; and that if we repent and believe in him—in Jesus—as Mediator, we are saved from the wrath to come: if a man—if you, deeply feel these truths, cannot you speak of them without a book? Now, if you can, what is that but preaching? We speak that which we do know."

P.—"I see what you mean."—*Wilson's Greek Mission.*

THE LORD IS GRACIOUS.

Even the most enlightened nations put the thunder into the right hand of their Jupiter; they placed the eagle at his feet; they represented him as ruling the world by terror: but it was reserved for revelation to emblazon the Divine character in the full circle of his perfections. The name of the God of the Jews, who is also the God of the Christians, is, "The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth."—*Waugh.*

WELL-SPENT PAINS.

I can scarce think any pains misspent that brings me in solid evidences of that great truth that the Scripture is the word of God. And I use the Scripture as a matchless temple, where I delight to be, to contemplate the beauty, the symmetry, and the magnificence of the structure, and to increase my awe, and excite my devotion to the Deity there preached and adored.—*Hon. Robert Boyle.*

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UNION AMONG CHRISTIANS.

By union amongst Christians of different denominations is not necessarily meant—and certainly not meant in the first instance—their incorporation into one society; but their harmonious co-operation for the fulfilment of one or more objects which they shall agree in thinking and feeling to be desirable. This implies that, to some extent, at least, they shall be of one mind; but no sooner do we make use of this last term than we are met by an ambiguity, which, ere we enter any farther on the subject, requires some previous explanation.

If the mind were always spoken of, which it most frequently is, as the seat of intelligence and thought, then to be of one mind were equivalent to our being of one opinion. But so closely related are thoughts and feelings to each other, that when any given object of contemplation is present to the mind, it is instantly followed up by some correspondent emotion, so that, should two men view alike the same thing, they will, generally speaking, be alike affected by it—that is, bear towards it the same veneration or love, or it may be antipathy and hatred. But the heart is most commonly spoken of as the seat of these and all other emotions; and had this appropriateness of expression been always preserved, had this distinction between the mind and the heart been ever strictly proceeded on in the phraseology of authors, it might have conduced to greater perspicuity in the treatment both of philosophical and practical questions, the one relating to the science of mind, and the other to the lessons of morality or even lessons of the gospel. But language refuses to be thus fettered; and so mind, as if equivalent to the whole of the inner man, is made to include both the intellectual and emotional department of our nature. And nowhere is this latitude of signification more usually given to it than in Scripture, where we read of mind as being carnal or fleshly, of its being enmity against God, of its not only thinking and judging, but willing, and of loving with all our mind.* Nor does this indiscriminate application of the word come at all into contravention with a sound mental philosophy, but is rather in accordance with one of its latest and best conceptions, by which we are taught to contemplate the mind not as a complex organization made up of parts, or as if consisting of different regions—the regions of the intellect, and the fancy, and the will; but as in itself one and indivisible, though capable of passing into different states, such as states of thought and states of feeling. And so, by this mode of viewing our mental operations, it is the whole mind that judges, and the whole mind that purposes or wills, and the whole that regards any given object at one time as an object of thought, at another as an object of desire. And if on any subject, this manifold application of one and the same mind is more to be looked for than on another, it must be among the writers on Christianity, where the understanding or belief on the one hand, and the affection on the other, are represented as being in such close and constant relation, insomuch that to think aright and to feel aright, if not synonymous, are at least viewed as inseparable; and so we read of being renewed in knowledge; of being sanctified by the truth; of our hearts being purified by faith.

But we need not go far in quest of authorities, to be satisfied that the substantive mind—rather its related verb, to mind, or to be minded—includes both the intellect and the affections. In those verses which form the motto of the present essay, and, indeed, of the whole volume, we have the undoubted evidence, both of text and context, for the twofold application which we have been trying to establish. We must not exclude knowledge; for when Paul says that, "if in any thing ye be otherwise minded God shall reveal even this unto you," we must remember that to reveal is to make known; that the first object of revelation is mainly an intellectual one; and so to rectify the state of those who were otherwise minded from himself; from being differently minded to make them like-minded with the apostle, we can perceive by the very term here used, that certain things must be brought to their knowledge, and so as that they shall think differently and understand differently from before. But neither must we exclude affection; for when the apostle speaks of those "who mind earthly things," he obviously

* Matt. xxii. 37. διανοια, from νους, which is spoken of as the seat of affection as well as thought, just as φρην is, the derivatives of which are made use of to express the direction not of our thoughts only, but our desires. Τα ανω φρονειτε —"set your affections on things above." If told to set our regards on things above, they might be either the regards of attention or the regards of love.

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does not mean those who have a right philosophic view of the nature and constitution of these things, but those who have a relish for these things, and so are addicted to the pursuit and enjoyment of them—the same with those "whose god is their belly," and distinct from those whose "conversation is in heaven," the one setting their affections on the things which are below, the other setting them on the things which are above; or the former savouring what is earthly, the latter savouring what is heavenly, Matt. xvi. 23; Mark viii. 33. Let us not wonder, then, if at a little distance from these verses, as in Phil. ii. 2, the being like-minded and being of one mind, stand so closely blended, almost identified, with one "having the same love;" and, thus, when two disciples are exhorted to be of the same mind in the Lord, we cannot but conceive that this signifies a great deal more than their being of one opinion, even that they should have one common aim, and should unite together in prosecution of the same objects.

The common aim is obviously the thing expressed in Phil. iii. 16, when the apostle calls on his disciples to be thus minded, or minded as he was, in that, with intense desire after perfection, he pressed onward for the full attainment of it. And yet this urgent and practical earnestness was founded on and flowed out of a previous judgment, even his having counted* that he had not yet apprehended what he was aspiring after; and so that there ought to be a common aim, there behoved to be a common understanding. Men must think alike of the same object, ere they can desire alike, or alike follow after it. And, accordingly, to bring about this unanimity, or to actuate one and all by the same desire after a given thing, and set them on the same active pursuit, they must be brought to entertain the same views regarding it; and so it was not only necessary to animate, but to reveal, in order to bring those who, in a certain thing, were otherwise minded from Paul, to a right and full understanding of it, Phil. iii. 15. And yet, anterior to such revelation, they were, to a certain extent, and up to a given point, of one opinion; and the lesson here given is, that up to that point they should walk together. In so far as men think together, let them act together.

* Λογιζομαι—to count, to judge, to reckon—a word, the signification of which is generally, and as far we know, exclusively intellectual.

"Whereunto we have already attained, to that let us walk."*

And we might here refer to the case of Christian and mere worldly philanthropists acting together, but only at present for the purpose of illustration, not for the purpose of deciding upon its merits. There are goodly examples of men who, apart from Christianity, or from the direct influence of the gospel on their own hearts, would, under the impulse of a natural humanity, most willingly lend themselves to the prosecution of objects connected with the amelioration, in as far, at least, as concerns the temporal happiness of our species. It is thus that we have been enlisted in the same association, pleading side by side from the same platform, and labouring with conjunct assiduity and zeal in the same committees; on the one hand, the most devoted of our spiritual men, and, on the other, men who, though of temperament altogether secular, are, nevertheless, to be found in considerable force and number, among the patriots, and the educationists, and the general philanthropists of our day. They are of one opinion and so of one feeling, as to the desirableness of freedom for the slave, of knowledge for the ignorant, of health for the diseased, and of greater economic comfort and enlargement for those who, oppressed by penury and sore labour, occupy, and with ever increasing multitude, the lowest places in the scale of society. It is thus that both men with, and men without religion, may be often descried in close fellowship, making a common cause of schools, and of medical charities, and of schemes for the mitigation of all sorts of poverty and distress, and of joint enterprises, beyond reckoning, for the removal of grievances and the relief of life's innumerable hardships and ills. It would take us far and keep us long from the purpose of this brief essay, did we attempt to discuss, in all its bearings and influences, the subject of such combination as these. Let me only advert to the few glimpses of light which Scripture seems to throw upon it, when it tells us of the Saviour, that as he looked to the young man of many virtuous observances he loved him, though

* We have here given Phil. iii. 16, only as far as Griesbach has admitted it into his text, or about the first half of it. The omission of the other half, for which, however, the authorities are nearly equal on both sides, does not affect the lesson, the words left out being chiefly words of amplification. Any deficiency arising from the want of them is fully made up in Phil. ii. 2, and Phil. iv. 2.

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he came short of eternal life, Mark x. 21; and of the apostle who loved Philemon in the flesh as well as in the Lord, Philemon 16; and when it bids us do good unto all men as we have opportunity, where, though it adds, "especially unto them who are of the household of faith," yet by this very addition marks all the more strongly that others, or the species at large, must not be excluded from the regard of Christians, Gal. vi. 10; and, lastly, when it enjoins us not to shun all intercourse with those who are without, but to "walk in wisdom towards them," Col. iv. 5; and so far from laying an interdict on occasional convivialities with these, would deprecate it as an evil, at least as an impossibility, because inferring this necessity, that we must "needs go out of the world," 1 Cor. v. 10;—all marking, we think, that the disciples of the Lord Jesus may unite with the men of the world in schemes and enterprises of general well-doing.

But we can now afford to say no more, either to confirm the argument, or to meet the controversy that might, perhaps, be awakened by it. This is obviously not the sort of conjunction adverted to in the text—a conjunction between those who were and those who were not Christians. The walking together that is enjoined here, is of men who were Christians, and who, though not yet perfect, were at least on the way to perfection; so that Paul could tell them, both those who were like-minded with himself and those who were otherwise, to proceed onward in that way. The men whom he addressed were the "saints in Christ Jesus" who were "at Philippi," and not the men of whose walk he here tells them, and whom he denounces as "enemies of the cross of Christ." They were Christ's friends, and theirs behoved to be another walk than that of Christ's enemies, a walking together "by the same rule," even though they differed somewhat among themselves. If asked, "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" Amos iii. 3; our reply is, that they walked together as far as they were agreed. They walked together up to that point, or "whereto they had already attained." There was thus a diversity, and at the same time, a oneness between two parties in the church of Philippi, whom yet he alike recognises as Christians; and the question is, If there be not a like diversity and a like oneness among certain parties of professing Christians in the present day? Nothing more frequent, we are sure, than the acknowledgment of a common Christianity between such—and this not in the form of an empty compliment, but an honest and cordial admission that, with all their differences, they were at one in all the essentials of the faith. Can any path be devised, then, on which the men who so agree and so differ might walk together by the same rule, and be intent on the same things? The solution of this question has often been attempted, and practically, too, in various ways; but as yet, it is certain, with very partial, and often with but temporary success. The Bible Society, several missionary societies, and other enterprises of religious benevolence have been tried, and with some service, we doubt not, to the cause of Christian charity. Yet all have fallen short of the aim, immeasurably short of the fulfilment of our Saviour's prayer, John xvii. 21, which was for the establishment not only of such a real but of such an ostensible unity among Christians as could be seen by the world, and as might lead the world to believe in the mission of our Saviour. We as yet see no perceptible advances towards such a consummation. The sects and subdivisions of Christendom continue as numerous as before; nor are we sure that there is less of jealousy and alienation and heart-burning among the different branches of this great but withal disunited family.

It were well if Christians could be made more alive to the serious evil, either of multiplying differences, or of magnifying these differences beyond the real dimensions of the worth and importance which belong to them. By so doing they put themselves into conflict with the object of our Saviour's prayer, which implies that the world's regeneration hinges on the palpable unanimity of his disciples. It is true that we are bidden to contend earnestly "for the faith which was once delivered to the saints;" and that "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." Such is the deference to the right of private judgment, that each man should be led to believe in the light of his own understanding; and if he act not according to his belief, he acts sinfully. It is very possible, however, that there might be a particular matter of faith in his mind which forms no part of the faith once delivered to the saints, neither opposed to it, nor yet belonging to it, just because the Bible, or record of

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this faith, says nothing distinct or authoritative on the subject. The apostle Paul enjoined the very opposite of this earnest contending in the question of meats and days; for his was an earnest persuasion to mutual forbearance, and this, that the men who differed in these matters might continue members of the same church, and recognise each other as disciples of one and the same faith. It is truly unfortunate, then, when an undue stress is laid on certain distinctive peculiarities, by such as tell us that they must stand up for every pin of the tabernacle. If Scripture made it clear that their peculiarity was indeed a pin, there could be but one choice in regard to it on the part of all enlightened Christians. But if not, it were truly desirable that each man who had a faith in such peculiarity should be satisfied with having it to himself before God. We have known several instances of those who could not conscientiously eat blood, but never once thought of erecting this peculiarity of theirs into a term of communion, or of erecting a separate church because of it. Now, are there no other points and peculiarities which have most unnecessarily and most perniciously been made points of sectarianism, and so as to have given, in the eyes of the world, the aspect of a motley and party-coloured thing to our common Christianity? though destined to be the religion of the species, because truly a religion not of points but of principles. To persist in keeping up these as points of distinction, and so to postpone the condition on which we are told that the world shall be converted, is truly to strain at so many gnats and to swallow a most enormous camel.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

THE BOX-TREE.

No. III.

THE ancients much valued the box-tree, and it is often mentioned by the classic authors. Theophrastus classes it next to ebony, from the close and hard texture of its grain; and Virgil enumerates its qualities and applications in terms which are equally adapted to the present day.

"Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade,
Which curious hands may carve, and steel with ease invade."—DRYDEN.

But it is as applied to the quaint and fanciful purposes of topiary work, by cutting trees and shrubs into various forms, that we find the box-tree most frequently mentioned both by ancient and modern writers. This term, derived from the Latin word *topiarius*, ornamental, is applied to the art of training evergreens into curious and fanciful shapes, by putting over them a wire frame of the shape desired, and then clipping the tree into that form. To such an extent was this practice carried by the Romans, that both Pliny and Vitruvius use the term *topiaries* to express the art of gardening. Being a hardy evergreen, close and compact in its growth, of great duration, and bearing the shears remarkably well, few trees were better adapted for such purposes than the box; and whether as a verdant screen, arcade, or arbour, or formed into fantastic devices, even to imitate the figures of men and beasts, it appears to have held a distinguished place in every garden. Pliny, in describing to a friend his favourite villa at Tusculum, mentions a lawn adorned with figures of animals cut out in box-trees, answering one to another, while a hedge sheared into various figures enclosed the walk which surrounded it. Beyond this lawn and hedge, was a circular open space adapted for various exercises, ornamented in the centre by box-trees clipped into different forms, and enclosed by a sloping bank covered with box rising as in steps to the top. In another part of the same estate he speaks of the box as clipped into the form of letters, expressive either of the name of the owner, or the artist who traced them. Yet extraordinary and unnatural as such a style of gardening may now appear, when flowers of every hue and trees and shrubs from all parts of the world afford an almost embarrassing store wherewith to ornament and replenish our gardens, this "verdant architecture and statuary," as it has been well designated, prevailed in England and on the Continent till a very late period. About the beginning of the last century it was carried to such an extent as to attract the notice and excite the raillery of the wits and writers in the periodicals of the day. The following lines, in the style of Spenser, describe many a garden of that period:—

"There likewise might be seen on every side
The shapely box; of all its branching pride
Ungently shorne, and with preposterous skill
To various beasts and birds of sundry quill
Transform'd, and human shapes of monstrous size.

* * * * * *

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Also other wonders of the sportive shears,
Fair nature misadorning, there were form'd:
Globes, spiral columns, pyramids, and piers
With spouting arms and budding statues crown'd:
And horizontal dials on the ground,
In living box by cunning artists traced;
And galleys trim, on no long voyage bound,
But by their roots there ever anchor'd fast."

G. West.

In this style of gardening the dwarf box also bore a conspicuous part, furnishing the delicate lines and curious devices of the embroidered parterres, for such was the appellation then given to the verdant masses which formed the principal ornaments of their gardens. It was in inventing and executing and preserving such complex or elegant designs that the great art of the gardener of those days consisted. Mottoes, coats of arms, or more generally arabesque designs, were thus formed either on a sloping bank to be viewed from below, or to be looked down on as a whole from some building or terrace: such embroidered parterres are plainly represented in many old views of mansions, in pictures of those periods, where they appear to form the sole vegetable ornaments of the scene. The box was carefully kept at three inches from the ground, and the most delicate lines were scarcely two inches in breadth. In general the space on which they were formed was covered with gravel or sand; but in the more expensive and elaborate designs, coloured sands, earths, ground glass, or potsherds, or other such articles, were used to produce various colours to contrast with the deep green hue of the box. Of such, lord Bacon quaintly remarked, "As for the making of knots and figures with divers coloured earths, they be but toys: you may see as good sights many times in tarts."

But the days of topiary work are over, and the delicate lines and fanciful devices of verdant embroidery have given place to the brilliant and varied flowers which modern skill and research have culled from distant lands, whose very names were unknown to our forefathers; yet neither change of fashion nor addition to our garden stores, will supplant or banish the box from our gardens and ornamental plantations. Whether variegated, or in its natural robe of dark bright green, it forms one of our most important evergreen shrubs, while the dwarf variety furnishes a well known and most valuable edging to our borders.

Many compact and low growing plants have been tried, with various success, for this purpose; grass, basket-work, twisted wire, and rugged stones also have been substituted for it; yet it is generally acknowledged that for beauty, utility, and durability, adaptation to every situation, and neatness of appearance, box far surpasses every other plant or thing.

The dwarf, or Dutch box, (*B. s. suffruticosa*,) as it is termed, is considered to be but a variety of the larger species. If planted on good soil, and carefully attended to, these edgings will last for many years, and always look well. The best period for clipping them is about Midsummer, as by that time their annual shoots are nearly completed, though they still retain sufficient vigour to protrude a few short shoots, thus in a short time removing the unsightly appearance of the shears, while, if the operation be postponed till autumn, this is not effected till the following spring. When the edge is required to last for many years, it has been recommended that every second year alternately, one side of it should be cut almost to the ground, as after some time, when the surface only is clipped, the thick mass of shoots formed above, by excluding light and air from the stems, renders them so weak and ragged that nothing but entirely re-planting will remove the evil. The usual dimensions of these borders are four inches high, three in breadth at the ground, and two above; half these proportions are sometimes adopted, though in every case the base must be broader than the summit, to admit rain and light to the sides and roots. Trivial and unimportant as the subject may appear, yet how much of the beauty and perfection of the gay parterre depends on the neatness and verdure of the lowly rim which defines the variously shaped beds, relieves the brilliancy they display when in meridian splendour, and gives a cheerfulness and a finish to the scene when they have disappeared.

It is, indeed, the wintry day that best displays the value of the box-tree. The ever changing beauties, and lovely variety which our gardens, in spring, summer, and autumn, in turn, present to us, may eclipse its humbler form in the shrubbery, and cause it in the flower garden to appear but as a mean adjunct of the scene; yet the ruthless gales and nipping frost, which desolate the one and deprive the other of every charm, have no power to touch the bright and cheerful box. Unchanged by the changing seasons,

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it appears, if not the sole, yet a conspicuous ornament of the scene where but lately it filled so subordinate and unpretending a place. Surely this may remind us that, in the days of health and strength, amidst the joys of prosperity and the vortex of dissipation, too often are the "solid joys and lasting pleasures" which religion alone can impart overlooked and undervalued, nay, despised and scorned. But when riches have made to themselves wings and flown away, as the party-coloured leaves of the wood have fled before the autumn gale; when the buds of hope and blossoms of pleasure are nipped and withered, before the storms of adversity, and freezing blasts of trial; when body and mind are alike laid prostrate, and the dearest delights and most cherished objects do but wound the heart which so fondly trusted in them,—then is it that the incorruptible inheritance, and the "hope which maketh not ashamed," purchased by the Saviour's blood and applied by the influences of his Holy Spirit, are rightly estimated as alone able to impart a peace which the world giveth not and cannot take away. What plantation in our region of storms and changing seasons would be complete, however gay and brilliant its blossoms, and rare and graceful its forms, were the evergreen tribe excluded from its limits? Gay and brilliant as its spring-tide and summer beauties might appear, how quickly would they vanish, how many dreary uncheered months must be passed in gloom and desolation! And should we, the dwellers in a world of cares and changes, be beguiled by aught below to forget, how soon we may, and how certainly we must, experience the common lot? for "we all do fade as a leaf;" and that our fondest hopes and brightest joys are yet more fragile than ourselves? But they who in faith and prayer have sought and found "the one thing needful," know and feel that, like our modest evergreen, it adds a charm to every joy and enhances every delight in a tenfold degree, while it cheers the most gloomy hour, and smiles the brightest, when all around is most dark and desolate.

"Lord, teach us this 'one thing' to choose,
Which they who gain can never lose;
Sufficient in itself alone,
And needful were the world our own.

Let grovelling hearts the world admire,
Thy love is all that I require!
Gladly would I the rest resign,
If the 'one needful thing' be mine."—NEWTON.

SIN FRUITLESS.

SIN is fruitless, as being attended with pains that are greater than the pleasures which it brings. Sin, like a trap, may possibly at the top be smeared with a little honey, underneath which is contained a draught of deadly wine, far more pricking and terrible than the delights were pleasant which it pretended to bring; like as Jael did to Sisera, it decoys us in with the offer of wine and milk, until, taking advantage of our sleep and security, it nails and rivets our very souls to the chambers of death. Thus, for the most part, sickness is the just chastisement of excess in diet; and from abundance of wine a man becometh a beast, with this difference only, that he is a beast, with reason, as a beast is so without it.

The delicious parts of sin soon run away, and leave nothing but bitterness and dregs behind. The worldly sensualities which men enjoy; the sprightly and brisk vigour that, with a blushing and furious frenzy, quickens their pursuit of the pleasures of the flesh; the delights they are wont to receive from ceremonies, and the little formalities of courtship and address; all these, by a violent shock or two of an acute disease, or, at farthest, by the stormy gusts and winter that accompany old age and grey hairs, are blown away: and indeed it would be well if the sinner could so escape; but, alas, it proves far otherwise; for as the fruits and delicacies pass away, so there is left behind a long catalogue of infirmities and loathsome diseases; and of all evils the worst, a foul recoiling conscience, which will not only bear witness against the sinner, but will be a severe judge. If sin be fruitless and without satisfaction, then, let this persuade us to abate our eager pursuit after it; for why should we spend our labour on that which will not recompense our toil, or lay out our money on what will not satisfy us? What man in his sober senses would enter on an action which he knew beforehand would not agree with his purpose, or conduce to the bringing about his design? Or who ever willingly would spend a day in the course of life which he certainly knew would not contribute to his pleasure or advantage? And yet we add days to weeks, weeks to months, and months to years, in the purchase of that, the possession of which we know can never please us. Wherefore let us entertain a low and mean notion of the

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glories of this world, and the pomp thereof, and no longer trust in unstable riches, honours, or power, nor permit ourselves to be puffed up by the large share of them which we perhaps may enjoy, seeing that, without real goodness and virtue, they will arise to no true value; for, till then, let a man have all the choicest curiosities of nature crammed into his body; let him be made of the finest ingredients and most delicate principles the world can afford; let there be in his face a concurrency of all beauty and shape, in his nature an eminence of all sweetness and ingenuity, in his mind a conspiration of the politest and most desirable varieties of all kinds of learning; yet, notwithstanding this, in respect of eternal happiness, his soul has no greater right or assurance than that of the meanest slave or beggar.—*Dr. Barrow.*

CORAL ISLANDS.

No. I.

That islands or vast reefs, extending for many miles, should owe their origin to minute animals, of almost gelatinous texture—lithophyte or stone-forming polypes—is so startling, that were not the fact proved, we might be pardoned for withholding our belief; we are indeed amazed to learn how intimately these extensive masses are connected with organic life; and admitting the fact, imagination falls powerless in the attempt to estimate the myriads upon myriads of individual polypes, all at work upon their imperishable masonry. The polypes, or lithophytes, which form banks or reefs of coral islands in the sea, or additions to the coast, belong to the tribe of madrepores, such as meandrina, and astræa; and we may lay it down as an axiom, that they cannot, and do not labour at any great depth. These creatures, adorned often with beautiful colours, require the influence of light, and the rays of the sun, and consequently never lay the foundations of their calcareous tenements in the dark and stilly depths of the ocean. Yet, be it remembered, that corals often form vast beds, of upwards of a hundred feet in thickness, and even more, still covered by the water, and constituting a sunken reef; while, again, on the contrary, as on the shores of Timor, near Coupang, they form a bed from twenty-five to eighty feet in thickness, over rocks elevated above the level of the sea.

But before we enter into the theory of the formation of coral reefs and islands, let us take a general survey of some of the principal works constructed by these strange architects, well termed by Montgomery—

> "Unconscious, not unworthy instruments,
> By which a hand invisible was rearing
> A new creation in the secret deep."

It is in the South Sea and Indian ocean that the rock-forming madrepores are the most abundant. In the Red Sea coral reefs are very numerous, and are usually found extending in a straight line, parallel to the coast. They differ from the coral formations of the Pacific, inasmuch as they never exhibit a circular form, nor contain a lagoon in the centre. In many places they unite with the coast which they thus render inaccessible, for though immediately beyond them the water is often very deep, yet but a few feet of water covers them, and in this way they have blocked up bays or harbours, into which, in former times, vessels could freely enter. In other cases the reefs are unconnected with the shore, and often at several miles distance. Towards the sea they sink abruptly, and the water is very deep, but they gradually slope on their side towards the land, and the strait thus formed will admit vessels of moderate burden. The water here is always, or mostly, very tranquil, being less influenced by the winds, which, during the greater part of the year, regularly set in at certain times of the day, and strongly agitate the main sea. Besides these larger reefs, there are others of variable size, and isolated character, dangerous to the navigator; especially in the straits of Tiran, and in the neighbourhood of the Farsan islands.

Coral reefs more or less surround the shores of the Isle of France, the Papuan, the Marian, and the Sandwich islands, and in these instances the depth of water between the shore and the reefs is moderate, and protected from the violence of wind. At Turtle island, however, Captain Cook failed in his attempt to fathom the water between the madrepore reefs and the land. Sometimes, indeed, between two reefs, there is found a narrow channel, with great depth of water. There are other instances in which coral reefs run in a line with the coast, and are separated from it by deep water, as at Vanikoro, the place where the ill-fated Le Peyrouse

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was shipwrecked. The reef runs at about two miles distant from the shore, rising seaward from an ocean of profoundest depth, that of the channel varying from fifty to three hundred feet. The grandest coral reef known is one which runs parallel to the north-east coast of Australia, varying in distance from the shore, to the extent of twenty, and in some parts fifty, or even seventy miles, and stretching out for nearly a thousand miles in length. The arm of the sea which flows between this vast reef and the shore averages from ten to twenty fathoms in depth, but, at one part, increases to forty, fifty, and sixty fathoms. This extraordinary reef is an apt example of a particular class, termed barrier reefs; but there are others, which are denominated encircling reefs; and to these we shall next attend.

Many islands are surrounded by a coral reef, at a variable distance from the shore. When speaking of reefs of madrepore generally, we alluded to Vanikoro; here we have the example of an encircling reef; it forms a ring, with an island rising, as it were, in the centre of a lagoon it incloses. The beautiful island of Tahiti is also surrounded by a belt of coral, over which the white breakers foam, but between which and the shore, the water reposes in tranquillity. New Caledonia is also encircled by extensive coral reefs, which are carried out to a great distance beyond the island.

A modification of the encircling reef has been termed, by Mr. Darwin, the fringing reef; in this case, the distance of the reef from the shore is very trifling, and the water between very shallow. Many of the islands in the Indian Archipelago, as Waigiau, New Guinea, Ceram, etc., etc., are thus skirted. Quoy and Gaimard particularly describe the island of Timor, which is surrounded by banks of coral, exposed above the surface of the water. The whole shores of Coupang are formed of them, and the low hills in its vicinity are enveloped in them; but a few hundred yards from the town they disappear, and distinct strata of slate are plainly visible. The depth of the exposed bed of madrepore over the rocks along the shore varies from twenty-five to eighty feet in thickness. This island is then skirted rather than fringed with coral, which was evidently once a fringe to its coast, or even assumed the form of an encircling belt.

M.

ACORNS.

The following quotation from the Northampton Herald refers to the great abundance of acorns which prevailed in the year 1844. Deer were provided for, pigs banqueted in the woods, and squirrels held their revels on the topmost boughs of the laden trees.

> The antler'd roamer of the park—
> The tenant of the sty,
> And the nimble climber of the wood
> Were feasted sumptuously;
> While happy children glean'd from nature's stores
> Enough to keep off want from cottage doors.

"Productiveness of the Oak.—A circumstance has come to our knowledge which will interest our readers, not only because it illustrates this year's unusual productiveness of the oak, but because it shows the way in which that productiveness has in one instance been singularly beneficial to the poor. A correspondent writes thus:—'I was driving three or four weeks ago on the road from Daventry to Badby, when I saw a boy, apparently about sixteen years of age, with a sack under an oak tree. "Are you picking up acorns, my lad?" said I. "Yes, Sir," said he. "What do you get for them?" "A shilling a bushel." "How long are you collecting a bushel?" "Oh, Sir, I can pick up a bushel a day, but not unless I am allowed to go into Sir Charles Knightly's woods, which all the poor of Badby were allowed to do till a few days ago." "But if you could collect a bushel now, how much could you collect earlier in the season?" "Oh, about four bushels a day." "Indeed!" "Yes, Sir, but that did not last long." "How long? six weeks, eh?" "Yes, I should say it lasted as long as that, but not much longer." Here our dialogue ended, and as I was going to Sir Charles Knightly's, I mentioned to him what had passed between me and the Badby lad. Upon this, Sir Charles took me to his wood-yard, where he showed me 1745 bushels of acorns lying on the floors of two barns, which had been collected for him by the Badby poor. He had paid £70 for the collecting; and in addition to what Sir Charles Knightly had bought, which he had purchased as keep for his deer, the farmers in the neighbourhood had, I found, been extensive purchasers of acorns as keep for their pigs.'"

THE UNCONVERTED.

Whilst thou art unconverted thy body is but the living coffin of a dead soul.—W.

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The Pope, on Palm Sunday.

THE POPE.

In the services of the last week of Lent, as celebrated at Rome, the pope is peculiarly conspicuous. The principal function takes place on Palm Sunday, in the papal chapel, commonly called the Sistine, and consists of the mass. It differs from the service of any other Sunday, in the blessing and distributing palm, or olive branches, as a commemoration of Christ's entrance into Jerusalem. A procession is then formed about the Sala Regia, in which these branches are borne, a cardinal priest, according to Picart, chanting the mass.

The procession begins with the lowest in clerical rank, who move off two by two, rising gradually, till bishops, archbishops, and cardinals appear, and at the close of all—for in the Romish church the most distinguished always brings up the rear—the pope meets the view, borne in his chair of state, on men's shoulders, with a crimson canopy over his head.

"The procession," says an eye-witness, "issued forth into the Sala Borgia, (the hall behind the Sistine chapel,) and marched round it, forming nearly a circle, for by the time the pope had got out, the leaders of the procession had nearly got back again; but they found the gates of the chapel closed against them, and an admittance being demanded, a voice was heard from within, in deep recitation, seemingly inquiring into their business, or claims for entrance there. This was answered by the choristers from the procession, in the hall, and after a chanted parley of a few minutes, the gates were again opened, and the pope, cardinals, and priests returned to their seats. Then the passion was chanted, and then a most tiresome long service commenced, in which the usual genuflexions, and tinkling of little bells, and dressings, and undressings, and walking up and coming down the steps of the altar, and bustling about, went on; and which terminated at

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last in the cardinals embracing and kissing each other, which is, I am told, 'the kiss of peace.' The palms are artificial, plaited of straw, or the leaves of dried reeds, so as to resemble the real branches of the palm-tree, when their leaves are plaited, which are used in this manner for this ceremony in Roman Catholic colonies in tropical climates. These artificial palms, however, are topped with some of the real leaves of the palm-tree, brought from the shores of the Gulf of Genoa." Need it be asked whether St. Peter and St. Paul were ever thus carried in pomp and childish show?

On Thursday a singular ceremony takes place, an account of which shall be given on the same authority:—"It is instituted in commemoration of our Saviour's washing the feet of the apostles; but here there were thirteen instead of twelve. The odd one is the representative of the angel that once came to the table of twelve that St. Gregory was serving; and though it is not asserted that the said angel had his feet washed, or indeed did anything but eat, yet as the pope can hardly do less for him than the rest, he shares in the ablution as well as the repast.

"The twelve were old priests, but the one who performed the part of the angel was very young. They were all dressed in loose white gowns, with white caps on their heads, and clean woollen stockings, and were seated in a row along the wall, under a canopy. When the pope entered, and took his seat at the top of the room, the whole company of them knelt in their places, turning towards him; on his hand being extended in benediction, they all rose again and reseated themselves.

"The splendid garments of the pope were then taken off; and, clad in a white linen robe, which he had on under the others, and wearing the bishop's mitre instead of the tiara, he approached the pilgrims, took from an attendant a silver bucket of water, knelt before the first of them, immersed one foot in the water, put water over it with his hand, and touched it with a square fringed cloth, kissed the leg, and gave the cloth and a sort of a white flower, or feather, to the man; then went on to the next. The whole ceremony was over, I think, in less than two minutes, so rapidly was this act of humility gone through. From thence the pope returned to his throne, put on his robes of white and silver again, and proceeded to the Sala della Tavola, whither we followed, not without extreme difficulty, so immense was the crowd. The thirteen priests were now seated in a row at the table, which was spread with a variety of dishes, and adorned with a profusion of flowers. The pope gave the blessing, and walking along the side of the table opposite to them, handed each of them bread, then plates, and lastly, cups of wine. They regularly all rose up to receive what he presented; and the pope having gone through the forms of service, and given them his parting benediction, left them to finish their dinner in peace. They carry away what they cannot eat, and receive a small sum of money besides."

Now, what an absurdity is there in this annual ceremony! When Jesus washed the feet of his disciples, he charged them to do to others as he had done to them; but the best obedience would be rendered not to the letter, but the spirit of the command. In eastern countries persons travelling usually on foot, had to pass over dusty spots and scorching sands, having only the soles of their feet covered with sandals, which were fastened with thongs about the ankles. Any one coming a journey felt, therefore, that the first thing necessary for his comfort, was the washing of his feet, and hence the performance of this service: even providing him with water being the first kind action that was required by a friend or a stranger, came, of course, to designate all the duties of hospitality and brotherly kindness. Thus Paul mentions the washing of the saints' feet as implying a spirit of true benevolence; in this sense, then, and in this only, Christ's example is as binding now as it was in the first age of Christianity. The pope has, therefore, no more authority for his practice on this occasion, than he has for the use of holy water—for being enveloped as he is with clouds of incense, or for many other ceremonies of his degenerate church.

At the frowns of the pope we need not be alarmed. A worm is a miserable object to excite dread; and yet on the Thursday of "holy week," one of the cardinals curses all Jews, Turks, and hereties, which latter term includes every Protestant, "by bell, book, and candle." The little bell is rung, the curse is sung from the book, and the lighted tapers thrown down amongst the people. A spectator describes this cursing as follows:

"The clergy and friars being assembled

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in the cathedral, and the cross being held up with holy candles of wax fixed thereon, one of the priests in white robes ascended the pulpit and preached. The bishop then with solemnity pronounced the curse. This form of cursing commenced by declaring that it was 'By the authority of God the Father Almighty, of the blessed Virgin Mary, of St. Peter and St. Paul, and of the holy saints;' the excommunicated is then mentioned; and it proceeds 'We curse and ban, commit and deliver to the devil of hell, him or her, whatsoever he or she may be. Excommunicated and accursed may they be, and given body and soul to the devil. Cursed be they in cities, in towns, in fields, in ways, in paths, in houses, out of houses, and all other places, standing, lying, or rising, walking, running, waking, sleeping, eating, drinking, and whatsoever things they do besides. We separate them from the threshold, and from all prayers of the church, from the holy mass, from all sacraments, chapels, and altars, from holy bread and holy water, from all the merits of God's priests and religious men, from all their pardons, privileges, grants, and immunities, which all the holy fathers, the popes of Rome, have granted; and we give them utterly over to the power of the fiend! And let us quench their soul, if they be dead, this night in the pains of hell-fire, as this candle is now quenched and put out,' (and then one of them was put out,) 'and let us pray to God, that if they be alive, their eyes may be put out, as this candle is put out,' (another was then extinguished;) 'and let us pray to God, and to our Lady, and to St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the holy saints, that all the senses of their bodies may fail them, and that they may have no feeling, as now the light of this candle is gone,' (the third was then put out,) 'except they come openly now, and confess their blasphemy, and by repentance, as in them shall lie, make satisfaction unto God, our Lady, St. Peter, and the worshipful the company of this cathedral church. And as this cross falleth down, so may they, except they repent, and show themselves.'" Then the cross was allowed to fall down with a loud noise, and the superstitious multitude shouted with fear.*

This miserable and impious farce is soon followed by the pope's blessing on all who believe, or profess to believe, his own creed. On Easter-day he says mass at the high altar of St. Peter's, and at its close pronounces his blessing on the multitude in the square below, many of whom are pilgrims from considerable distances. One thing is, however, perfectly clear: he curses some who are objects of the Divine favour; he blesses others with whom God is angry every day. In each instance he speaks in vain, as it regards them; but in every one there is a record against him of presumptuous sin, in the book of God's remembrance.—*The Spirit of Popery.*

* All those included in this curse are described in a papal bull or decree read on this day, entitled, "In die Cœnæ Domini." It includes all who, by themselves or others, under any pretence, occupy, destroy, or detain, anything belonging to the church of Rome, or any of its rights. The offences specified in this bull can only be absolved by the pope himself.

HENRY ELLIS;

OR, VANITY AND FALSEHOOD.

No. II.

"As soon as Mr. Smith came into the shop, I went up to him and stammered out my trouble. He heard me patiently, but looked very grave about it; and when I had done, asked me several questions about where I put the money when I received it, and whether I was certain that I had it in my possession when I reached home. These questions I answered truly and unhesitatingly. Then he asked me if I came straight home after I received the money, or whether I had gone in anywhere on my way. I was not prepared for this inquiry, and suppose I looked confused; for he repeated the question with considerable sternness, and insisted upon receiving an immediate answer. I did not hesitate any longer; but said, with as much boldness as I could assume, that I did come straight home, and had not called anywhere in my way. This was the first deliberate lie that I remember to have told; and bitterly I repented having told it, the moment it had escaped my lips: but the rubicon was passed—at least, I thought so—and there was nothing left for me but to adhere to my falsehood.

"Having again examined me closely on every particular, Mr. Smith told me to go about my usual work, and said that he would make every inquiry about the house, to clear up the mystery. Accordingly, he called up all the young men, one at a time, and examined them as to

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the time and circumstances of my coming home, and also, as to whether they knew anything of the lost purse. But, so far as their testimony went, my statements were confirmed, though no discovery was made. After this, the porter was called; but he could only say that the shop door was locked as usual when he passed through to his dormitory. After this, another search was made in and about my bed, but without effect. Thus the affair was left through that day; but you may suppose that I was anything but happy. The lie I had told, rankled in my conscience; and I thought, how much better it would have been for me to have told the plain truth about my purchases. More than once I almost determined to go to Mr. Smith and make a full confession of my error; but fear and pride prevented me. 'It is too late now,' I thought; 'it will be turning evidence against myself, and I shall then be sure to be suspected of having used or concealed the money.'

"Nothing more passed, till the next day in the afternoon, when I was sent for into the counting-house. I went trembling with fear lest my falsehood should have been discovered. And so indeed it had; for the first objects which I saw when I entered, were the gold seal and the waistcoat which I had, as I thought, so securely hidden, lying open on the desk, and Mr. Smith sitting beside it. It happened, as I found afterwards, that a customer had asked to be shown some summer muslins, and thus the bundle which had not been moved for three months previously, was taken down, and the concealed articles found.

"I turned dizzy at the sight of the fatal purchases, and was ready to sink to the ground with shame and confusion. Mr. Smith looked more sternly than ever at me, and asked me if I knew anything of that waistcoat and seal. I saw that concealment was no longer practicable, and then told him the whole history of them, beginning with my having saved up my pocket money for the one, and having received a sovereign of my father for the other.

"'Ah,' said Mr. Smith, 'all this might have passed for truth if you had not hidden them, and had not told me that you went nowhere on your way home: but you cannot expect me to believe you now; and if you wish to escape immediate disgrace and punishment, you will at once confess what you have done with the remainder of the money.'

"'Indeed, indeed, sir,' I said, 'I have told you the truth—all the truth. It was my own money that I spent; and I cannot tell what is become of the other.'

"'I do not believe you,' replied Mr. Smith.

"'Oh, what shall I do?' I exclaimed, in agony. 'Pray, sir, send for my father; and he will tell you that he gave me the sovereign.'

"'I have sent for him,' he said, 'and I will give you until he comes to think about it; but I counsel you not to equivocate then: for if you do, I will send for a policeman, and give you in charge.' Saying this, he left me in the counting-house alone, and locked the door upon me.

"In the course of an hour my father came, wondering why he should have been sent for, but little thinking of the trouble I was in. He came into the counting-house with Mr. Smith, and there was told the whole history of my loss—pretended loss, as Mr. Smith said—of my lie, and of the discovery of my hidden purchases. My father was overwhelmed with confusion; but he was able to corroborate my statement about the sovereign; which, however, failed to produce any effect upon Mr. Smith, who seemed to conclude that it was natural for a father to endeavour to screen his son to the utmost of his power, even at the expense of truth. Then I had to undergo another rigid examination about the state of my own finances, as well as with regard to the whole transactions of that eventful evening. But I had nothing more to tell than I had already told, except that I believed five shillings of my own money still remained in the purse when it was lost.

"At length Mr. Smith got out of patience with what he considered my pertinacity, and sent for a policeman to take me into custody, my father, in the mean time, entreating me to confess if I had anything else to tell.

"The policeman came. Oh, how my heart beat when I saw him, through the glass door of the counting-house, entering the shop.

"My father implored Mr. Smith to grant a little longer time before exposing me to so great a disgrace; and, moved by his agony, my angry master gave me a respite till the next morning, my father entering into a written engagement to be responsible for the full amount of my loss, as *he* said—my dishonesty, as Mr.

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Smith called it. The policeman was then dismissed; and my father left me, still a prisoner in Mr. Smith's counting-house.

"The remainder of the day passed heavily, and so did the night. I might have had the consolation of knowing myself innocent but for the guilty lie I had told. This robbed me of all peace and rest. 'The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?'

"The next morning, at the appointed time, my father came again; but with an additional source of anxiety on his mind. The news of my disgrace had reached his employers, and they arrived at precisely the same conclusion that my master had done. They were convinced that I was guilty, and that my father had encouraged my falsehood by falling in with my story about the sovereign. They had, therefore, given my father an intimation that he must leave his situation. They said that they could not venture to retain a confidential servant who lay under any kind of suspicion. Nay, they said further, that my father was more to blame than myself, in encouraging me in habits of finery and extravagance; that they had long noted, with dissatisfaction, his own expensive mode of dress, and the foolish ornaments which he wore, and which were entirely inconsistent with his situation; and that they must look out for a clerk who was above such ridiculous vanity.

"This news filled up the measure of my sorrow, or rather, it made me indifferent to my own situation; and I no longer cared that my next night would probably be spent in a prison.

"As I remained obdurate—as Mr. Smith supposed—the policeman was again sent for; the story was briefly told to him, and I was given in charge. He was a kind man, and was moved by my evident grief, and suggested whether it would not be better again to make search around my bed, before he took me to the station-house. To this there was no objection, and we proceeded to the place.

"'There certainly is nothing of the sort here,' he said, as he at length discontinued his search; 'but I see there is a box in yonder corner; does it belong to the young man?' He was told that it was mine.

"'Perhaps you will let me have the key of it,' he continued. I placed the key in his hand. He unlocked the box, and turned out all the contents; but nothing was found to criminate me. We then went again into the counting-house, from which there was a private entrance into a back street, Mr. Smith saying that he did not wish to expose me more than was needful.

"We were just going out of the door when the policeman turned back.

"'Did you not say, sir,' he inquired of Mr. Smith, 'that your porter sleeps in another part of the premises?'

"'Yes, he does,' replied Mr. Smith, 'but what of that?'

"'Why, is it not possible that ——'

"'No,' said Mr. Smith, hastily, 'it is not possible. Johnson has been in my employ for more than twenty years; his character is above suspicion.'

"'Still,' said the friendly policeman, 'would it not be as well to speak to him?'

"'You may do as you please,' said my master.

"Johnson was accordingly called, but he had nothing else to say than he had already said; but the policeman was not satisfied. 'We have been looking over this young man's box,' he said. 'Now as you are the only person besides to whom any degree of suspicion ——'

"'Suspicion!' exclaimed Johnson, with indignation. 'If I thought Mr. Smith suspected me, I would not stay in his service another day.'

"'Mr. Smith does not suspect you,' replied the policeman; 'but you can have no objection, just as a satisfaction to this poor boy and his father, to let me look over your box, as I have over his.'

"'None at all,' said Johnson.

"We went into the warehouse, and the porter's box went through the same process that mine had done. Everything was emptied out of it, but nothing found.

"'I told you it would be labour in vain,' said Johnson, taking up an armful of his clothes to put back again.

"'Stop one moment,' said the policeman, 'this box of yours has a very thick bottom, and yet'—tapping it—'it sounds rather hollow.' At that moment I looked up into Johnson's face: it was rapidly changing from its usual red to a deadly paleness.

"The policeman, meanwhile, began to scrutinize the box very closely He attempted to move the bottom; but it remained firm and unyielding. 'I should say,' continued he, 'that this is a false bottom; but I cannot make out the trick

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of it.' He then lifted the box from the floor, and shook it; but to no purpose: it seemed heavy, but it was large, and made of oak, which sufficiently accounted for its weight.

"At last, he completely turned it bottom upwards. 'Oh,' said he, 'I see now.'

"The box had a false bottom about an inch below the real one; but it was so cleverly contrived that the way of opening it could not he discovered.

"Let me have a hammer," said the policeman. A hammer was brought; and, with one blow, the false bottom was smashed in; and there was my purse, rolled up in a handkerchief, and pressed tightly between the true bottom and the false one. And there were other things besides, which the unhappy man had abstracted from the shop; but had not had time or opportunity to remove. The purse was examined, and the money found just as I had received it, with my own five shillings in addition, as I had said.

"I did go that morning to the station-house, and afterwards before the magistrate, and I appeared at the Old Bailey sessions; but it was as a witness, and not as a prisoner. Johnson was convicted, and sentenced to seven years' transportation; and then he confessed that he had taken the purse from my pocket when I was asleep; and that for years he had carried on systematic depredations on his master's property. Poor fellow! he died before his term of transportation expired.

"Then your father did not lose his situation?" inquired William.

"No; his employers were very sorry for the injustice they had done him; and, instead of dismissing him, increased his salary. My master, too, forgave my falsehood, and seemed to think that he could never make up to me in kindness the error he had nearly committed; and during the remainder of my apprenticeship I was treated more as a son than as a stranger. But from that time to this, I have never worn an ornament of any kind, nor a showy garment, and I never will. My father, too, had had enough of them: from the day of my trouble, his rings, and chains, and brooches, and seals, and keys, disappeared; and he never sees a young man giving way to finery without endeavouring to warn him of his danger."

"I will not have anything to do with these watch-guards," said William, wrapping them up in the tissue paper from which they had been taken. "They shall go back to Mr. Turquoise the first thing in the morning."

"I wish I had not ordered this waistcoat," said Morgan; "for I did not really want one, only I thought the stuff was so pretty."

"There is something in what you have said," remarked Anderson; "but ——"

S.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

The character of our Lord is to be regarded as an example. "I have given you an example," said he, "that ye should do as I have done to you." "Learn of me." "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." Thus he seeks to augment the value of his own character, regarded as an argument for the gospel, by multiplying the copies of his excellence in the lives of all his people: he would render each of his disciples like himself—a living demonstration for the truth. All the wealth of moral power which the wise and the good have ever possessed is summed up in him, and infinitely augmented, and brought to bear on the hearts of his people; that, by living as under the focus of all excellence, they might be transformed into the same image. Having turned all his infinite nature into grace, having dissolved into a fountain of healing mercy for the recovery of the world, he would now employ the hearts of his people as consecrated channels for the diffusion of its streams: he would have their natures, like his own, changed into tenderness and love. It is true, his example can never be equalled, for it embodies infinite goodness; but with so much the greater force does it oblige us, in our humble measure, to attempt the imitation. Having adopted our humanity, when it was only related to him, like other natures, by creation, he is surely entitled to expect that we should love our own flesh, that we should seek the welfare of the nature which is essentially our own, by diffusing the greatest possible happiness among those connatural with us. Having died for the good of man, the least he is authorized to expect is, that we should live for the same benevolent object. What do we behold in his history, but a whole life of humility—one continued

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act of condescension—a vast and unbroken descent from the heights of heaven to the form of a servant, the life of an outcast, the death of a malefactor? The least use, then, we can make of his example—we who have it not in our power, as sinners, to practise great condescension, since we are all on a level in the dust already—is to assist each other to arise, aiding the infirmities of the weak, and breathing a spirit of sympathetic tenderness for all. As far as religion is practical and relative to others, he has made benevolence its life and essence; not merely a part of the Christian character, but the character itself.

And how eminently is the tender compassion of Christ calculated to encourage all to repair to him! When the more prominent parts of his history are made to pass before our eyes, if we are not destitute of all sensibility, how softening and hallowing the effect they produce on the mind! How impossible is it for the most timid spirit to picture the serenity of that brow which no evil passions ever disturbed, to mark the benevolence which beamed from his eye, and to listen to the tones of that voice which soothed and cheered the most fearful and sorrowful, without feeling itself drawn gradually nearer and closer to his side! Wherever his grace is scripturally displayed, it secures the attention of the most thoughtless, it melts the hardest and subdues the proudest heart, and inspires the most fearful with hope. The apostle declares, that had the princes of this world known him, they would not have crucified him; had they known the principle of love which brought him from heaven, they would have been disarmed of their enmity against him, and, instead of condemning him, they would have paid him homage as the Prince of the kings of the earth. Had those who were most eager to hasten his crucifixion, and most delighted with his death, caught but a glimpse of the love which dictated every action of his life, their cruel malignity must have yielded and given place to unfeigned penitence and love.

The character of Christ is the character of his dispensation; it is the dispensation of the still small voice; and the secret of its power is love. His ministers, therefore, are to win souls, to persuade men, to beseech them, to mingle their instructions with tears; and the more deeply they are imbued with the mind of Christ, the more tender will be their address, the more affectionate their message. They have only to consult their own experience to learn that the public exhibition of Christ, as the Saviour of sinners, constitutes the most welcome and profitable topic on which they can enlarge; that, whatever their subject may be, like John the Baptist pointing abruptly to his passing Lord, that cannot be a faulty digression which directs their hearers to "behold the Lamb of God."

The fact that Jesus was peculiarly his own subject, teaches us that he ought also to be ours; and that aspect of his character which he most delighted to exhibit must be the feature to which we should give especial prominence: and what was that but tender compassion for the souls of men? Approach, then, and look upon him: the nature in which you behold him clothed is truly your own; he has assumed it that he may dissipate all your fears; that he might taste death for you; that he may absorb and carry away all your sorrows; that he may claim kindred with you; that he may discharge for you all the kind and beneficent offices of brotherhood; that he might make it impossible for you to doubt his love. Approach, and behold his hands and his feet; those are the wounds which he received when "he was wounded for our transgressions—bruised for our iniquities," when "the chastisement of our peace was upon him," that "by his stripes we," might be "healed." Urge nothing in excuse for not coming to him; lose not the time necessary to utter it; for whatever your guilt or weakness, your wants or unworthiness may be, his grace overrules and provides for the whole. He knows the value of a religious principle too well, as well as the dangers to which it is exposed, to despise it on account of its weakness; he does not wait for a time, to see whether the spark of piety will increase or vanish; but he watches it, and solicits, and feeds it, until it rises into a pure and steady flame of devotion towards God. He does not disregard the piety of the poor and destitute, because they are unable to advocate his cause, or to contribute to its support more than two mites, or to adorn it with earthly splendour; the arms of his love embrace alike the obscure and the more useful; and if you are only conscious of a desire to love him—a concern to please him—you share a place in his heart in common with the angels around his throne. When the backslider relapses into the state from

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which he had been rescued, and seems even to prosecute his sinful course with renewed avidity, he does not, as man commonly does, regard him as lost. He goes after him into the wilderness; sends afflictions in pursuit of him; and waits to see the effect which trial and reflection produce. And if, like the prodigal, the sinner should come to himself, and say, "I will arise and return," and actually begin to retrace his steps, the Saviour delays not in order to see how far he will return—he sees him yet a great way off, and runs to meet him; he is delighted at the first indications of penitence, anticipates his intention, assists him in returning, and rejoices over him as one who "was dead, and is alive again." We ourselves can trace the mightiest occurrences back to sources the most insignificant; and, with intuitive ease, the Saviour beholds, in the first emotion of the penitent, the first symptom of an endless life—the first step in a career of glory, honour, and immortality. He does not, therefore, despise "the day of small things." And how many thousands of the blessed, who are now surrounding his throne above, are constrained, on looking back to the weakness of their early religious impressions, and the hesitation with which at first they advanced in the path of life, to bless him that he did not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax! Oh that you knew the unutterable interest which he takes in every serious emotion of your soul, you would love him more, and resort to him oftener, and repose in him all the confidence which he asks!

Finally. Let those of my readers who have been hitherto regardless of the ineffable compassion of the Son of God, remember the melting tones of remonstrance with which, when looking round upon such as you, he said, in all the grief of defeated mercy, "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." You can go to others, and inquire the way to happiness; you can believe what they say; you do follow their advice; but to Him who has laid out himself for your welfare, who alone could make the vast provision necessary for your immortal happiness—and who has made it at the expense of an infinite sacrifice—to him you will not come. He has to complain of you, that while you have been always ready to yield to the solicitations of the world, to follow the first beck of temptation, to accept of any invitation in the shape of worldly pleasure, yet his call you will not obey. He has to complain of you, that you put him off with mere professions, and make him to serve with the mere semblance of friendship; that though you have for years frequented his house, and heard his invitations, and been pressed to accept them, you still remain on terms as cold and distant with him as ever; that you never come to his footstool as suppliants, nor to his table as friends, nor walk in his ways as devoted disciples. But he will not let you go: though he feels your obstinate refusal to come to him—feels it as an insult to his grace—feels it as a deep disappointment, a grievous frustration of an object on which his heart was set—yet once more he comes to you; and, oh, mark and admire the gentleness of the terms in which he expostulates—it is the melting rebuke of mercy chiding you into its embrace—"Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." There is a sense, perhaps, in which, owing to your prolonged and stony indifference to his claims, you may be said to have closed your hearts against him; but he seeks to surmount even this obstacle; "Behold," saith he, "I stand at the door, and knock." He knows what unholy guests are within, what sins are entertained and regaled in the chambers of your hearts, while he is kept standing without and refused admission. But still, by the instrumentality of his gospel, if by nothing else, he continues to knock and to urge you to come to him: or he tenderly upbraids you that you will not.

But why does the blessed Jesus thus expostulate? "It is not," saith he, "that I receive honour of men; it is not that I seek to be gratified with the barren applauses of men, or that I hope for human requital; but these things I say, that ye might be saved." Yes, Saviour of sinners! this is thine only object, that they might be saved; the object of all thou hast said to them, and of all thou hast done for them; the object which is always present to thy mind! For this thou hast surrounded thyself with convincing proofs of thine appointment and power to save; and, oh, surpassing grace! thou even consentest to wait for their decision till they have examined the evidence of thy claims in detail! For this thou hast withheld nothing, not even thy blood, thy life; thou hast done so much for them, that infinite love can do no more!

Behold, then—behold, in the boundless

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love of Christ, a sufficient inducement to repair to him at once! He may be regarded, at this moment, as standing before you, with the hoarded love of eternity in his heart, offering to make you heirs of all its wealth; nor is it in your power to grieve him more than by disregarding the gracious overture. He fears nothing but your neglect; deprecates nothing but your inattention. The first look you direct towards him would not escape his notice; the first step you take towards him would bring him more than a step towards you. All things are ready for your reception; he will meet your weakness with his almighty strength, your emptiness and poverty with his inexhaustible fulness.—*Dr. Harris.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON HIGH-COLOURED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Whoever would know what is passing in the world must read the newspapers; and he who reads the newspapers is sure to find in them something to inform his understanding, to assist his judgment, and to move him, at different times, to mirth, applause, pity, and indignation. Having recently turned over a file of newspapers, I am disposed, in a somewhat humorous mood, to make some allusion to a portion of their contents.

We read in holy writ of a disposition on the part of a purchaser to cry down the article he is about to buy. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth," Prov. xx. 14. Hardly do I think that, in this respect, any alteration for the better has taken place since the days of Solomon; but, however this may be, mankind have certainly not declined in the art of crying up the articles they wish to sell. From a goodly mansion, or an estate, to a pill-box and packet of needles, everything, according to the advertisements in the newspapers, may be had of the very highest quality, and at the very lowest price.

Again, if we look at the amazing establishments of some of those who so kindly cater for the wants of the people, and so freely advertise in the public journals, it may incline us to think that there is no little truth in the adage—

> "He that in the world would rise,
> Must read the news and advertise."

Admitting, for a moment, that all which I have been reading is correct, and that there are, really, such excellent bargains to be made, as are publicly set forth, I have, for a long time, been standing sadly in my own light. Let me look at the affair a little more narrowly, for he is not a wise man who throws away his money by bad management, when he has so many opportunities of laying it out to advantage.

I have no positive intention of quitting the house now occupied by me, and if I had, the purchase of an estate is not exactly the thing that would suit me, and yet there is something very attractive in the announcement, "That snug little freehold, 'Rose Cottage,' with an excellent orchard and eight acres of land, free from all encumbrance, delightfully situated in a healthy and pleasant neighbourhood, commanding an extended prospect, is now to be sold, with immediate possession, on very moderate terms; any part of the purchase-money may remain on mortgage." There is such a kindly spirit of accommodation in all this, such an evident disposition to meet every wish, to anticipate every objection, and remove every impediment, that, to say the least of it, one can hardly regard the advertiser in any other light than in that of a friend.

Then, again, there are so many "eligible investments" of all kinds, in houses and land; so many "lucrative partnerships in established concerns," and so many shares to be had in assurance, railroad, mining, and other companies, all calculated to enrich those who secure them, that the wonder is, how owners of such property can manifest such careless indifference to their own interest, as to part with such undeniable advantages.

In the article of clothing, the liberality of those who undertake to supply our wants, almost amounts to benevolence. What a supply, a profusion, a prodigality of coats—pea, pilot, and polka; fur, Russian, and Chesterfield; Athol, Pembroke, and American; Bedford, Taglioni, Codrington, and Albert: a man must, indeed, be difficult to please, who can find nothing among these to suit him. In waistcoats—though I believe vests is the modern word—there is the same unsparing plenteousness. Plaids, Thibets, Mexicans, cassimeres, Persian, satin and velvet, plain and figured, are all provided at prices to suit all pockets; with trousers, cloaks, blouses, liveries, and ladies' riding habits, in unstinted abundance: the money paid by a purchaser for any of these articles to be on the instant

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returned, where the slightest dissatisfaction prevails. Talk of tradesmen being covetous, and given to take advantage! Why, what can be more honourable and open-hearted than these professions?

I have now before me an advertisement of an "immense stock" of "substantially-made" and "fashionably-cut" clothes, according to which it seems beyond dispute very practicable for a man to make his appearance in a "splendid" frock coat, a "gentlemanly" waistcoat, and a "a pair of fine, black cloth trousers," for the sum of one pound eleven shillings and ninepence. I have been looking at the cuffs of my best coat for some time, and, really—really, it hardly seems reasonable to wear clothes at all questionable, when such an unquestionable suit can be obtained on such easy terms. Be not surprised, should a fit of extravagance come over me, and you should meet me, one of these days, "spick and span."

I see but little about butcher's meat in the papers, but of York and Westphalian hams, real Wiltshire bacon, and excellent Welsh butter, there seems to be no difficulty in laying in a stock on most economical terms; while cod-fish may at times be bought at twopence per pound, and soles at the same price per pair. Mackarel, too, whose rainbow tints bespeak their freshness, are said to be unusually low. Peace and plenty are excellent things; we have been blessed with the former now for a long season, and no one, judging from advertisements in the newspapers, can reasonably doubt the existence of the latter.

There are many who drink neither Scotch, Burton, Alton, nor Bass's pale ale, nor Barclay's porter, nor Guinness's XXX Dublin stout, and to these especially the article of tea is one of considerable importance. Were we to form an opinion from the advertisements of the many "depôts," "marts," and "establishments" in the tea-trade, and the peculiar and especial advantages that each enjoys, one might be led to suspect that they employ their own ships, and carry on a direct trade with the Hong merchants of the celestial empire. In pekoe, souchong, congou, and bohea; twankay, hyson, and gunpowder teas, all our wants are anticipated with the extremest care, and almost affectionate philanthropy. We can, all of us, if we like, drink, on very moderate terms, just such tea as is supplied to the royal table. Is not this enough to tempt us to take an extra cup, if not two? There is, it appears, an admirable mixture, made up of forty different rare black teas, every kind grown on a different plantation, and possessing some peculiar quality or flavour. These various kinds are blended together in such proper proportions, that they produce a compound absolutely perfect. What more can we wish for? Unfortunately, however, as everything has a shadowy side, this excellent mixture is only known to one tea-dealer, though five hundred others undertake to supply it, every one vending his own mixture. It follows, then, that of the five hundred medleys, or mixtures, only one is genuine; the remaining four hundred and ninety-nine being spurious. This is a somewhat knotty point, which I must leave to the tea-dealers to settle. When I order my next chest—no, not chest, for that is a little above my mark—when I next order tea, I must see if I cannot get it of the genuine mixture.

When I was a boy, I never dreamed of putting Macassar oil, the toilet gem, bear's grease, and Circassian cream, on my head, nor had I my hair cut by a "physiognomical haircutter and peruquier." These are all advantages of modern times, and to them may be added, "tally-ho razors, genuine magnet paste, and superior badger hair shaving brushes." I am not a wig-wearer; but as none of us can see into futurity, nor divine what our wants may be in days to come, it is something to know that there are such things to be had, on very moderate terms, as "patent wigs of a cobweb texture," and "ventilating gossamer-web perukes, light as thistle down." Had it not been for the advertisements in the papers, these things might have altogether escaped my attention. Truly ours are extraordinary times!

I hardly dare trust myself on the subject of medicine, being sadly sceptical as to the sovereign influences of many which are freely advertised. Scarcely is there an infirmity to which humanity is liable, which some favourite pill or potion does not profess to cure—that is, if you take enough of it. A short time ago, the *Times* newspaper, in a fit of caustic jocularity, exclaimed, "You complain that you have taken fifty pills every morning, and fifty every evening, these six weeks, and find yourself at death's door. Then take more. Roast them for your coffee—butter them for your toast—boil them,

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for pea-soup—stew them for kidneys—fry them—fricassee them—scallop them—eat them raw—drink them—devour them—nibble them—crack them—play with them—take them for food—take them for medicine—take them for pleasure. They are essence of health and strength, take, take them—nothing but them, and you must live."

This is a tolerable dose for the pill advertisers. I hope it will agree with them, and do them good.

But it is not in houses, and food, and clothing, and physic alone, that advantages are offered, but in numberless other things. The savings which are to be effected in the purchase of household furniture are "immense," according to the advertisements, making us look coldly on our old friends and companions, our chairs and tables, as though we were half ashamed of their company. Pillar and clawfoot, Pembroke and dining-tables; cottage, cane, mahogany, and japanned chairs; French, tent, and four-post bedsteads, with hangings of all sorts; and Brussels, Turkey, Wilton, and Kidderminster carpets, may be had at twenty different establishments, every one of them the "most extensive," the "cheapest," and the "best" in the kingdom. Young housekeepers may well congratulate themselves on the privileges they enjoy.

Such as are disposed to add to their facilities of obtaining knowledge, have now an admirable opportunity, for books are printed in abundance to teach languages without the assistance of a master, and lessons from real natives are given in French and German, "at sixpence each." Who, under these circumstances, would rest satisfied with only a knowledge of his native tongue?

Nor are those who, having property, are disposed to enjoy it, at all overlooked by advertisers, for carriages, chariots, phaetons, stanhopes, tilburies, and cabs; hunters, hackneys, ponies, carriage-horses, and cobs, of most undeniable merits, are proffered daily in the papers, in language of upright and liberal dealing. Delightful excursions, also, are planned for them in the swiftest steamers, to the most agreeable countries, touching at the most interesting places, on the most economical terms, so that Etna and Vesuvius, the falls of Niagara, the pyramids of Egypt, the Alhambra of Spain, the Acropolis of Athens, and the colosseum of Rome, are no longer the improbable and impracticable places to visit that they have been usually supposed.

Thus might I go on enumerating the great advantages of modern times, and the wondrous facilities set forth in advertisements, for extending our knowledge, our comfort, and our pleasures; but, perhaps, I shall do better by applying a remark, and putting a searching question to my own heart, and to yours. I have been somewhat pointed, if not severe, in my observations on the overdrawn, high-coloured advertisements of others, without sufficiently considering my own. Every man is an advertiser, and our profession of Christianity is an advertisement, wherein we undertake, not only to love one another, to do to them as we would have them do to us, to fear God and keep his commandments, but, also, to "live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works," Titus ii. 12—14. While, then, we so freely comment on the advertisements of others, do we honestly act up to our own?

THE VAUDOIS.

When the Vaudois pushed their way on by Prali, Fayet, and Pramol, to Angrogna, they were agreeably surprised to meet envoys from the baron de Palavicino, who had come to announce to them peace on the part of the duke of Savoy. A rupture had taken place between Savoy and France; the Vaudois joined their own prince against the latter, and having rendered him very essential service in driving out the enemy, they were received with every mark of favour, had abundance of provisions supplied to them, and received every facility requisite to enable them to enter upon the possession of their long-deserted territory. The language employed by his royal highness upon the occasion is not a little remarkable:—"You have but one God and one prince to serve. Serve God and your prince faithfully. Till now, we have been enemies; henceforth, we must be good friends. Others have been the cause of your misfortunes; but, if now, as ye ought, you expose your lives for

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my service, I will also expose mine for yours, and while I have a morsel of bread, you shall have your share."

Thus successfully terminated one of the most remarkable expeditions recorded in the annals of history. A small band of eight hundred men, many of whom had never been disciplined in military tactics, leave, under cloud of night, a country in which they had been strangers, and enter that of a power by which they had every reason to believe they would be treated as rebels, and whose troops might be expected to intercept them at every step of their progress. They nevertheless urge their way through mountain snows and rocky defiles, populous valleys and military positions, to the distance of between one and two hundred miles; and arrive after a march of fourteen days in their native valleys, where, after fresh conflicts with the combined armies of France and Savoy, amounting in number to twenty-two thousand regular troops, they ultimately regain possession of their homes. It is impossible to peruse the wonderful narrative entitled, "La Rentrée Glorieuse," composed by their military pastor, without being convinced that, much as there may have been in the conduct of the Vaudois corps which will not bear to be tested by the spirit and principles of the New Testament, they were nevertheless under the special guidance and protection of the Most High, and destined by Him to become the seed of future generations, who should bear an humble but steady and persevering testimony against the corruptions of Rome. He was indeed upon their side, and did not suffer "the rod of the wicked" to "rest upon the lot of the righteous." Their very enemies were compelled to acknowledge that he had done great things for them, while they themselves took up the strain: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

From the time of their re-settlement to the present day, the Vaudois have, with few exceptions, lived in comparative quiet, having been subject only to restrictive measures on the part of the government, and petty annoyances on the part of the Romanists who live among them.

The principal events of a serious nature which have occurred, were the extermination of the Protestants in the valley of Pragela in the year 1727, and the plot formed for a general massacre of the inhabitants of that of Lucerne in 1794. The former took place in flagrant infraction of a treaty between the king of Sardinia and queen Anne in 1704, which stipulated, that the inhabitants of the valley of Pragela "should be left in the free exercise of their religion," and of a solemn promise made to her majesty five years afterwards. Remonstrances were made by Mr. Hedges, at that time our ambassador at the court of Turin, but they failed to produce any result favourable to the persecuted Vaudois. On his recall, the subject was treated with indifference by his successor; and the cruel edict was so rigidly enforced that not a single church, nor a single professor of the ancient faith, was left in that beautiful valley, where, in Perrin's time, there were not fewer than six churches, each pastor having several villages under his care, the oldest inhabitants of which had never heard from their fathers or their grandfathers, that mass had ever been sung in their country.*

The threatened catastrophe in 1796, originated in the false accusation, that the Vaudois had surrendered the fortress of Mirabouc to the French. While all who were capable of bearing arms were at a distance of nine miles in the mountains, defending their country against France, the Catholics, to the number of 800, bound themselves with an oath, utterly to destroy all the houses and families belonging to the Protestants in the communes of St. Jean and La Tour. This bloody deed was to have been perpetrated on the nights of the 14th and 15th of May, and would doubtless have been executed had it not been for captain Odetti, himself a Romanist, who discovered the plot, and with great difficulty persuaded his superior officer, general Godin, to interfere for its frustration. So horrible did it appear, that the general could scarcely believe it possible, and it was not till seventeen messages had been sent to him that he could be induced to adopt measures to prevent its being carried into execution.

In 1797, the valleys along with the rest of Piedmont came under the power of Napoleon, who ordered the pastors to be enrolled with the French clergy, and to have lands allotted to them, yielding 1000 francs annually to each. He, at the same time, not only removed the religious restrictions under which the Vaudois had laboured, but placed them upon

* Gilly's Waldensian Researches, p. 84.

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a footing of perfect equality, in point of civil rights, with the other subjects of the empire. In 1814, however, when Piedmont, chiefly through the influence of England, was restored by the allied powers to the king of Sardinia, these privileges were all withdrawn, in direct violation of the 16th article of the Treaty of Paris, determining that "the high contracting powers, desirous of burying in entire oblivion the dissensions which have agitated Europe, declare and promise, that no individual, of whatever rank or condition he may be, in the countries restored and ceded by the present treaty, shall be prosecuted, disturbed, or molested, in his person or property, under any pretext whatever." What aggravated this act was its having been done in spite of the earnest intercessions of Lord William Bentinck, at that time commander of the British forces at Genoa.

In the new Sardinian code of September, 1837, certain articles were inserted through the influence of the Jesuits, reviving some of the obsolete edicts, and prohibiting the Vaudois from acquiring or holding property beyond the ancient limits; from practising as physicians, surgeons, or advocates; from working on Roman festivals; from printing any book within the king's dominions; and from employing the system of mutual instruction in their schools. Owing, indeed, to the agitation of the subject by Sir Robert Inglis in the House of Commons, and subsequent representations made on the part of the British Government, these restrictions have been so far abated, that such Vaudois as had acquired property beyond the valleys have not been disturbed in the possession of it; but this is merely an act of grace on the part of the sovereign—the prohibition remaining in the code unaltered, and ready at any time to be enforced to the letter.

From the preceding statements relative to the influence of the Romish priesthood at the court of Turin, it is evident that the Vaudois have no mercy to expect from that quarter except as it is controlled and kept in check by the Protestant powers of Europe. It matters not what may be the personal disposition of the sovereign towards them; if the artful schemes of the Jesuits are allowed to prevail, their doom is sealed. One of the most sacred and responsible duties of the ambassadors representing the above powers at the Sardinian court is to exercise an unslumbering vigilance with respect to every movement which is made in the direction of the valleys; to acquaint their respective governments with whatever may affect their peaceable and loyal inhabitants; and to obtain whatever additional authority may be necessary to enable them to interpose for their protection or relief.

By the recent demise of their long-tried and most influential political friend, the count Waldburg Truchsses, minister plenipotentiary of his majesty the king of Prussia, at the Sardinian court, their condition has been in no small degree perilled. Having performed some good offices in behalf of the present king of Sardinia when he was prince of Carignan, and when his succession to the throne was in jeopardy, the count obtained considerable influence over the mind of Charles Albert, and never ceased to exercise it on behalf of the hapless Vaudois. It is to be hoped that his majesty the king of Prussia will not fail to appoint a successor to that nobleman who will identify himself with their interests, and leave no means unemployed by which to secure their freedom from molestation on the part of the priests, and to effect an amelioration of their temporal circumstances.—*Dr. Henderson.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

THE WIND.

"The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits," Eccles. i. 6.

SOLOMON is here alluding to those regular courses which appearances take in the natural world. A circle of changes follow one another in a regular order, and, after completing their round, arrive at the same point from which they started. And then, instead of running into new tracts, and assuming strange and unlooked-for aspects, they are content to tread the same cycle which they have trodden many times before. The different series of phenomena are but the vassals of the Most High, and pursue the lines marked out for them according to a plan of universal economy. In the example cited in the seventh verse—"All the rivers run into the sea," etc.—the first movement in the cycle is the ascent of the moisture in an unseen state from the sea; the second, its

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conversion into a visible cloud; the third, its descent in a shower; and the fourth, its return by rivers into the sea. When it has reached this goal, it does not strike out for itself a novel route, but after remaining a short time perchance stationary in the sea, it sets out afresh upon the same journey in obedience to the will of HIM who has fixed its boundaries.

This view of the subject is just and philosophical, such as we might expect from a man who was endowed with special gifts of wisdom by that Being who knoweth all things. A person so well informed had in all likelihood acquainted himself with some of the principal facts connected with the history of the winds in different parts of the world; and hence we may understand the passage as referring not merely to the variable winds that prevail on land, but to the constant winds which are met with in the free expanse of the sea.

Wind, as it is very well known, is occasioned by the flowing of the atmosphere towards the warmer region. This is not the sole, but the chief or most general cause of wind. It is more simple, however, to treat the matter at first as if no other cause existed, and to keep our eye fixed upon this point only, for in so doing we shall gain a clearer conception of the phenomena, and of the manner in which Solomon looked at them. The wind as occasioned by heat moves from the north towards the south, on the northern sides of the equator; and from the south towards the north on the southern side of the equator. And these are the two points mentioned by Solomon, which affords presumptive evidence that he had made inquiries into the subject. Winds that come under this description, begin somewhere about thirty degrees from the equator, and extend over or stop short of that line, according as the sun happens to be on the farther or hither side of it. When the sun is on the south side of the equator, the north-east trade, as this wind is called, will oftentimes extend several degrees over it, and thus showing that this luminary is the cause of it. The trade winds continue throughout the year with a few unimportant variations.

There is another class of winds, which are characterised by the same feature—namely, that of blowing from north to south, and from south to north. These are called monsoons, and differ from the trade wind in proceeding in one half of the year in a direction opposite to that which they follow in the other half. And as these winds are found in the Indian Ocean, Bay of Bengal, and in the Chinese seas, they may have been more distinctly in the eye of Solomon when he composed the verse under consideration. When the sun in October retires to the south, the wind seems to pursue it, and then the north wind blows; and when again the sun advances to the north in April, the wind returns, and then blows from the south.

It is necessary to remark that the course of the wind is modified by the motion of the earth from west to east, so that the north wind inclines towards the east, and becomes north-east; and the south in like manner inclines towards the east, and becomes south-east. Hence they are known to seamen as the north-east and south-east trades. The monsoons are modified by the same cause, so that when the wind is proceeding towards the equator, it is so turned as to come from the north-east, and on the contrary when proceeding from the equator it is so altered as to come from the south-west. Hence in the Indian and Chinese seas we have the north-east and south-west monsoons. On the south side of the equator among the islands of the Indian Archipelago we find traces of a monsoon, which in our winter blows from the north-west, and is at Macassar called the westerly *musim*, or monsoon; and in our summer blows from the south-east, and is then called at the same place the easterly *musim*, or monsoon.

In the case of the trade wind the superior warmth of the atmosphere near the equator attracts a current of air towards it, but in the case of the monsoon heated land seems to occasion the same effect. Hence they do not take place where land does not exist in the neighbourhood of their course.

At the change of these monsoons the wind blows from every quarter, and may well be said in the language of Solomon to whirl about continually. It seems for a time as if uncertain from which quarter it should proceed, and hence it is constantly veering, while rains, heavy gusts, and alternating calms chequer the aspect of this period.

The action of the trade winds tends to heap up the air near the equator, and apparently to translate a great portion to that spot. To counteract this result the air, upon arriving at the equator, is expanded by the heat, borne aloft, and from

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thence begins to flow towards the regions from which it has come. There is a continual circulation of the air in consequence of this, first from, and then back again, towards the pole. This circumstance is aptly described by Solomon, who says that the wind returneth "according to his circuits." This upper current is often rendered visible by the clouds that are wafted by it, hence its existence is not a matter of supposition or hypothesis, but of observation. Solomon among his researches may have arrived at this fact, especially as he was guided by unerring wisdom in the composition of this book—a book that is full of intelligence and deep thinking.

The wind has furnished matter for a proverb in some countries on account of its apparently fickle character, and yet, though it whirleth about continually, it is subject to certain steady laws, which the Creator has imposed upon it. And the more nicely we consider its history, and the more extensive we make our inquiries, the more strongly do we feel that it has been measured and weighed by an all-wise and all-powerful hand.

G. T. L.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

The death of Christ, through the wise and righteous disposal of God, is victorious, all-conquering, and prevalent. The aim of Satan was so also; who thereby supposed he should have secured his own kingdom. And what could worldly or satanical wisdom have imagined otherwise? He that is slain is conquered. His own followers were ready to think so; "We trusted," say they, "that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel," Luke xxiv. 21: but he is dead: and their hopes are with him in the grave. What can be expected from him who was taken, slain, and crucified? Can he save others, who, it seems, could not save himself? Is it not a foolish thing to look for life by the death of another? This was what the pagans of old reproached the Christians with—that they believed in one who was crucified and put to death; and what could they expect from him? And our apostle tells us that this death, this cross, was a stumbling-block unto the Jews, and folly to the Greeks, 1 Cor. i. 18, 23. And so it would have been in itself, Acts ii. 28; iv. 28; had not the will, and wise counsel, and matchless grace of God been in it. But, through consummate wisdom, he ordered things so, that the death of Christ should pull out that pin, which kept together the whole fabric of sin and Satan; that, like Samson, he should in his death (glorious achievement!) pull down the palace of Satan about his ears; and that in dying he should conquer and subdue all things to himself. All the angels of heaven stood looking on to see what would be the end of this great trial. Men and devils were ignorant of the great work that God had in his hand; and whilst his enemies thought they were destroying Jesus, God was destroying them and their power. Whilst his heel was bruised, he brake their head. And this should teach us to leave all God's works to himself. He can bring light out of darkness, and meat "out of the eater." He can disappoint his adversaries of their greatest hopes and fairest prospects, and raise up the hopes of his desponding children out of the grave. He can make suffering to be saving, death victorious, and heal us by the stripes of his Son. And should not this stir us up to meditate on this mysterious work of his love and wisdom? We can never search into it enough whilst our inquiry is guided by his word. New mysteries, all fountains of refreshment and joy, will continually open themselves to the inquiries of faith, until we come to be satisfied with its inexhaustible fulness to eternity.—*Dr. Owen.*

INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GLORY.

The apostle James exhorts the rich man to rejoice "in that he is made low," and adds this as the reason, "because as the flower of the grass he shall pass away." This reason he takes from the nature of riches and worldly prosperity, which is inconstant, momentary, and vain. The success of worldly prosperity he compares unto the flowers of the field, than which nothing can be imagined more glorious to look upon, but their glory is most frail and fading; for with the heat of the sun they vanish and wither, so that the flower which flourished at sun-rising, and gratified the eye with its grateful colour, and delighted the smell with its fragrant perfume, ere the sun set, fadeth away and perisheth. Such also is the felicity of the rich man, now stately in his purple, shining in gold, glittering in pearl, and surrounded with his retinue,

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honoured as a god among men, yet shortly after, see him despoiled of his goods, wandering in exile, pining in prison; or, should none of these happen unto him, yet death, with stealing steps, will arrest him, and deprive him of all his pomp. History is full of these examples. Polycrates, the mighty prince of the Samians, who had fortune for a length of time so obsequious, that his hope was always the apprehension of the thing desired; yet he met with a miserable death, for being taken captive in war by king Darius, he was hanged on the top of a mountain, and left to be devoured by the fowls of the air. Cyrus, king of Persia, who divided the river Ganges into 460 channels, was at last captured by queen Tomaris, and beheaded. The mighty Xerxes, who overturned mountains, and covered the sea with his ships—this flower quickly faded; for he became contemptible in the eyes of his own servants, and was at last slain by Artabanus, one of his own captains. What should we speak of king Darius, who, being vanquished by Alexander, was bound in chains and fetters of gold, and drawn in a chariot about the city of Thora, where, having received many wounds, he miserably died! And what of Alexander the Great, who, after so many victories, so many triumphs, and having nearly conquered the whole world, was at last poisoned by Cassander, the son of Antipater!

IMAGINARY FEARS.

The sculptor's skill, in different ways,
Oft takes us back to distant days;
And while we read the scenes of yore,
We live with those who live no more.

In a garden, at the front of a public building on the south of the Thames, is a statue of stone. It is, doubtless, intended to represent the likeness of some saint, or martyr, or dignitary who ranked high in the church in former ages. This figure is mitred and holds a crosier in its hand. In size, it is slightly colossal, and, being placed in a chief avenue, surrounded with trees, it looks, in a poetic eye, like the guardian of the grove.

The crosier'd hand and mitred head,
Recall once more the mouldering dead.
In garb antique and sober mien
The man of other times is seen.

I was one day standing before the iron gates which protect the garden from intrusion, attentively observing this specimen of sculpture, when a man approached the place attended by a small spaniel, that closely followed the steps of his master. When the man drew nigh the mitred figure, his dog began to bark to drive it away, being afraid to approach an object which his fears had evidently gifted with life.

Amused at the mistake and cowardice of his dog, the man urged on the animal to attack its motionless enemy, but though the spaniel, with a great show of fierceness, rushed forward with increasing clamour, he always kept out of striking distance, dreading the descent of the uplifted pastoral staff which the sculptured figure held in its hand.

Again and again the animal was encouraged to advance by his mischievous master; but nothing would induce him to go near enough to attack his stationary enemy.

As I went away smiling at the silly animal for mistaking a statue for a living being, it occurred to me that I had frequently made myself equally ridiculous. Often in my boyhood, when darkness prevailed, had I endued inanimate objects with life.

For, in the night, imagining some fear,
A bush is easily supposed a bear.

I had taken a post for a footpad, a stump of a tree for a highwayman, and been frightened at my own shadow.

"And then again," thought I, "how often do mankind give way to imaginary fears, when even nothing is presented to the eye!" Christians themselves, instead of confidently trusting in their Leader, and their Lord, give way to unfounded apprehensions. One is afraid of poverty, another of disease, and a third of death. Oh that we all were more afraid of sin than we are, and less afraid of sorrow. If we could only cast our cares upon Him who careth for us, even upon Him who died the just for the unjust to bring us to God, believing ourselves to be among those who are accepted through His righteousness, then should we "be quiet from fear of evil." That is a striking passage in Holy Writ: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion," Prov. xxviii. 1. G.

THE END OF REVELATION.

The end of Divine revelation is to humble us in the modest ignorance of Divine mysteries which we cannot comprehend, and to enlighten us in those things which are requisite to be known. —*Dr. Bates.*

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Salisbury Crags, Edinburgh.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE II.

During the winter of 1743—44, political strife increased. The incapacity of the administration became daily more apparent; while England began to feel severely the bitter consequences of the departure from the peaceful policy of Walpole. It was evident that France was preparing to support the pretender. He was at Paris, and preparations for an invasion were making. This became so notorious, that the opposition to the foreign subsidies, and to the payment of Hanoverian troops, was relinquished. Walpole spoke powerfully on the subject, reminding the peers that an invasion involved "all their happiness, all their hopes, and all their fortunes." Still no efficient measures were taken to provide against such an invasion. Had one-half of the money wasted in paying Hanoverian troops been applied in measures of conciliation and improvement, or even in levying and paying a few regiments raised from the over-crowded parts of the Highlands, according to a plan suggested by Duncan Forbes, the president of the session in Scotland, in all human probability, the insurrection about to require notice, would have been stopped in the outset. One small body of troops was raised, but after some time it was sent to the continent, while no armed force was placed in Scotland to protect it from invasion. The turbulent state of the highlanders was such, that when these were withdrawn, the landowners of Argyleshire had to raise an armed body at their own expense, to protect their cattle and property.

The long interval of peace had done much to weaken the party of the pre-

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tender. Every year it became more apparent that no effort likely to succeed could be made without foreign support; which would not have been given, had not the nation been rashly and unadvisedly plunged into war. Calm reflection would have satisfied every thinking mind, that an invasion, though unsuccessful, must be much more injurious to the nation than all the vapouring of the Spaniards, or their measures to repress the unlawful trade on their coasts; but in their political violence men had forgotten this, and had placed the administration in the rash and injudicious hands of lord Carteret, afterwards earl Granville.

Some leaders of the Jacobites in Scotland sent representatives to the French court, as soon as the war began; their promises of great efforts to support an invading army were listened to. A body of troops assembled at Dunkirk, under marshal Saxe. The French fleet came up the channel in January, 1744. Seven thousand men embarked with the young pretender; but the English fleet appearing from the eastward, the French admiral, then off Torbay, bore away to his own coast; a gale of wind drove back the transports; some were wrecked, the troops were relanded, and soon afterwards required to oppose the Dutch. This was indeed a providential deliverance; had a French army been landed in England, much confusion must have ensued, whatever might have been the result. In February, a royal message to both houses called their attention to the preparations in France. A few days afterwards all Papists were ordered to depart from the metropolis, and keep to their habitations. Loyal addresses were presented to the king, including one from the dissenters; another was sent from the Quakers.

The young pretender, grandson of James II., continued at Gravelines for some months, living very secluded; after a time he retired to Paris. He was, very much against his will, prevented from joining the French army in Flanders, where Louis himself took the field, and made some progress, when he was stopped by the success of the Austrian army in Alsace; but their general was in his turn obliged to retire, by the invasion of Bohemia by the king of Prussia, though eventually that monarch had to retreat. The allied armies in Flanders marched and countermarched, without any result.

At this time there was a large English fleet in the Mediterranean; in March it came into action with the united fleets of France and Spain; but the English admirals, Matthews and Lestock, were not on friendly terms; the consequence was, that no material success was gained, and the two admirals, mutually accusing each other, were tried by court-martials. Matthews was dismissed from the service—a result which appears difficult to account for, except from party spirit. In the same month, war was formally declared between France and England.

Towards the end of the year, Granville was dismissed. A new administration, under the duke of Newcastle and his brother, Mr. Pelham, was formed, including men of various political views. The ministers of this period were incapable men; it was said of Newcastle, that he made a difficulty of every trifle, while Carteret made a trifle of every difficulty. Opposition being quieted, new and increased subsidies were paid; half a million was voted to the queen of Hungary; while arrangements were made for an efficient army in Flanders, under the duke of Cumberland. The earl of Oxford died in March; in the preceding year the poet Pope and the turbulent duchess of Marlborough also departed this life. They were followed by that satirist and politician, Dean Swift. A battle was fought at Fontenoy, in May; the English behaved with much courage, but were not supported by the Dutch. A large number of each army were slaughtered; but the victory ultimately was gained by the French, who took Tournay, Ghent, and Ostend.

This spring is also to be noticed for an unprecedented occurrence; the grand signor, or sultan Achmet of Turkey, offered his services to mediate peace in Europe. Had the so-called Christian powers been really followers of Christ, they must have been shamed by such a proposal from a Mohammedan.

The defeat of the English at Fontenoy encouraged the young pretender to attempt a landing in Scotland, though the French government were unable, or unwilling, to give him assistance to that extent which his friends told him was indispensably necessary. He borrowed some money, got together some stores, and embarked in a privateer brig, which sailed from Belleisle in July, accompanied by a larger ship of war, which, by a private understanding with the French

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ministry, had been directed to cruise on the north of Scotland. A few days after they sailed, an English man-of-war came in sight, and engaged them both. The pretender, in the brig, sailed off for Scotland; while the larger ship, with the greater part of his supplies, being disabled, was obliged to return to France. After being chased by another English cruiser, the brig arrived among the Western islands. The chiefs whom Charles first saw, though his warm partizans, remonstrated against any attempt without a sufficient foreign force, but in vain; the rash adventurer persisted, and some of the youthful and hot-headed highlanders engaged to support him. He landed near Moidart, on July 25th. Cameron, of Lochiel, a chieftain of extensive influence, came to the pretender, advising him to return to France; but Charles persisted, and Lochiel, unable to resist the fascinations and obstinacy of the rash adventurer, agreed to come forward. Messages were sent through the highlands, the decision was taken, and the clans began to assemble. A report of the landing of the pretender being spread, a few soldiers were sent to increase the garrison of Fort William. They were surrounded in a mountain-pass, and obliged to surrender, on August 16th, a success which mightily elated the rebels, though they were chiefly indebted to the want of caution of the English officer.

The standard was raised at Glenfinnen, on August 19th, about eight hundred highlanders having assembled; three hundred more joined the same day. The force then proceeded towards the south. As yet the highlanders came forward but slowly; the Campbells, with other Whig clans, remained at home, ready to march against the invader, had they been armed, and called to come forward.

General Cope advanced to meet the young pretender's force, but was perplexed by the contradictory accounts of their number and progress, and of risings in other parts. The government, though warned early in July that an attempt would be made, had taken no effectual precautions. When Cope was ordered, in August, to collect his troops, and march into the highlands, he had scarcely above two thousand men, including two regiments of dragoons, chiefly raw soldiers.

Soon after Cope marched from Stirling, the highlanders were seen on the hills. Any attempt to attack them was useless; but instead of falling back upon Edinburgh, or remaining where he was—a position which must have much distressed the pretender's force, and have prevented their advance—till he should be joined by the loyal clans of the highlands, he blindly followed the directions given him. Turning aside from his opponents, he marched towards Inverness, actually leaving the road open for them to proceed southward, which they did at once. This was on August 27th.

Charles Edward and his followers marched by Blair Athol to Perth, where he arrived on September 4th; he was joined by lord George Murray and the duke of Perth. Here he began to levy the taxes and take the sums collected for the public revenues. Passing by Stirling, the pretender's forces were at Linlithgow on the 15th. Edinburgh was within a day's march; the castle was garrisoned under the command of general Guest, whose force was wholly insufficient to defend the city. Cope had embarked at Inverness, to return from his useless march, but was not arrived. To resist the armed and eager highlanders with the trained bands, which were wholly inefficient, and a few soldiers of a local regiment, only just raised, and about four hundred volunteers, was useless; such an attempt could only cause the city to be plundered and destroyed. There were indeed the two regiments of dragoons which had been sent back when Cope entered the mountain passes, but they had already fled from the highland army. After an ineffectual attempt to send out the volunteers to act with them, on the approach of the highlanders they fell into disorder, passed hastily on the north side of the town, and retreated, or rather fled, several miles to the east. The volunteers having returned their arms to the castle, hastily disbanded. Cope landed at Dunbar, but was too far distant to afford the immediate protection required.

After some negotiations, which ended unsatisfactorily, the highlanders took advantage of the opening of a gate to let a coach pass out, and rushed into Edinburgh early in the morning of Tuesday, September 17th. Charles James entered with his main body about noon; it did not exceed two thousand men, some armed only with scythes fixed on poles: their artillery was one small gun, in a cart drawn by a pony! Such was the army which, by the neglect of government and the supineness of its inhabi-

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tants, took possession of the metropolis of Scotland. The Jacobites, of course, welcomed the pretender, but the bulk of the inhabitants only submitted in sullen silence. King James was proclaimed; and the evening ended with a ball at Holyrood House.

Cope did not leave Dunbar till September 19th: he had been met there by the cowardly dragoon regiments of Hamilton and the brave colonel Gardiner, which, leaving that officer, had not stopped till they joined the forces then landing. The next evening Cope had advanced with his army to Prestonpans, a few miles east of Edinburgh. The prince marched from Edinburgh that morning to meet him, and was that night with all his forces lying on their arms, about a mile from the English line.

The armies were separated by a marsh; but early in the morning, a Jacobite of the neighbourhood offered to guide the highlanders through this obstruction, by a path little known towards the left. Just at daybreak, when concealed by a mist, the insurgents surprised the English army, thus turning their position. An attack followed — the highlanders rushed forward; after one discharge, they seized the cannon. Colonel Gardiner exerted himself to the utmost, but his men rapidly fled; the other regiment of dragoons did the same; the foot were broken in a few minutes. Cope and his troops were soon in a hasty flight. He collected about four hundred of the dragoons; but, instead of turning upon the fifty irregular horsemen, who were the whole of the pretender's cavalry, he hastened to Coldstream and Berwick. Gardiner, a veteran officer of approved bravery, had a house close by the field of battle. Unhappily he had been promoted a short time before from a well-disciplined regiment, the Scots' Greys, of which he was second in command, and by which he was much beloved, to be colonel of a newly-raised regiment, that in the whole of this affair seem to have been under panic fear.

When they fled, Gardiner joined a small body of English foot, who remained firm; but they were soon after overpowered by the highlanders. Doddridge relates :—"The colonel, at the beginning of the onset, which in the whole lasted but a few minutes, received a wound by a bullet in his left breast; but he said, it was only a wound in the flesh, and fought on, though he presently after received a shot in the thigh. He saw a party of the foot bravely fighting near him, who had no officer to head them; he rode up to them, and cried out aloud, 'Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing.' Just then he was cut down by a man with a scythe, and fell in sight of his own house. He was dragged off from his horse, and received a mortal blow on the back of his head. As his hat fell off, he waved it as a signal to a faithful servant to retreat, adding: 'Take care of yourself.' It is also reported that he said to a chief of the opposite side: 'You are fighting for an earthly crown: I am going to receive an heavenly one.'"

Charles returned to Edinburgh in triumph; he had not taken any part in the short conflict; his personal bravery never appeared very great. On mustering his men, only about 1500 were found; a few fresh comers had joined the ranks, but many were gone home to secure their plunder, and reap their harvest. Had there been any English officer of ability at hand, with two thousand of the disciplined troops then useless in Flanders, the insurrection might still have been easily stopped, for the lowland Scots were decidedly opposed to the Stuarts.

The castle of Edinburgh was secured by its garrison, who frequently annoyed the highlanders by their fire. The city might have been much injured, but the inhabitants being for the most part friendly to government, their houses were spared. An ineffectual attempt was made to blockade the castle, so as to prevent supplies being carried in, which Preston, then in command, resented by increasing his cannonade; when a sort of truce was agreed upon, and sanctioned from London, the highlanders placing a guard at the upper part of the high street.

Business was, for the most part, at a stand-still; but the highlanders conducted themselves with moderation. One of the Protestant clergy continued his ministrations, praying as usual for king George, adding, on one occasion, "As to this young person who has come among us seeking an earthly crown, do Thou, in thy merciful favour, give him a heavenly one." To the credit of the adventurer, he refused to allow the courageous divine to be interrupted or punished. He also checked plundering. Supplies for the highland forces were regularly required and provided.

In the north of Scotland, the supporters of the government had the mastery, owing to the able arrangements of Dun-

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can Forbes and others, which tended to keep Lovat and others a long time from rising in arms. Forbes had been aware of the danger; he cautioned the ministry some years before against the ill effects of disarming the well-affected highland clans—but it was in vain. Though by no means encouraged, he spent his own money, never fully repaid him, and collected forces at Inverness, which weakened the insurgents. The Sutherlands, Frazers, and Mackays, are to be mentioned as loyal to king George, though among the northern clans. Even when the young pretender had actually landed, the exertions of Forbes and others were not properly seconded, so that with his miserably appointed little body of highlanders, Charles Edward was allowed to remain at Edinburgh, using every effort to increase his force. Had the French been able and inclined to send some regular troops to Scotland, the consequences must have been ruinous; but those were not times for promptness or exertion, and it was well for England that the activity and courage shown by its seamen contrasted strongly with the conduct of the newly raised troops in Scotland. The cruisers were active; several vessels sent with supplies to the young pretender were captured; while the English fleet appeared so strong, that though preparations were made, Louis would not allow any considerable force to embark. George II. returned from Hanover on August 31st, but was kept in ignorance of the extent of the danger. Granville, whose bad measures had led to the neglect and supineness that followed, also made light of the danger; while his political opponents seemed rather pleased than otherwise, when the progress of the rebels confuted his assertions. The panic or lukewarmness then prevalent in the south, is thus described by a contemporary:—"England is for the first comer; and if you can tell whether the six thousand Dutch, and the ten battalions of English we have sent for from Flanders, or five thousand French and Spaniards will be here first, you know our fate."

On September 6th, Horace Walpole wrote:—"Notice came yesterday, that there are ten thousand men, thirty transports, and ten men of war at Dunkirk. Against this force we have, I don't know what—scarce fears." Alderman Heathcote wrote to the earl of Marchmont, that the people of London were dissatisfied because the grievances they suffered were numerous—because the nation was groaning under the fatal conduct of a ruinous land war, carried on against the general bent of the people—because the fleet was neglected, dishonoured, and ruined—because there was a total distraction and dissolution of government, etc. I have observed," said he, "a remarkable change in the dispositions of people within the last two years; for numbers of those who, in February and March, 1744, appeared most zealous for the government, are now grown absolutely cold and indifferent; so that, except in the persons of the pay of the government, and a few dissenters, there is not the least appearance of concern to be met with."

THE BEATIFICATION OF MARIA FRANCESCA.

Sir Culling Eardley Smith states:—I have been credibly informed that the beatification of this person cost the king of Naples 10,000*l.*, which must have been expended, on the showing of the Institute, partly in a "spiritual process," and partly in a gorgeous ceremonial. Whatever indignation may be expressed at my having said that "the Pope" received 10,000*l.* "for making" a saint, I do not see that my statement was (in popular language) incorrect. Popedom did receive 10,000*l.*, and the money was received "for making" a saint. At the same time I am free to admit, that if I had to write my letter of the 9th of October over again, (now that I know the meaning which the Institute endeavour to fix upon my words,) I should say that the "papal authorities received 10,000*l.* for the cost of making a saint."

Let us approach, however, the merits of the system of canonization, or recognising persons as saints. In the Bible the name of saint is given to every holy man. Error, however, began to creep in at an early period of Christian antiquity. Dupin, in his Ecclesiastical History of the Tenth Century, says that, "In the primitive church it was given to all Christians in their lifetime; and even after their deaths, when they died in the communion of the church, having preserved the innocence of their baptism." A more particular respect was shown to martyrs; and "in process of time, the memory of virgins, anchorites, and bishops, renowned for their sanctity, was likewise honoured; and lastly, the memory of

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those persons whose singular virtues were remarkable in their lifetime. Their names were inserted in the dypticks that were recited at the altar, and they were styled by the title of saints and blessed. Every particular church was used to place in that rank those who had first propagated the Christian religion, the bishops, and those who had lived in great reputation for their sanctity. Afterwards, calendars and martyrologies of the saints of several particular churches were made, which were by little and little dispersed through the eastern and western parts. The church of Rome, as others had done, made use of these martyrologies, from which Ado composed his, and afterwards took in that of Usurardus." Some time elapsed before anything like authority was assumed in this matter. Dupin proceeds to say: "It does not appear that before the tenth century any solemn decrees were made at Rome or elsewhere for the canonization of saints. Indeed the custom was entirely established in the eleventh century. Pope Alexander III. first reserved to himself the canonization of saints as a matter of great consequence."

In 1587, Sixtus V. established the "Congregation of Rites," to take cognizance, *inter alia*, of all canonizations. Under the arrangements made by him, canonizations are now conducted. What a lesson does the above history teach us! When men once leave the Bible, where will they stop? The church began by using the word "saint" in an unscriptural sense, and has ended in demanding 10,000*l.* for the expenses of a canonization.

But as it is pleaded that this enormous sum is applied to necessary expenses, which are incurred to detect imposture, let us see how far these pretended precautions have succeeded. As I am unable to put my hand at this moment on the account of the beatification, at the instance of the king of Naples, of Maria Francesca, I select, at hazard, the history of one of the five saints who were canonized in 1839. Their biographies are contained in the volume already referred to. St. Veronica Guiliani will furnish us with an example of the impostures endorsed on these occasions by the Church of Rome.

She was born, we learn from her biographers, at Mercatello, in the States of the Church, on the feast of St. John the Evangelist, 1660. Her future sanctity was foreshadowed in her infancy. At six months old seeing a picture representing the Holy Trinity, she left her mother's arms of her own accord, and, without any assistance, walked to it, and with many signs of reverence, remained, as if enchanted, before it. At eighteen months old, seeing a shopkeeper use a false measure, her tongue was loosed, and she cried out in a clear voice, "Act fairly, for God sees you." At four years old, the viaticum being brought to her mother on her death-bed, she earnestly begged to receive the sacrament, and when the priest refused, she argued the point with him, saying, that he might safely break off a portion from the part intended for her mother, as Jesus is present in the smallest fragment of it. About the same time she gave both her shoes to a begging pilgrim. One of the shoes stuck fast on the arch over the doorway; on which the pilgrim rose to more than human height to reach it; and our Lady appeared soon after with the shoes in her hand, shining with rich jewels, and told her that she was the pilgrim, and that Christ had adorned them in that manner. When she grew up, notwithstanding the opposition of men and Satan, she became a nun. In the monastery she filled every office in an exemplary manner; and while she was housekeeper, the "cheese, eggs, and fish were miraculously multiplied." On St. Augustine's day she saw our Saviour in glory, and St. Augustine presented her with a chalice, which he said was given to her by Almighty God. The liquor immediately boiled over, and was collected by angels in golden vessels; and it was explained to her that the liquor was her torments for the love of God, and the golden vessels expressed their value. Passing over the intermediate puerilities —a mild name for them—we come to a piece of blasphemy which we must wonder that even Rome would publish in London, in the year 1839. God "gave her to know, *ab intra*, that he wished to be espoused to her." In inviting her to his marriage, Jesus frequently appeared to her as a beautiful infant; and on one occasion showed her a jewel fixed in the wound of his side, which he told her was formed of her sufferings. On the feast of the Annunciation, our Lady prepared her for her marriage by an "intellectual vision," in which she saw the great Queen of Angels enthroned. In answer to the prayers of St. Catherine of Sienna, and St. Rosa of Lima, that she would consent to her espousals with her Divine Son,

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"Our Lady sweetly replied that they should be brought about." On the 10th of April, 1694, our Lord appeared to her, and, showing her the nuptial ring, invited her to his marriage next day. When the day arrived, as she approached the altar, she heard the angels singing, "Veni, sponsa Christi;" she beheld our Lord sitting on a gold throne, and our Lady on an alabaster one, and St. Catherine and St. Rosa conducted her to their feet, and put upon her splendid robes over her usual religious habit. Our Lord had a beautiful gem in each of his wounds, and in that in his side was the marriage ring. Our Lord intoned the words, "Veni, sponsa," which the whole court took up. Our Lord made a sign to his mother; upon which the nuptial garment, "a magnificent mantle covered with gems, and of different colours," was substituted for Veronica's previous habiliments. At last the heavenly queen commanded her to stretch out her hand to St. Catherine, which Jesus took, and together with Mary ever blessed, placed the ring on her finger, and blessed it. "Thus ended the mystic ceremony of her espousals." Two years later, (1696,) "her loving spouse rewarded her love and constancy by a wound which he made in her heart." In the holy infant's hand she seemed to see a golden rod tipped with fire: he placed the opposite end against his own heart, and the point against hers, which was pierced through and through. She put a linen cloth on the wound, which was immediately covered with blood. Her confessor ordered her to examine the wound, and she found that it was large enough to admit the blade of a good-sized knife. It was also examined by several of her companions and confessors, as is attested in the processes."

And these are the processes—this is the "spiritual lawsuit"—which cost the greater part of 10,000*l.*; an expense which the Catholic Institute defends on the ground that "expense necessarily follows completeness of investigation; but this very completeness of investigation is a great and wholesome preservation against deception."

Preservation against deception! No! This expense for prothonotary, secretary, promoter, and sub-promoter of the faith, consulters, auditors of the rota, advocates, physicians, surgeons, archivist, interpreters, cardinal prefect and cardinal ponents, commissions and remissorials, examinations anti-preparatory and preparatory, consistories secret, public, and semi-public, and the fifty other forms and grades specified in the Introduction to the Canonizations of 1839, is neither more nor less than a process to produce deception. Sorry should I be to affront the opinions of any community of men calling themselves Christians, but I do not believe these are opinions. From the pope down to the secretary of the congregation, I cannot think that one of them believes that our Lord cut a hole in Veronica's side, and that it was found large enough to admit the blade of a good-sized knife, "as is attested in the processes!!" The processes are impostures, the postulants are dupes, and the "costs of the spiritual lawsuit" are as much extorted under false pretences, as in ninety-nine out of a hundred similar cases for which criminals are transported for life from the Old Bailey. And it is because these pretended miracles are, not only in opposition, (as I may deem much of the Romanist religion to be,) but in palpable and diametrical opposition to the word of God, that I arraign popedom of "corruption," for making money by means of them.—*Romanism of Italy.*

THE OLD CHURCH-PORCH.

I LOVE to talk with the aged man; to enter into communion with him of the grey head and the wrinkled forehead. Pleasant are the joyous gambols of light-hearted childhood; grateful are the hopeful anticipations of ardent youth; and full of interest are the matured and stable attainments of manhood; but in the hour of solitude and reflection, more pleasant, more grateful, and fuller of interest is the chastened experience of the graven brow. There is that in the thin straggling locks, the subdued features, and the quiet demeanour of old age hopefully looking onward, that harmonises with my spirit. No wonder then, that, having a full hour to spare, I turned my steps to the old church porch.

I had walked, as a stranger, through the pleasant village, and loitered for some time in the churchyard among the tombs, gazing on the uncouthly sculptured stones, and reading their simple inscriptions, when, turning towards a group of hillocks by themselves, one of which was unturfed and unbriered, I observed an old man, with a strip of black crape round his hat, sitting alone in the porch. The declining sun shone upon him as he sat bending forward, leaning on his stick,

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which he held with both his hands. In a little time I was seated beside him.

It was a lovely evening; for not only was the green leaf on the tree, and the birds singing in the bush, but the pleasant breeze was abroad, and the snowy clouds in the blue sky, as well as the churchyard, the fields, and the distant hills, were lit up with sunshine. Some say that man, on his pilgrimage to a better world, has no time to muse on the natural creation; but let them say what they will, where a holy influence has led the eye and heart to regard earth and skies as the handy work of the Creator, a deeper reverence will be felt, and a warmer glow of thankfulness will be enjoyed. That old man, in the quiet musings of his mind, sitting as it were in the garden of death, seemed to drink in the beauty and calmness of the summer scene. There was no despondency on his brow, but hope and peace were there visibly portrayed. True are the words of the prophet, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee," Isa. xxvi. 3.

For more than fourscore summers, and as many winters, had that aged man lived in the village, rarely roaming a dozen miles from the place. He had whistled in the fields as a ploughboy in his childhood, guided the share through the soil in his youth, and ploughed and sowed, reaped and mowed, with a lusty arm, in his manhood, the broad acres which had been tilled by his fathers before him. From his discourse, I soon gathered that he had been one among the better class of cottagers, looked up to by those below him, and respected by those above him, and that then, in the latter end of his days, his trust being in Him whom to know is eternal life, he was looking "for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

While we sat together in the porch, my grey-headed companion ran over the names of the several pastors who, in his time, had guided the village flock. Some of these ministers had removed to other benefices, and some had "fallen asleep." He had seen, in his day, the church once new-roofed, and the spire twice new-shingled. There were but three men in the neighbourhood who were older than he, and not one among them, like him, could walk about in the sunshine, and inhale the pleasant breeze. "There were," said he, "Gaffers and Gammers in my younger days, but such names are now seldom or never heard of."

He spoke of the monuments in the chancel of the church: some had been erected in the lifetime of his grandfather, and that of the knight in chain armour lying on his back, with his two-handed sword beside him, was much older. He spoke also of the broad flat grey stones inlaid with brass, that were so much worn away by the foot, across which the shepherd and part of his flock frequently walked, and over which the little lambs of the Sunday-schools were continually passing.

> Marble shall moulder and decay,
> And solid brass shall wear away;
> While God's eternal word, secure
> Mid rolling ages shall endure.

Many were the green hillocks and graven stones of the village churchyard, and not a few of those who slept beneath them had been known to the aged cottager, who seemed to take a pleasure in relating what he knew about them, and in looking back on days which had long gone by. He told me of the old squire who lived at the hall, and of madam Bloxham, who once inhabited the large house called the Rookery. She had considered the poor, and the Lord had delivered her in the time of trouble, strengthening her upon the bed of languishing, and making all her bed in her sickness. The squire was lying in the vault with the marble tomb over it, at the north end of the church; and the dust of madam Bloxham reposed beneath the plain monument near the belfry-door, surrounded by the iron palisades.

As the old cottager sat talking, his eyes were often turned to the group of graves clustered together, as though they belonged to the same family. One of these, as I said before, had neither brier nor green turf upon it. "Tell me," said I, "who are lying there?" There was that in the manner of my aged companion, as he entered on his account, which led me to suppose he had more than a common interest in his relation. I remained silent while he gave me the following story:—

"Those who lie there, sir," said he, "as you seem to suppose, all spring from the same stock, and I humbly and heartily trust that their names are all 'written in the book of life.' Abel Haycroft was an upright, hard-working man, fearing God, and acting a kind part to his neighbours. Such a man ought not to have had an enemy in the world; but he had one and a bitter one too who wronged

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him, forced him to go to law, and ruined him. When I say, ruined him, I mean, that he took from him his earthly property; for Abel had a heavenly inheritance, that no one could take away. It seemed a hard thing that he, who had owned land as a master, should be compelled to till it as a servant; but it was so, and Abel left the house on the farm to live in a cottage. Where the fear of God is, no one can be altogether unhappy. Abel repined not at the loss of his lands. 'The Lord gave,' said he, 'and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' Abel, after all, was a richer man than he who had oppressed him; for, 'Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right," Prov. xvi. 8.

"Abel Haycroft had three sons, Ambrose, Gideon, and Gregory. 'The lads must work as I have done,' said he; 'but that will not hurt them, for the 'sleep of a labouring man is sweet.' They have learned to read God's holy word, and I hope some of it is in their hearts. Abel lies under the third hillock yonder; for the first, with the head-stone, is the resting-place of his father, and the second that of his uncle. He died as he had lived, a humble disciple of the Redeemer; and I can fancy, though I was but a lad when he left the world, that I now hear the minister giving out the text for his funeral sermon: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord,' Job i. 21.

"Ambrose, Gideon, and Gregory loved as brothers should love one another. 'How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!' While they were together they felt strong, for 'a threefold cord is not quickly broken;' but a time came when they were to part.

"A man came to the village who had been at sea, and he talked so glibly about gallant ships and studding sails, and the white foam and the green ocean, and ivory and gold-dust, and sunny islands, and macaws, and cocoa-nuts, that the head of poor Ambrose was fairly turned, so that nothing would do but he must go to sea. To sea he went; and however it might be with the other matters, right little of the ivory and gold-dust came to his share. Of the sun, poor fellow, he had enough; for he came back, after living in India twenty years, with neither health nor wealth. It was well that his brother Gregory had stuck to the plough, and had got a little beforehand, for it enabled him to give Ambrose a home in the cottage of his father.

"Before Ambrose came home Gideon went abroad, for he had heard that, in the West, land was to be had for little or nothing. A labouring man was sure to prosper there, for food was cheap, and they had no taxes. Childhood is the proper time to blow bubbles, but some people are inclined to blow them all the days of their lives. Poor Gideon was one of this sort, but even he was tired of the sport at last. He had a log-house, with plenty of swampy land that he could not drain, and fir trees that he could not fell. Hard was his struggle; but at last the hot sun and the swampy fog were too much for him, the fever laid hold of him, and he came back to the land of his fathers poorer than he left it. Gregory opened his cottage-door wide to receive his broken-down brother; and, to make a long story short, the three brothers dwelt together in affection and peace, and the blessing of God rested upon them.

"Whatever else we may forget, sir, it behoveth us never to forget God; for his mercy is in the heavens, and his faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. The three brothers, as I said, dwelt together. They read God's holy word, bent together at a throne of grace, and would have continued to walk together to the house of God in company to their lives' end, had not the infirmities of Ambrose and Gideon gained upon them; but their faith was strong in Him who lived and died for sinners, and they trusted in him. It is fifteen years come Martlemas since Ambrose was carried to the grave, and his brothers, knowing that he had looked onwards to a glorious resurrection, were enabled to say, with submission to God's holy will, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

Having thus spoken, the old man stood up, and walked gently to the hillock which had neither brier nor green turf. "And here lies Gideon," said he, his voice a little faltering, "for yesterday he too was carried to the grave, the 'house appointed for all living;' but he knew in whom he trusted. It becomes us all, sir, to be ready to depart, but especially such an old man as I am, for 'there is but a step between me and death.' 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.' 'Let me die the

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death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!'" Numb. xxiii. 10.

"And what became of the remaining brother? What became of Gregory?" said I, as he lifted his broad-brimmed hat, with the crape round it, from his hoary head, and bent to me, about to take his leave. "He remains," said he, "in the village still, preparing for the future; for though he is yet able to hobble about the scenes of his childhood, and to sit at eventide in the old church porch, looking on the graves of his brothers, he well knows that his time is short. Many have been God's unmerited mercies," continued he, wiping away, with his sleeve, the tear that had risen in his eye, "and this not the least of them, that, rejoicing in the hope set before him, he can still say, though health and strength have departed, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'" G.

THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

There is one means which possesses vast capabilities, and which might be tried with great power on our population. Hitherto it has been considered the pastime, an infant holiday. Yet the school which receives all but the babe, is a mighty power. It draws out the full mimetic tendency of infancy, fills not only the memory with results, but with the rules of working them; gives to the earliest childhood the handle of the profoundest calculations and reasonings; crowns the little elfin with the honours which many a brow, time-worn and pensive, lacks. It has been truly said, nothing is so beautiful as the mind of a child. It is contrary to all evidence, that this indoctrination is superficial, or its impression fugitive. There is nothing which so abides as the memory of this period. And could the whole infant race of our country be thus initiated, we cannot doubt to what a climax education might be conducted. We should lay up for our country the treasures of a well-trained youth. And when it is remembered that the children of the poor must be very soon required to earn their bread, how inestimable is this prime! How much useful information may be secured! What a formative influence may be exercised! "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right," Prov. xx. 11. This season lost, there is none other which may be substituted for it. Every following one must be interrupted, broken, mixed with uncongenial instructions and pursuits. To accomplish any general, wholesome, availing education of the people, this is a most essential instrument. It is the gentle turning of the nascent spring into its proper river course. It is the first shoot of the fibre which grows up into the massive trunk. It is the rich vermilion of the orient blushing into the golden light of day.

In contrast to the infant school, and as embracing the period when attendance at every school has ceased, the Mechanics Institute cannot be too greatly praised, nor too strongly recommended. The objections raised to it are those of fear, and not of fact. The libraries of these establishments are not intended to be religious; but are they open to infidelity? You will find in them Ray, Derham, Paley; perhaps Whewell, Pritchard, Abercrombie; much that bears on the evidences of Christianity as well as on the laws of nature. The system of lectures is only one of its methods, but even this is very stirring to attention, inquisitiveness, and emulation.* In the department of the classes there is real labour, and only diligence can keep its place. An intercommunity of mind is constituted by association and occasional debate. Some external supervision and support are proper, but two things can alone give these institutions an extended vitality and efficiency—the enforcement of contribution from all their attendants, and the surrender to their members of the chief administration. The habit of inquiry and research, the taste for literature and science, which the young man forms under this direction and example, in their utility to society and benefit to himself, are beyond the reach of calculation. Four hundred of these societies exist in Great Britain. It is calculated that they contain 80,000 members, possess 400,000 volumes, raise 30,000*l.* a-year, and in the same time originate 400 lectures.

We scruple not to say, that the more assured the people are in physical truth, the more happy and the more moral they are likely to become. If this be not the

* "It is a solemn custom there to have lectures daily, whereto they be constrained to be present that be chosen and appointed to learning. Howbeit, a great multitude of every sort of people, both men and women, go to hear lectures, some one, some another, as every one's nature is inclined." —More's "Utopia."

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proper tendency, the converse must be allowed. Then, in proportion as things are misapprehended, will human happiness and morality advance! Error will be the parent of virtue! A peasantry shall be orderly, industrious, content, religious, just as they are found to conceive of every fact of nature in a false light! It requires, indeed, no ordinary acuteness to determine how this incessant misapprehension can operate to these favourable results. So long as it shall be believed that this earth is one extended plane, that the sun courses around it, that it is larger than all the constellations, it is hoped that the million will be peaceable and obedient! Should they ever suspect that they were in the wrong, should they ever make an approach to the true laws and motions of the universe, the ploughman, it is feared, will desert his furrow, and the shepherd his flock! The connection of these causes and effects, we have not divined. Could every man read the works of nature as Newton, and analyze the human mind as Locke, we should only be confident of the increase of so much good, because this would be only the proper understanding of so much truth. He who is most enlightened will be the better able to exclaim, "Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands," Psa. xcii. 4. If these be "works sought out of all them who have pleasure therein," this taste and contemplation cannot be dishonouring to the Creator, nor unworthy of us. Vacant apathy and dull conceit are sufficiently evinced towards the tokens of the Deity around us: "A brutish man knoweth not, neither doth a fool understand this;" but we cannot perceive how there is in this state of mind and form of character, any security for social well being.

Mechanical knowledge would be an appropriate addition to this training in physics; for it is melancholy when the machine which man attends for some minor office, seems more intelligent than himself. Powers are employed in wondrous forms and combinations, but those powers are very simple. It is in this simplicity that they are great. Let them be scanned, explored. No rude curiosity, no superstitious dread, will then be left to prey upon the mind. Even the overweening pride of human achievement will be humbled. It will be seen that, in the most complicated engine, there is no power created, that the power had always existed, that its more laborious operation is only redeemed or its collision prevented, that there have been but discovery and adaptation of it, that it has no inbeing in the human mind, that it subsisted in the works which were from the foundation of the world. The ingenuity of man in the invention is not denied, but "his God doth instruct him to discretion;" and it is only ingenuity in collecting gifts, and following laws, which He has bountifully and wisely provided.

Refinement of taste may be fostered among the classes addicted to the extremest labour. Wherever the arts abound, this refinement descends to the humblest ranks of life. In Athens, the common people acquired such an accurate ear from the models of eloquence among them, that the slightest offence of tone and pronunciation was immediately detected. The love of music, painting, sculpture, grows upon the most unsusceptible minds when the noblest specimens are familiarised to them,—and would not this elegance be a happy exchange for coarse sentiment and manner? Would it be in any danger of sinking into effeminacy? We should like to see our people in the Botanical Garden, in the Picture Gallery, in the Musical Academy, in the Philosophical Museum. We should rejoice if such were their recreations and amusements. We would that they were embued with the true sense of beauty. The poor on the Continent mingle with the rich in public places, and there is no rudeness; they walk in the same arcades and parterres, and there is no spoliation. Our countrymen have been distrusted, and, therefore, have been debarred from these higher advantages. Surely it is time that a new trial should be given them. They have already proved themselves worthy of the privilege. Let them have access to the trophies of nature and the wonders of composition, and there will be witnessed a taste,—a most worthless substitute for a deeper education, as many a country shows, but which will crown the deeper education of this country with a most appropriate grace and a most softening influence. The exhibition of the fine and mechanical arts, to which the sabbath school child is admitted during some holiday, not only gratifies the curiosity of all, but there may be an eye which receives the first impression of lovely forms and ingenious contrivances, a mind which

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carries away its first idea of proportion and design, a hidden zest and genius which emits its earliest spark; — the young observer may be the future painter, sculptor, and machinist!—*Dr. Hamilton.*

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

A POET has said, that

"All men overreach in trade."

This is happily not strictly correct. There are just men on the earth—men who love and practise equity in their dealings with their fellow men, well knowing that there is an eye watching all their actions, and an infallible pen ready to note down any not emanating from the principles of strict moral rectitude, in the book of God's remembrance. It must be too plain, however, to any one observant of "men and manners," that there are many to whom the poet's assertion applies; and that not only in the humbler walks of life, but in that class of society which prides itself on its respectability and its honour.

A noted character of this kind once lived in my vicinity. Born of respectable parents, James B—— had every opportunity of becoming himself a respectable member of society. The name of his parents, indeed, was a sufficient passport for him into any circle in what is called "the middling classes of society;" and James B—— availed himself of this favourable circumstance. To use a Scripture figure, he flourished among them "like a green bay tree." But there was a worm at the root of all his prosperity. James B. loved gold; and taking advantage of his position, he sought to increase it at the expense of others. Did he buy, he must have a great bargain; did he sell, he must have large profits; and did he lend money, he must have an unusual rate of interest. Now this may have been only the practice of the world at large; and if James B—— had not gone a step further than this, he might still have been looked upon as a respectable member of society. Bargains, large profits, and high interest, are considered legitimate by the men of the world, however contrary they may be to the principles of strict justice. How do men gloat over a bargain in trade; how do they pride themselves in employing their capital to high advantage! But there is something inherently wrong in the love of money, and the career of James B—— also proves that it tends to greater evils. In order to obtain the desire of his heart, it often led him to practise "mean and discreditable shifts." I once knew him to obtain the property of a widow by misrepresentation; and he was often known to adopt the same policy in his dealings with men who were less keen than himself in the art of getting money. But "honesty is the best policy," and so James B—— found in the end. In his experience, the testimony of the wise man was verified, who says, the "treasures of wickedness profit nothing," Prov. x. 2.

It was not many years before the cupidity of James B—— became the subject of general conversation among his circle, and it was easy to foresee that sooner or later, though he had swallowed down riches, he would vomit them up again. This is, indeed, the just and infallible law of an overruling Providence; for men, though they may be heedless of this unseen power, are nevertheless under its control. There is not an action done by them which will not be rewarded according to its deserts. And it is marvellous to observe how the Almighty brings about the punishment of man for his misdoings. James B——, for instance, was made the instrument of his own punishment. Some, what the world would term "false steps," were taken by him in his dealings with his fellow-man, involving him in litigation, which stripped him of his wealth. Now, although his downfal may have been considered by many as the effect of "chance," or be ascribed to his "ill fortune," yet no one who believes in an overruling Providence can doubt for a moment that it was brought about as a punishment for his transgression.

The whole tenor of Scripture, indeed, tends to show that just dealing is pleasing in the sight of God. Solomon says that—

"The path of the just is as the shining light,
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.
The way of the wicked is as darkness,
They know not at what they stumble.
Prov. iv. 18, 19.

Blessings are upon the head of the just:
But violence covereth the mouth of the wicked.
The memory of the just is blessed:
But the name of the wicked shall rot.
Prov. x. 6, 7.

The tongue of the just is as choice silver:
The heart of the wicked is little worth.
Prov. x. 20.

Passages of Scripture might be multiplied to show that uprightness and "righteous dealing" are pleasing in the sight of God. Under the Levitical law, when the Jew offered a trespass-of-

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fering, it was ordained that he should first restore "that which he violently took away, or the thing which he hath deceitfully gotten, or that which was delivered him to keep, or the lost thing which he found, or all that about which he hath sworn falsely;" and he was to restore it "in the principal," and was to "add the fifth part more thereto, and give it unto him to whom it appertaineth." If men were, indeed, to peruse the Scriptures carefully and prayerfully, they would soon discover that morality of conduct in their dealings with mankind is precious in the sight of God. "They that deal truly are his delight," says Solomon; and how do the most eminent of the characters recorded in Scripture, make it manifest that they walked in the integrity of their hearts, dealing justly with man, and serving God "in righteousness and true holiness." Against usury the word of God is explicit. It prohibits rigorous, imposing conditions of gain for the loan of money or goods, and exacting them without respect to the condition of the borrower, whether he gain or lose—whether poverty occasioned his borrowing, or a prospect of gain by employing the borrowed goods. In the book of Exodus it is said: "If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as an usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury. If thou at all take thy neighbour's raiment to pledge, thou shalt deliver it unto him by that the sun goeth down: for that is his covering only, it is his raiment for his skin: wherein shall he sleep? and it shall come to pass when he crieth unto me, that I will hear, for I am gracious," chap. xxii. 25—27. In Leviticus, also, it is said, "And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee; then thou shalt relieve him: yea, though he be a stranger, or a sojourner; that he may live with thee. Take thou no usury of him, or increase; but fear thy God; that thy brother may live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury, nor lend him thy victuals for increase," chap. xxv. 35—37. That the Hebrews were commanded in these passages not to receive money from any that borrowed from necessity, is also plain from a narrative in the book of Nehemiah. It reads thus:—"And there was a great cry of the people and of their wives against their brethren the Jews. For there were that said, We, our sons, and our daughters, are many: therefore we take up corn for them, that we may eat, and live. Some also there were that said, We have mortgaged our lands, vineyards, and houses, that we might buy corn, because of the dearth. There were also that said, We have borrowed money for the king's tribute, and that upon our lands and vineyards. Yet now our flesh is as the flesh of our brethren, our children as their children: and, lo, we bring into bondage our sons and our daughters to be servants, and some of our daughters are brought unto bondage already: neither is it in our power to redeem them; for other men have our lands and vineyards. And I was very angry when I heard their cry and these words. Then I consulted with myself, and I rebuked the nobles, and the rulers, and said unto them, Ye exact usury, every one of his brother. And I set a great assembly against them. And I said unto them, We after our ability have redeemed our brethren the Jews, which were sold unto the heathen; and will ye even sell your brethren? or shall they be sold unto us? Then held they their peace, and found nothing to answer. Also I said, It is not good that ye do: ought ye not to walk in the fear of our God because of the reproach of the heathen our enemies? I likewise, and my brethren, and my servants, might exact of them money and corn: I pray you, let us leave off this usury. Restore, I pray you, to them, even this day, their lands, their vineyards, their oliveyards, and their houses, also the hundredth part of the money, and of the corn, the wine, and the oil, that ye exact of them. Then said they, We will restore them, and will require nothing of them," chap. v. 1—12. Now, although it may be lawful to receive interest for money, which a man may borrow and improve, yet Christians should be content to share with those to whom they lend, in loss as well as profit, should Providence not bless them with success. And yet how many, like James B——, lend out their money at a large rate of interest, and obtain the property of those whom they ostensibly befriend. That is a merciful and wise injunction of our Saviour which says, "Lend, hoping for nothing again;" and if those professing to be his followers were to obey its benevolent dictates, they would surely receive the reward annexed to it: "And your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil," Luke vi. 35.

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And that human nature is capable of acting thus mercifully, the history of man attests by many fine examples. His own impulses have even taught him this noble lesson of humanity. Among the pagan Greeks a practice existed of lending money to the needy, to be repaid without interest, and if the recipient should still be unfortunate, he was not even required to restore the principal; no one under such circumstances regarded himself as a creditor, or could ask him for an obolos, one of the smallest pieces of Greek money. This was acting in the very spirit of our Saviour's injunction, though the Greeks were unacquainted with the doctrines and principles of Christianity. Surely this is sufficient to put many men bearing the name of a Christian to the blush. Among them, the law of kindness should universally prevail. They should not only abstain from exactions, and act with strict justice in all their dealings with each other, but, to sustain their dignified character, should learn to "bear one another's burdens." Oh! what evils has the love of money engendered in society; for this is doubtless the secret cause of all the impositions which take place in a community. It leads to false weights, exorbitant profits, and usurious interests. Yet, after all, though a man "may heap up silver as the dust, and prepare raiment as the clay;" and though he "may lay up gold as the stones of the brooks" by his mal-practices, yet is "honesty the best policy." Poor James B—— found this to his cost, and every one who follows such a course will find it to their cost likewise; for though some may not be brought to poverty as he was, yet when they die they shall carry nothing with them; and after death comes the judgment. Unjust dealing, indeed, brings its own punishment with it. One of the greatest luxuries of human life is a conscience void of offence toward God and man; and he who slights the laws of God, and proves unjust to his fellow-man, must ever have a conscience within his breast, clamorous, and ill at ease. And the man who lives upon the labour of the industrious, and eats his bread in the sweat of another man's brow, which are the characteristics of the unjust tradesman and the usurer, must even be looked upon by the wise and the good with feelings of contempt. Moreover, the sense of having communicated satisfaction to another, which is naturally delightful, must ever be a stranger to the breast of that man who lives only for himself. He that can spare no kindness from himself, indeed, may be ranked among the most miserable of the sons of men; for the best figure is but a cipher where it stands in an isolated position. In a variety of ways, therefore, may "honesty" be said to be "the best policy;" and unless the actions of a man are influenced by the law of kindness, he cannot be said to be honest in the true sense of the word. This it is that can alone safely guard him from practising impositions upon his fellow-man; this it is that can alone teach him to act unto others, as he would have them act towards him. For real Christian love not only opens the hand and the heart, but it teaches its possessor to be scrupulously just and equitable in all his transactions with mankind. E. F.

JOURNEY FROM CAIRO TO SUEZ.

Two caravans, laden with coffee, passed us on their way to Cairo the second day after we left that city; and here and there a mass of white and bleached bones spoke to us of fatigue not to be sustained even by the all-enduring camels. One day we counted nineteen camels on the track, that had died not long before, and heaps of scattered bones beside. Amongst those that carried our baggage was one fine stately old mother, with a beautiful foal of a milky white colour, and it was curious to see how she kept it aloof from the other camels, always walking about forty yards away, on one side or the other. The young one was exceedingly playful, performing great antics when we stopped to rest; but after the second day's journey, both it and its mother flagged very much, so that at night they were generally some distance behind the rest of the train. At the hour of encamping, the burthen being taken off, it is customary to turn all the camels loose, to pick up what they can of the scanty herbage. Several of the desert plants these animals will not touch; for instance, the strong-scented henbane, which I have mentioned as growing round Cairo, they always avoid with the greatest repugnance; but a kind of wormwood, most powerfully fragrant, and of a very pleasant bitter, they crop with the greatest avidity. When, after the encampment, they have thus roamed about for an hour or two, their masters call them around them, and, lying down in a circle, each

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receives its allowance of beans, and most of them remain quiet at their station all the night. But in the company there are generally one or two riotous, uneasy ones, that annoy the tired traveller by moving about, bellowing, and kicking against the ropes of his tent, when they ought to be preparing themselves by sleep for another day's toilsome march. And not only do these evil-disposed ones treat you thus ill all night, but during the day, in all probability, you will see them curvetting about in gambols, always awkward, and on the march rendered still more so by your baggage, which, by this proceeding, is hanging about under their bellies instead of on their backs. Indeed I was far less pleased with the camel than I had expected; for instead of that patience, meekness, and resignation that one is always led to suppose appertains to the character of this animal, ours displayed the most extreme discontent, ill-humour, and, in some instances, ferocity. When they lay down at night to be unloaded, the heavens resounded with their cries and groans; when they rose in the morning, burthened for the day, the same hideous noise was continued until actually upon the march. I once saw a furious encounter between a savage camel of our train and a Bedouin, almost a savage, who, finding he could not master the beast by blows, flew furiously at it, and seizing with his teeth its long upper lip, hung by it until agony forced the camel on its knees, for the time completely subdued—an enemy this animal never forgets. The *lex talionis* is acted upon by them as strictly as by the Arabians themselves. "A camel's anger never dies," says the Arab. When you are upon their backs, many of them have a trick of twisting their heads round and biting you; a proceeding only to be avoided by bestowing an occasional rap on their noses with your stick, for they are wonderfully sensitive on that part, and will seldom renew the attempt after being once or twice thus frustrated. Great as is my abhorrence of the camel in its capacity of riding-horse or companion, and fully convinced as I am, that all who have been much in their society will sympathise in this feeling of abhorrence, yet who can view this curious animal without the deepest interest, as, bending beneath its weighty burthen, onward it plods, heedless of burning sun or suffocating drought; so formed by the wise Creator, so wonderfully adapted to the drear sterility and oppressive climate, as well as to the necessities of those inhabiting the tracts of burning waste—the appointed scene of its existence! Week after week, and month after month, if left to its own slow pace, it will travel on with little nourishment; sun scorched plants, beans, or date-stones broken up, or barley made into little cakes, its only sustenance. With a burden on its back of greater weight than two strong mules could endure for one short day with rest and care, the camel traverses the vast and boundless desert at the rate of twelve hours a day without a halt, breathing, meantime, a heated, stifling air, fraught with choking sand. The wise economy of the Great Being enables it thus to fulfil its allotted labour, by means of the supply of water which it is endued with the power of bearing within it for a resource when necessary. The very "staff of life" to the Arabs, its milk and flesh are good to them; its hair is worked into tents and apparel, and is, moreover, an article of trade; and then, again, its dung feeds the fire that tempers the chill night air. And what does mankind owe this useful animal—the only means of carrying on the overland commerce of the east, even from that remote period when Joseph's brethren, in Dothan, after casting him into the pit, "lifted up their eyes, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt?" At the gates of Babylon, and of "Tadmor in the Wilderness," the camel left the richest products of China, and remotest India, then onward plodded across the wide Syrian deserts to Phœnice's coast; and *trièremes* glided from the ports of Tyrus, Sidon, Sarepta, and Berytus, to float upon the waters of the "great sea," to coast the shores of the land-locked Palus Mæotis, or even to dare the great western ocean to the very Cassiterides, laden with riches brought from India, Mesopotamia, and Babylonia, which could only have reached her ports through the medium of the camel. Phœnicia's narrow territory alone, in spite of Tyrian purple and Sidonian glass, would never have made Tyre and Sidon queens of merchant cities, had it not been for the opening of commerce with the farthest east, by means of caravans, across the trackless deserts, which poured wealth and celebrity into her gates, making her merchants "princes." Her fame in navigation, then, was derived from her caravan

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trade; her teeming warehouses freighting her ships of the sea with the costly cargoes of her "*desert ships*," giving birth to that zest for commerce and maritime adventure for which she became so renowned. A passing thought is also due to the utility and endurance of the camel, as proved in modern times; for though the tide of commerce sets no longer towards Phœnicia, and caravans laden with silk and pearls no longer brave the Tartar and the Persian robber hordes, to minister to Roman luxury, traversing Asia from the Chinese ocean to the Syrian coast, as was the case some thirteen hundred years ago, yet at this day do merchant caravans, greedy of gain, brave toil and sufferings, setting at defiance wandering tribes devoted to rapine, and thus adventurously traverse the six thousand miles, or more, which lie between Russia and the Celestial Empire, exchanging tea, rice, and other southern products, for furs and various articles of northern growth. And again, laden with slaves, gold dust, and ivory, the Fezzan camel faces the fearful Lybian desert, a journey of fifty days or more, to reach the capital of Egypt; and from Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, from Darfur and Senaar, great caravans go forth—these to Cairo or Timbuctoo, those to Mecca. Consider, also, the gigantic caravans which, since the rise of the false prophet, have been, and are to this day, seen laden with merchant devotees, "true believers," holy pilgrims, pressing on from north and central Africa, from Europe and remotest Asia, to compass "the ancient house," the *Caaba*, there to pay their vows, clasping with fervour in one hand the Koran, and in the other (no less fervently) amber, shawls, and gorgeously embroidered silks. Not that this junction of temporal and spiritual interests, so wisely kept in view by the pilgrim to Mecca, is peculiarly characteristic of the Moslem devotee; for behind many a Christian pilgrim who has humbly entered the gates of Jerusalem with staff and scrip, and peas in his shoes, a long train of heavy-laden sumpter mules, groaning beneath European productions, might be presently seen, or, at all events, the vessel that bore him to the hallowed shores of Palestine, generally carried with it some little merchandise which he hoped to exchange for oriental luxuries. Though, doubtless, his mercantile views were as nothing in his sight compared with the one great end for which he had left his native shores, to brave the pirate and the Philistine, yet did he deem it right to keep one eye awake to worldly interests. The urgings of pure spiritual enthusiasm, without question, moved many to brave the dangers of pilgrimage, particularly those who undertook it, possessing no worldly goods; but the urgings of pure mercantile enthusiasm moved others to brave the same dangers, and attribute it to devotion. It is justly observed by one of our most eminent writers, in adverting to the above fact, that "in all their operations, men have a wonderful dexterity in mingling some attention to interest with those functions which seem to be most purely spiritual."

As to the greatness of the speed of the dromedary, (which amongst the Bedouins is nothing more than the lightest made camel, being exactly of the same form as that animal, but not quite so heavily limbed,) I never saw it illustrated; for though I have sometimes for a short distance driven mine to trot perhaps at the rate of eight miles to the hour, yet it seemed rather laborious to it than otherwise. The instances of their extreme velocity which one meets with in different authors, are doubtless exaggerations; such, for example, as those related by Morgan, in his "History of Algiers," who states, that in one night a dromedary will traverse as much ground as a horse would in ten, and then seem as fresh as upon starting; and the match between the white dromedary of Lella Oumane, a princess of that country, against a fleet greyhound and certain barbs of Lybian breed, swifter even than the ostrich. But what was their swiftness to that of Lella Oumane's favourite! The Lybian barbs were covered with foam, and scarcely able to breathe; the greyhound bitch lay down and panted, ready to expire; but the white dromedary came "flying towards us with an amazing velocity, seemingly nothing concerned." That they are the swiftest animals that can bear a long desert journey cannot be doubted, and their degree of swiftness may justify the comparison in Jeremiah ii. 23, "Thou art a swift dromedary traversing her ways;" but in the words of the tenth verse of the eighth chapter of the book of Esther, often quoted as denoting the swiftness of this animal, there is nothing surely to prove it fleeter than mules or horses; for the king Ahasuerus dispatched his letters "by posts on horseback, and riders on mules, camels, and young dromedaries."—*Borrer's Journey.*

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MINES AND MINING.

No. III.

METALLIC MINES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

No one of what are termed the precious metals is found on our coasts—a circumstance which, when viewed in connexion with the history of those mines which contain them, leaves little to be regretted. Of other metals, and especially those useful ones, iron, tin, and copper, we have ample stores.

Iron, the most essential of all to our wants and comforts, constitutes one main source of our national wealth. It is universally diffused, existing, more or less, in every variety of soil and every species of rock. It was wrought in England at a very early period; but in consequence of the exclusive use of timber in the furnaces for extracting the metal from the ore, to comparatively little advantage, till about the middle of the last century. Above two hundred years since, Edward, Lord Dudley, invented a method of smelting iron ore by pit coal, and obtained a patent for it; but that was not an age for such projects; the works of the inventor were destroyed by an ignorant rabble; and he was prevented from introducing and perfecting a process which has since proved of immense benefit to the country. The entire quantity of iron now produced by the furnaces of Great Britain is estimated at considerably above 700,000 tons; and the value of pig iron, as it is termed, that is iron in its rudest state, before any other labour has been expended upon it, beyond what is necessary to extract the metal from the ore, at the present market price of 5*l.* a ton, gives a total value of more than 3,500,000*l.* It is met with in considerable quantities in Shropshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and other counties; but the principal iron works are in Staffordshire and South Wales. Of the latter district, Merthyr Tydvill is the centre, from which there is a continued line of furnaces carried out through adjacent towns. This place, till the middle of the last century, was an insignificant village. In the year 1755, the surrounding land, including the mines, was let for 99 years at 200*l.* per annum. The population now exceeds 25,000. Tredegar, in its vicinity, which at the beginning of the present century was an uninhabited district, has now a population of above 7,000 souls; and in several other places, the increase has been equally rapid. The face of nature has, in some places, been entirely changed by the establishment of new works. Romantic valleys, rarely traversed by any human being, and verdant woods are now intersected by railroads, and studded with the cottages of the workmen. The iron works, in this district alone, furnish direct employment to above 28,000 people, exclusive of their families.

It has been supposed, that the existence of tin mines in Cornwall was known at least 2,400 years ago. It seems probable that this metal constituted an article of commerce with those early navigators, the Phœnicians. Certainly tin works were carried on before the use of iron was known. Many tools of oak, obviously used in mining, are occasionally found in old works, which tradition among the miners ascribes to the Saxons and Danes; but which were, in all probability, the rude instruments of the ancient Britons. But it is supposed the only metal then accessible, was stream tin, found on low grounds, washed down from the lodes in the neighbouring hills; nor is it probable that mining or digging the ore from the veins was known or practised till the tenth century of the Christian era. Tin is found exclusively in Cornwall and Devonshire, but chiefly in the former county. It is met with, for the most part in the state of oxyde, or in combination with other metallic ores, particularly that of copper. The ores are generally distributed in veins, at no great distance from the surface. In some places tin and copper veins are united, and run in parallel lines with each other; the tin ore forming one side, and the copper ore the other of a double vein. The latter metal exists in almost all the different states of metallic ores; and native copper is not an unusual production. Copper is likewise found abundantly in Cornwall, where it is produced upon a large scale, owing to the richness of the mines. As the two metals are thus found interwoven with each other, it might be supposed that copper would have become a valuable article of commerce at as early a period as tin. This was far from being the case. Even when the tin mines, as they deepened, yielded copper in abundance, it was for a long time thrown away as worthless under the name of "poder," and it is only since the beginning of the eighteenth century that mines have been worked for copper with any spirit or success. Those who have lived in later times

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have reaped the profits left them by the ignorance of their forefathers—so important is it to determine the value of any substance which passes under the miner's observation.

The greater proportion of the mines of Cornwall lies between Truro and the Land's End. They are not widely scattered, but are accumulated in groups. They are works of immense magnitude, and furnish employment to a very extended population. The depth of some of them exceeds 240 fathoms, or 1440 feet, from the surface. The ore is contained in veins which traverse the slate rocks and the granite. The average width of these metalliferous veins, is seldom more than three feet; and they are considered wide if they are five or six feet, although instances occur in which their width is much greater. The Consolidated Mines are by far the largest in Cornwall, or indeed, in any part of Europe. They are situate in the parish of Gwennap, along the whole extent of a range of steep hills, and occupy an area of 800 acres. The site is about 300 feet above, and the bottom of the deepest shaft 1340 feet beneath the level of the sea, and consequently 1640 feet from the surface, being the deepest excavation in Great Britain. The aggregate extent of the levels, or ways, driven in all directions from these shafts, is about 47 miles. The enormous power of machinery used in these mines is said to exceed any similar combination in the world. It consists of 17 steam-engines, four of which are the largest ever erected; six water-wheels, one of which is 42, and another 30, feet in diameter; and several horse-whims. The force constantly exerted by this stupendous accumulation of mechanical power, is calculated to be at least equal to that of 4,000 horses, and were it exerted to its full extent, it would amount to that of 7,000 or 8,000 horses.

Several of the Cornish mines are worked even under the sea. The Potallack mine has been wrought in this manner—far under the bed of the ocean—even from a remote period. Pryce, in his "Mineralogia Cornubiensis," gives the following interesting account of it:—"The mine of Huel Cock, in the parish of St. Just, is wrought 80 fathoms (480 feet) in length under the sea, below water-mark, and the sea, in some places, is but three fathoms over the back of the workings, insomuch that the tinners hear the break, flux, and reflux of every wave, which upon the beach overhead, may be said to have had the run of the Atlantic ocean for many hundred leagues, and consequently are amazingly powerful and boisterous. They also hear the rumbling noise of every nodule and substratum of rock, which are continually rolling upon the submarine stratum, which altogether makes a thundering roar, and would surprise and fearfully engage the attention of the casual stranger. Add to this, that several parts of the lode, which are richer than others, have been very indiscreetly hulked and worked within four feet of the sea, whereby, in violent stormy weather, the noise overhead has been so tremendous, that the workmen have many times deserted their labour, from the greatest fear that the sea might break in upon them."

But a much more wonderful submarine mine than this, was at one time not only attempted, but brought to considerable perfection. The Wherry tin mine was not only worked under the bed of the sea, but the shaft was actually sunk in the sea itself. The first attempts to work this singular mine are said to have been made about the beginning of the last century, when several veins of tin were observed to traverse a rocky shoal, which was exposed to view at low water; but the works after having been sunk a few fathoms in the water, were at that time abandoned in despair. About the year 1778, a poor miner, whose name was James Curtis, had the boldness to renew the attempt with a capital of only ten pounds at his command. The distance of the shoal from the neighbouring beach, at high water, is about 120 fathoms, and this, in consequence of the shallowness of the beach, is not materially lessened at low water. It is calculated that the surface of the rock is covered about ten months in twelve, and that the depth of the water on it, at spring tides, is 19 feet. The prevailing winds occasion a very great surf even in summer, but in winter the sea bursts over the rock in such a manner as to render all attempts to carry on mining operations unavailing. Such was the spot on which Curtis determined to commence operations. Three summers were consumed in sinking the principal shaft; but proceeding with a perseverance that nothing could daunt or overcome, and aided by others, who brought a little more capital into the enterprise, by the year 1791 he had succeeded to the following extent: the shaft was sunk to about 26 feet in the rock, and the breadth of the

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working was 18 feet. The roof of the working was brought within 3 or 4 feet of the water in some places. Twelve men were employed for two hours at the windlass, in hauling up the water, while six were working in the mine below, and the men afterwards worked six hours on the rock, making eight in all. Thirty sacks of tin ore were broken on an average every tide, and ten men, in the space of six months, working about one-tenth of that time, obtained about 600*l.* worth. Thus did this most singular sea-girt mine continue to be worked till it had yielded 70,000*l.* worth of tin ore, when a period was put to its usefulness almost as remarkble as the circumstances connected with its origin. An American vessel broke from the anchorage in Gwava's Lake, (a small bay near Penzance,) and striking against the stage constructed out in the sea, or the shoal, demolished the moorings, filled the mine with water, and thus put an end to the adventure.

The average annual produce of the Cornish mines has been reckoned at about 4,000 tons of tin and 12,000 tons of copper. They are usually worked by companies of adventurers, who rent them either of the crown or of private individuals. But tin and copper mining, like that of the precious metals, is exceedingly precarious. There is no certainty beyond the present moment. Veins which promise much when first opened, fall off below and occasion immense loss, or perhaps continue to be wrought with hope of improvement, but with little or no advantage, while, on the other hand, some, which at the outset promised little or nothing, do occasionally return great profits. Crenis copper mine is said to have returned a clear profit of 84,000*l.* in one year, and that of Huel yielded nearly 130,000*l.* in the same time, after deducting every necessary outlay. The expense of working some of the larger mines is necessarily very great. In that of Huel Vor, 3,000 lbs. of candles, and 3,500lbs. of gunpowder are consumed in a month. There are instances in which the sinking of a shaft and a single steam-engine have cost upwards of 10,000*l.* The total number of persons to whom these mines afford occupation, directly and indirectly, is supposed to be 76,000.

Besides Cornwall, some other parts of the kingdom furnish considerable quantities of copper. The famous mine in Parys Mount, in the Isle of Anglesea, was probably worked at a very early period; and after being long neglected, proved a vast source of wealth, to adventurers and proprietors, during the latter part of the last century. From the peculiar site and disposition of the mineral, it was not necessary to work it by shafts and levels, but by digging at once into the sides of the mountain, which consisted of one entire mass of copper, it could be extracted, as from an open quarry. These have now been laid open, so that a spectator, standing on the edge, sees an awful range of huge caverns, profound hollows, stupendous arches, and enormous masses of rock, and amongst all these the miners plying their singular and perilous trade. The Parys Mountain is calculated to have furnished in all, 85,000 tons of pure metal, which at 90*l.* a ton, must have produced the immense sum of 7,650,000*l.* But the productiveness of this mine, like that of Ecton, in Staffordshire, in which 1,000 persons were at one time employed, has for many years declined. The entire produce of the copper mines of Anglesea and of Wales, does not now exceed 900 tons a year.

The LEAD mines of Derbyshire and the north of England are numerous and important, and were wrought at a very early period. This is evident from the curious fact, that blocks of lead have been found with Roman inscriptions on them. A block of this kind was discovered at Cromford Moor, with the following inscription: "The sixth legion inscribes this in memory of the emperor Adrian;" and another, weighing 84lbs., was found at Matlock Bank, inscribed thus: "The property of Lucius Aruconius Verecundus, merchant of London." The most common ore of this metal is the sulphuret, which is generally found deposited in veins, or extensive beds. The annual produce of these mines is said to amount to about 50,000 tons.

It has been considered singular, that a country so rich in mineral productions as Great Britain, should be destitute of quicksilver. It appears, however, that a small portion was once found in a bed of clay at Berwick-upon-Tweed. The circumstance is related in "Watson's Chemical Essays," and in "William's Natural History of the Mineral Kingdom." The clay having been dug out for the foundation of a house, lay for some time where it had been deposited, and the mineral was observed to exude from the small fissures and cracks which were found in it, as it dried, being apparently distributed

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throughout the whole mass of clay. And many years afterwards, when some workmen penetrated into the same bed, it appeared to be impregnated with mercury, which ran out in small globules. It seems extraordinary that such a mineralogical fact did not excite more attention, and lead to more examination and inquiry.

D. W.

SNOWDON.

When we intended to hurry finally away from our rainy quarters at Capel Curig, (says Miss Sinclair,) it proved for the present impossible. So many travellers made a rush out of the inn on the first appearance of sunshine, that the hostlers had their hands full; but at last we did effect our escape, and began the morning with a circuitous tour round "steep Snowdon's shaggy side," which looked so rugged, dark, and bare, in a grey misty morning, that it could be compared to nothing but an enormous cinder, while the summit, like smoke, obscurely mingling with the clouds, seemed ready to float away with them. The shape and proportions of Snowdon are so grand and lofty, that nature probably determined to astonish us by this majestic mountain, and then broke the mould in which it was cast.

Bishop Heber perfectly coincides in my admiration of Welsh scenery, and writes enthusiastically on the subject, preferring it to any he ever saw; and certainly nothing can appear more perfect in its way than the desolate grandeur throughout the pass of Glenberris, three miles long, hemmed in by Snowdon on one side, and the Glenberris or Welsh Glaciers, opposite, which rose so contiguously, that some parts of the road we drove through, seemed not 30 feet apart, and the road had barely room to wind its way along. We felt like nuts between the crackers, thus wedged in by two such mountains, with masses of rock impending on each side, ready to roll down and extinguish us. Gilpin, on the "Picturesque," talks of "ill-disposed mountains," and certainly these had a very treacherous aspect. There are people who never go anywhere without seeing something to be afraid of; and a little apprehension here might have been perfectly justifiable, as our post-boy mentioned that the road is sometimes entirely blocked up by an avalanche of rock, while many large fragments were now suspended over head with little more apparent security than the sword of Dionysius. How easily these tottering rocks might be safely propped up in their present elevations, and rendered stationary for ever; yet if once they began a downward course, how rapid and irresistible would be their descent. An emblem this of the sinner's course when he yields to temptation; for a slight resistance may be sufficient at first, yet how impossible for anything short of supernatural power afterwards to stay his fall. Every one who seeks for high attainments in holiness may be compared to Sisyphus rolling a stone up hill; for not more certainly is the inclination of everything, than of all Christians to decline from their stedfastness. We were shown a mass of rock recently fallen, measuring thirty-six feet long; so it would exactly have filled up your drawing-room. Not far from that lay another immense stone, beneath the shelter of which an old woman formerly lived during several years, finding herself amply accommodated, though she must have been almost as entirely cut off from human intercourse in such a place, as if buried like a toad in its centre.

An old Welsh proverb says, "Whoever sleeps a night on Snowdon, will awaken either a poet or a madman;" and as men have sometimes become both, it is not an experiment many would be inclined to try, even with so lofty a subject to inspire them as this new Parnassus. While we rolled ingloriously round the base of Snowdon, I often wished myself mounted on its summit, and envied the goats skipping among the precipices without an idea of being giddy; but the ascent is one thousand one hundred and ninety yards; while no one in scaling a mountain will be of opinion with the Frenchman, that the first step is the great difficulty. Every step becomes more difficult than its predecessor, so this desire to reach the top of Snowdon must be added to the list of my unattainable wishes. "Though fixed on earth aspiring to the skies." Moralists declare that the most miserable situation in life is to covet great pre-eminence without energy to seek it, and that those who have not active ambition can only find peace in contented insignificance; therefore travellers not possessing energy to perch themselves like eagles on the summit of Snowdon must be satisfied to measure its circumference, and delay a closer inspection of the upper regions until they grow

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younger. Near the top of Snowdon a celebrated giant-killer is buried, not our old nursery friend, Jack, though an equally redoubtable hero, who put so many giants to death, that he made a coat of their beards, rather a troublesome manufacture; but I once saw a pair of gloves equally uncommon, which might have been worn at the same time, made from the beards of the muscle shell-fish, which sometimes grow about four inches long.

Near the bottom of Snowdon we were shown an ancient spinster, who has lived almost a century in single blessedness, inhabiting her small cottage, perched upon a rock at some distance off the road, and completely isolated from all neighbours.

> "Oh who would inhabit
> This bleak world alone?"

Luckily for her, witchcraft is no longer credited, or she might have been in some jeopardy, as old age and lonely habits were generally the chief evidences against a culprit, and she could have brought few witnesses to vouch for the blamelessness of her life, since no one ever visits there. This Welsh recluse is quite an heiress, possessing a hundred sheep of her own, which were scattered on the hill, like snow wreaths at a distance, and we heard that she lives very comfortably in her solitary dwelling, "contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair." How seldom the great events of this busy world can interest her! She scarcely knows probably what sovereign reigns in London now, while standing far remote at her cottage door. The death of a sheep must appear of more importance to her than the death of a monarch; and the breaking of a window pane a severer blow than the breaking of the Bank of England. As long as Welsh flannel and worsted stockings continue in fashion, she is above the vicissitudes of life, and may carry on perpetual knitting in peace and security. Even amidst the warm current of domestic affection, how natural a tendency the human heart betrays to freeze into selfishness; but when individuals, either from choice or necessity, live entirely isolated, every event of the day personally concerns themselves only; and therefore the consequence becomes inevitable, that their minds get engrossed about trifles, and those trifles are exclusively their own affairs.

CORAL ISLANDS.

No. II.

Another class of coral reefs are denominated Lagoon-reefs, forming low Lagoon islands. Of these may be enumerated, as examples, Keeling's island, and the Maldive, Laccadive, and Chagos islands, which constitute belts inclosing a lagoon studded with islands. With respect to the Maldive islands, which are small and exceedingly numerous, we may describe them as protected by narrow strips of coral reef, called atolls, or atollons, which break the violence of the waves, during the continuance of the south-west monsoon, when the sea is greatly agitated. These reefs, fourteen in number, are based on a sand bank, and beyond them are no soundings: they are, moreover, intersected by channels, many of which are deep and safe for the passage of vessels, and within the circular enclosure of the atolls the sea is tranquil, having a depth of twenty or thirty fathoms of water. In some places the atolls scarcely reach the surface of the water; in other places they are elevated six feet above the level of the sea. The islands are generally situate along the enclosing barrier of coral; but some are in the central space of the enclosure; they are all small, many being not more than a mile in diameter, and mostly circular or lozen-shaped, with a lagoon in the centre; some, indeed, are mere circular belts, eighty or one hundred yards broad, enclosing either a lower tract of broken coral rock, and dry at spring-tides, or a lagoon of water from one to ten fathoms deep. The highest part of the islands varies from six to fourteen feet above the level of the sea. Their surface is covered with a bed of sand, mixed to a greater or less depth with decomposed vegetable matter, constituting a light black sandy soil. Underneath is a soft sandstone, covering another deep bed of sand, containing fresh water. All the islands are covered by a dense jungle, over which towers the banyan, the candoo tree, the bread-fruit tree, and others. With respect to Keeling's island, in the Indian ocean, it is described by Mr. Darwin as an annular reef of coral, surmounted in the greater part of its length by linear islets. This accomplished observer states that "on the northern, or leeward side, there is an opening through which vessels leave the

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anchorage." "On entering," he says, "the scene was very curious, and rather pretty; its beauty, however, being solely dependent on the brilliancy of the surrounding colours. The shallow, clear, and still water of the lagoon, resting in its greater part on white sand, is, when illuminated by a vertical sun, of a most vivid green. This brilliant expanse, several miles in width, is on all sides divided either from the dark heaving water by a line of snow-white breakers, or from the blue vault of heaven, by the strips of land crowned at an equal height by the tops of the cocoa-nut trees. As a white cloud here and there affords a pleasing contrast with the azure sky, so in the lagoon dark bands of living coral appear through the emerald-green water." On the windward coast a great surf was found to break, producing a singular contrast to the calmness of the lagoon, with its subaqueous fields of delicately branched corals, amidst which wandered the most beautifully coloured fishes. "There is," says Mr. Darwin, "a simplicity in the barrier-like beach, the margin of green bushes, and tall cocoa-nuts; the solid flat of coral rock, strewed here and there with great fragments and the line of furious breakers, all rounding away towards either hand. The ocean throwing its waters over the broad reef, appears an invincible, all-powerful enemy; yet we see it resisted, and even conquered, by means which at first seem most weak and inefficient. It is not that the ocean spares the rock of coral; the great fragments scattered over the reef, and accumulated on the beach, whence the tall cocoa-nut springs, plainly bespeak the unrelenting power of its waves. Nor are there any periods of repose granted. The long swell caused by the gentle but steady action of the trade-wind always blowing in one direction over a wide area, causes breakers which even exceed in violence those of our temperate regions, and which never cease to rage. It is impossible to behold these waves without feeling a conviction that an island, though built of the hardest rock, let it be porphyry, granite, or quartz, would ultimately yield, and be demolished by such irresistible forces. Yet those low insignificant coral islets stand and are victorious; for here another power, as antagonist to the former, takes part in the contest. The organic forces (coral animals) separate the atoms of carbonate of lime, one by one from the foaming breakers, and unite them into a symmetrical structure. Let the hurricane tear up its thousands of huge fragments, yet what will this tell against the accumulated labour of myriads of architects at work day and night, month after month? Thus do we see the soft and gelatinous body of a polypus, through the agency of vital laws, conquering the great mechanical power of the waves of an ocean, which neither the art of man, nor the inanimate works of nature could successfully resist."

We may here remark, that while the delicate and branching corals flourish in the tranquil lagoon, it is only amidst the foam of the breakers that the rock-building corals luxuriate, contending with the waves, and repairing the injuries to which the ocean barrier they raise up is ever subject. Moreover, when we contemplate such a lagoon island as Keeling's island, and others of the same kind, and reflect upon its origin, that it is the production of soft polypes, we feel that the most ponderous monuments of human industry sink into insignificance. It is, indeed, by myriads upon myriads of minute creatures, each—

> "Self-employ'd,
> But yet an agent in one common work,
> The sum of all their individual labours,"

that this masonry was founded.

> "Sight could not trace their evanescent changes,
> Nor comprehend their motions; till minute
> And curious observation caught the clew
> To this live labyrinth, where every one,
> By instinct taught, perform'd its little task,—
> To build its dwelling and its sepulchre
> From its own essence exquisitely modell'd;
> There breed and die, and leave a progeny
> Still multiplied beyond the reach of numbers
> To frame new cells and tombs; then breed and die,
> As all their ancestors had done, and rest
> Hermetically seal'd, each on its shrine
> A statue in this temple of oblivion!
> Millions of millions, thus from age to age,
> With simplest skill and toil unweariable,
> No moment and no movement unimproved,
> Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,
> To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual mount
> By marvellous structure, climbing towards the day,
> Each wrought alone, yet all together wrought,
> Unconscious, not unworthy, instruments,
> By which a hand invisible was rearing
> A new creation in the secret deep.
> Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them:
> Hence, what Omnipotence alone could do,
> Worms did! I saw the living pile ascend
> The mausoleum of its architects,
> Still dying upwards as their labours closed,
> Slime the material,—but the slime was turn'd
> To adamant by their petrific touch,—
> Frail were their frames—ephemeral their lives—
> Their masonry imperishable. All
> Life's needful functions, food, exertion, rest,
> By nice economy of Providence
> Were overruled to carry on the process,

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Which out of water brought forth solid rock."

* * * *

"A coral island, stretching east and west,
In God's own language, to its parent saying,
Thus far, nor farther shalt thou go, and here
Shall thy proud waves be stay'd."

* * * *

"A sea-lake rose amidst the fossil isle,
Reflecting in its ring its cliffs and caverns,
With heaven itself seen like a lake below."

MONTGOMERY'S "PELICAN ISLAND."

Such is the language of poetry,—here consonant with truth.

M.

THE LOVE OF THE WORLD.

No. I.

THE solemn and earnest injunction of the beloved disciple, 1 John ii. 15, 16, against an ardent attachment to the world and the things that pertain to it, does not refer to the physical creation, in the midst of which we dwell. This earth is a beautiful spot; a product of the wisdom and skill of the great God, who is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working." It is redolent with a thousand sources of innocent pleasure; and for one to look with indifference or coldness upon it; to be wanting in the warm admiration which its diversified scenes and objects of interest are calculated to awaken, is to display a sad insensibility; and to act in a manner that cannot please the almighty Former of all things, who demands that his works be contemplated, and his power, wisdom, and skill, recognised and admired. Who that thinks aright can gaze on a landscape spreading far and wide before the eye, soft and beautiful in the mellow light of heaven; where flowers and streams, meadows and woods, are mingled together; or look on hills and mountains, ascending to the skies, now tinged with golden hues, and now girt with clouds; and not feel his spirit swell with sacred delight, and bow down adoringly before God, who "in wisdom made them all," and cry,

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty, thine this universal frame
Thus wondrous fair; thyself, how wondrous then!"

It is not, therefore, to the physical or natural world John refers, but to the present state of things which is temporal, the pleasures of which are carnal, and friendship with which, as another apostle tells us, is "enmity with God." Imperfection is associated with everything that belongs to this life only; and with its greatest and best blessings the immortal soul should never be satisfied. The injunction of God himself is, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world."

The word "love" is not used in this passage in its widest or most absolute sense. Some kind of attachment to what is earthly is necessary; otherwise, how would any project be formed, or plan effected, or duty discharged? The concerns of business and the family are to be attended to, and a certain amount of interest in them is requisite, to stimulate to activity in the discharge of these relative obligations. The word appears to be used with the same latitude of meaning attaching to it, as belongs to the word "hate," in Luke xiv. 26, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." In either case, the objects mentioned are not to be preferred to God or his service. The first affections must be consecrated to him. The spirit and meaning of the precept are, "Set not your heart on things that are opposed to God, and to the purity and spirituality of your own soul. Place not, even on those persons or objects to which a certain amount of attachment is lawful and imperative, that high and ardent affection due only to God, and things that are heavenly and divine."

Now, much may be said to show the importance of the apostolic injunction. Think of the uncertain and short-lived nature of all earthly good. Instability is written in legible characters on the world and the things that are therein. "The fashion of this world passeth away." The purest enjoyments of earth—those which spring from the domestic and social relationships—are not lasting. Friendships formed on mutual esteem, and which often desire to last for ever, are soon broken. "All that is bright must fade." The flowers which to-day are so sweet and beautiful, tomorrow are seen smitten by rude and cold winds, drooping and dying. Nature changes. The freshness of spring, the gorgeousness of summer, soon give place to the decay of autumn, and to winter's death.

"Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce the heart—
A broken reed at best, and oft a spear:
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires."

If all this may be said of those earthly sources of pleasure, which may be denominated rational and innocent, how much more so with respect to those which in

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themselves are sinful? Why pursue these which are not only evanescent but dangerous; and for a few hours of feverish enjoyment hazard, and perhaps lose, everlasting blessedness? Some of these are enumerated by the beloved disciple.

"The lust of the flesh." A fearful catalogue is given of these by the apostle of the Gentiles, Gal. v. 19—21. "Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like." Well may he add, "They which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Into some of these all are prone to fall. There is not one who can avoid the application of Paul's words, "Among whom also we all had our conversation in times past in the lusts of the flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others," Eph. ii. 3. "We ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another," Titus iii. 3. Some sins of this nature carry with them a loathsomeness that almost ensures their reprobation. Public morality, and the conventional forms of society, lead to their being frowned at among all who desire to be esteemed respectable. But there are many of this class who, while they openly avoid, secretly practise them. Now, whatever sinful indulgences are pursued, they are hateful to God, derogatory to the immortal spirit, and ruinous to its best interests. They enfeeble the mind, and that which was created to command is made to obey; and, as must ever be the case, each act of misdirected obedience rivets the chains of the soul more firmly, and fearfully increases its degradation.

It is not wonderful that against these things the anathema of Heaven is pronounced; that the apostle Peter thus addresses the professors of Christianity, "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul," 1 Pet. ii. 11. All the pleasures of earth that tend to lower the tone of piety among the pious, or to draw off the thoughts of the undecided from eternal things; that make religion distasteful because too solemn and serious, must be wrong. Among these may be classed all public amusements that incapacitate or disincline the soul for communion with God. Their lawfulness or unlawfulness may be brought to this test. If they favour, and render more pleasant intercourse with Heaven, if they give a fresh relish for spiritual and eternal things, they may be regarded as innocent and healthful to the soul; if, on the contrary, they lead to the neglect of that which is sacred, and tend to make religious duties towards God, both in public and private, irksome, they cannot have the Divine sanction, and are, consequently, improper. Reader, love not these things! Whether you be young or old, beware of the enslavements of sin, which have lured millions to destruction. There is a serpent amidst the flowers! There is death in the jewelled cup! The gales from the enchanted ground may seem sweet as those which are wafted from the spice isles of the eastern seas, but they are charged with death.

All earthly gratifications are short-lived and unsatisfying; they ever leave an aching void, and often bitter recollections, and lead to the endurance of the torments of a guilty and alarmed conscience. Sum up the disappointments, the annoyances, the mortifications which you have experienced in the pursuit of those things against which you are warned, balance them against the pleasures enjoyed, and say, does not the result of the scrutiny present a forcible commentary on the wisdom of the Divine declaration, "Love not the world, neither the things that are therein." T. A.

WHERE IS HAPPINESS TO BE FOUND?

If the Scriptures are a delusion, where shall we seek our happiness? In wealth? it is a splendid incumbrance. In honour? it is a glittering bubble. In the pleasures of the world? they are like the brine of the ocean to a thirsty palate, will irritate rather than satisfy. In gay entertaining company? this is only a temporary opiate, not a lasting cure. But in the precious promises of the gospel, and its renewing energy on our hearts, in the discoveries of God's love to poor sinners, in the displays of God's infinitely rich grace, and in the hope of his everlasting glory: in these grand specifics, for preparing and dispensing which revelation has the patent—true health, ease, and felicity are to be found.—*Hervey.*

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View in the New Forest.

THE NEW FOREST.

The most important forests that now exist, are Dean Forest in Gloucestershire, Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire, Windsor Forest in Berkshire, and the New Forest in Hampshire. Some of these formed part of the royal demesnes during the early period of the Anglo-Saxon princes; but the chase was carried to its greatest height by William the Norman. It is said, that nearly a hundred extensive forests belonged to the crown. These royal lands, then so large a portion of the kingdom, subject to different regulations from the rest of the country, were the cause of much grievance to the neighbouring proprietors; nor was redress obtained till the barons forced Henry III. to grant the forest charter, by which the more oppressive enactments were abolished.

The scene which is thus a memorial of the tyranny of man, may suggest to us the benevolence of God. With Gisborne, we may say, in his "Walks in a Forest" in spring:—

"How swells the enraptured bosom while the eye
Wanders unsated with delight from shade
To shade, from grove to thicket, from near groups
To yon primeval woods with darkening sweep
Retiring, and with beauty sees the whole
Kindled and glow with renovated life!"

And as truly may we add—

God clothes his works with beauty. What though here
He has not wrapped in clouds the mountain's head
Magnificent, nor piled the fractured rock,
Nor delved the stony cavern stretching wide
Its unsupported roof; nor down the steep
Poured the rude cataract; nor bid the lake
Expand its lucid mirror to the sun—
Yet has his hand the intermingling charms
Of hill and valley, lawn and winding dell,
In rich exuberance spread—yet has his hand
Hung these wild banks with sylvan majesty.

OLD HUMPHREY ON GETTING BACK AGAIN.

Should my readers suppose that my present subject is a bad one, and that little can be said upon it worthy their attention,

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I must beg permission to differ altogether in opinion from them; for not only do I think that much may be said upon it, but, also, that it is one of the happiest subjects I could have chosen: what may appear an unpromising subject, may at last turn out to be profitable. Consider a moment what a beautiful thing is a bird's-nest, though it is made with a few dried sticks, or a little withered moss, or even with dirt out of the road or ditch; lined perhaps with hair or feathers, or leaves, as the case may be. If, then, the poor bird can turn such unpromising materials to a good account, why should not I? Have patience then; give me fair play, and keep, if you can, your minds free from prejudice.

Many are the days that have rolled over my head, since the time when I first went squirrel hunting with my companions. We were all of us very young, and it was about as likely that we should catch squirrels by chasing them from tree to tree, as it was that we should catch birds by putting salt on their tails. However, a squirrel hunting we went. It would ill become me to boast of our success; if we did not bring any squirrels away with us, we did a much better thing, we left them behind us, leaping from bough to bough, enjoying the liberty their Maker had given them. I hold it no light affair now, wantonly to rob God's creatures of their birthright, and had rather see one nimble-footed, happy-hearted tree-climber at freedom in his native woods, than fifty running round their wiry prisons.

When we came to the great wood where we expected to catch squirrels in abundance, being strangers to the place, we asked a countryman if it was easy to find our way into the wood? "Easy! ay," said he, "nothing easier in the world than to find your way into a wood; the only difficulty is to find your way out again. To get forwards will cost you little trouble, but I question if it will not cost you a great deal to get back again." The countryman was right, and before we did get back, we had all had quite enough of squirrel hunting.

But have there been no other adventures beside squirrel hunting, in which having engaged, I would willingly have retraced my steps? Has there been no inconsiderate act committed, no rash course pursued by me that has wrung my heart-strings? The mariner who too ardently ventures on the deep, when a storm hangs threateningly in the sky—should his anchors be lost, his sails be torn, and his masts be carried away by the board, sighs for the friendly port he has left. And the aerial voyager, who has recklessly soared to the skies, with but little knowledge of his balloon, when he finds himself nearing the sea, or discovers that his gas is rapidly escaping through some rent in the silken globe above him, yearns once more to set his foot safely on the firm earth he has so rashly quitted; but never yet did any voyager of the billowy sea, or azure skies, yearn more intensely for a place of safety, than I have yearned to get back again to the point that I have abandoned. What would I give, or rather what would I not give, to recover some of my stumbling steps, to retrace some of my wrong turnings; to get back again to the point whence I started, and thereby relieve my heart from much bitterness and sorrow!

How does this matter affect you? Have you always held on your way, rightly pursuing a right object; never getting into by-path meadows, nor turning aside a moment from the turnpike road, the king's highway to the celestial city? But why do I ask such a question? "There is not a just man on earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not," Eccles. vii. 20; you doubtless, also, have shadowy remembrances, corner cobwebs in the chambers of your hearts, which, as Christian people, have given you disquietude; then will you both understand me, and go fully and freely with me, in my present observations.

When our parents fell, and when Cain cried out in his agony, "My punishment is greater than I can bear," how bitterly they must have repented the past, and how earnestly they must have desired to get back again to their former state! but the angels of heaven could not help them, they had sinned, and they must of necessity sorrow also.

Pharaoh was greatly troubled in the midst of all his chariots and horsemen, when the waters of the Red Sea came upon him; and willingly would he have given the land of Egypt as his ransom to have got back again, but that was quite out of the question.

Balaam, the son of Beor, "the man whose eyes were open," supplies me with another illustration. "And Balaam said unto the angel of the Lord, I have sinned, for I knew not that thou stoodest in the way against me: now, therefore,

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if it displease thee, I will get me back again." Num. xxii. 34. Ay, Balaam! Balaam! there are very many of thy mind who are ready enough to go back, when going forward has led them into difficulty.

How gladly would Hezekiah have got back again, if he could have done so, after he had foolishly showed his silver and his gold, his precious ointment, his armour, and his treasures to the messengers of Merodach-baladan, the son of Baladan, king of Babylon! But no! the deed was done, and it could not be undone. Half his kingdom—nay, the whole of it, would not have enabled him to retrace his steps; he had gone forwards foolishly, and he could not get back again.

What would not David have done, to have blotted out the past, and get back again, when he said, "I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me!" Psa. li. 2, 3. Or Haman, when he led the king's horse, while Mordecai, the Jew, sat thereon, habited in the king's apparel, and wearing the king's crown? Or, still more, when he was about to be executed on his own gallows? There can hardly be two opinions about the sincerity of David and Haman in their desire to get back again.

What a burst of heart-affecting eloquence broke from the lips of Job, when his soul was wrung with anguish, and he wished to get back again to where he was before! "Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness; as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle; when the Almighty was yet with me, when my children were about me; when I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oil. But now they that are younger than I have me in derision; whose fathers I would disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock." Job xxix and xxx chapters.

When Judas "repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." And when Peter "remembered the word of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice;" and "went out, and wept bitterly." They would have given their all to have got back again. Alas! the one had betrayed, and the other had denied his Master; and they might just as easily have scaled the battlements of heaven, as blotted out their treachery and apostasy.

I could abundantly multiply my scriptural illustrations, but it is hardly necessary; for they have already been numerous enough to show that some of the best, and some of the worst characters of the world have had equal reason to lament their forwardness, and the utter impossibility of retracing the steps they have taken.

Yet think not that these remarks on getting back again are to be limited to things that have been done; it is not so much the past that I have in view, as the future. Whatever mistakes have been made, whatever errors may have been committed, to weep over them in a faint-hearted, despairing spirit, is neither the way to remove, nor to mitigate them. My object is to prevent the evil consequences of an error. I place in a strong point of view the difficulty of getting back again, to deter you from going recklessly forward.

When a duty is before us, we ought neither to get back, nor even to look back. The wife of Lot, when she looked back, "became a pillar of salt." Gen. xix. 26. And it is said in the ninth chapter of Luke, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven." But there is a great difference between getting back to the path of duty, and turning back from it. So long as we are walking in a right way, we ought not to fear the consequences; better is it to lose life in a good cause, than a limb in a bad one. Go forward then, boldly, when your duty is before you. Get back again, as fast as you can, when it is behind you.

When we think how often a momentary act embitters a long life, it behoves us to pause before such an act is committed. The poor lad who runs away from his home to roam the sea as a sailor, has the heart-ache for years; but that heart-ache does not enable him to get back again to the home he so rashly left. No! no! The raging of the winds, and the roaring of the waters, are the only reply to his repentance and his tears; and the man who by a sudden act of folly wounds his conscience, or injures his reputation, is in much the same situation. Even though he would part with his right arm, or his right eye, to get back again, he cannot

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do it. The horse-hair shirt of the self-tormented devotee may be more endurable than his daily and nightly remorse, yet still the latter must be borne; what he has done, he has done for ever.

By this time I hope you begin to see that this subject of mine is capable of universal application, and that it befits us all to ask ourselves the question more frequently than we do in our undertakings and actions, Should this turn out to be a false step, shall I be able to get back again?

What an especial mercy it is, that, though in a thousand lesser things we cannot get back again, we may in the most important of all things. Yes! far as you may have gone astray from God, you may through his grace return, and then, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. i. 18. However wide you may have wandered, there is a way open by which you may get back again to the favour of your heavenly Father.

I am not speaking peace, where peace ought not to be spoken; I am not robbing a single denunciation of the Almighty of its terrors, nor attempting to soften down the Divine threatenings against sin, but simply giving utterance to a plainly expressed and glorious truth, that the Saviour came into the world "to seek and to save that which was lost," and that whosoever believeth in him shall "not perish, but have eternal life." John iii. 15. The promises in the word of God are the property of a contrite sinner, who applies to the Saviour. If the promises of God are not for penitent sinners seeking mercy, for whom were they given? "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself," 2 Cor. v. 19; and "this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. i. 15. And the Redeemer saith, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John vi. 37. May the God of grace cause this conviction to sink into every penitent soul.

You have now something before you to think on, and I am not without hope that some of my present remarks will remain in your memory; so that, whether you go into a wood, squirrel hunting, or enter on more important undertakings, you will be circumspect enough honestly to put the question, Am I quite sure that, if I desire it, I can get back again?

EXPOSURE OF ROMISH MISREPRESENTATIONS.—No. I.

It would be an endless task to enumerate and expose all the misrepresentations contained in the works of popish writers. Their hatred of Protestantism is so fierce, that they seem to have cast off all regard to truth and honour, and to deem themselves justified in propagating any calumny, however barefaced and malignant, by which the character of the great ecclesiastical change wrought in the sixteenth century may be damaged. If they are to be believed, the church of Rome is, and has ever been, gentle and pure; the protector of freedom; the patroness of learning; the friend of the Bible; the nurse of piety. On the other hand, the Reformation is charged with every crime of which fallen human nature is capable, and stigmatized as the greatest calamity that could have befallen mankind. Nothing is wanted (so Romanists affirm) to restore harmony among the nations, correct prevailing disorders, and renew the pristine innocence of society, but the reinstatement of the Romish church in its ancient privileges, power, and pre-eminence.

In support of assertions such as these, history has been enormously perverted or falsified. A few instances may be adduced, with a view to put Protestants on their guard against popish sophistry and slander.

1. Mr. Butler affirms that we owe our Magna Charta to Popery.* Whatever our obligations to that system may be, (certainly they are of a peculiar kind!) a more unfortunate illustration could not have been selected. Magna Charta the gift of the Romish church! Why, the existing head of that church, pope Innocent III., annulled the grant by a stroke of his pen, as soon as its contents were reported to him, and declared that the barons, by whom it had been extorted from the king, were instigated by the devil!†

2. The great John Wickliffe has been foully libelled by popish authors. He has been charged with holding opinions incompatible with the peace and good order—nay, the very existence of civil society. "Few inflammatory writers," says Dr. Milner, "have approached to the seditious excesses of Wickliffe, where he teaches the people, that if they can discover any mortal sin—that is to say, any

* Book of the Roman Catholic Church, p. 168.
† Southey's Book of the Church, p. 167.

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signal violation of sobriety, chastity, piety, meekness, or humility—in their rector, bishop, magistrate, or sovereign, they are at liberty to disclaim his authority, and depose him if it be in their power; or have, like him, instructed us, that we are not obliged to pay our taxes or our tithes, or to regard any laws or statutes, unless the justice of them can be demonstrated from the Scriptures; or have proclaimed the sinfulness of the clergy possessing any temporal property, and tumultuously called upon the people to assist in despoiling them of it."* If sentiments so monstrous had been really held by the reformer, no terms of reprobation would have been sufficiently strong. His writings would have been deservedly marked with the brand of infamy. Happily, however, we are fully furnished with the means of repelling the base insinuation. "Were it needful," Dr. Vaughan observes, "it would not be difficult to collect a volume of extracts from his writings, to demonstrate that no doctrine was ever embraced by him in the least degree affecting the legal possession of property. He knew that many things may be lawful, as done by the Supreme Judge, which would be flagrant injustice, as performed by man, except in obedience to a mandate from above; and to illustrate his meaning, he appeals to the case of the Israelites and the nations of Canaan. This distinction, however, which was never absent from the reformer's mind, appears to have wholly escaped the discernment of his accusers. It is true, the churchman convicted of mortal sin he viewed as having forfeited his office. In every such case, the office so degraded, with its jurisdiction and revenue, he would have transferred to other and more worthy hands; and this maxim it was which brought upon him the reproach of favouring the disruption of the social system. To save themselves from the consequences of this projected discipline, the clergy employed every conceivable device, to make it appear that the opinions of their assailant were revolutionary novelties, which must apply to civil no less than to ecclesiastical offices, and prove as perilous to the possessions of the laity as to those of the church.

"It is in the following language that Wickliffe complains of the injury thus done to himself and his followers:—'Prelates slander poor priests and other Christian men, saying, they will not obey their sovereigns, nor fear the curse, nor keep the laws, but despise all things that are not to their liking; and that they are therefore worse than Jews or pagans; and that all lords, and prelates, and mighty men should destroy them, or else they will destroy holy church, and make each man to live as him liketh, and nothing may more destroy Christendom.' In meeting these serious charges, it is admitted, that 'the fiend moveth some men to say, that Christian men should not be servants nor vassals to heathen lords, since they are false to God, and less worthy than themselves. Neither should they be such to Christian lords, since they are brethren in kind, and Jesus Christ bought Christian men on the cross, and made them free.' In reply, however, it is observed, that 'the apostles Peter and Paul have written against this heresy in God's law;' and their various lessons on obedience to magistrates are so explained, as to favour a submission which, if faulty at all, is so from excess. Conscious of injury, it is with becoming feeling he remarks: 'Yet some men who are out of charity, slander poor priests with this error, namely, that servants or tenants may lawfully withhold rents and services from their lords, when lords are openly wicked in their living. And they invent this treacherous falsehood against poor priests, to make lords to hate them; and not to maintain that truth of God, which they teach openly for his honour, for the profit of the realm, for the establishing of the king's power, and the destroying of sin.' He afterwards exposes the sophistry by which the enemies of the poor priests frequently succeeded in procuring a currency of this slander among the laity: 'The feigned reasoning of the clerks of Antichrist is this:—If subjects may lawfully withhold tithes and offerings from curates who live in open lechery, or in other great sins, and do not the office, then servants and tenants may lawfully withdraw their service and rents from their lords, who live openly an accursed life.' In answer to this it is stated, that 'men are charged of God, by St. Peter and St. Paul, to be thus subject to wicked lords; and therefore Christ paid tribute, for himself and his apostles, to the heathen emperors. Yet we read not that he, or any apostle, paid tithes to the wicked high priests, after the time that he began to preach.'"*

* Tracts of the Catholic Institute, No. 13, p. 8.

* Life of Wickliffe, ii. 271—274.

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3. The Rev. J. Waterworth states that it is a fact to which history bears testimony, "that there was not restraint on the Scriptures before the Reformation."*

Were the fact as the writer alleges, it would render little service to his cause, since it would only prove that during the time the Scriptures existed only in manuscript, and were therefore out of the reach of the people at large, they were not prohibited, simply because, being used by so few persons, the dangerous effects of their use attracted no notice. When, by the efforts of the Reformers, the word of God was restored to its just estimation, it was soon extensively circulated, and then its influence was found so prejudicial to the Romish cause, that restrictive enactments were forthwith issued, and rigorously executed.

But the statement made by Mr. Waterworth is wholly contrary to fact. The reading of the Scriptures was discountenanced, and as far as possible prevented, in all countries which acknowledged the pope's authority. In the year 1229, at the Council of Toulouse, over which a papal legate presided, it was expressly decreed, that the laity should not be allowed to possess any portion of the Scriptures. They might, if they greatly wished it, "have the Psalter, or the Breviary for the divine offices, or the Hours of the Blessed Virgin;" but even these might not be had in the vulgar tongue.† And in 1514, when articles of accusation were exhibited against Richard Hunne, by order of Fitzjames, then bishop of London, in order to blacken him as a heretic, and thereby stifle an inquiry into the mode of his death, (he was cruelly murdered in prison,) the last article was, that in the prologue to his Bible "he defended the translation of the Bible and the Holy Scripture into the English tongue, which is prohibited by the laws of our most holy church."‡

4. The same writer affirms, that no prohibition of reading the Scriptures "was heard of in England until the Reformation."‖

Either Mr. Waterworth is ignorant of the history of his own country, or he calculates on the ignorance of others. If the first supposition be correct, he should have refrained from obtruding himself on the public as an author; if the second, the nefariousness of his endeavour cannot be too indignantly exposed.

In the year 1408, a convocation of the clergy of the diocese of Canterbury was held at Oxford, under the presidency of archbishop Arundel, by which it was enacted and ordained, "that no one hereafter do by his own authority translate any text of Holy Scripture into English, or any other tongue, by way of book, libel, or treatise; and that no one read any such book, libel, or treatise, now lately set forth in the time of John Wickliffe, or since, or hereafter to be composed, in public or in private, in whole or in part, under pain of the greater excommunication, until the said translation be approved by the diocesan of the place, or, if occasion require, by a provincial council."* Seven years after a law was passed (no doubt under the influence of the same prelate) which is thus adverted to in the language of the times:—"In the said parliament," (held at Leicester,) "the kinge made this blasphemous and most cruell acte, to be a law for ever;—That whosoever they were that should rede the Scriptures in the mother tong, (which was then called Wiclev's lerning,) they should forfet land, catel, body, lif, and godes, from theyr heyres for ever, and so be condempned for heretykes to God, ennemies to the crowne, and most errant traytors to the lande. Besides this, it was inacted, that never a sanctuary, nor privileged grounde within the realme shulde holde them, though they were still permitted to theves and murtherers. And if in case they wold not gyve over, or were after their pardon relapsed, they shulde suffer death in two manner of kindes; that is, they shulde first be hanged for treason against the kinge, and then be burned for heresy against God, and yet neither of both committed."

Hunne's case has been already mentioned. Longland, bishop of Lincoln, prosecuted many persons in the year 1521, for possessing and reading the Scriptures in English.†

Every one acquainted with the ecclesiastical history of England well knows that for a hundred and fifty years before the Reformation the Lollards were merci-

* Historical Lectures on the Reformation, p. 145.
† Concilia, (Labbe and Cossart,) xxiii. 197.
‡ Foxe's Acts and Monuments, ii. 13—25.
‖ Ut supra.

* Concil. (Labbe and Cossart,) xxvi. 1038.
† Townley's Illustrations of Biblical Literature, ii. 79—81, 238—242.

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lessly persecuted, and that among the crimes laid to their charge, the reading of the Scriptures is continually alleged. It was a crime, a great crime, and was punished as such. To deny the fact is worse than useless. The audacity of such attempts to impose on the ignorance or forgetfulness of the public can only be equalled by the folly of the expectation that the guilt would be undetected.

5. It is not often that we detect such an amount of misrepresentation in a few lines, as is found in the following paragraph:—"At the Reformation . . . education was discouraged in every possible manner—was allowed only to the rich, and positively forbidden to the poor, as a most dangerous and pernicious article."*

An uninformed reader would suppose, if these statements are correct, that education was more general before the Reformation than after it. Such a supposition, however, is entirely contrary to fact. That great numbers of persons resorted to the principal universities of Europe during the latter part of the middle ages, is admitted; but the mass of the people were still immersed in gross ignorance. Vernacular literature scarcely existed, learning being confined to the Latin language, with which the poorer classes were necessarily unacquainted. Besides this, the quality of the learning acquired is much more to be considered than the number of scholars. The students of the times now referred to wasted their energies in busy and profitless trifling, rather than in gaining useful knowledge.

That at the Reformation the benefits of education were "allowed only to the rich, and positively forbidden to the poor," is a base, unfounded calumny. It is indeed true that Henry VIII., in the latter part of his life, when he was more under the influence of the Romish priesthood, at the instigation of Gardiner and others, discouraged the reading of the Scriptures, and re-established some of the most obnoxious tenets of Popery; but the acts of an individual are not to be charged upon the system he has adopted, and in this case only to a partial extent, unless they can be proved to be its natural fruits; and in this instance it is evident that the contrary inference to that drawn by our opponents is the just one. The English monarch was liberal as long as he listened to the Reformers; as soon as popish principles regained their sway, he relapsed into the bigotry of the system. Let Popery bear the blame.

If in some instances education suffered a temporary check, it was not owing to any adverse interference employed by the Reformers, for both their interest and their inclination led them to encourage learning, but to the disturbed state of society resulting from the opposition to the new movement, or to other causes over which they had no control, among which the spoliation of the monasteries may be mentioned, the revenues of which should have been appropriated to ecclesiastical and educational purposes, as in Switzerland and other parts of Europe. As soon as they could obtain sufficient influence, they exerted themselves in favour of popular instruction. Their own works, commonly written in the vulgar tongue, contributed to the promotion of this object, by exciting a more general desire for the attainment of the art of reading. Their cause, too, rested on public opinion, which they were anxious to secure by the enlightenment of the public mind. Popery produced a blind devotion, by withdrawing the means of information from the people. Protestantism sought to connect faith with knowledge. Before the Reformation, learning was regarded as hostile to religion, and therefore discountenanced by the bulk of ecclesiastics; since that event, it has been esteemed, at least by Protestants, as the handmaid of piety, and deserving universal encouragement.

6. That Luther engaged in the controversy about indulgences under the influence of interested motives, because the publication and sale of those indulgences were intrusted to the Dominicans rather than to his own order, (the Augustinians,) which had till then, as has been affirmed, enjoyed the privilege, is a stale calumny, and has been often exposed. An impartial writer would not have revived it. But Dr. Lingard has the hardihood to assert, in the teeth of the clearest evidence to the contrary, that Luther was only the "agent" of Staupitz, vicar-general of the Augustinians, and that he "eagerly undertook the task assigned to him by the zeal or the envy of his superior."*

The true history of the transaction has been already given. It has been clearly shown, that Luther's opposition to indulgences was excited by their interference

* Dublin Review, No. 18, p. 406.

* History of England, vi. 91. Fourth Edition.

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with his duties as confessor, and the discipline which he held himself bound to maintain. Neither is it true, that the Augustinians considered themselves ill-used by the appointment of the Dominicans. So far from being deprived of an honour which they had long enjoyed, it had never yet been conferred upon them. In the present instance, the Dominicans were not selected for the purpose as a more favoured order, the offer having been first made to the Franciscans, who declined it.

7. Romanists have expatiated with great complacency on Luther's supposed account of his conference with the devil, during which, it is said, Satan suggested to the reformer the chief arguments against the mass. "See," say they, "the devil prompts the opposition to the mass! The Reformation is the work of the devil!" *

It is proper to set this matter in a clear light.

"As soon as Luther had convinced himself that the sacrifice of the Lord's supper was unscriptural, and therefore impious, he began to reflect with terror on the consequences which seemed to threaten himself. He had been continually engaged since the hour of his ordination, a space of fifteen years, in perpetrating that impiety, and in leading others into the same abomination. Could he hope for mercy at the hands of his Judge? Was his ignorance a sufficient excuse for his sin? Could he now make any atonement for it? Or must he regard himself as already lying under irrevocable condemnation?

"His soul was vehement, and his belief earnest. The melancholy tendencies of his temper were increased by ill health, by solitude, by the gloom of surrounding objects. Hence those fierce agitations of soul, those convulsions of the entire spiritual man, which in the eye of reason and philosophy are indeed extravagant and absurd; but which may nevertheless be the extravagance of noble qualities, and allied to the purest motives that can influence human actions. Under such circumstances of internal disorder and irresolution, the tempter presented himself to the heart, rather than to the eye of Luther; and, in the design of urging him to utter despair, suggested to him five arguments. These are distinctly stated by the writer; and their object was to prove to him that the office of the sacrifice, in which he had been so long and so devoutly engaged, was in irreconcilable opposition to the institution of Christ. The temptation was one of terror. If his new opinion were true, to what penalties might he not be liable for the impieties perpetrated during his error! And thus a wish that it might not be true, a partiality for his original belief, might be roused in opposition to his reason, through a sense of everlasting peril." *

It is to be observed—First, that Luther's conviction of the impiety of the mass was not produced by this supposed conference with the devil, but already existed. Secondly, That he does not say "the devil appeared to him," but describes an internal conflict—"Satan commenced a disputation within my heart." Thirdly, That the tempter is not represented as endeavouring to persuade him into a belief that the mass was idolatrous, but rather as labouring to drive him to despair for having persevered so long in the performance of an impious service. "You know that for fifteen years together you celebrated private masses; what, then, if such masses were a horrible idolatry? You have had no knowledge of God, no true faith. You have been no better than a Turk." "Convicted by the law of God," Luther says, "I confess before my adversary that I had sinned, and was condemned, like Judas; but I turn me to Christ, like Peter; I regard his infinite merit and mercy; and immediately he abrogates all my dreadful condemnation." We do not wonder that Seckendorf, Luther's biographer, should indignantly exclaim, "They who affirm that Luther acknowledged himself to have been convinced by the devil that the mass was no sacrifice, are guilty of a palpable and gross falsehood." †—*The Reformation of Europe, published by the Religious Tract Society.*

[To be continued.]

* Luther, in his book, *De Unct. et Miss. Priv.* tom. vii. fol. 228, gives an account of the motive which induced him to suppress the sacrifice of the mass among his followers. He says that the devil appeared to him at midnight, and in a long conference with him, the whole of which he relates, convinced him that the worship of the mass is idolatry.—*Milner's End of Religious Controversy, Letter* 40.

"Luther the founder of the Reformation so called, has informed us in his book, *De Missa Privata*, that his chief arguments against the mass were suggested to him by the devil."—*Sixty Reasons in Favour of the Old Religion.* Tracts published by the Catholic Institute, No. 10.

* Waddington's History of the Reformation, i. 398—400.

† Scott's Continuation of Milner, i. 549.

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MINES AND MINING.

No. IV.

CONTINENTAL MINES.

All the mineral substances which, as we have already seen, are to be met with in our own country, are likewise found in greater or less abundance on the continent of Europe. The northern countries are nearly destitute of coal. There is some in Russia, although of a bad quality; but in France, Germany, and Bohemia, there are valuable mines, which yield it in abundance. The island of Elba deserves especial notice, as containing one of the richest iron mines in the world. A single mountain, called Rio, about five hundred feet in height, and three miles in circumference, consists of an entire mass of iron, or rather it is composed of accumulated masses thrown together, without any order or stratification. This mine was wrought as long since as the time of the Romans, by means of excavations carried into the mountain; but the ore is now extracted by the ordinary process of quarrying. In Sweden and Norway there are likewise iron mines, celebrated on account of the rich ores which they afford, and the superior quality of the iron which is therein obtained. Iron mines are met with in Germany and Bohemia, one of the more remarkable of which is that of Schlackenwald. This has been wrought for more than five centuries, and has been carried to a depth of about a hundred fathoms; the ore is deposited in large masses, one of which, shaped like an inverted cone, is from ninety to a hundred fathoms in thickness. Germany and Hungary contain some valuable copper mines; but the most productive in Europe, perhaps in the world, is that of Tahlun, in Sweden. The mining district occupies a space of nine leagues in length, by two and a half in breadth. It contains an immense opening, or gulf, 840 feet in length, 720 in width, and 240 in depth, which was occasioned in the year 1687 by the falling in of the superincumbent mass, in consequence of the unskilful manner in which the subterranean operations had been conducted. The excavation has been carried to a depth of more than 200 fathoms. It was in this mine that Gustavus Vasa, when driven from his throne, worked for some time to procure the means of subsistence. France possesses a considerable number of lead mines, producing about 30,000 quintals of lead annually. It is also obtained from the mines of Hungary and Bohemia, and in Silesia.

But besides these, the precious metals, as they are usually denominated, and many others never yet discovered on our own shores, occur in considerable abundance in several districts of the continent. Gold is met with in many places. Although one of the scarcest, it is perhaps the most universally distributed of all. It occurs either in detached grains or in an arborescent form, and sometimes in a crystallized state. It is likewise found in primitive mountains, distributed in veins, and in the beds of some rivers, which, not only in the sunny regions of Africa and Asia, but in the continent of Europe, "roll down their golden sand." The Rhine, the Rhone, the Garonne, and other streams, have all been found to furnish auriferous particles. A vein of gold was once discovered at Gardetta, in France, but the quantity obtained was found insufficient to defray the expense of working it. The produce of the Hungarian mines is estimated at 5,200 marcs, or 3,250lbs. troy. But the most productive mines of gold, as well as of platinum, in Europe, are those of Russia. "We spent a month," says Humboldt, in a letter to a friend, "in visiting the gold mines of Borisoosk, the malachite mines of Gonmeselooki and of Tagilsk, and the washings of gold and platinum. We were astonished at the pepitas (waterworn masses) of gold, from two to three pounds, and even from eighteen to twenty pounds, found a few inches below the ground, where they had been unknown for ages. The gold annually procured from the washings amounts to 6,000 kilogrammes.* The discoveries made between 59 and 60 degrees north latitude are important. We possess the teeth of fossil elephants, enveloped in these alluvia of auriferous sand. Their formation, consequent on local irruptions and levellings, is perhaps even posterior to the destruction of the large animals." It appears, from a statement ordered by the House of Commons to be printed in the year 1836, that at that time the entire produce of gold annually in the Russian mines was 363 poods.†

Silver is met with in abundance in Saxony, Hungary, and Bohemia, towards the south, and in Sweden and Norway on the north. The mining territory of

* A kilogramme is a thousand grains.
† A pood is 36lbs. English, or 40lbs. Russian.

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Freyburg produces annually 6,160 lbs. troy, valued at 18,000*l.*, and furnishes occupation for 700 miners. The silver mines of Hungary are celebrated not only for their richness, but also for the immense extent to which the operations have been carried. There is a gallery or level in them, called the Emperor Francis's gallery, by which the whole is drained and cleared of water, which has been carried through hard rock to the extent of five English miles, and must have been a work of immense labour and difficulty. It was commenced in the year 1748, and not completed till 1765. The circle of Saas, in Bohemia, abounds in various metallic ores, amongst which those of silver greatly predominate. The whole galleries and works of this district are divided into six different fields, separated by two drifts, or levels, the one of which, including all its branches, runs to the length of 4,500 fathoms, whilst the total extent of the other is 5,000 fathoms. The depth of the former from the summit of the mountain in which it is situated, is 170, and that of the latter, 190 fathoms; but the operations of the miners have been carried to a much greater depth. With the exception indeed of those in the Tyrol, these mines are considered as amongst the deepest in the world. In one part of this district, at about 150 fathoms below the surface, and 3,000 feet distant from the entrance to the gallery, an entire tree was once discovered, supposed to be a production of the antediluvian world. Its external appearance, its fibrous structure, its ramifications, with soft unpetrified bark adhering to them, left no doubt that it was a vegetable production converted into stony matter. Soon after its discovery, part of the level gave way, and the water increasing, rendered it impossible afterwards to examine the spot. The annual profit of the silver mine of Stahlberg, in Sweden, is estimated to average about 4,000*l.*; it is wrought to the depth of 150 fathoms. But that of Konigsburg, in Norway, is much richer. In this, the ores are chiefly native silver, enormous masses of which have been found, vitreous silver ore, and occasionally red silver ore and galena. It was discovered above two hundred years since, by a singular incident. Two peasants, diverting themselves with throwing stones, accidentally struck the threads of native silver hung on a part of the rock, where they pursued their pastime. This was in the year 1623; and before many years had elapsed, the town of Konigsburg was founded, six thousand inhabitants were drawn to the spot, and by the year 1700 it had become the most valuable mine in Europe. In the year 1769, the value of the produce amounted to 79,000*l.* From that time it appears to have declined, and the works were afterwards for some time given up; but they have for several years been resumed, and conducted with vigour. Mr. Bremner has given an interesting account of a visit he paid to this mine. After proceeding by torchlight through a passage, cut with immense cost and labour, of the length of 5,850 English feet, just high enough to advance without stooping, himself and his companions arrived at the shaft which dives perpendicularly into the bowels of the earth. "We at length began," he proceeds, "the most formidable plunge any of us had ever tried, through a funnel not so wide as a village spire, and four times as high as the highest point of St. Paul's. The ladder being nearly perpendicular, great caution is required in placing the foot, and in keeping a firm grasp; a single false step, and certain destruction must follow. At length, however, we acquired more confidence, and patiently followed our steady guides, ladder after ladder, sometimes diverging a few feet to find the next one, but generally discovering it close by the last. There is no danger if a firm but not too nervous a hold be laid on the slimy steps; only as the torches are insufficient to illuminate to any distance, there is often such complete darkness, that the next opening can scarcely be discovered. . . . Perseverance at length brought us to the bottom. The spot to which we had now sunk is exactly 1,350 English feet below the point where the shaft becomes perpendicular, and, consequently, 3,850 feet below the summit of the superincumbent mountain. We now found matters very different from what we had expected. Instead of a large and dismal cavern, with crowds of labourers plying their unhealthy tasks in its remotest corners, we now saw that the funnel we had been descending is itself the mine, and found the working space so narrow, that only two men can be employed in it at the same moment. The silver in fact occupies a mere slender vein, which they hunt and follow with the shaft wherever it wanders. The vein having at this moment diverged a little from the usual

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line, the men were at work in a side chamber, little more than six feet high, and about the same width, hacking the ore with small pointed hammers. They were aided by the light of their blazing torches, the heat raised by which was so great, we could not endure it. We all attempted to get near them, but fairly thought that we should be suffocated by the vapour. Yet the poor miners spend days in this terrible atmosphere, without a breath of fresh air to relieve them. The ore here is quite pure. We saw a large and beautiful lump shining like quicksilver, which they were working at, and did not expect to get out for five or six hours more, the rock being extremely hard. The employment is considered as very unwholesome; but, fatal as it is, they are only paid one mark (ten skillings) a day, about 1s. 3d. of our money. . . It was now time to commence our escape. But a sad task it was—climbing up some forty ladders, with the perspiration pouring from us in streams, and the legs and back like to break, from the terrible strain on them. In the hut where our ablutions were performed, we were shown a most beautiful lump of silver, dug out the day before, weighing from eight to ten pounds. Nothing could be more graceful than the frostlike twisted branches into which nature had wreathed it; when struck with a nail, it rang clear and loud like a bell. The largest pieces ever found here were one weighing 220 lbs., and another which weighed 409 marks, and was worth 600*l.* sterling."

The continent of Europe contains also large stores of quicksilver, although limited apparently to a very few spots. The Almader mine, or rather cluster of mines, is the most ancient, and still continues the most productive. According to Pliny, it was wrought five hundred years before the Christian era, and in his time 10,000 lbs. of cinnabar (sulphuret of mercury) were transported to Rome, for the purpose of being employed in painting. The mines of Idria, in Carniola, in the Austrian dominions, were discovered in the fifteenth century, and are still capable of yielding an unlimitable supply. We are told by a writer in "Silliman's Journal," who visited them not long since, that these mines have nothing corresponding to the idea of terror we are apt to connect with such places, except that the atmosphere is strongly impregnated with mercurial vapour, and is continually producing salivation in the workmen. The mining operations are chiefly carried on in galleries, the friable nature of the rock seldom admitting of larger chambers. Having descended 120 feet, the writer arrived at the region where the cinnabar is chiefly procured, and a farther descent brought him to the richest part of the mine. When any part of this is broken up, large globules of mercury roll out, and fall to the bottom of the gallery. The labourers are here relieved every four hours, being unable, from the state of the atmosphere, to work longer at one time. In the other parts of the mine they work eight hours. Their pay is only from 15 to 16 kreutzers a day, the usual pay of a labourer in Germany. The furnace is half a mile lower down the valley. It consists of a circular building, in the inside of which is a continuous range of chambers, ten or twelve feet square, communicating with the centre, and having likewise an external door. The gangue, as it is termed, or metallic mass, after having been cleansed, is removed to this edifice, and placed in earthen pans, four inches deep and fifteen in diameter, which are piled up so as to fill the central building. The outer doors of the chambers are then carefully walled up, and a strong fire having been lighted under the central building, the quicksilver rises in the form of vapour, and, passing into the small chambers, is there condensed by the cold atmosphere around them. When this process is over, the doors of the chambers are once more opened, and the quicksilver, which is found chiefly adhering in drops to the sides and ceiling, is scraped off, and running into a hollow in the floor, is taken thence to the cleaning and bottling room.

The quicksilver mine of Stahlberg, in Bavaria, is a very ancient one, and has been extensively worked. It is situated on elevated ground; there are therefore no shafts, but access is afforded by levels driven into the sides of the mountain. The magnitude and extent of the excavations, consisting of a series of spacious chambers fantastically overarched, and communicating with one another, are said to give to this mine a singular appearance. The access to these chambers, and also from one to another, is by hewn staircases wrought out of the solid rock, thus forming a novel and easy mode of subterranean communication. The unusual light, and the broad shadows pro-

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duced by the lamps of the miners, the spacious but irregular excavations, and the perspective of the rude winding steps by which the various chambers of the mine are entered, are well calculated to form a striking and picturesque scene. The miners here are but little affected by the mercurial vapours, owing to the spaciousness, dryness, and good ventilation of the workings, together with the easy mode of access to them. D. W.

MR. STEPHENSON AND RAILWAYS.

On the opening of the Newcastle and Darlington Railway, on Tuesday, June 18th, 1844, Mr. Stephenson, the civil engineer, and others, had travelled from London to the former town (300 miles) that morning. He afterwards delivered the following striking speech:—

"Mr. Chairman and Fellow-townsmen, —In rising to return thanks for the kind manner in which my health has been proposed and drunk, I am too sensible of my incompetency to acknowledge the compliment as it deserves. You will, however, forgive me all my imperfections, well knowing that I have no talent for speaking. But as the hon. member has referred to the engineering efforts of my early days, it may not be amiss if I say a few words to you on that subject, more especially for the encouragement of my young professional friends. Mr. Liddell has truly told you that, in my early days, I worked at an engine in a coal-pit. I had then to work early and late, often rising to my labour at one and two o'clock in the morning. Time rolled on, and I had the happiness to make some improvements in engine-work. The first locomotive that I made was at Killingworth colliery, and with Lord Ravensworth's money. Yes! Lord Ravensworth and Co. were the first parties that would entrust me with money to make a locomotive engine. That engine was made thirty-two years ago. I said to my friends that there was no limit to the speed of such an engine, provided the works could be made to stand. In this respect great perfection has been reached, and, in consequence, a very high velocity has been attained. In what has been done under my management, the merit is only in part my own. I have been most ably assisted and seconded by my son. In the early period of my career, and when he was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and made up my mind that he should not labour under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man; and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbours' clocks and watches at night after my daily labour was done; and thus I procured the means of educating my son. He became my assistant and my companion. He got an appointment as under-reviewer, and at nights we worked together at our engineering. I got leave to go to Killingworth to lay down a railway at Hetton, and next to Darlington; and after that I went to Liverpool, to plan a line to Manchester. I there pledged myself to attain a speed of ten miles an hour. I said I had no doubt the locomotive might be made to go much faster, but we had better be moderate at the beginning. The directors said I was quite right; for if, when they went to parliament, I talked of going at a greater rate than ten miles an hour, I would put a cross on the concern. It was not an easy task for me to keep the engine down to ten miles an hour; but it must be done, and I did my best. I had to place myself in the most unpleasant of all positions—the witness-box of a parliamentary committee. I could not find words to satisfy either the committee or myself. Some one inquired if I were a foreigner, and another hinted that I was mad. But I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down. Assistance gradually increased, — improvements were made every day, — and to-day a train, which started from London in the morning, has brought me in the afternoon to my native soil, and enabled me to take my place in this room, and see around me many faces which I have great pleasure in looking upon. Friends and fellow-townsmen, I thank you most heartily for your kind reception, and wish you every happiness this world can afford."

CORAL ISLANDS.

No. III.

Mr. Darwin informs us, that, with the exception of the soil brought purposely in vessels from Malacca and Java, and small fragments of drifted pumice carried by the waves, together with the seeds of Indian plants, throughout the Keeling's Island group, every single atom

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is of organic origin. Yet at the distance of little more than a mile from the shore, Captain Fitzroy sounded with a line 7,200 feet long without finding a bottom. We have here, therefore, a steep, abrupt, submarine mountain, the pinnacle of which forms a base on which the coral island is founded. We may now pass to a consideration of several important points connected with the formation of coral reefs and islands, respecting which various theories have been entertained. It is allowed by all that coral polypes never work at great depths; and the general theory has been, that annular coral islands are due to the deposition of the coral around the elevated craters of submarine volcanic mountains, while ranges of mountains, or hills raised up by volcanic agency, afford a base for reefs, of which the extent increases in proportion to the gradual elevation of the mass below. This may be called the theory of elevation, and, on a *prima facie* view, is very plausible; and it is only recently that more minute investigations have led zoologists to doubt its correctness. Indeed the characteristics of reefs and annular coral islands, as appears to be demonstrated by Mr. Darwin, are attributable to a contrary cause, namely, the gradual subsidence of the base upon which they are rooted. The idea of a general subsidence of the bed of the Pacific, which presents us with so small a portion of land, and in which the islands are so many of them of volcanic origin, proving the operation of deep-seated igneous causes, was first suggested by Mr. Lyall, to whose arguments Mr. Darwin adds others, drawn from the fact that corals grow only at an inconsiderable depth. "We see," he writes, "large extents of ocean, of more than a thousand miles in one direction and several hundreds in another, scattered over with islands, none of which rise to a greater height than that to which waves can throw fragments or the wind heap up sand. Now, if we leave out of the question subsidence, the foundation on which these reefs are built must in every case come to the surface, within that small limit (we will say twenty fathoms) at which corals can live. This conclusion is so extremely improbable, that it may at once be rejected; for in what country can there be found a broad and grand range of mountains of the same height within 120 feet? But, on the idea of subsidence, the case is at once clear;—as each point, one after another, according to its altitude, was submerged, the coral grew upwards and formed the many islets now standing at one level."

With the subsidence of the land, from igneous causes, which at no distant date rose above the waters of the southern ocean, extending over certain areas, is connected a contrary movement, that is, a gradual and still continuing elevation of other areas, and, what is remarkable, an elevation of the continent of South America. On this point we have the most satisfactory details. In Patagonia, from the Rio-Negro to the strait of Magellan, the great plain is broken towards the coast into successive steps, or rather extensive terraces, with perpendicular cliffs, of which the lowermost margins the sea. "These steps," says Mr. Darwin, "are often several miles broad; but from one point of view I have seen four very distinct lines of escarpment abutting one over the other. Having observed that the plains appeared to run for great distances along the coast at the same level, I measured barometrically the elevation of some of them, and compared these measurements, and took all those made by the officers employed in the survey, under Captain Fitzroy, R.N. I was astonished to find at how great distances—even of 600 miles—plains occurred that had, within a few feet of difference, the same elevation. I believe I can distinguish seven or eight terraces which occur along the line of coast, and which include heights between 1,200 feet and the level of the sea. It will be understood that they are not always present; for the lower ones have in some parts been removed by the action of the sea, sooner than in others. When any broad valley enters the country, the terraces sweep round and run up on each side, in which case the correspondence of the opposite sides is beautifully illustrated. I have called these step-like plains level because they appear to be absolutely so to the eye; but, in truth, they rise a little between the edge of one line of cliff and the base of the next above it. Their slope is about the same as that of the gradually shoaling bottom of the neighbouring sea. The elevation is gained by three steps; one of about 100 feet, the second 250, and the third 350. Over these three plains marine remains are frequently scattered, but they are especially abundant on the lower one. The shells are the same as the now existing littoral

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species, and the muscle and turbo yet partially retain their blue and purple colours."

Mr. Darwin farther remarks, that there are proofs that the whole coast has been elevated to a considerable height within a recent period; and, also, that on the shores of the Pacific, where similar successive terraces occur, the elevation has latterly been very gradual. In other parts, proofs of change of level are no less decided. The coast of Peru has undergone elevation, and of this the island of San Lorenzo affords the most satisfactory evidence. The side of the mountain fronting the bay on that island presents three obscure terraces, covered by hundreds of tons weight of shells, identical in species with those of the adjacent coast, and in different stages of decomposition according to the elevation of the terrace. The coasts of Patagonia and La Plata also exhibit abundant proofs of gradual elevation. We might enter into further details relative to this subject, but we think that enough has been said by way of illustration, as the facts are thoroughly established. With the elevation in a gradual way, and at a comparatively recent epoch, of extensive tracts of the South American continent, a simultaneous subsidence of volcanic islands, or, perhaps, also of an archipelago, or even extensive Polynesian continents, appears to have taken place. M.

HENRY ELLIS; OR, VANITY AND FALSEHOOD.—No. III.

ANOTHER EVENING WITH HENRY ELLIS.

"But I do not see," said Anderson, the next evening, when the young men were again by themselves, "that you made out a very strong case against us, though we may be rather too fond of finery. On your own shewing, it was not your having bought a gold seal that got you into trouble, but your telling a falsehood about it. If you had not spent your money that evening as you did, you would still have been robbed by the porter, and might still have been suspected."

"No, I cannot admit your conclusions," replied Ellis. "In the first place, I was wrong to go out of my way, and to waste time on my own business. If I had not done this I should have got home before the cashier had left, and then the mischief would have been avoided. Then, if I had not before been known to have spent money very foolishly and extravagantly on dress and useless bawbles, I should not so certainly have been suspected, though the loss had occurred just as it did. But if I had been suspected, I should have had nothing to conceal, and consequently should have been under no sort of temptation to tell the falsehood which nearly proved my ruin. But one false step led to another, until, though not guilty of the crime laid to my charge, I was guilty of very great sin; and if my career of extravagance had not been put a stop to as it was, there is no telling how soon it might have involved me in dishonest practices, as it has done others; young C——, for instance, whom I mentioned last night as being nicknamed 'Count Crump.'"

"How was that, Ellis? Tell us about it;" said Morgan and William.

"I will tell you, first, when and how I last saw him. About four years ago, I was standing at the shop-door of this house in the evening, just before closing time, and a shabby-looking man came up to me to beg for something towards a night's lodging; urging, as a plea, that he had once been in the trade, but had been unfortunately reduced to poverty and distress. There was something in the tone of his voice which struck me; but it was almost dark, and the little light there was did not enable me to recognise in his countenance any one whom I had ever known; so I gave him a trifle, and he went away. Through the night, however, the sound of his voice haunted me; and I regretted that I had not asked his name. But this regret was superfluous; for, the next morning, as soon as the shop was opened, the man again appeared, to ask if any of the shopmen had a pair of cast-off shoes to bestow upon him, as his own were worn out with travelling. He did, indeed, need shoes, and not shoes only: an old and ragged great coat, buttoned up to the chin, seemed to be put on to hide the want of other garments, rather than to impart additional warmth and comfort. His hair was matted and tangled about his head, and a beard of several days' growth gave a haggard and dirty look to a countenance which was, too evidently, bloated with intemperance. Though early in the morning, his breath stunk of ardent spirits. While enforcing his request by showing me the wretched condition of the shoes he had on, I was

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examining his countenance, to discover whether I really had known him before, or whether it was mere fancy. He perceived that I was gazing on him curiously, and looked into my face for the reason; and, at the same moment, we repeated each other's names. It was my old fellow-shopman—but how changed! The elegant, fastidious, sweet-scented beau of former days, who would have been miserable all day at the false tie of a cravat, or a speck of dirt on his shirt-collar, and who would have thought himself debased by wearing a garment not of the latest fashion, or with the smallest patch or darn, and who glittered with rings, breast-pins, and watch-chains, was sunk down into a negligent, ragged, dirty, and altogether miserable and abject-looking beggar."

"But," said Anderson, "all this does not prove that he had been guilty of any crime. He might have been reduced by sickness and misfortune—have lost hope and heart, and become an object of pity rather than blame. I have heard you say, Ellis, that prosperity is no proof of goodness and God's favour; and that the best men are often the most severely tried in this world."

"I have said so," replied Ellis, "and I again repeat it; and if I had not known that the state in which I saw this young man was the natural result of his own sin and folly, closely connected, as I believe, with an inordinate love of display, I would not have said so much about him. Besides, I said that the unhappy man had evidently given himself to spirit-drinking. Now, I cannot admit that the best of men could be reduced by misfortune to this condition. But I will tell you what I afterwards learned of the history of this individual.

"On leaving my old master, which he did soon after my adventure, he took a situation in the country. In what part of the country was not then known, nor did he wish it to be known, for he had borrowed money to no small amount of one or two of his fellow-assistants; and though he faithfully promised to remit the sums he owed them as soon as he received his first quarter's salary, there is reason to believe that he had no very firm intention of doing so. At all events, they never heard from him afterwards. Perhaps this was the first actual dishonesty he practised. Indeed, the system of business at Mr. Smith's was so strict as it regarded cash, that it would have been almost impossible for him to have embezzled it undetected.

"But when he went into the country, the case was different; and, as it afterwards proved, he commenced a system of depredations on his employer's till, almost as soon as he entered his shop; and carried it on until he was eventually detected, nearly twelve months afterwards.

"During this time, he carried his foppery to the most extravagant height. I have been told by one who knew him then, that he always looked as though he were in full-dress for a ball, rather than to stand behind a country tradesman's counter; and that the jewellery which he bought at that time, and which his employer afterwards took possession of to indemnify himself in part for his losses, sold for upwards of twenty pounds.

Besides this kind of extravagance, he got into other expensive habits, which must have scattered all the money upon which he could lay his hands, as they have dissipated many a princely fortune. He became acquainted with a family in the town, something above the rank of tradesmen—at least, they thought themselves much above it. And it was a matter of wonder how they had condescended to admit a tradesman's assistant into their society. It was, he said, his knowing how 'to dress like a gentleman' that gave him the advantage; and, in all probability, it was his finery and foppery, which sufficiently indicated his extravagance and folly, that first introduced him, and then made him a welcome guest at the house of his new acquaintance; for they kept a private gambling-house, and the daughters were prostitutes. This was not generally known at the time; but it afterwards became sufficiently notorious.

"At this house, then, the evenings of young Crump were generally spent; and almost every Sunday he was allowed to take the 'young ladies' on pleasure excursions, in his hired phaeton; and not unfrequently returned at night in a state of semi-intoxication."

"But how could he go on so long in this way without exciting the suspicion of his employer?" asked Anderson.

"He gave out that his friends were persons of large property, and were constantly making him presents of value; that it was only for the love of being employed that he continued in business as an assistant, and that when he had seen enough of the world, he should go back

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species, and the muscle and turbo yet partially retain their blue and purple colours."

Mr. Darwin farther remarks, that there are proofs that the whole coast has been elevated to a considerable height within a recent period; and, also, that on the shores of the Pacific, where similar successive terraces occur, the elevation has latterly been very gradual. In other parts, proofs of change of level are no less decided. The coast of Peru has undergone elevation, and of this the island of San Lorenzo affords the most satisfactory evidence. The side of the mountain fronting the bay on that island presents three obscure terraces, covered by hundreds of tons weight of shells, identical in species with those of the adjacent coast, and in different stages of decomposition according to the elevation of the terrace. The coasts of Patagonia and La Plata also exhibit abundant proofs of gradual elevation. We might enter into further details relative to this subject, but we think that enough has been said by way of illustration, as the facts are thoroughly established. With the elevation in a gradual way, and at a comparatively recent epoch, of extensive tracts of the South American continent, a simultaneous subsidence of volcanic islands, or, perhaps, also of an archipelago, or even extensive Polynesian continents, appears to have taken place.

M.

HENRY ELLIS; OR, VANITY AND FALSEHOOD.—*No. III.*

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to his father's estate, and settle down as a country gentleman. Indeed, there was some slight ground for believing this statement; for his father was a respectable land proprietor, and known as a man of some property; so that these pretensions passed without suspicion."

"And perhaps it was so, after all," suggested Anderson.

"No; when his depredations were discovered, his father averred that he had never furnished him with a single pound. He thought that his earnings as an assistant were amply sufficient for all his wants."

"And how was he found out at last?" inquired William.

"I believe that his employer discovered a startling deficiency in his year's profit at stock-taking; and had noticed a corresponding deficiency in the gross returns of the year, for neither of which he could account, but by the supposition of foul play. He, therefore, kept a sharp eye upon his assistants, and soon detected young C—— in the very act of pocketing money which he had received of a customer. He afterwards calculated that a hundred and fifty pounds would not have covered his losses."

"And did he prosecute?"

"No, the father was sent for; and he entreated to be saved the disgrace of having his son publicly exposed, and paid down a hundred pounds to settle the painful business. He then took his son away with him, protesting that he would keep a strict watch over him in future, and would take care that he should not have an opportunity of playing such another freak."

"And did he not, or could he not, keep his word?"

"He endeavoured to do so. He kept his son employed about him for two or three years. During this time, the young man had little or no opportunity of returning to his former habits; and his father, thinking he was reformed, yielded to his wishes, and established him in business in a neighbouring town. He had also formed a connection with a young lady in the neighbourhood, whom he shortly afterwards married; and with her he received a fortune of a thousand pounds."

"He ought to have done well, then," said Morgan.

"And he might have done well: but bad habits are not so easily broken off. Almost as soon as he had escaped from the constraints of his father's house, or, at any rate, as soon as the novelty of his married life wore off, he returned to his former courses. It is true, he did not seem to care so much for foppery in dress, except that he would have his wife dressed in such a style as astonished and offended his most respectable customers, who did not like that a draper's wife should set the fashions of the place, or be finer than themselves; but he gave full scope to the vices into which he had formerly been led by his love of display. He became idle and dissipated; kept horses; neglected his business; stocked his cellar with wine, and joined a club of hard drinkers; and found his way again to the gambling-table. This could not last long, and it did not; at the end of a year or two he became a bankrupt. His wife's property, as well as his own, was gone; and he was turned out of his house by his angry creditors, who accused him of swindling, and refused to sign his certificate. His father, too, was exceedingly incensed against him, and shortly afterwards dying, it was found that, with the exception of a hundred pounds, he had left the whole of his property to a distant relation. This small legacy was soon gone, and poor Crump was then thrown entirely destitute upon the world.

"But even then he had a chance of retrieving his character, and of obtaining a respectable living. One of his wife's relations took pity on him, because he had, as he thought, been harshly used by his father, and offered him a situation in his counting-house. He accepted it with apparent gratitude, and many promises of amendment and future industry. But he did not long retain it. His old habits again tempted him; and to gratify them, he again embezzled the property of his employer, and was once more dismissed in disgrace. Finding that there was nothing more to be hoped for from this quarter, he let loose his fury upon his wretched wife, treating her most brutally, so that her friends took her under their protection, and cast off the husband to take his own course. It was soon after this separation that I saw him, as I have told you." S.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE things should not be despised: many threads united will bind an elephant.

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Stirling Castle.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE II.
A.D. 1745.

SUCH was the panic in London, when the news came of the occupation of Edinburgh by the highlanders, that the bank was nearly drained of its specie, though payments were made in shillings and sixpences to gain time; but more than eleven hundred of the principal traders signed a declaration, that they would receive and pay bank notes, which restored public credit. Large sums were also contributed by the public to raise and equip soldiers.

The English nation appeared to be roused up after the defeat at Preston Pans. Herring, archbishop of York, was one of the first to raise men; his example was followed, not only in his own county, but elsewhere, though some of the nobility took advantage of the necessity of the government, by securing ample remuneration for their efforts, which, though objected to, they carried in the parliament that assembled on October 18th. Efficient measures were at last taken. Dutch and Danish troops were brought over, with several English regiments from the continent. These assembled under the duke of Cumberland in Staffordshire, while marshal Wade was in command at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

It was computed that 60,000 men in arms were speedily added to the regular forces; large sums of money were subscribed; even the quakers came forward with a supply of warm clothing for the troops; while the lawyers of London formed themselves into a volunteer regiment under the command of the chief justice. The Habeas corpus act was suspended in October.

The highland army slowly increased, though every effort was used to bring it into a state of efficiency that would

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enable the leaders to advance. About the end of that month it amounted to 5000 or 6000 men; but the time for marching with effect to England was gone by; and the uncertainty as to the superiority of the pretender's partizans to the northward, gave additional cause for delay. Charles, however, determined to go forward. At last, on November 1st, the rebel force marched southward; but many retired when they found the borders were to be crossed, and scarcely had they left Edinburgh, when the city was again occupied for the government. On the 10th, the highlanders were before Carlisle, which surrendered on the 15th. Wade was approaching from Newcastle, but Charles determined upon a desperate effort to rouse his partizans in England by contriving to march southward.

He arrived at Preston, in Lancashire, on the 27th. On the 28th, a sergeant, a drummer, and a drunken woman, rode into Manchester, representing themselves as the advanced party, demanding quarters for ten thousand men. The main body, less than half that number, arrived the next day, though the common highlanders had been very unwilling to proceed beyond Preston. At Manchester, Charles and his partizans became better aware of their desperate position. Not more than about 200 men had joined since they entered England, including the few wretched desperadoes they enlisted at Manchester; these were formed into a separate regiment, giving the fatal honour of the command to a popish gentleman of the county named Townley. The duke of Cumberland was at Lichfield, with a well-disciplined force. Another army was forming nearer London; Wade was moving through Yorkshire; Liverpool had raised and armed an efficient regiment at the expense of the town; but the prince still talked of the numbers likely to join, and determined to proceed southward.

The demands made by the highlanders in uncouth broken language, were long remembered by their southern neighbours; they are characteristic of their simple wants, while they show more forbearance than would have been displayed by the practised plunderers among regular soldiers. It is related, that they would come into houses, and ask for "a pread, a putter, and a sheese, till something petter pe ready." Some gave their orders for a morning meal, in these terms,—"You'll put down a pread, matam—and a putter, matam—and a sheese, matam—and a tea, matam—shentleman's preckfast, matam,—and you'll give her a shilling to carry her to the neisht town, matam."

The poet Cowper, who was then a schoolboy, forty years afterwards wrote, apostrophizing England, in the following terms. The whole proceeding shows the inefficiency of human schemes.

"And when the Stuart, leaning on the Scot,
Then too much feared, and now too much forgot,
Pierced to the very centre of thy realm,
And hoped to seize his abdicated helm,
'Twas but to prove how quickly, with a frown,
He that had raised thee, could have pluck'd thee down."

On passing the Mersey, Charles was met by an aged female named Skyring, who had witnessed the landing of his great uncle in 1660. She had sent regularly half her income to the exiled family, and now having turned all her valuables into money, presented the whole to the prince. Cumberland, thinking the highland army intended to enter Wales, had marched to Stone, which allowed the young pretender to enter Derby on the evening of December 4th, thus having passed his opponent. Here, as in other places, he seized the government money; three men were enlisted, but it was evident they had no efficient aid to expect, and their case was now desperate. Murray and the chiefs urged an instant retreat, to which Charles gave an unwilling assent, though he could not state a single good reason for attempting any farther progress with his small force, while nearly 30,000 men were gathering round him. At this time, the apprehensions in London were very great. The Jacobites came forward publicly with much insolence; but on the news of their retiring, Walpole wrote: "We dread them no longer; we are indeed threatened with preparations for a French invasion, but the coast is exceedingly guarded: and, for the people, the spirit against the rebels increases every day; though they have marched thus into the heart of the kingdom, there has not been the least symptom of a rising, not even in the great towns of which they possessed themselves. In London, the aversion to them is amazing." The fears of a French invasion, however, were very great for a time; considerable preparations were made, but the design was abandoned after the retreat from Derby. It is now known that the pretender had received, two years before, numerous assurances from the English Jacobites, with large promises of assistance; but these were given condi-

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tionally, provided that he appeared supported by a French army. As this condition was not fulfilled, they refused to commit themselves in aid of a rash, ill-supported enterprize. His progress southward was witnessed with indifference; none came forward to join him.

On the morning of December 6th, the highlanders began to retire northwards; they left Manchester on the 10th, after exacting a considerable sum of money. In returning to Scotland, they expected to meet Lord John Drummond, who had landed with some much-needed supplies, with a few French and Irish troops, in the pay of France. The retreat was rapid; the men being well-accustomed to long marches, and having little incumbrance. The highlanders were less orderly than on their advance, plundering wherever they found opportunity. Upon the 17th, when near Penrith, they were attacked by a few of Wade's horse. On the day following, the duke of Cumberland, with his advance of cavalry, and a thousand foot who had been mounted on horses, came up with the rear, while crossing Clifton moor, a few miles south of Penrith. Here a slight skirmish took place; when the rebels, favoured by their position, repulsed the assailants with some loss. They then continued their rapid retreat, arriving at Carlisle the next morning, though in a wretched state; but in such a night march they had advantage over the royal forces.

The following morning, the young pretender re-entered Scotland, leaving about 400 men to defend Carlisle under Townley. It was a cruel and useless proceeding. Cumberland's army soon attacked the town; on the 30th, the little garrison surrendered at discretion. Seven deserters were recognised, who were executed immediately; the rest were all kept prisoners as rebels, their fate appearing certain, as the duke had already begun to act with much severity. The prisoners taken at Carlisle were brought to London in February; they were pelted with dirt, and ill-treated by the populace.

The English troops halted after the surrender of Carlisle. The duke of Cumberland was recalled to London, on account of the French preparations for an invasion. The highland forces stayed some days at Glasgow and at Dumfries, where they exacted largely, and plundered the inhabitants to a considerable amount. Nearly the whole of Scotland was now in arms; the cause of the pretender seemed to be fast waning. Forbes and Loudon were at Inverness with 2000 highlanders. Four English regiments, with some thousand lowlanders, had been at Stirling, but returned to Edinburgh, where a part of Wade's army had been received with much joy. Lord John Drummond had landed at Montrose with about 1000 men, only half his force; the ships with the rest having been taken at sea, or obliged to return. He was joined by a considerable body of highlanders under Lord Gordon, and the earl of Strathallan. Lord Lovat, a villain of deep guilt, after a good deal of intrigue, had also joined them; they all united with the young pretender's force at Falkirk, when 9000 men were assembled. A foolish attack on Stirling, by an attempt at a regular siege, was begun.

General Hawley now commanded in Scotland. He acted as absurdly as Charles Stuart. He was a brutal and passionate man, and threatened to execute alike the rebels who opposed, and his own men who failed in their duty. On the 19th of January he advanced beyond Falkirk with 8000 men, chiefly well-disciplined troops, when they were attacked by the rebel army. General Hawley kept his army in a state of inactivity, and was taking luncheon at Callander house at some distance: before he could be summoned, everything was in confusion. Hawley advanced at the head of the dragoons, but they again fled; the centre and left of the English force were overpowered, while the left of the highlanders gave way: so that in less than half an hour large portions of each army, at the same moment, were flying from the field; the English to the eastward, the highlanders to the west. In the evening Hawley abandoned his camp and stores, and withdrew to Linlithgow; while Charles advanced to Falkirk. The English general showed himself to be a bullying coward; but Husk, the second in command, behaved well. It was a retreat, rather than a defeat; while many of the highland army having gone off, with their booty, Charles could not advance. On mustering his army a few days afterwards, their number was found considerably less than before the battle. The chiefs, disgusted at his conduct in refusing their advice, now came forward advising a retreat northward; the pretender very unwillingly consented, but he had no choice.

The duke of Cumberland arrived at Edinburgh on January 30th, the result

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of the battle of Falkirk having caused much alarm. He was hasty and overbearing, but possessed courage and military talents, and wisely stopped Hawley, who was preparing to hang some of the cowardly dragoons. The duke treated the loyal part of the Scottish nation with contempt, evidently purposing to act as a conqueror. He put the troops in motion the very next day, but found no enemy in the field; the highland army having raised the siege of Stirling, retired hastily among the mountains. So many had gone to their homes, that no effectual stand could be made. After a short halt at Stirling, Cumberland arrived at Perth on February 6th, and advanced to Aberdeen on the 26th.

Forbes and Loudon occupied Inverness, and would have stopped the army of Charles, had they been properly supported by the government; but having been left to their own private resources, they were obliged to retire, and disperse their men. On the 18th, the rebels occupied Inverness; a few days afterwards they took Fort St. George and Fort Augustus. Thus the absurd and ungrateful conduct of government allowed the insurgents to make head again; they had the advantage in a desultory warfare that followed, while the severity of the weather prevented Cumberland from taking any active measures, though his troops gradually advanced.

On April 8th, Cumberland marched from Aberdeen, hanging men as rebels as he proceeded. The troops committed many acts of violence; by order, they set fire to the episcopalian chapels, the Scottish clergy of that denomination and their people having shown themselves to be active and determined supporters of the Stuarts. Lord John Drummond occupied the farther bank of the Spey, but did not attack the king's troops when passing the river, though it might have been done with advantage. He retired till he was joined by Charles on the 14th, near Nairn; Cumberland advancing that night to Culloden House.

The English did not advance farther; but the insurgents, instead of retiring to concentrate their forces on the 15th, remained all day without provisions, to make a night attack.

The highlanders, dispirited and exhausted, were with difficulty moved forward; they did not arrive near the English army till near daybreak, when the design was given up, and they retired towards Culloden. Here it was resolved to make a stand, though one-third of the army were absent from the ground, and the rest thoroughly worn out. Cumberland came up with his men in full force; the battle began soon after noon; the highlanders attacked with bravery, but were soon repulsed and overpowered. They began to leave the field, and soon were driven into flight. Lord Elcho urged Charles to head a charge in person, but the adventurer refused; upon which the peer, indignant at his pusillanimity, cursed him for an Italian coward and a scoundrel. The highlanders fled in all directions; they were mercilessly massacred by the pursuers when overtaken. More than 2000 were slain, chiefly in the pursuit, while the English lost only about 300 men; their numbers in the battle amounted to 7000, considerably more than that of the highlanders engaged.

It was a complete victory, but not a glorious one. Had it been so, any glory obtained would have been sullied by the barbarities Cumberland permitted and even commanded; the wounded being put to death on the field, while many of the prisoners were shot. Lochiel, Lovat, and other chiefs, advised to keep the clans together among the mountains, till fair conditions could be made; but Charles had no inclination for any more fighting; he sent word to lord George Murray, who had collected above 1200 men, to disperse. He was entreated to remain, but without success; he said he must go to France for reinforcements. But it was not easy to escape; all he could do was to disappear in disguise with a few followers.

Cumberland now found all resistance had ceased, but showed a diabolical love for cruelty, being determined on "blood letting," as he termed it. The English military, with the loyal clans of highlanders, were sent out in all directions. The rebels were hunted out, and mostly put to the sword; their habitations being destroyed, while the women and children were left to perish on the bare hill sides. No distinction was made between those who had actually been in the rebellion, and those who had remained at home. Private houses were plundered and burned, horses and cattle carried off, and sold for a few shillings each. These horrible scenes continued till Cumberland left Scotland in July. He well deserved the name of "the butcher;" and though James II., with his tools, Kirk and Claverhouse, may have shown equal cruelty, or

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more diabolical refinement, in their proceedings, they did not commit their atrocities on so large a scale as Cumberland and his slaughtermen. As usual, licentiousness accompanied cruelty. Of many a once happy home it might be said—

"The blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing
. brood."

Nor would a milder result have been experienced, had the supporters of Charles Edward prevailed. Such ravages accompany all warfare. Britain has yet to remember that the last outpouring of these horrors experienced by this favoured island, resulted from the final attempt of the Stuarts to place themselves by force on a throne from which they had been driven by the national indignation, roused by their own tyranny and incapacity.

It is unnecessary to follow the young pretender in his wanderings: his story much resembles that of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester. Being assisted and protected during his attempts to escape by the romantic fidelity of his adherents, he made his way to Borradale, where he landed a few months before, and on April 26th embarked for the Western islands. Among these he lurked for many weeks, in a variety of conditions; several times narrowly escaping from the parties searching for him. From South Uist to Skye he was conducted by Flora Macdonald, disguised in women's clothes, as her female attendant. He was not found out, but several who assisted in his escape were taken. Among these was Flora Macdonald herself; she was sent to London, but released after a year's confinement, when she returned home enriched by a large sum collected for her in London. For five weeks the prince was under the care of seven highland freebooters, literally thieves, who were concealed in a cave in the mountain of Corado, near Fort Augustus. He then joined Lochiel, and was for some time in a hiding-place in the mountain of Benalder, till informed, on September 13th, of the arrival of two French frigates; in one of which he embarked, on September 20th, at Lochnannagh, the place where he landed the preceding year.

About a hundred of his followers embarked with him: they landed near Morlaix, in France, on the 29th. All wise men rejoiced that he had thus escaped; for when the first excitement was over, it was evident that he would have caused more embarrassment as a prisoner than as a despicable, ill-conducted fugitive. During these months of concealment, he was in the power of many scores of individuals, to any of whom the reward of 30,000*l.* offered for his apprehension would have been a treasure indeed; but they showed their fidelity to him whom they unhappily regarded as their prince, and despised the reward. Lord George Murray, his best officer, who had continued his services, though under much discouragement from the intrigues of the Irish and other personal favourites of Charles, also escaped to the continent. Murray, the secretary of the pretender, was taken, but saved his life by disclosing the secrets of his employer and his supporters.

The butchery of the duke of Cumberland was not all that the rebels suffered; for he urged equal severity under the form of law. But his father and his ministers were more merciful; though many suffered, their proceedings present a favourable contrast to those of king James II. and Judge Jeffreys. As the rebellion had been extended, the executions were numerous, and certainly more numerous than they ought to have been, had the king and his ministers properly reflected that to their own folly and neglect, and the want of conduct in their commanders, the temporary successes of the rebels were to be attributed. Had there been even moderate energy and precaution, the young pretender must have re-embarked soon after his arrival.

Many died in the prisons; many were transported to the colonies; but others were executed with the revolting cruelties then inflicted for high treason. Townley, with eight of his Manchester regiment, were among the first who suffered. Less than eighty were hanged and quartered at different places in the north of England. Ratcliffe, Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat, were tried as peers, and beheaded on Tower-hill. The mild dignity of Kilmarnock, and the cool courage of Balmerino, excited much pity; but for the villanous Lovat no one could feel compassion. He had coolly calculated his proceedings, and ended a life of crime by a death he richly deserved for many misdeeds. Walpole well said: "I did not think it possible to feel so little as I did at so melancholy a spectacle; but tyranny and villany, wound up by buffoonery, took off all the edge of concern." Eighteen persons were killed by the fall of a scaffold at his execution.

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The earl of Cromarty was also found guilty; but was pardoned, it is said, in consequence of his wife's father having voted for the prince of Wales in one of those close contests which put Walpole out of office. In the whole, less than 200 suffered by legal sentence, both in England and Scotland; a small number indeed compared with those who must have fallen had the representative of the Stuarts been placed on the English throne by highlanders, and upheld there by French support.

Forbes endeavoured in vain to induce the government to take proper measures to settle and pacify the highlanders; at last an act of indemnity was passed, excepting, however, eighty persons by name. Several acts were also passed to break down the feudal powers of the chiefs, and to diminish the clannish feelings. Among other measures, the wearing of the tartans and highland dress was forbidden; more encouragement also was given to men enlisting in the army, and to emigration.

All these measures by degrees proved beneficial; the tartan and the highland peculiarities now remain rather as subjects for sport and amusement, than as the terrific realities they once presented. It is, however, to be regretted that the writings of novelists and others have conveyed a very mistaken impression, of Scottish nationality being identified with the highlanders; whereas a very slight acquaintance with Scottish history shows, that the bulk of the nation always regarded their uncivilized neighbours of the mountains with dislike rather than favour. They were, for the most part, a ruffianly, predatory race, a trouble to the land, rather than its glory and defence; the feuds between the mountaineers and the lowlanders being scarcely less severe than the national hostile feelings between the latter and their English neighbours. It is to be regretted that this truth has been lost sight of even in sport. The result, perhaps, has been of little moment; still it is not advisable that a false glare should be thrown on savage habits and characters, giving them a very mistaken preference over the industrious, settled part of the community, the lowland Scots, who, as a race, were superior to most other nations in intelligence and industry.

One result of this rash attempt was to show, that under every disadvantage, of want of preparation, incompetency of military commanders, and selfish and unpopular ministers, the national feeling roused itself manifestly and sufficiently against the Stuarts. This showed itself, among other circumstances, by the popular feeling against the Methodists, accusing them of being favourers of the pretender! But such a falsehood was easily met. Wesley sent forth a declaration, "in the name of the societies in derision called Methodists," protesting that they were a part of the Protestant church established in these realms, and that it was their principle to revere the higher powers as of God, and to be subject for conscience sake. Lady Huntingdon, finding these evil surmises were encouraged by some of the magistrates and clergy, sent a memorial to the government, which was promptly and kindly attended to. One of lord Carteret's last acts was to convey an assurance from the king that he would suffer no persecution on account of religion, and that the magistrates were required to protect all persons in the conscientious discharge of their religious observances. How decided is the contrast between the houses of Hanover and Stuart in this matter! How fully has the result marked the will of Him who declares—"By me kings reign, and princes decree justice."

THE CONVICT SHIP.

A HIGHLY interesting volume has recently been published, under the above title, by Dr. C. A. Browning, surgeon in the royal navy. It is a narrative of the results of scriptural instruction and discipline as then appeared on board the "Earl Grey," during its voyage to Van Diemen's Land. The following facts strikingly illustrate the good which may be done, under the Divine blessing, by evangelical means, even in circumstances apparently the most unfavourable.

Towards the close of September, 1842, the convicts were received on board the "Earl Grey."

"The earliest opportunity was embraced to ascertain, by a close and personal examination, how the people stood as it regarded their ability to read and write; and the following is the result of my inquiries:—

"Read and write, 53; read only, 23; read a little, 65; know their letters, 45; ignorant even of the alphabet, 77.

"Therefore, in a very limited sense of the expression, there were found—educated, 76; uneducated, 188.

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"The prisoners being classified according to 'their ability to read and write,' were formed into twenty-four schools, to each of which a schoolmaster was appointed, and over the whole was placed a general inspector. The two highest schools consisted of those who could read and write; the third, of those who could read only; six, of such as could read a little; five, of those who knew their alphabet; and ten, of such as did not know their letters.

"The schools having been fully organized, teachers and inspectors appointed, the whole of the prisoners are assembled on the quarter-deck; the inspectors and schoolmasters are drawn up in lines, and placed before their pupils, when they are all addressed in reference to the new and interesting relations in which they now stand to each other as teachers and pupils. The address on this important occasion was in keeping with that which appears at chapter fourth of 'England's Exiles.'

"The whole of the prisoners being thus formed into schools, and addressed in the manner already specified, our decks immediately presented a most animated and encouraging appearance; and the people seemed to enter on the great business of their education with much spirit, and evident manliness of purpose.

"While the people were engaged in teaching, and in learning to read, they were, in being so occupied, in the way of acquiring useful knowledge, especially considering that all our school-books were instructive; that the sacred Scriptures were used by several of the schools from the beginning, and by all of them as the voyage advanced. An abundant variety of religious tracts, and of valuable little works published by the Tract Society, were in constant circulation, and diligently perused. By the great body of the people who could read when they embarked, and by others as they acquired the ability, the Scriptures were studied in private; morning and evening were they read publicly to the whole of the people assembled, and always in the evening, and as often in the morning as the performance of other duties admitted, were they intelligibly and practically expounded, and improved for solemn and faithful exhortation.

"The prisoners were assembled for 'church' at ten o'clock, A.M., as usual; and, as on former occasions, the first and second lessons were selected with a reference to the circumstances in which the prisoners were placed, with a due regard to their regular instruction, and to the short period they were to be on board, beginning with the first chapters of the Old and New Testaments, and going regularly on, selecting and omitting as the judgment directed, recommending the intermediate portions to be read in private, or at the schools during the week. Our sermons were invariably selected from one or other of the four volumes of Cottage Sermons by the Rev. Charles Davy, and which uniformly secured the most listening attention."

After various important statements, Dr. Browning says:—

"By the 7th of December it was my joyous satisfaction to be able to regard eleven of my prisoners as men whose hearts God had graciously touched, and disposed to submit to the authority and reign of Christ, and to take up his cross and follow him, according to the Scriptures. On the following day, namely, December the 8th, these eleven men met in the open and wide space in the prison, in which our daily worship, when the weather did not admit of our being on the upper deck, was conducted, and in the presence of all the people assembled, were, after prayer to God, solemnly addressed as men who professed to have been enabled, through grace, to discern and feel the plague of their own hearts—to perceive the true nature and demerit of sin—to see, and to bewail the wickedness of their past lives, and the destructive influence of their lawless conduct and evil example—to feel their spiritual helplessness and guilt, their depravity, and desert of everlasting condemnation and death, and their need of divine deliverance;—as men who, by the teaching of God's inspired word and Holy Spirit, had, through his infinite mercy and rich grace, been led to perceive the all-sufficiency of the obedience and death of Christ, our divine Surety, to give peace to the guiltiest conscience, and acceptance with God to the chief of sinners;—as men who had learned that God is a merciful God, and most clearly just in justifying the ungodly who take refuge in Jesus, and avail themselves of his finished redemption—men who had heard the precious invitations of the gospel, and felt their obligation to yield obedience to the command of God that they should believe on his Son Jesus Christ, in order to obtain pardon, and purity,

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and life;—as men who now felt that the time past of their lives was enough to have given to the sinful works and forbidden pleasures of the flesh, and therefore desired henceforth to be the Lord's, and to live to his honour and glory, according to his revealed will;—as men who now professed to have renounced the bondage of sin and Satan—to have yielded their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ—to have laid hold on him by faith, as being all their salvation, and all their desire—to have taken the inspired Scriptures as their only rule of faith and practice—to have submitted unto, and thankfully availed themselves of, the promised teaching and influences of the Holy Spirit—to have cast in their lot with the people of God—and to have resolved henceforth to devote themselves to the service and glory of him who so loved them as to give his only begotten Son to die for them, that they might have pardon and life through faith in his blood; and so loved them as to send his Holy Spirit to instruct them in the divine will, conform them to the divine likeness, qualify them for the required performance of all the duties of life, and ultimately prepare them for the glory and the rest of heaven.

"To the Lord we were enabled to look up in prayer and faith for direction in the selection of a suitable portion of Scripture to be read on this solemn and most affecting occasion, and were unexpectedly led to Paul's epistle to Philemon, and constrained to adopt it for social reading, and for the edification not only of the eleven, but of all the prisoners, who, I knew, would as usual assemble at the hour appointed for divine worship.

"The whole of the prisoners were present when these eleven men were voluntarily formed into a Christian society for the worship of God, and for the observance of his appointed ordinances, (as far as the circumstances in which we were placed would allow,) for mutual edification and comfort, and for the required and consistent manifestation of Divine truth, and of obedience to the Divine authority."

On the 9th of January we have the record:—

"Eighteen men are this day added to the number of those who appear to have taken up the cross, and to have set out on the pilgrimage to the Zion above! Thus the number of the professed and apparently sincere followers of the Lamb amongst the prisoners, has increased to one hundred and eight. Oh, what hath God wrought! For ever magnified be the riches of his free and sovereign grace!"

Two days after, the following statement is made:—

"At our meeting at one o'clock, P.M., the people, through M— F— P—, submitted to me a resolution which, should it receive my approval, they had agreed to adopt, and of which the following is a copy:—

'We, the undersigned, prisoners by the Earl Grey, have resolved, should it meet the approbation of those placed in authority over us, to lay by a portion of our earnings until we have saved the sum of ten pounds sterling each, to be placed in the hands of his Excellency the governor of Van Diemen's Land, for transmission to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in England; as a practical expression of our sorrow for the injury we have inflicted on our country and on society, by our former irregular and illegal conduct; and, at the same time, as a small contribution which is most justly due from us towards the defraying of those expenses to which we have most unhappily put our country and government; and further, as a proof of the change which has taken place, during our voyage, in our character and views; as well as an intimation of our humble determination, with Divine aid, to live and act, in future, as loyal and obedient subjects, and as it becomes reformed, upright, and useful members of the community.'*

"I expressed, in appropriate terms, and with accordant feelings, my approbation of the spirit and object of this resolution, and promised to submit the same to the consideration of his Excellency sir John Franklin, the lieutenant-governor of Van Diemen's Land. A brief and seasonable address, followed with prayer, closed this meeting."

Among the interesting circumstances connected with the arrival of the vessel at Hobart Town are the following:—

"After prayer and the reading of the Scriptures, J— R—, my inspector of schools, rises and begs permission to address me. Permission being granted, I take my seat, when J— R—, in a very neat, pathetic, and appropriate speech, requests my permission to read an address which he stated set forth the unani-

* This document bears the signatures of one hundred and thirty-two of the prisoners.

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mous expression of the sentiments and feelings of the whole of the prisoners on board the Earl Grey, without one single exception. The address is as follows:—

"'TO DR. COLIN A. BROWNING, R.N.

"'Honoured sir,—The thought of being separated from our friends casts a gloom over the mind; but to be parted from one who has taken such a deep interest in our present and eternal welfare is peculiarly painful.

"'As an officer, a gentleman, and a Christian, from the first moment you came among us in the yards of our respective hulks, your manner to us has been that of a fond and an affectionate father to his long-lost and prodigal offspring. You addressed us, though a disgrace to our friends and to our country, and degraded in our own and the public estimation, as fellow-sinners, and as subjects of God's moral government. To ensure the instruction of our minds, you daily poured on our hearts a flood of comfort and consolation from the encouragements of the gospel to the chief of sinners. Your fervent prayers we hope have been heard and answered, and your instructions applied. You clearly showed us from Scripture and our own experience the effects of disobedience and of a profligate life, and the connection that subsists between sin and suffering.

"'By your unwearied exertions, the word of God, which comparatively few could then read, is now no longer a sealed book to any one of us. Self-government and an implicit compliance with the lawful injunctions of our superiors have been inculcated and strongly recommended to our observance. Nor have our social and relative duties been overlooked or forgotten in the midst of your multifarious vocations; for whatsoever things are true, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report, have been set before us, and impressed upon our minds.

"'Confessing our unworthiness before God, we desire with heartfelt gratitude to bless him for preserving us from the fury of the thunderbolt, the storm and the tempest; from the rage of conflicting elements, and the power of disease; but in an especial manner we praise him for making known to us, by his word and Spirit, the way of everlasting life, through the mediation of his dear Son, our only hope and Redeemer; and as we know your aversion to everything like adulation—your conviction that all spiritual illumination and improvement are alone effected by the eternal Spirit—are fully aware of the dread with which you regard the very thought of referring to any creature that which is to be wholly attributed to the almighty power of the Holy Ghost—we would, while we thank God for your instrumentality, desire to unite with you in rendering to him all the glory of all the saving work which he hath been graciously pleased to accomplish in any of our hearts during our passage from England to these colonies.

"'We would congratulate you on your recovery from your late illness and imminent danger, and pray to God to perfect, in his goodness, your health, and to comfort your soul with the joys of his Holy Spirit.

"'We beg to express our warmest thanks for your patient, careful, and successful attention to the sick; for your earnest efforts to instruct our minds, to enlarge our understandings, to extend our knowledge, to improve our morals, and to persuade us at all times, particularly during our present unfortunate situation, to be most attentive to our respective duties. For these, and for every other act of kindness experienced at your hands, we feel sincerely grateful; and deplore that any one of us should, at any time, have caused to your mind the slightest uneasiness, or should have done or said anything to meet your disapprobation, or demand your censure.

"'Whilst we lament our misconduct and misfortunes, we confess the justness of our sentence, and beg leave to profess our affection and loyalty to our sovereign, and attachment to her government; our resolution, by a willing submission to the laws of her representative in the colonies whither we are bound, to approve ourselves as reformed from our vices and follies; and we earnestly implore that Divine grace may enable us to submit in a proper form, to do all things as unto Christ Jesus.

"'We also beg to acknowledge the kindness of the Admiralty in providing for our wants and comforts on our way hither.

"'Honoured sir,—We cannot take our last leave of you without feeling a deep sense of sorrow that our crimes were the cause of our meeting, and must also be the cause of separation, and that to opposite sides of the world, in all human probability never to meet more on this

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side the grave! Oh may we all, through rich and free grace, meet in heaven!

"'We beg to be affectionately remembered to the kind and Christian friends and benevolent societies, who aided you in making so careful and liberal provision for our spiritual wants. May you all partake largely of the blessings, the peace, and the joys of the Holy Ghost in Christ Jesus; to whose care we commit you, and wish you, with all our hearts, a safe and happy return to the bosom of your beloved family, and to your friends.

"'And that the peace of God may rest and abide on you all, now and for evermore, is the unanimous and earnest prayer of us all; in whose name and by whose permission, I am,

"'Honoured sir, your most obliged,
Most dutiful, and obedient servant,
(Signed) J— R—,
Inspector of Schools.'

"*Submitted on board the Earl Grey, in the Harbour of Hobart Town, Jan.* 14, 1843.

"The address I received as containing an expression of the sentiments and feelings of the prisoners in reference to their sovereign the queen; her majesty's representative in the colony; the lords commissioners of the Admiralty; the laws under which they live; and to those benevolent societies and friends in London, Brighton, and other places who had so liberally contributed the means for furthering their intellectual and spiritual improvement, and securing their highest interests. In receiving the above address, I attribute it to the power of Christianity, and regard it as a tribute of praise to God, the Giver of all good, and not at all to me, who am but an imperfect 'earthen vessel,' of which he is graciously pleased to make use, for the purpose of conveying to these men those inestimable treasures of his written word, which the Spirit of truth alone is able effectually to impress upon their minds and hearts, unto the present and everlasting salvation of their souls."

THE INFIDEL.

Among the followers of the late David Hume, none felt at one period a loftier pride or a fuller confidence in the principles they had embraced than did Sir Alexander B——, who died a few years ago in the city of Edinburgh.

Born on the wide ocean, Sir Alexander owned no country as his home. He claimed to be "a citizen of the world," and sat loose from the unphilosophical prejudices that bind a man to his native land, and lead him to extend to a fellow-countryman a brother's hand and a brother's friendship! At an early age he was deprived of his parents; but his father's last will made provision that he should be educated in cold and cloudy Scotland—a country the youth cordially detested, not only on account of its severe climate, but of the rigidness of the national temper, and the stern moral exactions made upon the young. So soon, therefore, as he attained his majority, he eloped with and married the only daughter of his guardian, and turned his face toward the balmy south, to visit those countries so justly celebrated for the serene beauty and magnificence of their scenery, and interesting to the scholar as the theatre of the mightiest transactions emblazoned on the page of history. He soon unfurled his sail to the Mediterranean, and became a wanderer for many years on the shores of Italy, Greece, and Egypt. But mere sensual or intellectual gratification cannot bestow real and lasting enjoyment. The cup that a beneficent Creator had put into the hand of his rebel subject was full and sparkling, but it wanted many ingredients to constitute it the chalice of happiness; and Sir A. knew that a day was coming when it would become to him the "cup of trembling," the dregs of which he should be compelled to drink, when the defiance which he felt rankling in his bosom against the character and government of God should avail him nothing. Although young, life throbbed in his veins strongly and vigorously, and the world was before him in all its fascinations, its freshness, and its beauty; still a sullen, gloomy discontent sat enthroned in the inner sanctuary of his heart, and threw a darkening shade over the glories of his manhood. The frosts of infidelity were spreading a blight over the moral sensibilities, and freezing the noble and generous impulses of the soul.

After many years, the unhappy man returned to the land that fostered his youth, formed associations with the *élite* of the metropolis, strengthened himself in his erroneous opinions, and used all his powers in endeavouring to prove the

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Bible to be an imposition. The Christian religion he declared a tissue of absurdities, addressed to the fears and credulity of mankind, and unworthy the reception of a philosopher and an honest man. But he forgot, in his self-laudatory reflections, that the evidences for its support were sufficient to satisfy the scrutiny of such minds as those of Bacon, Newton, and Locke, and had become the rock of strength to thousands around him, whose intellectual endowments were far from being contemptible. He, with many others, gathered round the meteor-blaze created by the genius and erudition of the distinguished champion of infidelity, Professor Playfair, then filling an important chair in the Edinburgh University. He entered warmly into Playfair's astronomical calculations, which essayed to overthrow the Mosaic account of the creation; and finally, to show to the world that not a shred of "the old error" hung about him, he rushed to the battle-ground as a standard-bearer—rallied around him the young and inexperienced, whose vicious lives made the doctrines of infidelity but too acceptable, and as a pledge of his own fearlessness had his coffin made and placed in his chamber, wrote with his own hand his funeral letters, and smiled at the shroud and the pall as the bugbears of childhood!

During this hour of temporary triumph, conscience sat enthroned among "her own thunders" in the calm majesty of undisputed and irresistible power; while around her the clouds of guilt gathered blackness, and marshalled for the coming tempest!

The moment that tries all men seemed about to approach. The vigour of a fine constitution suddenly gave way, and old age, accompanied with a complication of diseases, showed itself in the trembling and emaciated form of Sir Alexander B——. The first medical aid that the city could afford was called in, but remedies proved ineffectual; and the once proud and daring scoffer lay pale and shuddering under the breaking up of the physical frame, and ready to cry out in the agonies of death, "Oh that I had never been born!" But the deepening horrors of a guilty soul spoke a language yet more terrible. In spite of the boasted heroism that had long marked the man, remorse and despair would not be driven from his mind, and at times the bitterness of his relentings were scarcely to be endured.

Among the numerous friends who sometimes stood around the couch of the suffering infidel, was a young relative, who in the bosom of a gay and worldly family had lately been brought to the knowledge and love of a crucified Redeemer. The sight of a fellow-creature standing on the brink of an indescribable perdition, awoke at once the Christian sympathies of the young convert, and in the intensity of a zeal which sin and the coldness of the world had not chilled, this individual resolved to press through the barriers which obstructed the path, and point the stricken wanderer to the fountain of hope and pardon. But it might not be: the tree of life was not more vigilantly guarded from unhallowed touch, than was the chamber of the poor restless, benighted infidel from the approach of any who might harrow up his soul by allusion to the tremendous truths of death, judgment, and eternity. "We have not ventured to breathe the word death in his hearing for months," said his attendant; "and after hearing of the dissolution of any one, I have known him pace his room the livelong night, with agitations of soul which knew no utterance." But the pure and rising flame of Christian love could not be smothered in the young believer's bosom. One avenue remained open; and there, there all may plead, where the frown and suspicion of the world dare not follow. The throne of God the Highest was accessible; and oh, how earnestly were the supplications sent up thither, for the poor deluded mortal rushing in the delirium of the heart's madness upon the "thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler!"

It was now the sabbath. The bells of St. Andrew's church were chiming in clear and joyful harmony, accompanied at measured intervals by the solemn, deep-toned knell of St. Giles's, and the musical undulations of several other peals ringing throughout the favoured city.

An anonymous note had that morning been carried to several of the clergy and read aloud from the pulpit, entreating that prayers might be offered for "an aged infidel, apparently on the brink of eternity." The case was one not often brought thus before the church, and it was one calculated to arouse to intensity the deepest and purest sympathy of our nature. Every one was touched; and certainly more fervid, thrilling, affecting supplications never rose from human lips, than those which that day ascended to the throne of God on behalf of the

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miserable being, all unconscious of the interest he had excited. None knew for whom they prayed; yet the enkindled cheek, and moistened eye, told that a chord had been struck, the vibrations of which were felt in every heart, and proved that every man is "his brother's keeper."

Those who have felt the burthen of a soul's salvation pressing them to the dust, can imagine with what solicitude the result of these prayers was watched by those who had been instrumental in putting the moral machinery in motion.

At an early hour on Monday morning the joyful announcement was made to Sir Alexander's friends, that all unfavourable symptoms had disappeared, and that a new lease of life seemed to have been granted to him! Let us adore the forbearance, the mercy, and the faithfulness of a prayer-hearing God, and let the instance here recorded awake the energies of the desponding, to go with renewed confidence to a Father's throne to plead for those dear to their hearts.

Seven long years were added to the "threescore and ten" that had been spent in cold ingratitude, in guilt and rebellion; and thus another opportunity was afforded to the reckless Sir Alexander of turning to the Lord his God. Whether or not the boon was used for this purpose, the writer is unable to state. Removal to a foreign land cut off all intercourse; but it may be hoped that, seeing the fallacy of his reliance, the poor offender was led to the cross, and the Friend of sinners.—*Recollections of Edinburgh.*

PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER.

"When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowering," Matt. xvi. 2, 3.

When the atmosphere is in a state of tranquillity, the clouds are suspended in regions at a considerable distance from the earth, where, during the warmer parts of the day, they exhibit a variety of forms. The flaky curl, and thread-like forms, are the most common in fine weather, which seem to be extended over the earth, in fields of different elevation. In the day time they are white, and appear to be composed of detached pieces; at sunset, we see only the edges of these fields of cloud, when they are often refulgent with the liveliest red. The fine clouds which are strewn over our heads during the sultry hours of noon, are the tokens of fine weather; and when at night they are dressed in glowing colours, they still retain their character. We then feel assured of the continuance of fine weather, just as the Jews did in the time of our Saviour. "To-night," said they, "the sky is red, and we shall have fine weather." And herein they judged rightly, as seems to be admitted by Christ, who upbraids them with their inconsistency, inasmuch as they could interpret the signs upon the face of the sky, but could not understand the signs which he was daily giving of his Messiahship. In matters of a temporary interest, they were keen-sighted and observing; but in things of infinite importance, they evinced no sagacity in tracing causes and effects, no discrimination in choosing the good and rejecting the evil. The attention of the writer has often been turned to this redness of the sky at sunset, and to the kind of weather which followed it, and he has invariably found it a sure presage of a fine to-morrow; especially if the redness was of a lively kind, and the clouds appeared to be of a solid texture. In southern latitudes, clouds of a deep red or copper colour often make their appearance at sunset, when the weather is unsettled. But their aspect is so different from the aspect of the clouds which we regard as portending fine weather, that one kind cannot easily be mistaken for the other. In the copper-coloured clouds of high northern latitudes there is a mixture of blackness, a loose and troubled character, which naturally mark them out as the forerunners of foul weather. They were not the clouds which the Jews had in their eye, when they framed the maxim to which our Saviour refers.

In the morning the redness was regarded as a presage of a storm, because it was not a few tints thrown upon the edges of the clouds as the sun peered above the horizon, but a redness connected with a dark and threatening aspect, for it is expressly said, "red and lowering." At such a time the clouds are becoming dense or thick, and descending in consequence of their weight towards the earth; rain and wind are the natural consequences of this state of the clouds. The effect of the sun's rays is to raise the vapours from the earth, to dissipate some and to rarefy all. But when the sky is red and lowering at sunrise, the

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clouds are resisting the natural impulse of the sun, becoming thick and tending towards the earth, as if unmoved by his warmth. In fine weather, the mists which remain aloft while the sun is up, descend at night, because warmth no longer sustains them; in the morning they again ascend towards the higher regions of the air, because that great luminary shines upon them. And thus they seem to recognise his authority, and to act under his control. But the clouds which gather blackness at sunrise, and present their edges deeply tinged with red, disregard his influence, and are compelled to obey a cold breeze which is breathing upon them. In the morning the sky seems to make an effort at fine weather, even when its tenor is of an opposite kind. But if at this time no effort of the kind can be traced, and the clouds turn red and lowering, we may seldom look for any material improvement in the weather till four-and-twenty hours have elapsed. During long voyages at sea, the writer has often noted something like a crisis in the state of the atmosphere within the hours that intervene between four and ten o'clock in the morning. At four the cold is most considerable, so that in warm climates the passengers find their coverings for the night very acceptable; the wind freshens, the rain falls, and upon the whole the state of the elements is most inclement. From about this period, which lasts an hour or two, the wind if strong begins to "moderate," the rain diminishes, and a variety of lesser symptoms seem to promise an improvement in the condition of the weather. In many instances this improvement goes on till ten, when perhaps the sky begins to frown, or exhibits signs of an unsettled condition. If we are anxiously looking for fine weather, a thing so much desired by all who traverse the wide ocean as passengers, and notice this relapse of the weather, we must always muster our patience for another twenty-four hours of endurance. If, on the contrary, the sky continues to clear, and the clouds to ascend and part after ten, we may indulge a hope that the fair prospects we have been longing for are about to be realized.

This crisis in the state of the weather is connected with indications which are easily registered. At four o'clock in the morning, the thermometer, in warm climates, is at its lowest point. Soon after this period it begins to ascend, and continues its progress upwards till ten o'clock, when it remains nearly stationary till one hour or two before sunset. It is necessary to state, that the instrument must be placed in a situation where the sun cannot reach, and the air is tranquil; otherwise a different result will be obtained. During the writer's stay at Macassar, he lived in a house that was well shaded by trees, and therefore advantageously circumstanced for observation. His thermometer stood upon the table constantly before him, that he might watch its progress without loss of time. As soon as the light of the sun began to illumine the room he looked at the instrument, and traced its progress till ten, when it uniformly stopped, and remained stationary till about four in the afternoon.

The barometer in those climates is also lowest about four o'clock in the morning, after which it begins to ascend till ten, when it declines till four. In the morning therefore the temperature is increasing and the barometer is ascending, or the weight of the atmosphere is increasing; and thus they act harmoniously towards the production of fine weather. If, in opposition to these favouring circumstances, the clouds gather and exhibit a red and threatening aspect, the preponderance towards foul weather is great, and we may scarcely hope that the rest of the twenty-four hours will experience a considerable change for the better.

G. T. L.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Electricity is one of those remarkably wonderful agents, that testify in so forcible a manner to the wisdom and power of the Almighty Creator of the universe. One of the peculiar properties of this invisible and imponderable agent—for it is only perceptible by its effects, and is inappreciable by any known measure of weight—is that of passing with extraordinary velocity along any of those substances that form its best conductors. These are the metals; and, accordingly, if a metallic wire of any length, however great, be laid down, and employed as a medium of communicating the effects of electricity from one point to another; however distant, information can be conveyed from one place to the other with a rapidity utterly inconceivable, until tried and proved by

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the velocity at which this agent is capable of moving. It has already been applied, by the ingenuity of man, to this most useful purpose, along some lines of railways, which necessarily offer very great advantages for applying it. Thus it is so employed on the Great Western Railway. The latter arrangement will enable the government of the country to hold very rapid and frequent intercourse with the various important seaports, thereby greatly facilitating the operation of measures of necessity, and tending to strengthen and defend the country, by producing a greater unity in its various powers and resources. These adaptations of such an agent as electricity are in themselves very striking, and we cannot withhold a just tribute of praise from those whose talent and ingenuity have been exercised in the application of them. At the same time it should never be forgotten by man, though we fear it too often is, that none of the creations of his mind are his own. The wisdom which enables him to apply electricity as a means of communication, is no more his own, than that agent itself can be claimed as his, because he controls and directs it according to his own pleasure. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights," James i. 17; and though this was written primarily in reference to spiritual things, it is not the less true, secondarily, of all the better mental endowments with which mankind are blessed even in their fallen state. Let us, then, never forget, that for all we are capable of, as well as for all we are, we are wholly indebted to Him, who was the Creator, not only of man's body, but of his reasoning and intelligent mind, and that to him, therefore, is due all the glory of what we may do or be, but which we are naturally too vain to engross to ourselves, without ascribing proper honour to him.

We have been led into these reflections, and to some others, to which we will presently give expression, by reading of a very remarkable use that was recently made of one of the electric telegraphs to which we have referred, that which is in operation on the Great Western Railway. In the neighbourhood of Slough, one of the stations on that railway, suspicion had arisen that the foul crime of murder had been perpetrated on an unhappy woman, apparently the victim of the complicated sin of her supposed murderer. The suspected man was seen to proceed to the railway, to take his place in the train about to start, and was suffered to depart, though closely watched by those whose suspicions had been aroused, and who, in consequence, had tracked him thus far. But no sooner had he quitted Slough, on his way to London, by the train, than a message respecting him was despatched by the electric telegraph, warning the police in London of the suspicion attaching to him, describing his person, and directing them to observe his movements, and trace out his residence; the result of all which was, that on the following day, when it became necessary to apprehend him, this was done by the police without the slightest difficulty or check, and his subsequent trial and execution are well known. With him, unhappy man! we have no more for the present to do, it being our design to speak more particularly of the remarkable means employed for his detection, rather than of himself.

And this is the point that has struck our mind most forcibly. The person suspected of the offence takes his seat in a conveyance, by which he is carried to London, from the scene of his sin, in a space of time that a few years since would have been deemed incredible; and no doubt he imagined, in his own mind, that, by this rapid transfer of himself from a place of peril to him, he should escape the risk of detection, by being at a distance from the locality of his crime. But, swifter than he himself travels, information of his suspected crime is sent forward. Nay, it passes him on the very same road that he himself is travelling. It reaches the termination of his journey before him. It awaits him there to watch his progress, and to track his course; and while he is unconscious that he is the object of suspicion, he is closely observed, his place of sojourn becomes known, and he is the subject of the closest surveillance.

We have been deeply interested, and forcibly struck, by all this, as an admirable illustration and emblem of the never-failing watchfulness of God's providence, observing and exposing the secresy and guile of the sinner. As those who put the telegraph in motion, to communicate the suspicion entertained against this railroad traveller, could see the end from the beginning, though all this was unknown to him, so does the

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providence of God foresee the accomplishment of sin before it is conceived, and put in progress the necessary course of events for the detection and conviction of the sinner. As the message passed this wretched man on the road, so does the providence of God pass by the hardened and impenitent sinner; though unseen, unheeded, and unfeared by him, goes before him in his course; and while, in wisdom inscrutable, and which such feeble worms of the earth as we are dare not question or dispute, he suffers the sinner to work out his iniquity, he fails not at the same time to have so ordered circumstances and events, that his detection is certain, his conviction is sure, his retribution is just and tremendous. Oh that we would consider and reflect upon the omnipotence and omniscience of that gracious Being, who, though he will by no means spare the guilty, yet hath in his dear Son made reconciliation for the transgressors, brought in everlasting righteousness, is always waiting to be gracious; and having died to save us, for ever liveth at the right hand of God, ready to make restitution for all that come to God through him. J. J.

THE JACQUARD LOOM.

Jacquard was originally a manufacturer of straw hats, at Lyons, and it was not till the peace of Amiens that his attention was first attracted to the subject of mechanism. The communication between England and France being then open, an English newspaper fell into his hands. In this he met with a paragraph, stating, that a premium would be awarded by a society in this country, to any person who should weave a net by machinery. The perusal of this extract awakened his latent mechanical powers, and induced him to turn his thoughts to the discovery of the required contrivance. He succeeded, and produced a net woven by machinery of his own invention. It seems, however, that the pleasure of success was the only reward which he coveted; for as soon as his object was accomplished, he became indifferent to the work of his ingenuity, threw it aside for some time, and subsequently gave it to a friend, as a matter in which he no longer took any interest. The net was, by some means, at length exhibited to some persons in authority, and by them sent to Paris. After a period had elapsed, in which M. Jacquard declares that he had entirely forgotten his production, he was sent for by the prefect of Lyons, who asked him if he had not directed his attention to the making of nets by machinery. He did not immediately recollect the circumstance to which the prefect alluded; the net was, however, produced, and this recalled the fact to his mind. The prefect then rather peremptorily desired him to produce the machine by which this result had been effected. M. Jacquard asked three weeks for its completion; at the end of which time he brought his invention to the prefect, and, directing him to strike some part of the machine with his foot, a knot was added to the net. The ingenious contrivance was sent to Paris, and an order was thence despatched for the arrest of the inventor.

Under Napoleon's arbitrary government, even the desire for the diffusion of improvements was evinced in a most unconciliatory manner; and while inventions in the useful arts were sufficiently prized, no respect was paid to those persons by whom they were originated. Accordingly, M. Jacquard found himself under the keeping of a gens-d'arme, by whom he was to be conducted to Paris in all haste, so that he was not permitted even to go home to provide himself with the requisites for his sudden journey. When arrived in Paris, he was required to produce his machine at the Conservatory of Arts, and submit it to the examination of inspectors. After this ordeal he was introduced to Buonaparte and to Carnot, the latter of whom said to him, with a look of incredulity, "Are you the man who pretends to this impossibility, who professes to tie a knot in a stretched string?" In answer to this inquiry, the machine was produced, and its operation exhibited and explained. Thus strangely was M. Jacquard's first mechanical experiment brought into notice and patronised. He was afterwards required to examine a loom, on which from twenty to thirty thousand franks had been expended, and which was employed in the production of articles for the use of Buonaparte. M. Jacquard offered to effect the same object by a simple machine, instead of the complicated one by which the work was sought to be performed; and improving on a model of Vaucanson, produced the mechanism which bears his name. A pension of a thousand crowns was granted to him by

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the government, as a reward for his discoveries, and he returned to Lyons, his native town. So violent, however, was the opposition made to the introduction of his loom, and so great was the enmity he excited in consequence of his invention, that three times he with the greatest difficulty escaped with his life. The council appointed to watch over the interests of the Lyonese trade broke up his machine in the public place; the iron (to use his own expression) was sold for iron, the wood for wood; and he, its inventor, was delivered over to universal ignominy. The ignorance and prejudice which caused the silk-weavers of Lyons to destroy a means of assistance to their labours capable of being made a source of great benefit to themselves, was not dispelled till the French began to feel the effects of foreign competition in the silk manufacture. They were then forced to adopt the Jacquard loom, which led to such great improvement in their silk weaving; and this machine is now extensively employed through the whole of the silk manufacturing districts in France, as well as England.—*The Art-Union.*

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

Though we may generally assent to those scriptural truths, "Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith," Prov. xv. 16; "Better is an handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit," Eccles. iv. 6; yet we never see their beauty and feel their force so strikingly as when some instance of the insufficiency of wealth to give happiness, or some event showing the ill effects of riches, is set before us. The following account from a French paper, the "Gazette des Tribunaux," is enough to make us, with more than wonted fervour, adopt the prayer to our heavenly Father, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain," Prov. xxx. 8, 9.

"A person living at Vincennes, who, after enjoying easy circumstances, had completely reduced himself to poverty by ill-judged speculation, last month received a letter from the department of the Arne, but was unable to pay the postage, and could not get any one to lend him the few sous required, so that the letter was taken back by the postman, and remained upwards of a week at the post-office. The person to whom it was addressed having at length obtained the means of redeeming it, he opened it, and found the announcement of the death of a near relation, leaving him property to the amount of 300,000 francs, more than 12,000*l.* Certain formalities being fulfilled, he was very shortly put in possession of his new acquisition. He has borne his distress for several years with the utmost fortitude; but this great and unexpected change in his circumstances has completely upset his mind, and he has sunk into a settled calm madness, and no hopes are entertained of restoring him to reason."

A WORD TO A BACKSLIDER.

God does not say, I will heal thy backsliding for any certain term of years, but I will heal thy backslidings in general. If you have been a backslider these fifty years—nay, were it possible for you to have been a backslider a thousand years, yet if with hearty repentance and true faith you turn unto him, he will abundantly pardon you. Oh, dear sir, if any one had need to despair of mercy, I had: but Jesus has washed me in his blood, and I know that my Redeemer liveth.—*Whitfield.*

SCRIPTURE TERMS DEFINED.

Both grace and faith stand in direct opposition to works—all works whatever. Whether they be works of the law, or works of the gospel; exercises of the heart, or actions of the life; done while we remain unregenerate, or when we become regenerate; they are all, and every of them, equally set aside in the matter of a sinner's justification. And that the bill of exclusion is thus extensive, or rather quite unlimited, appears from the reason assigned—"Lest any man should boast;" that all pretence of glorying may be cut off from fallen creatures; that the whole honour of obtaining salvation may be appropriated to Him who "hid not his face from shame and spitting." And is he not worthy, unspeakably worthy, to receive this unrivalled honour, as a recompense for his unparalleled humiliation?—*Hervey.*

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VILLAGE SKETCHES.—No. I.

THE LEGACY.

One morning, very early in the year, our village was in an unusual bustle. Everybody seemed to be out, and all moving in one direction. It was evident that the villagers were attracted by some matter of common interest; and it was apparent, too, that it was of a mournful, rather than of a joyous character. The churchyard gates were open—a most unusual occurrence on a week day—and the mason's hand-cart stood there, having just deposited a load of bricks; and the sound of the trowel might be heard from an open vault; and men were busily employed in sweeping the road to the church. Had the extent of their labours been traced, they would have been found to have commenced at a distance of more than half a mile, in front of a genteel residence surrounded by pleasure grounds laid out in excellent taste, and in the highest state of cultivation—a spot which even winter cannot rob of the epithet "delightful."

The closed shutters of that dwelling, and the sable mutes at the door, indicated that death had entered that earthly paradise; and from the general gloom that marked every countenance and every step of the passengers, it appeared that a general loss had been sustained.

Such was indeed the case. The venerable proprietor of that estate had recently closed a life of active beneficence, and his mortal remains were about to be committed to the sepulchre of his fathers. None of the tender ties of domestic life had been severed by the death of Mr. P—, for he was an unmarried man; but the neighbourhood had lost a benefactor who, for a period protracted far beyond the ordinary limits of human life, had devoted his large income to benevolent purposes; and the grief of the numerous mourners was increased by the consideration that strangers would inherit the property, who might not inherit the disposition to do good with it.

Two distant relatives arrived to attend the funeral. Most of the neighbouring gentry were there, either as mourners or pall-bearers. The servants of the establishment followed in silent sadness; and a spontaneous token of respect was offered by nearly all the respectable inhabitants of the village assembling in an adjacent building, in readiness to join the procession as it left the mansion. Scarcely one master of a family was absent who possessed a black coat and a crape hat-band; and some even borrowed or hired them for the occasion. Among the numerous spectators, scarcely a woman or child was to be seen without some badge of mourning. Rarely has there been a funeral with less of the pomp and circumstance of mimic woe, or more indications of genuine heart-felt sorrow. The several groups assembled here and there in the village resembled that at Joppa, where the widows stood weeping and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas had made while she was with them, Acts ix. 39. Oh, that each who bewailed the loss of an earthly benefactor and friend might be led to seek a friend in heaven—a friend who never dies—a friend whose gifts endure to everlasting life! Col. iii. 1; Heb. xiii. 8; John iv. 14.

It was interesting to listen to the tales of generous deeds and acts of considerate kindness which the death of this benevolent man either brought to light or recalled to mind. Some spoke of children put to school, or apprenticed, by his bounty. Some had been set up in business by his assistance, and owed all their subsequent prosperity, under Providence, to his continued encouragement. Some who had experienced sad reverses, had found in him the friend in need, to succour them in their distress, and to prompt and encourage new efforts. One, with tears of gratitude, mentioned that at a time of deep trouble, when the family expected at night not to have a bed to sleep upon, directions were sent to the auctioneer not to displace certain articles of furniture; but to buy them in for one who wished to serve the family. A liberal deposit accompanied the order, and, at the close of the sale, the remainder was paid by the confidential servant of Mr. P—. Nor was this all. On going into one of the desolate rooms, in the dusk of the evening after the sale, the poor woman found a large bundle lying there, which had, apparently, been put in through the open window. On examination, it was found to contain all the table and bed-linen, directed to the late owner, with the words, "Ask no questions." No doubt, however, existed as to the quarter whence this seasonable supply was derived. Many could testify that, in seasons of illness, they had been daily supplied from Mr. P—'s table, for

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weeks together, with delicate or nutritious food; and in cases where the illness fell upon one whose labours were the source of support to the family, *their* wants also were provided for.

Among other instances of considerate kindness, it was mentioned that Mr. P— kept, for the express purpose of lending, every article of furniture that could conduce to the comfort of an invalid—several of them of so expensive an order, that most people in moderate circumstances would endure much inconvenience and privation rather than venture on the expense. Whatever of the kind might be wanted by any of the neighbours, it was but to request the loan of Mr. P—; and if he did not already possess it, he invariably made that the occasion of purchasing it. "There is one room in the house—I have often been in it myself," said the woman who had been so liberally assisted in the time of her deep trouble, "which is entirely filled with things for lending out; easy chairs, sofas, baths, cushions, pillows, blankets, and linen. Surely this place never had such another friend as it has now lost; and it is to be feared never will."

Among the poorer women, mention was made of an annual distribution of coals, flannel, tea, and sugar; and no small degree of anxiety was manifested as to whether, the death of Mr. P— having taken place the day before Christmas, orders had been given for the usual distribution. Nor was the benevolence of Mr. P—, nor the gratitude of all his neighbours, confined to the supply of temporal wants. He had been in the habit of circulating instructive books, both in the way of gift and loan. Many families, many young people going out into life, were furnished by him with bibles, prayer-books, and other religious treatises suited to their several capacities and circumstances; and his housekeeper was entrusted with the charge of a pretty extensive library of books of general information, for the use of the servants, and of the more intelligent among the poor who chose to avail themselves of the privilege. On the day of the funeral of their benefactor, many an one looked with fresh interest on their name in a book in his own handwriting. May some of them have been led, with deeper seriousness and self-application than ever, to peruse the sacred pages, and to embrace the blessed truths which are able to make wise unto salvation by faith which is in Christ Jesus, and so become followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises! 2 Tim. iii. 15; Heb. vi. 12.

The day after the funeral, the annual pensioners received their accustomed donation; such having been expressly and repeatedly directed by the good old gentleman when he found himself sinking. A further benefit awaited most of them. The will contained a bequest of one hundred pounds, to be given in sums of two pounds each, to fifty poor persons in this and a neighbouring parish. Whether the individuals were named, or in whom was vested the discretionary power of selection, did not transpire; all that was generally known was, that the confidential servant of Mr. P— had called at many of the houses, and left two sovereigns, intimating that he supposed it was the last time he should be the almoner of his honoured master's bounty; in some cases expressing the pleasure he felt in knowing that the gift was well-bestowed; in others, interposing a gentle caution against its being squandered and abused. After all, the best-intentioned and best-directed acts of kindness will be ill or well applied, according to the disposition of the receiver. It was so in this case.

"Is your husband within, Mrs. O—?" asked the servant, on entering a wretched hovel, in which, though there was scarcely a vestige of anything that could conduce to the real welfare and comfort of the inhabitants, the smell of stale tobacco and gin was almost overpowering. "No, sir," answered the woman, as with her dirty apron she wiped down a dusty rickety chair, and invited him to sit down; "what did you please to want, sir?" "I can leave my errand with you, Mrs. O—. The executors of Mr. P— have directed me to bring these two sovereigns to you; now do let me advise you to agree with your husband in laying them out on something really useful, such as you know the good old gentleman, if he were living, would be pleased to see you enjoying." Mrs. O— readily promised all that could be desired of her. In a few minutes afterwards her husband staggered in. He was one of the men employed in sweeping the road on the day of the funeral. For this service each of the men received five shillings, in addition to a liberal refreshment. But he was one—it is to be feared not the only one—

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who from the churchyard adjourned to the public house, nor left it till the five shillings had been consumed in sottish intemperance. The annual gifts had also been bartered for ale and gin; and now this liberal donation afforded the wretched old couple an unexpected opportunity of gratifying their vicious propensity. They agreed together to divide the spoil; each took a sovereign, the whole of which was soon consumed; and a week after the funeral Mrs. O— was about the village, begging ale of one neighbour, rum of another, and, where she knew she could get neither of these, rosemary leaves of a third; for her "poor old man was ill in bed with a violent cold, had not been able to do a day's work ever since the funeral, and nothing ever did him any good but" —a compound of the above-mentioned ingredients. Here was one portion of the legacy worse than thrown away.

Then the improvident family in the hovel just above. The two sovereigns supplied them with a luxurious dinner and new frocks for the children. These were immediately taken into common wear, and the old ones cast aside in all their raggedness and dirt. The new ones, worn without decency and care, soon come into the condition of their predecessors, and hang on in tatters till they excite the compassion of some indiscriminate giver, and, being substituted by new ones, are themselves cast on the heap. Or, no such "good luck," as they call it, occurring, the heap is at length routed to find some cast-off that may yet bear another hanging on. If a legacy were to fall to this family yearly, or monthly, or weekly, it would do little towards promoting their comfort or improving their appearance.

To a third family the legacy proves indeed a seasonable surprise, for they are a truly honest and thrifty family; but sickness has visited them, and, notwithstanding all the kind assistance afforded them by good Mr. P— and other kind neighbours, they have unavoidably got a little behindhand at the shop; and rent-day, too, is at hand, and they are not fully prepared to meet it. But this unexpected boon sets their hearts at rest; and though not one sixpence of it is expended for present enjoyments, and though, perhaps, they even "go to bed supperless," they have the satisfaction of knowing that they shall not "rise in debt," and therefore go forth to the labours of another day with new energy and fresh confidence in the future care of Him who has hitherto given them "day by day their daily bread," and thus seasonably interfered when, through the visitation of affliction, their hands were *not* sufficient for them.

Another thrifty family lay out part of the money in the purchase of a pig, and deposit the remainder in the savings bank, intending, when a good opportunity occurs, to add a few articles of furniture to their dwelling; justly observing that, by having the money in hand, they shall be able to take the best opportunity, and to go the cheapest way to work.

On the day of the distribution, the writer was called down to speak to a good old widow woman, who, with many apologies for the intrusion, said, "I did want to come and tell you; for I knew you would be so glad. I never had such a surprise in my life. When I was told that Mr. — wanted me, I could not think what it was for, as I had got my tea and other things before; and, there! he put these two sovereigns into my hand, and said they were for me. I have not had such a sum of money belonging to me since the —— bank broke, just after my poor husband's death, when I had sold his tools and some furniture that I did not want, and I got a five-pound note for them, and the next week it was only worth twenty-five shillings. I could not rest without coming to let you know of the goodness of God to me." It was pleasing to find that her first thought of enjoyment was not selfish. "I shall now," she said, "be able to have my poor sister for a week or two. She has had a long illness, and, poor creature, she don't get strong; for since she came out of the hospital, she has not had to say enough to eat, and it has not been in my power to help her; but I shall send her a bit of a note to say I am coming to fetch her to-morrow."

"And good old Mrs. M—; I suppose she has a share in the bequest?"

"No, I am sorry to tell you she has not. Sure there must be some mistake about it; for she has always borne such an excellent character, and she is just one of the sort that Mr. P— used to be so thoughtful in helping; one that has formerly had plenty of her own, and been brought down by affliction, not by fault; and now, though she is often hard-set, she seems so contented and resigned, and always keeps herself so very respectable;

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and she always used to knit Mr. P—'s lamb's-wool stockings; but it is certain she has not got the gift, and I am sorry from my heart that she has not."

Farther inquiry confirms the fact, in which the writer heartily sympathizes, that this truly good and respectable woman has, it is believed accidentally, been omitted in the list of pensioners. Her spirit and temper under the disappointment—for such it must be considered—form a pleasing contrast to those of some who received it. One greedy old couple challenged the bearer to know whether each of them ought not to have it. Another covetous person, not content with what had been received, thinks that "if right could be seen into," they ought to have it every year for life. But the good old Mrs. M— speaks not of it unless it be mentioned to her, and then she says, "I am sure no unkindness was intended, and I don't fret about it. If the Lord had seen fit, it would have come to me; but 'He is my shepherd, and I shall not want; goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.'"

The legacy presents a hint to the charitable, so to discriminate as to make their bounty of real use; a hint to those who seek gifts, that if they do not wisely improve them, they will not really be the better, but the worse, let them get ever so much; and a hint to all, to be content with such things as they have. Those only are truly happy who can say, "The Lord is my portion; therefore will I hope in him." C.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Why was the Redeemer thus crucified? Why was "his visage so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men?" Had he committed any grievous, heinous, aggravated offence? —No such thing. His life was a life of spotless innocence, of unblemished purity, of unbounded benevolence. He "went about doing good." His enemies, who watched for his halting, and sent forth men to entangle him in his words, and entrap him with curious and ensnaring questions, were all silenced or put to shame. The utmost diligence was used to obtain witnesses who could bear testimony against him, yet by no artifice could two be found whose testimony agreed. The man who betrayed; the judge who condemned; the centurion who executed; all exclaimed, "Truly this was a righteous man." "We find no fault in him." Never did any execution take place so utterly devoid of any assignable cause, any justifying plea, as that which we now contemplate. Well might the Redeemer say, "They hated me without a cause."

But revelation solves that mystery which human reason cannot penetrate. The language of the prophet and the statement of the apostle combine to assign the cause. "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." "He bare our sins," says St. Peter, "in his own body on the tree." "He was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

The whole, therefore, of that bitter cup of agony and suffering which the Redeemer drained, was prepared for him by our transgressions. It was because man had sinned that the Son of God suffered. This was shadowed forth from the beginning, in those sacrifices which the acceptable worshippers offered unto God continually. From the first recorded sacrifice, when Abel offered of the firstlings of his flock, to the event which we this day commemorate, there had been a succession of sacrifices offered during four thousand years. During fourteen hundred years, there had been daily, morning and evening, a lamb slain at the tabernacle or temple, and a number of lambs on each returning sabbath and solemn festival; all these sacrifices were expressive of guilt, all implied the imputation of that guilt to another, all intimated that through the merits of another pardon should be extended to the guilty; but all inculcated the painful lesson that "without shedding of blood there is no remission." Yet as the apostle argues, "It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats," or the ashes of an heifer, "should take away sin," the imperfection of these sacrifices was evinced by their continual repetition. The priests under the law needed daily to offer up sacrifices,

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first for their own sins, and then for the people; the high priest entered once into the holy place every year with the blood of others. But "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many,"—and "by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."

Contemplate, then, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and the Son of man, not only as undergoing all the bitter suffering of crucifixion, but as enduring "for us men and for our salvation" that penalty which our sins had deserved. This imputation of guilt, and the consequent infliction of punishment, explains some points which we are apt to overlook. The intenseness of the Redeemer's mental agony, the distress which caused him in the garden, before his apprehension, when as yet no hand was raised against him, and no enemy apparent, to "sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground;"—that deep depression which wrung from him the exclamation, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" evidently arose from something far beyond, and wholly independent of, his bodily suffering. There have been martyrs at the stake, who after long imprisonment and many painful inflictions, have yet from amidst the burning flame glorified God in the fire, and exhibited to the astonished spectators examples of holy joy and triumph in God, without any of that distress and depression which the Saviour evinced on the cross. They found amidst the flames that the Lord was there. He put underneath them the everlasting arms, sustained them by his mighty power, and caused them to rejoice in hope of that crown of glory to which they were hastening. But to the Redeemer himself such triumphant consolations were not vouchsafed. His sufferings were most strictly penal. "It pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief." Then was fulfilled the command, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts: smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." The Redeemer's sufferings on the cross were punishments—punishments for sin; sin, indeed, not his own, but sin placed to his account—sin imputed to him; for which he had voluntarily become answerable, and for which the penalty was exacted; for which he so made satisfaction to the Divine justice that the actual transgressors might plead his punishment, as entitling them to pardon, acceptance with God, and everlasting life. "He was made sin for us,"—made a sin-offering, "that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

Now such, you will observe, is the uniform language of Scripture. It is, as St. Peter says, with his stripes that we are healed. The Son of God is thus exhibited as "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world;" as lifted up upon the cross for the healing of the nations, as the brazen serpent was exalted by Moses on a pole for the healing of the Israelites, dying for us that we may live. Hence the apostle determined to know nothing among those to whom he was sent but Christ Jesus and him crucified; hence he declares, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

Ever, my brethren, let us keep this important point full in view. It is by the Redeemer's death, by the sufferings which he endured upon the cross, that to us is opened the gate of everlasting life. We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own works and deservings; and this merit of the Son of God consisted especially in his humiliation to death, even the death of the cross. He was perfectly holy; he magnified the law by his perfect obedience, he fulfilled all righteousness by attending to every precept and every injunction, he went about doing good, he exhibited at all times a perfect example, he taught with infinite wisdom; but it was through the suffering of death, through the agony he sustained on the cross, until, having accomplished the very last prediction, he cried, "It is finished," that he was made perfect and "able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him." It was this suffering of death which was the sum and the completion of that meritorious righteousness of the Son of God by which we sinners are saved.—*Rev. T. Webster.*

THE LOVE OF THE WORLD.

No. II.

The meaning attaching to the phrase "the lust of the eyes" is, perhaps, not usually correctly apprehended. It refers

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to wealth, and the injunction is against covetousness. Hear the wise man: "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase: this is also vanity. When goods increase, they are increased that eat them: and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?" Eccl. v. 10, 11. Gold is the god of millions, because it enables its possessor to obtain almost all this world can give of its pleasures and gratifications. What eager grasping after it! What toil, and anxiety, and sleeplessness! All the powers of body and mind are devoted to it. Paul speaks of the love of it as idolatry, Eph. v. 5; Col. iii. 5; and Job couples it with that sin, chap. xxxi. 24—28. It absorbs almost all the time and thoughts of men. Sabbaths are often sacrificed to it. In the house of God, the thoughts of it prevent solemn reflections, which might otherwise be awakened by the preaching of the truth, as was the case with Ezekiel's hearers, chap. xxxiii. 31; who, although they listened, did not obey; for "their heart went after their covetousness." Many neglect prayer, both domestic and private, to pursue their business, forgetting that "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it," Prov. x. 22; and that if we "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," other good will not be withheld.

Solomon, than whom none on earth ever had fairer opportunities of testing the value of wealth, warns us "not to labour to be rich—for riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven," Prov. xxiii. 4, 5. Anxiety, lusting after them, has ruined many as it did Achan, and well nigh Lot; who chose the plain of Jordan, because "it was well watered every where," apparently indifferent to the character of the people in the midst of whom he would dwell, although we are told by the Spirit of God that "they were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly," Gen. xiii. 13. "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows," 1 Tim. vi. 9, 10. As an instructive lesson on the uncertainty and evanescent character of worldly wealth, read the description, Rev. xviii. 11—19, which, although it is figurative, has had its prototype in Tyre and Babylon and Nineveh, and the cities of the ancient world, whose ruins now alone remain to tell to the awed traveller the tales of grandeur and magnificence that have for ever passed away. Oh, yield not to the "lust of the eyes!" Thy God has prepared better things for thee, and things that are worthy of the soul. There is one other caution given, that has reference to outward appearances—things that engage the earnest attention of multitudes. Hence there is a feverish anxiety to be in the fashion in dress, furniture, equipage. Hence the eagerness with which the three questions are asked to which the Saviour alludes: "What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" as if happiness and eternal life depended upon them. Thousands cannot bear the thought of being outdone by others, and often improper courses are adopted to maintain an outward show. Undue advantage in business is sometimes taken of an unsuspecting customer, and other surreptitious modes are practised, which the word of God condemns, to enable those who adopt them to gratify their love of display.

But the injunction is not confined to matters of this kind. It comprehends all those things which are pursued to obtain the world's applause. Some write for fame; others brave the dangers of the battle-field for a similar object; and some, as the Pharisees of old, pray and give alms to be seen and spoken of by men. Ambition often leads many to endure privations and toils, and dare even death itself to realize the world's approbation. Millions who bartered heaven for this idol, would have given all their honors and wealth for a hope of eternal life in a dying hour. The remembrance of the plaudits of the multitude in the hour of triumph, gives no real pleasure in the midst of the dark valley of the shadow of death. Would not Voltaire, who, after the proudest worldly honours had been lavished upon him in the theatre, was that same night stricken with death, have gladly surrendered all he had gained through a long life for a hope of heaven? One glimpse of the cross of Christ is of greater value than to see and share in the pomp and splendour of princes. They are the truly noble and great, who, like Moses, "esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt."

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There cannot, therefore, be too much importance attached to the apostolic injunction.

We have higher and holier objects on which to place our affections. The first and great commandment binding on all is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." As our Creator and Redeemer, he claims that love. The exercise of it towards him makes us happy. It opens a fountain in the desert of life; flings a radiance over the dark scenes of sorrow and affliction; and lightens every burden humanity is called to bear. The ground on which the Father lays especial claim to our affections, is the gift of his beloved Son for a dying world. Our guilt had cut us off from God, and exposed us to that wrath which burns "to the lowest hell." Powerless to save ourselves, incapable of presenting to Infinite Justice a satisfaction for our sins,

> Plunged in a gulf of dark despair
> We wretched sinners lay,
> Without one cheerful beam of hope,
> Or spark of glimmering day.

Then He "remembered us in our low estate;" and "sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh." "He made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." "He suffered, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God," Rom. viii. 3; 2 Cor. v. 21; 1 Pet. iii. 18. God, in the scheme of salvation, has made ample provision for the pardon and purification of all them that believe in Jesus; and ultimately he will take them to himself, that where he is, there they may be also. Can any one fail to perceive, or be unwilling to acknowledge, the mighty claims on their heart's homage and obedience which the cross of Christ presents? And is not the God of our salvation an object worthy of the exercise of the highest love? Such an illustrious object ennobles the affection; and loving God, we become the sons of God—the most dignified relationship the creature can sustain.

Reader! Are you a friend of God or the world? Are your desires towards heaven or earth? Man must have some object to love. What is yours? Pause and ponder.

> "The world can never give
> The bliss for which you sigh:"

It is to be found only in the ways of God. Seek pardon at the cross, purity at the fountain opened "for sin and for uncleanness," and peace at the throne; and ultimately you will realize glory, honour, and immortality in the kingdom of heaven. But forget not that there is, and must ever be, an irreconcilableness and hostility between the love of God and the love of the world. Many have tried to combine the two. They have "sown the wind, and reaped the whirlwind." "No man can serve two masters." "The friendship of the world is enmity with God; whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God," James iv. 4.

T. A.

THE GOSPEL AND THE HEART.

The gospel gives a man a heart. There are some people who look with a languid eye on everything; and there are others who have an interest in nothing which does not contribute to their own comfort. There are some absolutely joyless spirits, from which every particle of zest has evaporated—who lag through life so listlessly that nothing makes them smile, and nothing makes them weep; and merely to look at them is enough to make you dreary for a summer's day. Then there are others who have some evident joy of existence, but who are as evidently their own all in all—trim and tidy souls, like a clipped yew-tree—not troubled with any tendrils, any outgoing affections or redundant emotions—snug, comfortable people, who carry their universe in a carpet bag, who love some people very dearly, but who also love with the same sort of love the velvet cushion, or the easy chair, which studies their dispositions, and adapts to their endless caprices. It is not good to have no heart at all, or a heart only for one's self. There is no need to be in such an ignoble case. The gospel not only says, "My son, give me thine heart," but it gives the man a heart to give. The moment its joyous life swells up in a weary soul, the desert blossoms like the rose. Seeds of unsuspected gladness are quickened into life, and existence begins to wear a face of interest and gaiety, which perhaps it did not wear, even when viewed over the cradle's merry edge. And the churl's heart grows bountiful. The little self-contained soul of the worldling expands till it comes in contact

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with a broad surface of existence, and wonders to find so much that is kindly and forth-drawing in objects which he formerly dreaded or despised; and in the dilatation of his delighted heart, in the ready rush of his benevolent and compassionate feelings, and in the newly-tasted luxury of doing good, he enters on a domain of enjoyment, whose existence he formerly regarded as an hyperbole or a fairy tale. But, above all, perfect peace casteth out selfishness. The joy of an ascertained forgiveness, the happy outset on a Zionward pilgrimage, the felt shining of God's uplifted countenance, —they give the man all the generosity of excessive gladness, the comprehensive goodwill of a peace which passeth understanding — that eye-kindling, lip-opening gratitude, which relieves itself in doxologies of brotherly kindness, in deeds of tender mercy; and the love of God shed forth abundantly, teaches the man the new lesson—to love his brother also.—*Rev. J. Hamilton.*

EARLY LIFE OF REV. C. SIMEON.

Mr. Simeon says, "The way in which I became acquainted with Mr. Atkinson was this. I had endeavoured to find out some minister who preached those truths which I loved and delighted in; and I attended at St. Mary's for a long time to but little purpose. At last I heard Mr. A. at St. Edward's, and he came nearer to the truth than any one else that I could hear. I therefore, from the time that I became a fellow of King's College, attended regularly at his church. Being the only gownsman that attended there, I rather wondered he did not take any notice of me. I thought that if I were a minister, and saw a young gownsman attending as regularly and devoutly as I did, I should invite him to come and see me; and I determined if he should do so, I would avail myself of the opportunity to get acquainted with him. At last he did invite me to come and drink tea with him, and invited Mr. D., an artist, to come and meet me. The conversation did not take a useful turn, for Mr. D. was not what I should call a religious man, and we parted without any profitable communication of our sentiments. In a few days I invited Mr. A. to come and sup with me, and asked Mr. D. to meet him. It happened that he could not come, so that Mr. Atkinson and I were *tête-à-tête.* I soon dropped some expressions which conveyed the idea of my feeling myself a poor, guilty, helpless sinner; and Mr. A. was quite surprised, for he had set it down as a matter of course that I must be a staunch Pharisee. He had even, for the whole space of time that I had been at college, noticed my solemn and reverent behaviour at St. Mary's, and had concluded, as three of his pious friends had also done, that I was actuated by a proud, Pharisaical spirit. When, therefore, he found that I was of a very different complexion, he manifested a union of heart with me, and introduced me the very next day to an excellent man, Mr. John Venn. Here I found a man after my own heart, a man for whom I have retained the most unfeigned love to his last moments, and of whom I shall ever retain the most affectionate remembrance. He, the Rev. J. Venn, soon took me over to Yelling, and introduced me to a man of no ordinary character, his own dear and honoured father. Oh! what an acquisition was this! In this aged minister I found a father, an instructor, and a most bright example; and I shall have reason to adore my God to all eternity for the benefit of his acquaintance. This blessed man had often heard his son speak of the singular gownsman of King's College, and had advised him to get acquainted with him; but God, no doubt for wise and gracious reasons, had kept far from me all spiritual acquaintance, by which means he made it to appear the more clearly that his work in me was 'not of man, or by man, but of God alone.' Being now acquainted with Mr. Atkinson, I undertook the care of his church during the long vacation, and I have reason to hope some good was done there. In the space of a month or six weeks the church became quite crowded, the Lord's table was attended by three times the usual number of communicants, and a wind and a stir was among the dry bones." These circumstances, however, seem to have been a source of annoyance to the parish clerk, who (as Mr. Simeon used to relate the anecdote with much glee) greeted Mr. Atkinson on his return, saying, "Oh! sir, how glad we be to see you back again, for *now* there will be room for the people to sit down; for since you have been gone, sir, there has been no room scarcely to sit or stand in the church."—*Memoir of Mrs. West.*

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Cora Linn.

THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

The country round Lanark is celebrated for its beautiful and picturesque scenery. The chief objects of attention, long and deservedly admired, are the falls of the Clyde.

The Clyde, after receiving Douglas Water and dividing into two streams, dashes down a precipitous ledge of rocks, and forms the Bonnington Fall, the height of which is about thirty feet, forming a vast sheet of water, precipitating itself over the rock into the channel beneath. A beautifully picturesque walk of about half a mile from Bonnington, here passing through a grove of trees, richly intermixed with the honeysuckle, the wild rose, and other flowering shrubs, and there approaching the brink of some precipice from which the Clyde is seen deep ingulfed among rocks, thundering and boiling through a contracted channel, conducts to Cora Linn, the most interesting of the three. Here the river, forming two separate falls of upwards of eighty feet, rushes with impetuous force into the deep abyss, and with an incessant and overpowering noise. On every side, the course of the river is environed with rocks of great height and the most romantic forms, and covered with trees of every diversity of foliage. On the summit of one of the heights stands the ruinous castle of Cora, from which its name is taken. A flight of steps has been cut along the face of the opposite rock; so that the visitor, standing in front, and on a level with the bottom of the fall, has an uninterrupted view of a scene unrivalled in our island, and rarely surpassed.

Stonebyre's Fall, which takes its name from an estate of the ancient family of De Vere, has a triple stage, forming three distinct leaps; its height is sixty-four feet, and over it the whole body of the river rushes into a deep chasm below.

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A ROMAN PRIEST CONFESSING JESUS.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

At a prayer meeting, held on the 1st December, 1844, I saw a stranger, known by me to be a Romish priest, who was sitting apart on one side of the assembly. Two or three prayers had been already offered by my brethren, when a voice, hitherto unheard among us, uttered these words, in a manner expressive of deep humility and sincerity:—

"O my God! infinite in goodness and mercy, I desire from my heart to glorify thee for thy marvellous grace unto me, a wretched and miserable sinner. Yea, Lord! thy salvation is a rich gift, a full and sovereign gift, and no works or merits of man have any share in procuring this free, this unspeakable favour. To me, even me, O Lord, thou hast magnified thy saving grace. But, O my God and Saviour! manifest unto me thy almighty power; come unto me, and make my soul completely free, that I may run the way of thy commandments."

Another supplication was then offered by one of the deacons; its purport was, that the Holy Spirit might manifest to our hearts the perfect work of Christ, and enable us all to rejoice in God our Saviour.

Being desirous of speaking to the stranger, I met him after the assembly was dismissed. When alone with him, in my study, he freely opened his mind to me, and gave the following account of his spiritual state:—

I am a native of France, and by birth a Roman Catholic. From my youth, that is, from the age of sixteen, I showed a serious turn of mind, and a decided distaste for the balls and parties to which I was frequently taken by my parents and relatives. That serious turn was deepened by the perusal of a book against the vanity of the world, and I was led to request my parents' permission to devote myself to the church. I entered one of the lesser seminaries, being then nearly sixteen years of age. There I studied four years, and gained the approval of my superiors by my application to study, and attention to all the duties and ceremonies of my church; being, indeed, a fervent worshipper of the virgin, and a diligent observer of rites and services. From the lower school I passed to the higher: there I proceeded further in austerities and mortifications, especially in long-continued private devotions, so that I fell into a state of extreme weakness and bodily exhaustion. The superior declared to me, that I should never be a good priest, as I plainly appeared to be immoderate in my imagination, and disposed to excess in duties.

In fact, my constant application to the prayers, which I incessantly repeated, arose from what I had often heard, that a prayer mixed with distractions or wanderings was a sin; and that if the distractions of conspicuous saints, during their whole lives, were gathered into one mass, they would not even amount to a quarter of an hour. I was not only struggling to attain this degree of spirituality in devotion, but also, at this period, I had so great a dread of death, that when thoughts on that subject seized my mind, I was filled with trembling, and even with despair. I have passed hours, even whole nights, in terror; nothing seemed too painful, or too arduous, if it tended in any degree to sooth the anguish of my conscience. I was truly "subject to bondage," as the Scripture expression is; death seemed to me, indeed, the "king of terrors." I was ordained a priest, and I began to officiate here and there, in different parishes, as my bishop appointed me; and as I was scrupulous with regard to my own experience, I was no less so in the confessional; I could seldom pronounce the words of absolution without a secret dread, lest I should in any way have lessened the evil of sin, or lightened its just punishment. Yet as all my severities were unsuccessful in giving peace to my conscience, I began to doubt their efficacy. I was in this state of uncertainty, when a seemingly trifling circumstance gave a new turn to my thoughts. As a junior priest, I was required to assist some who were older, at feasts and high masses: at that time, my duty was to repeat the portion of the service belonging to the assistant; and as the canons of the church pronounce a curse against any wilful omission of even three words of the ritual, I never served a mass without trembling lest I should have omitted something; and as I knew by practice what was the length of time required for the full and correct repetition of the service, I wondered, when I found one day that the priest who consecrated the elements had finished the whole in the course of a minute or two. I paid more attention to this circum-

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stance, and perceived that he omitted the principal part of the service. I mentioned what I had observed to an aged curate, who told me with some bitterness that I ought to expose him to the bishop. This I declined doing, especially as I perceived soon after that all my brethren were in the habit of similar omissions; and that not one of them, when he was consecrating, repeated the whole service of the mass. This discovery made me doubtful and uneasy. I now began to treat the mass rather as a ceremony than as a sacred and tremendous duty. At the same time I wished to read for myself some books which were forbidden to us in the seminary; and as I felt harassed under the hitherto useless burden of ceremonies, ordinances, and austerities, I was resolved to see whether this religion and its devotions were true and necessary; or whether, perhaps, the free-thinkers were in the right. I therefore read Voltaire, Volney, Raynal, and other writers of the same stamp. By degrees I became totally indifferent to any revealed religion, and got rid of all my scruples and fears.

I had obtained from my bishop the license to be a teacher, rather than a preacher, though I was successful in the pulpit, and was flattered by many on that account. But my chief desire was for learning. After severe application, I was examined, and received my degree as a bachelor, which enabled me to procure the situation of master in a public school, where about forty-five pupils received lessons in the languages and mathematics.

Then I thought all was well with me. I said the mass occasionally; I was generally esteemed; and my temporal concerns prospered. But the grace of God abounded far beyond my sins; and that grace visited me, even when I was most disposed to scorn it. One day when I was in my school, a colporteur came in, and frankly asked me to buy some religious tracts. That very word caused me to shrink with horror. I at once remembered the time when I was, what is called, religious, and shrank from any return to that state. I, therefore, gave a hasty answer; but the colporteur, with meekness and true Christian charity, yet, at the same time, with solemnity, persisted in his request, till at length I consented to receive a few tracts, for which I paid, though they were offered to me gratis as a token of concern for my soul. Among these tracts was "La Route Perdue" (the way lost), one of your writings, sir; and I am happy to tell you (to God be all the glory!) that on reading this tract the following night, my mind was impressed, and gradually led to a new train of thoughts, especially on the emptiness of all good works and human observances in the sight of God. Yea, by the Divine blessing, that little tract was the first knocking of his grace at the brazen door of my heart.

Another book, soon after, brought me a greater degree of light; for the good colporteur returned, and offered me fresh treasures for my soul. This book was the Life of the Curate Boos, which I also read at a late hour, when the tasks of the day were ended, and after another solemn visit from my pious monitor. He had, as usual, spoken to me with much earnestness; and I said, "Should you like to pray with me?" Pray myself I could not: what had I ever before uttered but vain repetitions of words addressed to God, and to various saints, which were utterly useless? I therefore requested him to pray, which he did immediately, and very fervently. It was the first time I heard a Protestant prayer, and I felt a deep impression in my inmost heart. I was astonished — moved — and, as it were, brought into the presence of God—a sensation I had never experienced before.

The colporteur departed, but he left with me several good books: among them the Life of Boos, which I read, as I have said, and saw with surprise he had experienced the same fears, the same workings of mind and conscience, which I had inwardly felt; and I found him declaring how useless, how vain, or rather how unbelieving, is any such effort or pretence; since the Lamb of God has, through his atoning sacrifice, accomplished the redemption of his people; since Christ has paid, with his precious blood, the ransom of his beloved church, and since God declares that a sinner who believes in Jesus is freely justified, and accounted a pardoned child of God.

Then, sir, I began seriously to consider my former fears; also, to reflect on my late subjects of reading, and my days of indifference and unbelief. My soul was humbled before God. I now understood that Jesus is indeed come to save sinners, and that to believe in him is the way of peace, and of holiness also; I say holiness, because in our studies at the seminary we had been constantly taught that the

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infernal doctrine of Luther and all the Reformers, as it was there called, that man is justified before God by faith alone, without good works, was the very weapon of Satan to kill souls; and it was there declared that, as soon as a soul could say, "I am justified since I believe I am so," that soul would run into the most shameful excesses and pollutions. And in the seminary, such was our horror of this doctrine, that the term justification by faith was considered equal to naming Satan, with all his abominations!

Before he left the neighbourhood, my faithful guide had introduced me to a pious English family who resided near; and also to a teacher, a stranger, who had been holding religious meetings, and distributing copies of the Scriptures and various books of sound doctrine in that place for some years, but whom I had always considered as a mean and despicable person, who made a noise to no purpose.

Both this teacher and the family frequently conversed with me. I repeatedly attended "the Protestant meetings;" and I seriously read and studied the Bible, which, during my scholastic life, had been a sealed book to me, hidden from my eyes, and nearly unknown to my heart, but to which my mind was led, being attracted by the attentive perusal of Lucilla, by A. Monod.

I cannot describe to you, sir, the indignation I felt, when I daily saw more and more, that all the favourite dogmas of the church of Rome not only were not to be found in the Holy Scriptures, but were positively condemned by the Divine word; all of them, indeed, from the least to the greatest.

In my days of seriousness, my reverence for the virgin Mary was really astonishing; for it is indeed a fact, a reality, that the church of Rome honours Mary more than Jesus, more than God himself, in that worship, those prayers, or ceremonies, which are the form and likewise the essence of its religion. If priests say that they adore Mary with an inferior worship to that which they give to God, or to Jesus, they are liars; for they must know by their own consciences, and by what they witness among their parishioners, especially females, that they are a hundred times more devoted to the virgin than to God; since their offerings, their vows, their vocations, their dedication and obedience, are addressed to her whom they call the mother of God.

You may see books, treatises, helps for devotion, hours and festivals, in honour of Mary; as well as images, statues, altars, chapels, and alms-boxes by thousands, throughout the lands which profess obedience to Rome. And whenever a devout feeling is expressed, the virgin, the lady, the queen of heaven and angels, is named, saluted, invoked, and magnified, almost as the supreme dispenser and distributor of heavenly gifts and graces.

Such had been my practice and my preaching when I was truly a priest of Rome. But after having read the New Testament, not only in French, but also in Greek, I was convinced that such worship was positive idolatry; and I rejected it as such with grief and repentance before God.

In those blessed days I began to serve the Lord, and to pray to the Father; no more through a creature and fancied intercessor, but through Christ alone, the only true Mediator. I also laid aside the worship and invocation of saints; likewise the foolish and deceiving doctrine of purgatory, which I saw was directly opposed to the full atonement made by Christ, and not less so to that spirit of adoption, whereby every believer is sealed and united to God as to his reconciled Father.

At that time I read two of your works, sir, namely, "Pourrai-je entrer jamais dans l'Eglise Romaine aussi long temps que je croirai toute la Bible?" (Can I ever enter the Church of Rome so long as I believe the whole Bible?) and "Liberté et Patrie des Enfans de Dieu," (The Freedom and the Country of the Children of God.) The first of these showed me, by numerous and forcible proofs, the falsehood of the Romish doctrines and worship; the second instructed me as to the Lord's supper. The mass appeared to me, as it really is, an insult to the death and institution of the Saviour, and I renounced it for ever as an evident blasphemy against the complete and eternal sacrifice of the Son of God.

Still my faith had many difficulties to contend with; when the account of your last journey (a missionary tour in Belgium) "Quatre-vingt Jours d'un Missionaire," cleared my way, as it were, and furnished an answer to numerous questions. There I saw that faith in the Divine word must precede any sense of forgiveness, and that faith in the promise is the first step in a loving obedience to

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the commands of God. My heart was now enlightened; I could call upon God as my reconciled Father in Christ. I wrote a long letter to my bishop, expressing to him my convictions in mild and respectful terms. His reply was bitter and threatening; he applied to me the curse denounced against all who refuse to hear the church, and excommunicated me as a daring apostate. Some priests also visited me; and many friends and serious persons, by their letters, also sought to draw me back from what they called my "foolish delusion." My scholars left me; I was deprived of my salary; my family and all my flock expressed their abhorrence of my shameful apostasy, as they called it; and I met with opposition from all quarters. But though sometimes I felt my knees trembling, and my courage sinking, as if ready to fail me in this difficult conflict, I was enabled by the grace of God, through faith in his word, to stand fast, and persevere; and I came hither, being invited by a generous disciple of our Lord, that if such be his will, I might pursue my studies, and obtain liberty to preach the truth as it is in Jesus as being one of his ministering servants.

Such was the recital of the priest: it is given with careful fidelity, but not with the energy and full conviction which was so evident in his manner, especially when in the act of prayer. However, I asked him why his petition had been that he might be made completely free, and assured as to his own election? He answered, "I see clearly from the Bible that faith, faith only, without any merit or deserving of man, justifies a sinner in the sight of God; yet still I feel myself so miserable, and the remembrance of my past unbelief lies so heavy on my mind, that it seems as if, before I could believe that my sins and trespasses are entirely forgiven, I must receive a power from the Spirit of God, to which I am yet a stranger. How can I say that I am indeed a child of God, and that I have heard him say to my soul, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee,' since I do not feel my state to be one of liberty and joy?"

This seemed to indicate some leaning still towards popery; that is, to reliance on works and merits for acceptance with God; and I answered it by showing, on the one hand, the infinite and complete efficacy of Christ's atonement for the full redemption of his people, insisting on these texts, "Having obtained eternal redemption for us," and having "by himself purged our sins," Heb. i. 3; ix. 12: and on the other, I pointed out the work of the Holy Spirit in sanctifying the soul, not before, but after its justification by Christ.

I also reminded my friend of the case of Abraham, Rom. iv., who was justified first, and afterwards rendered obedient by his faith; and I concluded by referring to the express testimony of God, and the duty of absolute dependence upon it, before we can hope to be enabled by his Spirit to love him, and keep his commandments.

Our conversation seemed to be accompanied by a blessing from above, as the priest, in the conclusion, expressed more simply and fully his trust in the promises of God, and "went on his way rejoicing."

A few days after this first interview, I had another visit from the same interesting individual; who told me, that the more he considered his former doubts and hesitation in applying to himself the promises of God, the more he perceived, in the workings of his heart, the traces of his former errors; but that he would now say, with a humble yet firm belief, "I am the Lord's," and subscribe to the same with his hand: "Yes," he added, "for this very reason, sir, because I have received from God full and perfect redemption through faith in the blood of Christ, it is, that I desire to show my obedience to the Saviour, and my complete reliance on his death and resurrection, by receiving the Lord's Supper as he has instituted it.

"But, sir, I must first recant, and publicly abjure the false views I once held; and I desire by so doing to glorify my Saviour, declaring, with tears of repentance, that I once denied, despised, and as it were reduced him to nothing, when I worshipped a dead woman or the saints; when I was a benighted servant of the Roman pontiff—that Pope whom I ignorantly and stupidly placed upon the throne of God, ascribing to him the Divine nature and perfection—I mean that of infallibility.

"Ah! sir, you cannot understand the windings of that serpent, which is called 'the authority of the mother Church,' and the tyrannical empire of her threats. Long have I trembled at the very thought of an 'excommunication' from the lips of the Pope; and if Luther himself felt a

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difficulty in renouncing that power, I may say that, in a measure, I have felt the same dread. But, praise be to the Lord! my eyes have been opened and enlightened by the word of truth; and now I see—and I avow it—that the Pope is that man of sin, the son of perdition, spoken of by St. Paul. And now I cannot understand how I could submit my conscience to the dominion and dictates of a man, a miserable sinner like myself, equally unworthy of honour and praise, when tried by the just and holy law of the Almighty. Sir, there is no middle way;—either Jesus is the Lord and bridegroom of his church, and then the Pope is a mere liar and impostor; or the Pope is the head of the church, the supreme monarch of his lowly subjects; and then Jesus is no longer the Messiah: he is dethroned, in fact removed out of sight, and in some way become the servant of Rome.

"In deep humiliation before God, I abjure the shameful slavery of my soul to the real adversary of the Son of God. I acknowledge Jesus himself, and confess him alone to be the King, the Head, and the unchangeable High Priest and rewarder of his redeemed people; he knows my sincere desire to serve him, and to proclaim to others the truth and the fulness of his redemption."

This avowal was made with lowliness and self-abasement. The priest was solemn, calm, and reserved in manner. When he alluded to his former church he did not exultingly condemn her, but rather spoke with sorrow for her falsehood, and the deep misery of her servants and promoters; and when he referred to his abjuration, it was manifest that his faith alone moved him to do what he considered he owed as a duty to God, and a warning to many other priests, who, though disciples of their church and devout observers of her ordinances, are really destitute of the true God and his salvation; and go on, in blindness and bondage, in the same track of birth, habit, and authority, which many others, equally deceived, have followed to their final ruin.

Is it not delightful to observe the dealings of God with this character; to see how the pious and earnest colporteur was sent to him in the very hour of need, and by degrees the veil was removed from his eyes! Is it not also a call for grateful acknowledgment to the word and Spirit of God, in following, as it were, in our daily course, the marks and efficacy of that heavenly doctrine, justification by faith, in and upon those very minds which were once so decidedly adverse to it.

The Lord will, according to his promise, "perfect that which concerneth" this disciple of his Son, whom he has called by his grace; and it will readily be admitted, that he who was once a priest of Rome may be a useful minister of Christ, since the Spirit of truth and holiness has transformed him into a sincere disciple of the Saviour. C. M.

CORAL ISLANDS.

No. IV.

Now, on the theory of subsidence, if we imagine an island encircled by a fringe, or belt of coral, or by reefs extending at a short distance from the shore, to sink down by a series of movements of great slowness, the intervals of subsidence allowing for the upward growth of the coral, we shall find, on reflection, that first a decided reef will encircle the shore at a greater or less distance, according to the degree of subsidence, and that as this continues till the whole island becomes submerged, we shall have a ring of coral, with a lake of variable depth in the centre, where, shielded from the waves, the delicate branched coral would display their elegant forms and beautiful tints, while the lamelliform corals that grow and flourish amidst the foaming breakers would continue to increase the breadth of the ring; on the outer side of which we should find an almost fathomless depth. Now, with respect to the lagoon, which is not the crater of a volcano, as was once supposed, it becomes gradually filled up to the height of the lowest water at spring tides, by the more delicate corals which luxuriate within it; afterwards the process is slow in the extreme, and perhaps never entirely accomplished. A reef-encircled island and low annular coral ring, with a central lagoon, differ therefore only in the degree of subsidence, and the former may gradually pass into the latter. Indeed, in the instance of Vanikoro, we have an intermediate condition—a ring of coral, with a broad inner ring of water, which would be a lagoon, but for a central island, which yet maintains its place. Again, suppose a long reef of coral, closely skirting the shore of a continent in low water; and then imagine the gradual subsidence of this coast, and the according gradual rise of the coral reef, in order

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to maintain its necessary depth for growing. In due time we have an enormous reef, separated from the main land by a deep strait or channel of varying breadth, according to the extent of the subsidence. Thus, then, between an encircling reef and a long coral barrier, there is no difference excepting in figure; and even in this point there are intermediate forms between the two, determined by the previous conditions of the land. So far, then, does the theory of subsidence seem necessary to account for low annular coral islands, and reefs rising out of deep water, parallel to, but perhaps many miles distant from a coast.

But, it may be asked, are not islands raised up by volcanic agency, around the shallow shores of which extends a fringe or belt of coral? Undoubtedly, and this condition of the shores may long continue unaltered, till an alternating period of subsidence shall take place, when the encircling belt will become more and more distant from the shore, till the island disappears, leaving a lagoon in its place, or perhaps even giving place to a grand circle of breakers, on which the rolling waves boil in white foam. We have already alluded to the island of Timor, where Quoy and Gaimard observed volcanic appearances in several parts; and where around Coupang the slate rocks are covered with a bed of coral to the depth, in some parts, of eighty feet. We have also referred to the corals of the Red Sea, which fill up bays, and often rise in masses, or islands, to the height of thirty feet above high water. Now in these cases we have undoubted proofs of elevation of land; as also at Rota, one of the Marian islands, where M. Gaudichaud detached from the limestone rock, at about a hundred fathoms above the level of the sea, branches of madrepore in perfect preservation. On the bold head mountain of King George's Harbour, in New Holland, Vancouver observed on the summit perfectly preserved branches of coral; a proof, again, of elevation of land which at no distant period was below the water. These proofs of elevation, so far from militating against the theory of subsidence, as applied to reefs and lagoon islands, tend to confirm it; and a farther examination tends to show that there are great areas of elevation and subsidence, counterbalancing each other. Of the elevation of the South American continent we have already spoken; another great area of elevation includes the New Hebrides, the Solomon and New Ireland chains of islands. "The New Hebrides line of islands," says Mr. Darwin, "may be observed to bend abruptly at New Britain; thence to run nearly east and west, and lastly to resume its former north-west direction in Sumatra and the peninsula of Malacca. The figure may be compared to the letter S laid obliquely, but the line is often double. We have shown that the southern part, as far north as New Ireland, abounds with proofs of elevation; so it is with the rest. Since the time of Bougainville, every voyager adduces some fresh instance of such changes throughout a great part of the eastern archipelago; I may specify New Guinea, Wageoo, Ceram, Timor, Java, and Sumatra. Coral reefs are abundant in the greater part of these seas, but they merely skirt the shores; in the same manner as we have followed the curved line of elevation, so may we that of subsidence." Keeling island is within the area of the latter; and it is remarkable that during the last earthquake at this island, Sumatra, distant 600 miles, was considerably affected. "Bearing in mind that there is evidence of recent elevation on the coast of the latter, one is strongly tempted to believe, that as one end of the lever goes up the other goes down; and that as the East Indian Archipelago rises, the bottom of the neighbouring sea sinks, and carries with it Keeling's Island, which would have been submerged long ago in the depth of the ocean, had it not been for the wonderful labours of the reef-building polypi." To enter into a definite account of the alternate areas of elevation and depression, and the characters and situation of the corals dependent upon these two opposite conditions, would lead us to an unwarrantable length. It is sufficient that we have given a sketch of the results of repeated and laborious researches, whence it would appear that the molten mass below the crust of our globe is from some cause or causes slowly propelled from one part to another, producing alternate but gradual wave-like linear areas of elevation and subsidence; and that where there are volcanoes in active operation, an area of elevation is produced; moreover, that it is in the areas of depression that we have reefs, and lagoon islands rising from a deep sea. We shall conclude in the words of Mr. Darwin, whose admirable work merits high commendation. "In the first place, reefs

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are formed around islands, or on the coast of the main land, at that limited depth at which the efficient classes of zoophytes can live; and where the sea is shallow, irregular patches may likewise be produced. Afterwards from the effects of a series of small subsidences, encircling reefs, grand barriers, or lagoon islands, are mere modifications of one necessary result. Secondly, it can be shown on the above views, that the intertropical ocean, throughout more than a hemisphere, may be divided into linear and parallel bands, of which the alternate ones have undergone, within a recent period, the opposite movements of elevation and subsidence. Thirdly, that the points of irruption seem invariably to fall within areas subject to propulsion from below. The traveller who is an eye-witness of some great and overwhelming earthquake, at one moment of time loses all former associations of the land being the type of solidity; so will the geologist, if he believe in these oscillations of level, (the deeply seated origin of which is betrayed by their forms and vast dimensions,) perhaps be more deeply impressed with the never-ceasing mutability of the crust of this our world." And thus, too, does an investigation of the organic beings extant on our globe lead us to a consideration of the changes in the surface of that globe, whereby, as ordained by Almighty wisdom, it becomes specially adapted for their varied modes of existence, their nature and their operations, which affect even the welfare of man himself, and determine the bounds of his habitation. M.

THE GOSPEL AND THE EYE.

The gospel gives a man an eye. An ignoble heedlessness characterizes the mass of worldly men. You point them to the stars,—but if king David had been of their opinion the eighth psalm never had been written,—for they never "consider the heavens, the moon, and stars, which the Lord our Lord ordained." You point them to the flowers; but so far as they are concerned, the great Teacher said in vain, "Consider the lilies," for the lilies they will not consider. You send them to animated nature, but they refuse to go. The birds singing among the branches,—the high hills, with their wild goats, and the young lions in their darkling dens, are all alike to them. Their tuneless souls do not swing to the cadence of the hundred and fourth psalm. You send them to the structure of the earth, and bid them view the marvels of creative skill entombed in its rocky caverns; but so indifferent are they to the sublime research, that had they been among the morning stars when earth's corner-stone was laid, and its foundation fastened, they would have refused to sing, and been offended with the sons of God for shouting so joyfully on such an occasion. And it is not so wonderful that men do not care to study mere lumps of matter and cold material laws. But when a soul is visited by the day-spring from on high, a blush of joyous beauty spreads over the face of nature, and there is nothing tame, and nothing formidable, when, born from above, the beholder can say, "My Father made them all." Truly, the saints inherit the earth; for notwithstanding the strange frowning of some good men on the natural sciences, and all the unaccountable contempt which some eminent Christians have poured on the handiwork of Immanuel, they are the disciples of Jesus still who most admire and most enjoy the works of God. The eyes which have scanned the sparkling firmament, or dwelt on the ruby and sapphire dust of the insect's wing,—which have glistened over the laughing leagues of the golden harvest fields, or tingled as they gazed on some fairy flower,—the ears which have oftenest listened to ocean's "billowy chime," or to the grim cloud's thunder psalm,—which have drunk the ravishment of multitudinous joys in the rich music of spring, or hearkened to the evening tune of the wilderness bee, and felt it like a hermit's orison,—those eyes and ears have been chiefly theirs to whom the brightness of each scene is the love of Jesus, and to whom the burden of every stanza in nature's ode of countless voices and uncounted ages is, "In the beginning was the Word, and all (these) things were made by him."—*Rev. J. Hamilton.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON LAMENESS.

"If the old gentleman there did not limp so, I should take him to be Old Humphrey," says one. "Never," exclaims another, "did I see a greater likeness than that which the lame gentleman yonder bears to Old Humphrey." "Look!

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look!" cries out a third; "if yonder is not Old Humphrey walking as lame as if he were afflicted with the gout! I wonder what is the matter with him."

Thus, as I go along, I catch up remarks which are made a little louder than they are intended to be. But is Old Humphrey really lame? He is indeed. He who, in the days of his boyhood, was called "the greyhound," for his activity in running, and "the squirrel," for his skill in climbing—he who, through life, has somewhat valued himself on the firmness and elasticity of his tread, is now hobbling about at a snail's pace, passed by those he has been accustomed to leave in the rear. Taken in a moment, while walking abroad with a weakness in his ankles, for two or three weeks he has been limping about, at times hardly bearing to put his foot to the ground.

But is he on this account cast down? Is his mind desponding because his body is humbled? No! This would be to his reproach. To enjoy the free use of his limbs till the grey hairs are on his head, and then to complain of a lameness that may be temporary, would be indeed adding to his many infirmities. "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" More need has Old Humphrey to rejoice than to murmur; and ready is he now to take up the timbrel and harp, and to say, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation," Psa. xcv. 1.

A man might write quartos, ay, folios, in attempting to tell the goodness of God; and when he had written them, he would still find that he had but begun a work which his life was not long enough to enable him to finish. Old Humphrey is not the man to enter on so hopeless an undertaking, though his heart glows with thankfulness for his unnumbered mercies. Reason enough has he to hang down his head with shame and humiliation at the poor return he makes for the multitude of daily blessings he enjoys.

How often has he walked abroad with a springy step, repining at some trifling disappointment, unthankful for the vigorous limbs that enabled him to pass by the lame and the infirm, as they journied heavily and slowly along the pathway. However, it is not so now, for he never meets a fellow-sufferer without feeling some desire to console him under his affliction; and when he sees a healthy man with a downcast countenance, he could say to him, "Ay, my friend, if you properly valued the blessing of health and sound limbs, your face would be lit up with a smile, and your heart would glow with gratitude to the Great Giver of such inestimable benefits."

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How quick-sighted and susceptible this lameness makes me. Yesterday I overtook—no, not overtook, for just at present I must not boast of overtaking any one—rather let me say that I fell in with, two sailors. One, who had lost a leg, took slow but desperate long strides with the crutch that he used; while the other, who had lost both legs, proceeded with very short steps, as he walked on his iron-shod knees. I did not ask if they wanted coppers, but—little charity, I am afraid, in the deed—gave them a few at once without asking, hobbling on, and thinking to myself, "It must be an awkward thing to trudge through life leaning on a crutch, and still more so to waddle through the world on one's knees. Thank God, I am not obliged to do either."

Not a hundred yards from the place where I accosted the sailors, I met a common beggar; and such a bundle of rags and infirmity, not often have I seen. His afflictions were doubtless great, and he had done his best to make the worst of them; but I was not in a mood to be severe. He had age on his head, sickness in his face, and imbecility in his limbs. To put forth his crutches in advance was a work of time, and to drag after them his afflicted limbs occupied a still longer period. My limp was speed when compared to his dragging movement. I gave him my mite and passed on, thinking myself mercifully dealt with.

But now, as I can write feelingly, will be a proper time to throw on my paper a few remarks on the subject of lameness. If they affect not others, they will be likely enough to find their way to some lame reader's heart. There will be a freemasonry in them, that they, as brothers, will understand.

Lameness affects the operations of the mind, as well as those of the body. A man with sound limbs and active habits often plans his route before he walks abroad. He says to himself, "Now, while I am out, will I call where I intended to call yesterday; and, by-the-bye, as I shall be rather near it, I will step as far as my old friend's; and should I have time, which I think very probable, I will

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run to the brow of the hill for a breath of air, then call at the library, and on my return, put my letter in the post-office."

Why, to a lame man, such remarks seem something like talking about flying. If he hobble forth at all, he must calculate his distance according to his strength. "In such a place," he will say, "there is a resting-place that I must not miss. It would suit me to take the short cut along the new road, but the broken stones are so rough, that I dare not venture upon them. I wonder whether it will rain? The clouds appear rather threatening, and as to my carrying an umbrella, that is quite out of the question. Those ugly crossings, while so many carriages are rattling by, quite distress me."

Many more such real or supposed impediments and dangers as those which excite not a thought in the minds of the strong and healthy, lurk in the lame man's weary way, and make him sigh for the strength and elasticity that others possess. Why are we so perverse, forgetful, and ungrateful, as to undervalue our blessings till they are taken away from us. Our mercies, like our iniquities, are more in number than the hairs of our heads.

The position of a lame man is altogether so different to that of one hale in heart and limb, that something may be said for him, if he become a little querulous, and give way to foreboding anticipations. If he strike his ailing foot against a flint stone, what a shake it gives him, and what a thrilling jar his faulty limb sustains! If he make a slip and recover himself, he is smitten with a sense of the danger he has incurred, and congratulates himself on his narrow escape.

When a snarling dog seems to take a sudden fancy to the calf of a man's leg, who is upright and active, the man may contrive, by his agility, to disappoint the ferocious cur; but how is he to escape whose foot is as feeble as if out of joint? When an over-driven bullock, goaded to madness, runs furiously along the streets, such as are able to skip hastily aside, to take refuge in an entry, or dart through a door-way, may be secure from the excited monster, but what prospect has he of security, who could as soon leap over the house, as spring a yard from the spot he occupies? Such occurrences as these are unwelcome enough to the vigorous and agile, but to the lame man they are fearful calamities.

Lame men often, perhaps too often, look somewhat sternly at playful children as they pass them, for the light-hearted young urchins think but little of coming into rude collision with strangers. Lame men are obliged also to exercise a spirit of watchfulness, to keep a sharp look-out on all narrow streets and gateways, lest the sudden issuing out of horses and carriages should place them in jeopardy. Such unexpected sallies are dangerous to all, but they fill a lame man with inexpressible apprehension.

As I once said in one of my homely chapters, when speaking on human infirmities, "stopping to cough is a simple expression, but it means a great deal. I often meet men of strong frame, whose cough denotes health rather than sickness; whose loud 'Hem!' proceeding from hearty lungs, rather courts attention than seeks to avoid it; but when a man stops to cough, leaning one hand on his stick, and placing the other on his loins, it tells a tale; it says plainly that he is ailing, and that coughing and walking at one and the same time are more than he can well manage." Observations of the same kind might be advanced on the subject of lameness. Some in their lameness are strong; a shortening of one leg may have taken place, without inducing weakness; their tread may be firm: but when a lame man's foot or leg is weak and thrillingly susceptible, when the least jar affects not his foot only, but his whole frame, it is quite another matter. Solomon says, "Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint," Prov. xxv. 19; and never did I understand till now the full force of the expression.

I might go on with a lengthy catalogue of a lame man's troubles; but as there is a bright as well as a shadowy side to most things, it would hardly be wise to overlook the advantages of our afflictions. The beggar of whom I spoke tried to make the worst of his troubles, a bad method this of going through the world. Let us reverse it, and gratefully make the very best of our trials and tribulations.

"Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground," Job v. 6. Physicians put poisons in their potions, and make that which is hurtful act as a healing draught; the surgeon inflicts a wound for his patient's benefit, and the refiner puts

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his metal in the crucible, and subjects it to the action of the fire, that it may come forth purified; and, oh, how often does the High and Holy One make the plagues of the body minister to the health of the soul; wound to heal; and try his people in the furnace of affliction, that they may come forth as gold! Men think but little of the wear of the casket which contains a precious pearl; and Christians should think as little of these light afflictions of the body, which, by a holy influence, are so frequently made instrumental in the great object of working out for them "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

One of the advantages of infirmity is, that it opens our eyes to see, and disposes our hearts to feel, for other's afflictions. Lame men look at each other with sympathising glances, compare their ailments, and long to do one another good.

Another advantage is, that it renders us grateful for small civilities. Little attentions, regarded by others as slight acts of courtesy, are often important in the estimation of the lame man, who is much dependent on the kindness of those around him. To make room for him on the footpath, to offer him the advantage of a strong arm to lean upon, and to step over to the opposite houses, on a trifling errand, thereby saving him the trouble of crossing a crowded street, is to confer upon him a real favour.

Infirmity oftentimes sends a man to his Bible for consolation. The passages in Holy Writ which allude to the ailment with which he is afflicted, are highly interesting to the lame man. To him there is something peculiarly comforting in the text, "Thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees," Job iv. 4. He enters, too, more fully than another into the feelings of the cripple, who, with Peter and John, entered into the temple, "walking, and leaping, and praising God," Acts iii. 8.

Infirmities bring down high-minded men low in the dust. They make those who are wont to walk proudly on their feet, glad to fall on their knees. They lead us to reflect on neglected mercies, dispose us to amend our lives, and oftentimes, by heavenly appointment, lead us to the Fountain of living waters, opened for all uncleanness.

As Old Humphrey hobbles along the high road, he sees some who smile at his awkward gait and fruitless efforts to get faster onward. It would be but a thoughtless act to make a jest of an infirmity which may one day be their own, but he hardly thinks that they mean any evil. He meets with others who look kindly, as though they were willing to give him a helping hand, and he feels grateful for kindly glances, though they come from strangers.

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Never did I feel so kindly to all who are afflicted—never was I so much drawn to my fellow-pilgrims of every sort, who are suffering from infirmity. Courage, my Christian friends! Let our watchword be, "Patience, hope, confidence, and heaven!"

I have been paying a visit to the stick-seller, handling his bamboos, his ash-plants, his knotty blackthorns, and his mottled hazel sticks, for my ancient gold-headed cane slips about too freely in my hand. What odd things in the shape of sticks are exhibited for sale! some smooth as glass, some thorny as a bramble, some curiously carved, and others ornamented, and tipped, and tasselled in fantastic ways. A plain man should have a plain stick, I have therefore chosen one of this kind, to help me on in my journeying from one place to another. What a difference there is between carrying a stick for show, and leaning upon it for support!

Though my lameness has continued for some weeks, I have great confidence in the pump water, the liniment, and the bandages which a kind physician, a nephew of mine, has prescribed. Yes! yes! with the blessing of the Great Physician, I shall "bound as a hart," "run like a roe," and "leap over a wall," but should it not be so—should my lameness be incurable, and I should go halting to the grave, then, unless my spirit altogether fail me, while I have life will I raise a hearty hallelujah for past mercies to Him whose faithfulness is everlasting, and whose truth endureth from generation to generation.

PORTABLE BARREL BEEHIVE.

An ingenious and humane gentleman, named Sholl, of Lamb-street, Spitalfields, has invented a portable barrel hive, which, by its improved arrangement, is calculated materially to contribute to the healthful economy of bees, as well as to supersede the barbarous practice of killing these wonderful creatures to obtain the produce of their industry.

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Mr. Sholl's Cottager's Hive may be thus described:—The stand is of wood, consisting of five pieces, which are so arranged, that they may be taken to pieces readily, if required, and put away in the hive, if necessary to send it to a distance. A common American flour-barrel forms the outworks of the hive. The pavilion is formed of wood, and may be either square or circular, and is placed at the bottom of the barrel. It is furnished with a wire-gauze door, fixed in the bottom, which answers the purpose of a ventilator. Two cross bars are fixed at the top of the pavilion, to which the inhabitants attach the comb. The entrance to the pavilion is circular; and towards the top a metal tube is carried through the wall of the house or barrel, and is furnished with a sliding shield, also of metal, to keep them in when necessary. This slide is perforated so as to assist the ventilation. The pavilion, which can be removed from the house or barrel at pleasure, stands upon four legs, for the purpose of fully ventilating the space between the outer walls of the house, or barrel, and the pavilion; towards the bottom of the barrel is another aperture, furnished with wire-gauze, for the sake of ventilation. On the top of the pavilion is a folding partition by which it is covered: this partition contains six, or any greater number of apertures that may be required, to each of which is a plug of wood, with a tin cover: each plug is attached to a string, which is secured to the side of the barrel, so that when the plugs are removed from the apertures they may not be lost. The use of these apertures is to admit the bees, when necessary, from the pavilion into the surplus cases above. A small window is fixed in the partition, to ascertain the state of the bees at any time. These cases, six or more in number, are also constructed of wood, nearly fitting the sides of the barrel or house: each case is of a segmental form, and open at bottom, to admit the bees; and further, is lighted by a small window in the top. When the bees have filled the pavilion with honey as far as possible, admission is afforded to them to one or more of the surplus cases, or additional apartments, in which they deposit new comb. The pavilion remains undisturbed so far as removing honey is concerned, the additional apartments being supplied for that purpose. When a case is ascertained to be filled with honey, it is removed to a distance from the barrel, carefully turned on one side; and the bees returning to the pavilion, the apartments may be cleared of the honey accumulated, and another case may be immediately inserted in its place. It is readily ascertained which surplus apartment is occupied by the bees, as the admission plug from the pavilion will be found placed on the top of it. The cover or roof of the bee-house, or barrel, is hung with common hinges, and secured either by a common lock or padlock.—*Magazine of Science.*

ENGLISH ARISTOCRATICAL LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

As the generality of readers are altogether unacquainted with English aristocratical life in the country on the highest and largest scale, the following graphic description of a visit to Gordon Castle, by the talented pen of Mr. Willis, the American, can hardly fail to be acceptable. It is copied from that interesting work, "The Rural Life of England," by William Howitt. Love of country is deservedly estimated as a virtue, but it ought ever to know something of the country it loves:—

"The immense iron gate, surmounted by the Gordon arms; the handsome and spacious stone lodges on either side; the canonically fat porter, in white stockings and grey livery, lifting his hat as he swung open the massive portal—all bespoke the entrance to a noble residence. The road within was edged with velvet sward, and rolled to the smoothness of a terrace walk; the winding avenue lengthened away before with trees of every variety of foliage; light carriages passed me, driven by gentlemen or ladies, bound on their afternoon airing; a groom led up and down two beautiful blood horses, prancing along with side-saddles and morocco stirrups; and keepers, with hounds and terriers, gentlemen on foot, idling along the walks, and servants in different liveries hurrying to and fro, betokened a scene of busy gaiety before me. I had hardly noted these various circumstances, before a sudden curve in the road brought the castle into view—a vast stone pile with castellated wings; and in another moment I was at the door, where a dozen lounging and powdered menials were waiting on a party of ladies and gentlemen to their several carriages. It was the moment for the afternoon drive.

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"The last phaeton dashed away, and my chaise advanced to the door. A handsome boy, in a kind of page's dress, immediately came to the window, addressed me by name, and informed me that his Grace was out deer-shooting, but that my room was prepared, and he was ordered to wait on me. I followed him through a hall lined with statues, deers' horns, and armour, and was ushered into a large chamber looking out on a park, extending with its lawns and woods to the edge of the horizon. A more lovely view never feasted human eye.

"'Who is at the Castle?' I asked, as the boy busied himself in unstrapping my portmanteau. 'Oh, a great many, sir,'—he stopped in his occupation, and began counting on his fingers a long list of lords and ladies. 'And how many sit down to dinner?' 'Above ninety, sir, besides the duke and duchess.' 'That will do;' and off tripped my slender gentleman, with his laced jacket, giving the fire a terrible stir up in his way out, and turning back to inform me that the dinner hour was seven precisely.

"It was a mild, bright afternoon, quite warm for the end of an English September, and with a fire in the room, and a soft sunshine pouring in at the windows; a seat at the open casement was far from disagreeable. I passed the time till the sunset, looking out on the park. Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in picturesque flocks; and small fallow-deer grazed near them; the trees were planted and the distant forest shaped by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession. A mile from the Castle-wall the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness, as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery, like flowers wrought elegantly in tapestry; and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed undisturbed near the thickets; or a lady, with flowing riding-dress and flaunting feather, dashed into sight upon her fleet blood palfrey, and was lost the next moment in the woods; or a boy put his pony to its mettle up the ascent; or a gamekeeper idled into sight, with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and his hounds at his heels. And all this little world of enjoyment and luxury and beauty lay in the hand of one man, and was created by his wealth in those northern wilds of Scotland, a day's journey almost from the possession of another human being. I never realized so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture.

"The sun set in a blaze of fire among the pointed firs crowning the hills; and by the occasional prance of a horse's foot on the gravel, and the roll of rapid wheels, and now and then a gay laugh and many voices, the different parties were returning to the Castle. Soon after a loud gong sounded through the galleries—the signal to dress; and I left my musing occupation unwillingly, to make my toilet for an appearance in a formidable circle of titled aristocrats, not one of whom I had ever seen,—the duke himself a stranger to me, except through the kind letter of invitation lying on the table.

"I was sitting by the fire, imagining forms and faces for the different persons who had been named to me, when there was a knock at the door; and a tall, white-haired gentleman, of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address, entered with a broad red ribbon across his breast, and welcomed me most heartily to the Castle. The gong sounded at the next moment, and in our way down he named over his other guests, and prepared me, in a measure, for the introductions which followed. The drawing-room was crowded like a *soirée*. The duchess, a tall and very handsome woman, with a smile of the most winning sweetness, received me at the door, and I was presented successively to every person present. Dinner was announced immediately, and the difficult question of precedence being sooner settled than I had ever seen it before in so large a party, we passed through files of servants to the dining-room. It was a large and very lofty hall, supported at the ends by marble columns, within which was stationed a band of music, playing delightfully. The walls were lined with full-length family pictures, from old knights in armour to the modern dukes in kilt of the Gordon plaid; and on the sideboards stood services of gold plate, the most gorgeously massive, and the most beautiful in workmanship I have ever seen. There were, among the vases, several large coursing cups won by the duke's hounds, of exquisite shape and ornament.

"I fell into my place between a gentleman and a very beautiful woman, of, perhaps, twenty-two, neither of whose names I remembered, though I had but just been

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introduced. The duke probably anticipated as much; and as I took my seat he called out to me, from the top of the table, that I had on my right, lady ——, 'the most agreeable woman in Scotland.' It was unnecessary to say that she was the most lovely.

"I have been struck everywhere in England with the beauty of the higher classes; and as I looked around me upon the aristocratic company at the table, I thought I had never seen 'Heaven's image double-stamped as man, and noble,' so unequivocally clear. * * * The band ceased playing when the ladies left the table; the gentlemen closed up, conversation assumed a merrier cast, coffee and *liqueurs* were brought in when the wines began to be circulated more slowly, and at eleven there was a general move to the drawing-room. Tea, music, etc., filled up the time till twelve, and then the ladies took their departure, and the gentlemen sat down to supper. I got to bed somewhere about two o'clock; and thus ended an evening which I had anticipated as stiff and embarrassing, but which is marked in my tablets as one of the most social and kindly I have had the good fortune to record on my travels.

"I arose late in the morning, and found the large party assembled about the breakfast table. I was struck, on entering, with the different air of the room. The deep windows opening out upon the park, had the effect of sombre landscapes in oaken frames; the troops of liveried servants, the glitter of plate, the music that had contributed to the splendour of the scene the night before, were gone. The duke sat laughing at the head of the table, with a newspaper in his hand, dressed in a coarse shooting jacket and coloured cravat; the duchess was in a plain morning dress and cap of the simplest character; and the high-born women about the table, whom I had left glittering with jewels, and dressed in all the attractions of fashion, appeared in the simplest *coiffure* and a toilet of studied plainness. The ten or twelve noblemen present were engrossed with their letters or newspapers over tea and toast, and in them, perhaps, the transformation was still greater. The *soigné* man of fashion of the night before, faultless in costume and distinguished in his appearance, in the full force of the term, was enveloped now in a coat of fustian, with a coarse waistcoat of plaid, a gingham cravat, and hob-nailed shoes, for shooting; and in place of the gay hilarity of the supper-table, wore a face of calm indifference, and ate his breakfast and read the newspaper in a rarely broken silence. I wondered, as I looked about me, what would be the impression of many people in my own country, could they look in upon that plain party, aware that it was composed of the proudest nobility and the highest fashion of England.

"Breakfast in England is a confidential and unceremonious hour, and servants are generally dispensed with. This to me, I confess, is an advantage it has over every other meal. I detest eating with twenty tall fellows standing opposite, whose business it is to watch me. The coffee and tea were on the table, with toast, muffins, oat cakes, marmalade, jellies, fish, and all the paraphernalia of a Scotch breakfast; and on the sideboard stood cold meats for those who liked them, and they were expected to go to it and help themselves. Nothing could be more easy, unceremonious, and affable, than the whole tone of the meal. One after another rose and fell into groups in the windows, or walked up and down the long room; and, with one or two others, I joined the duke at the head of the table, who gave us some interesting particulars of the salmon fisheries of the Spey. The privilege of fishing the river within his lands is bought of him at the pretty sum of eight thousand pounds a-year.

"The ladies went off unaccompanied to their walks in the park and other avocations. Those bound for the covers, joined the gamekeepers, who were waiting with their dogs in the leash at the stables; and some paired off to the billiard room. Still suffering from lameness, I declined all invitations to the shooting parties, who started across the park, with the dogs leaping about them in a frenzy of delight, and accepted the duke's kind offer of a pony phaeton to drive down to the kennels. The duke's breed, both of setters and hounds, is celebrated throughout the kingdom. They occupy a spacious building in the centre of a wood, a quadrangle inclosing a court, and large enough for a respectable farm-house. The chief huntsman and his family, and perhaps a gamekeeper or two, lodge on the premises, and the dogs are divided by palings across the court. I was rather startled to be introduced into the same inclosure with a dozen

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gigantic bloodhounds, as high as my breast—the keeper's whip in my hand, the only defence. I was not easier for the man's assertion, that, without it, they would 'have the life out of me in a crack.' They came around me very quietly; and one immense fellow, with a chest like a horse, and a head of the finest expression, stood up and laid his paws on my shoulders, with the deliberation of a friend about to favour me with some grave advice. One can scarce believe that these noble creatures have not reason like ourselves. Those slender, thorough bred heads, large speaking eyes, and beautiful limbs and graceful action, should be gifted with more than mere animal instinct. The greyhounds were the beauties of the kennel, however; I never had seen such perfect creatures. The setters were in the next division, and really they were quite lovely. The rare tan and black dog of this race, with his silky floss hair, intelligent muzzle, good-humoured face, and caressing fondness, quite excited my admiration. There were thirty or forty of these, old and young; and a friend of the duke's would as soon ask him for a church living, as for the present of one of them. The former would be by much the smaller favour. Then there were terriers of four or five breeds; of one family of which, long-haired, long-bodied, short-legged, and perfectly white little wretches, the keeper seemed particularly fond. * * * *

"The routine of Gordon Castle was what each one chose to make it. Between breakfast and lunch, the ladies were generally invisible; and the gentlemen rode, or shot, or played billiards, or kept in their rooms. At two o'clock, a dish or two of hot game and a profusion of cold meats were set on the small tables in the dining-room, and everybody came in for a kind of lounging half meal, which occupied perhaps an hour. Thence all adjourned to the drawing-room, under the windows of which were drawn up carriages of all descriptions, with grooms, outriders, footmen, and saddle-horses for gentlemen and ladies. Parties were then made up for driving or riding, and from a pony-chaise to a phaeton and four, there was no class of vehicle which was not at your disposal. In ten minutes, the carriages were usually all filled, and away they flew,—some to the banks of the Spey or the sea-side, some to the drives in the park, and with the delightful consciousness, that, speed where you would, the horizon scarce limited the possession of your host, and you were everywhere at home. The ornamental gates flying open at your approach, miles distant from the Castle; the herds of red deer trooping away from the sound of wheels in the silent park; the stately pheasants feeding tamely in the immense preserves; the hares scarcely troubling themselves to get out of the length of the whip; the stalking gamekeepers lifting their hats in the dark recesses of the forest, —there was something in this, perpetually reminding you of privileges, which, as a novelty, was far from disagreeable. I could not at the time bring myself to feel, what perhaps would be more poetical and republican, that a ride in the wild and unfenced forest of my own country would have been more to my taste.

"The second afternoon of my arrival, I took a seat in the carriage with Lord A——, and we followed the duchess, who drove herself in a pony chaise, to visit a school on the estate. Attached to a small gothic chapel, a five minutes' drive from the Castle, stood a building in the same style, appropriated to the instruction of the children of the duke's tenantry. There were a hundred and thirty little creatures, from two years to five or six; and like all infant schools in these days of improved education, it was an interesting and affecting sight. The last one I had been in was at Athens; and though I missed here the dark eyes and Grecian faces of the Ægean, I saw health and beauty of a kind which stirred up more images of home, and promised, perhaps, more for the future. * * *

"The number at the dinner table of Gordon Castle was seldom less than thirty; but the company was continually varied by departures and arrivals. No sensation was made by either the one or the other. A travelling carriage dashed up to the door, was disburdened of its load, and drove round to the stables, and the question was seldom asked, 'Who is arrived?' You are sure to see at dinner; and an addition of half a dozen to the party made no perceptible difference in anything. Leave-takings were managed in the same quiet way. Adieus were made to the duke and duchess, and to no one else, except he happened to encounter the parting guest upon the staircase, or were more than a common acquaintance. In short, in every way the *géné* of life seemed weeded out; and if unhappiness or *ennui* found its way into

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the Castle, it was introduced in the sufferer's own bosom. For me, I gave myself up to enjoyment with an *abandon* I could not resist. With kindness and courtesy in every look, the luxuries and comforts of a regal establishment at my freest disposal; solitude when I pleased, — the whole visible horizon fenced in for the enjoyment of a household, of which I was a temporary portion, and no enemy except time and the gout, I felt as if I had been spirited into some castle of felicity, and had not come by the royal mail-coach at all."

Mr. Howitt considers this to be "one of the most perfect and graphic descriptions of English aristocratical life in the country which was ever written." It would be well, however, if to this account of generous-hearted hospitality to the rich, there were added a sketch of open-handed charity to the poor, and a grateful recognition of His abounding goodness, whose tender mercies are over all his works; for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Hospitality is an excellent quality, and charity is an inestimable virtue; but "righteousness exalteth a nation." England should be great in goodness as she is in power; but the highest excellence that can be written on her forehead and graven on her heart is—"The fear of the Lord."

THE IVORY NUT.

The ivory nut is the produce of a tree found on the banks of the river Magdalena, in that part of South America formerly called New Granada, but now constituting the republic of Columbia. Humboldt and Bonpland found it at places called Barancas, Vermejas, and Ibague, at the foot of Mount Quindiu, and also on the Rio Opon and Caon di Chucuri. The Spanish botanists Ruiz and Pavon also met with it in the groves of Peru, in the hotter part of the Andes, and named it *Phytelephas macrocarpa;* the Prussian botanist, Wildenow, changed the name, without sufficient reason, to *Elephantasia macrocarpa*, but his bad example is not followed. The natives of Columbia call it tagua, or cabeza de negro, (negro's head,) in allusion, we presume, to the figure of the nut. Almost all we know about it is contained in the following memorandum, published by the Spanish writers above mentioned:—"The Indians cover their cottages with the leaves of this most beautiful palm. The fruit at first contains a clear, insipid fluid, by which travellers allay their thirst; afterwards this same liquor becomes milky and sweet, and it changes its taste by degrees, as it acquires solidity, till at last it is almost as hard as ivory. The liquor contained in the young fruits becomes acid if they are cut from the tree and kept some time. From the kernels the Indians fashion the knobs of walking-sticks, the reels of spindles, and little toys, which are whiter than ivory, and as hard, if they are not put under water; and if they are, they become white and hard again when dried. Bears devour the young fruit with avidity." The tree which furnishes these nuts is a palm, although Humboldt and Kunth have referred it, for some reason with which we are unacquainted, to the order of screw pines (pandanaceæ), an error which is preserved by all botanists up to the present day. Two species are known, the *Phytelephas macrocarpa*, or large-fruited, and *microcarpa*, or small-fruited. The part of the kernel which is thus similar to ivory is what is called the albumen; that is to say, the nutritious substance which surrounds the embryo, and which is destined to feed it when it begins to grow. It is of the same nature, though not of the same consistence, as the flour of corn, the spicy substance of the nutmeg, and the meat of the cocoa-nut, which in other palm-trees becomes very hard: that of the date palm is quite as hard, if not harder; but it is not white enough or large enough to be worth using by the turner. The doum palm, or forking palm of Thebes, the fruits of which are called gingerbread-nuts at Alexandria, has a similar albumen, which is turned into beads for rosaries; and our correspondent, Mr. Murray, informs us that he has a model of the double cocoa-nut, or *coco de mer*, beautifully carved from a portion of its own albumen, as hard as ivory, and susceptible of a fine polish. He says he has also seen a figure, cut from the same specimen, forming the end of the shaft of a lady's parasol, not to be discriminated from one carved in ivory.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

NECESSITY OF CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE.

All our happiness between each other, independent of the grace of God, rests upon very slippery ground. Even the common social and relative duties of life, which so plainly recommend themselves to every man's judgment and conscience, will be ill practised where this Divine principle is wanting.—*R. Hill.*

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Whitefield Preaching.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE II.

The principal object of Walpole's opponents was to involve the nation in war with Spain. Some instances of severity used by the Spaniards, while repressing the smuggling trade in the West Indies, in which many English vessels engaged, were exaggerated, and dwelt upon to excite the nation. A man, named Jenkins, who had been concerned in this trade, was instructed to represent at the bar of the House of Commons that the Spaniards had cut off one of his ears, although he was not engaged in unlawful trade; the truth of his story has been called in question, but it answered the purpose at the time. The nation was inflamed, and resolutions were passed by both houses of Parliament, calling upon the king to obtain redress for the asserted injuries, pledging to support a war, if negotiations to obtain full redress should fail.

Pulteney proposed an iniquitous bill, under the title of an act for securing the English trade with America, which would have licensed robbery and spoliation. Walpole, with some difficulty, caused it to be rejected, but he was obliged to yield to the national outcry, and make preparations for war. These had the effect of inducing the Spaniards to offer terms favourable to England.

The main object of the opposition was to displace Walpole, and obtain the direction of affairs; to gain this, they were desirous to plunge the nation in all the evils of war. The king, who thought more highly of soldiers and military proceedings than of anything else, was inclined to favour an opportunity to distinguish himself by warfare. Queen Caroline no longer was at hand to urge wiser measures, while even some of Walpole's own colleagues wished to lessen his power.

In February, 1739, the negotiations were favourable; but the nation still was wickedly bent upon war. The Parliament unwillingly entertained the terms offered by Spain. Pitt, afterwards earl of Chatham, employed all his oratory to aggravate matters, but Walpole prevailed by a small majority; when the leading Tories declared that they could not continue to sit in Parliament, and seceded for a time. Walpole thus enjoyed quiet during the rest of the session. The Spaniards were angry at the language used by the opposition, and relied on Walpole's desire for peace; so that they were less disposed to conciliate. Walpole was now convinced that he could not retain his power, or hope that the government

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would be continued in his hands, unless he consented to war. He therefore insisted on higher terms; these being rejected, war with Spain was proclaimed on October 19th, 1739.

The most insane rejoicings resounded through the nation. Not only the party leaders, who looked to their own interests, and the thoughtless mob who joined in these joyous demonstrations, but the partizans of the Pretender regarded a war as likely to induce France and Spain to join in restoring the exiled family. Never was a nation bent on the iniquity of warfare with less necessity than on this occasion; deep was the national guilt incurred thereby. Walpole ought to have adhered to his course with firmness and consistency, retiring to private life if overpowered. Had he done this, his character might have been contemplated with more satisfaction. He soon found he had committed a serious error, and had only made his enemies more eager for his downfal, with more confidence of ultimate success.

France was disposed to assist Spain against England. During the previous years a bad feeling had been repeatedly shown. As early as November, 1734, all the British in France, having no regular employment, were ordered to leave the kingdom in a fortnight, or to enlist in the French army, under pain of being sent as slaves to the galleys. Many were imprisoned who would have been reduced to one of these alternatives, but the English ambassador interfered.

The year 1740 began with an intense and long-continued frost, which was general throughout Europe. In London coals were sold at two shillings the bushel, and water at a high price. The Thames was frozen from December to the end of February. As the year proceeded, matters were found to be less promising than had been anticipated. Trade suffered, it was difficult to man the vessels of war, and large supplies were called for. Before the end of the summer grain bore a high price, and there were riots in several places in consequence. At the close of the year, more than four hundred English vessels had been taken by the Spaniards.

The nation was unexpectedly thrown into a frenzy of joy in March, by the news that admiral Vernon had taken Porto Bello, "with only six ships of war," as every one repeated. He had declared in the House of Commons that he could do this; the government allowed him to make the attempt, in which he was successful by a bold effort. Being a member of the opposition, the house was made to resound with his praises. His portrait soon became the most popular ale-house sign. It is said that the greater part of the beer and spirits sold in the kingdom was, for several years, retailed under the auspices of his name. Such is mob popularity!

Other efforts on a larger scale were made against the Spanish colonies, but with no successful result. Anson was sent out with an expedition to the South Seas, to co-operate across the isthmus of Darien with admiral Ogle and general Cathcart, who were sent to the West Indies. The latter expedition was the largest: it failed from the effects of the climate, and the mismanagement of the leaders. Anson's affecting tale is fully before the public; it gives a painful view of the system of jobbery and corruption of those days, by which expeditions were sent forth so badly provided, that the men perished by hundreds and thousands, that the jobbing contractors might swell their iniquitous gains. The larger expedition was far better provided, but worse managed.

The duke of Newcastle contested with Walpole the direction of the war. He would have sent all the naval and military force to America. Walpole better knew the necessity for keeping at home a sufficient power to guard against the Pretender. The war now became general. France joined Spain, while Russia engaged against Austria, which power called upon England for assistance. The immediate cause was the death of the emperor Charles VI., in October, 1739, when, having no son, under the treaty called the Pragmatic Sanction, the Austrian dominions came to his daughter Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary. This emboldened the Prussian king to demand Silesia, and to enter that province with his army.

As a female could not be emperor, France sought to obtain the imperial crown for the elector of Bavaria. A French army was sent to influence affairs in Germany, and to invade Austria; but the attack upon Maria Theresa's hereditary dominions was met by her with much firmness, so that her generals prevailed. George II., as elector of Hanover, agreed with France to vote for the elector of Bavaria's elevation to the

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imperial crown; he thus preserved the neutrality of Hanover.

The consequences of war were now felt very severely in England, by losses and other causes for discontent. These were all charged upon Walpole, though he had done all in his power to prevent the policy which led to these results. His biographer admits that his name was not mentioned without abuse by any, except his immediate connexions and dependants—such is the common course of human affairs. In February, 1741, Sandys accused Walpole, in the House of Commons, of all sorts of political misconduct, proposing an address to remove him from his office. Strange to say, a large number of Walpole's opponents withdrew without voting; among whom was Shippen, one of the very few members upon whom Walpole could never prevail by bribery. It is said that the minister had once spared a personal friend of Shippen from a charge of high treason, and claimed, that in return he would, at some future time, abstain from measures personally affecting Walpole. The partizans of the Pretender, for some reason not easily accounted for, also kept aloof in this matter, so that the attempt failed by a majority of nearly three to one. Bolingbroke is supposed to have had much concern with this proceeding. For a time, Walpole seemed to be strengthened by the failure of the attack, but he himself viewed it as a proof that his power was undermined, so that the hour of its termination rapidly approached, and he took care to provide for some of his family.

The interest of political proceedings on the continent now chiefly centred in the attack upon the house of Austria, whom Great Britain was, by treaty, bound to support. German mercenaries were therefore set in motion at the expense of England, but the nation referred the anxiety evinced by the king chiefly to the account of Hanover. At this period, and for many years afterwards, the nation at large loathed the very name of that principality, seeing that the actions of its kings were regulated much more by attention to the interests of this little state, than by those of England. It is indeed well for a nation, when called upon to take a ruler from a foreign land, that all prior connexions should be terminated, so that the exertions and regards of the ruler may be concentrated in his new sphere of action.

In 1741, the English efforts in the West Indies proved a decided failure, though a large fleet and army had been provided. Vernon showed his want of talent; the general, lord Cathcart, died, and was succeeded by Wentworth. After several schemes which failed, an attack was made on Carthagena, at first with success, of which Vernon sent home a boasting account; but all soon changed. The general and admiral quarrelled; the diseases of the climate carried off thousands; the survivors returned to Jamaica, disheartened and disgraced. The like results attended a subsequent attempt upon Cuba.

This bad news, with the large sums of money spent in bribery, turned many elections for a new Parliament against the ministerial candidates. Walpole was fast losing ground, from the results of a war entered into against his strenuous endeavours. The members of each party in the House of Commons, on repeated divisions, proved nearly equal. Walpole still clung to office, and employed bishop Secker to offer, as from the king, the sought-for income of fifty thousand pounds to the prince of Wales, provided he would cease from opposition. Frederic refused to listen to any proposals while Walpole remained in power.

In January, 1742, the contest was decided. After strenuous exertions on both sides, the sick and helpless of both parties being carried to vote, the minister had only a majority of three. A few days afterwards he was outvoted on an election petition. His retirement could no longer be delayed. On February 1st, Walpole told the king he must resign: on the 8th, he was created earl of Orford, and on the 11th gave up all his offices.

Doddridge wrote—"Our late minister is turned out in the plenitude of power, treasures, and royal favour, by the Providence he was wont to deride."

Thus fell Robert Walpole, upwards of twenty years one of the most successful, and perhaps most useful rulers of Great Britain. Burke has well said of him, that, though not a genius of the first class, he was an intelligent, a prudent, and a safe minister. Such are more beneficial than reckless, daring characters, whose course is more dazzling, but little profitable to the nation. One better suited for the station he filled, or better qualified to discharge its duties, cannot be pointed out among his associates or opponents. His services to his country,

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in confirming the Hanoverian succession, and preserving peace for so many years, during which the country advanced in prosperity, deserve strong commendation. But, like almost every other ruler, his maxims were only those of worldly wisdom, calculated only on human expediency. He found it easier, indeed it was more agreeable to him, to rule by bribery and corruption, than by severity and oppression; therefore his appeal was to the selfish feelings of men, and to these he fell a victim, when others found they could gain more by opposing, than by supporting his power. Another contemporary said, speaking of his arts of corruption, "Thus he was more dangerous to the morals than to the liberties of his country, to which, I am persuaded, he meant no ill in his heart."

The amount of secret service money expended during ten years of Walpole's administration amounted to a million and a half; much of this was spent in contested elections, and paying writers in the public papers. Walpole retired from office with large accumulations of wealth; but in the acquisition of this, as in his administration, he differed from his predecessors. His wealth was not the fruit of extortion or oppression, nor was it obtained from bribery, or peculated from the treasury, or received from other countries, as the price for betraying the interests of his own land. All these had been sources of gain to ministers of former times; his wealth had been chiefly made from another and a novel source, which had only recently offered. It was acquired by speculations in the public funds and other monetary traffic, in which his position as ruler gave him great advantages. Whether this is better than ordinary gambling, and whether it was not in many respects a sort of robbery of others, may well be questioned. The facts are thus related; there is no need to enlarge in reflections.

Walpole was now become the object of universal odium. His friends even feared for his personal safety, but the king protected him; he was even consulted as to future ministerial arrangements; thus he was able to stipulate for personal security. The enmity of the prince of Wales was bought off by the long-sought addition to his income. Pulteney was virtually the leader; but in the scramble for places that followed, many were disappointed, particularly the Tories, who found themselves unable to take the position for which they had coalesced with the opponents of Walpole. One of the first measures was, that Pulteney accepted the title of earl of Bath, and thus retired from the House of Commons. This excited much disgust, which had been foreseen by Walpole, who encouraged the proceeding, but afterwards triumphed over the mistake of his great opponent. A secret committee was named to inquire into Walpole's administration, but it did not succeed in bringing to light matters of material importance. The firmness and fidelity with which his officers resisted the attempts to obtain statements against him, showed great regard for their superior.

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the continental warfare. The queen of Hungary succeeded in separating Prussia from France; the former made peace, and the troops of Louis were forced to retreat from Germany. An army of Britons and their paid auxiliaries was formed in the Low Countries. Those parliamentary leaders who had been foremost in opposing the Hanoverian measures when out of place, now advocated them. Pulteney used the same arguments he had ridiculed and opposed when urged by Walpole, while others of the party excluded from office, inveighed more loudly than ever against these proceedings. The Jacobites, of course, spoke against any measures that increased the force at the disposal of government.

Since the commencement of the Spanish war, England had been on ill terms with France; hostile proceedings had occasionally taken place, and Fleury being dead, war seemed inevitable. In June, 1743, the English and their allies, with whom the king and the duke of Cumberland were present, were opposed to a large French army on the banks of the river Maine.

On the 27th, a battle was fought at Dettingen; the king and his son engaged with much personal bravery; the latter being wounded. The allies gained a great victory, without following up their success; but the projects of France were defeated. Hostilities were thus commenced, although the nations were not declared to be at war; but it was evident that England was plunging deeper into the contest. The alliance of the king of Sardinia was bought at an expense to England of not much less than half a million. Even in the House of Lords, some were found who ventured to expose the system

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of subsidizing, and to protest against the Hanoverians and Germans being hired and paid with English money to fight their own battles, while England also was perilled by being made to take part in contests that did not concern her. The national cry was, that England lavished blood and treasure in supporting the interests and allies of a paltry electorate in Germany.

Attention is now to be given to what is commonly called by the world, the rise of Methodism; but which was, in fact, a remarkable outpouring of the influences of the Holy Spirit, accompanied with the certain results of considerable moral improvement in the state of the nation—a reformation scarcely less important in its consequences than that of the days of Edward VI. and queen Elizabeth. Like other similar manifestations, it seemed to arise from small beginnings; those most instrumental were ever ready to confess that they were led by a way they knew not, while they considered and adored the Divine power, which, through their feeble and imperfect ministrations, produced such mighty consequences.

John and Charles Wesley, the sons of a Lincolnshire clergyman, were the first who came forward in this work. Many were raised up to second and carry on what they had begun; but they were permitted to labour prominently for many years, John living till the year 1791. While at Oxford, in the year 1725, and the following years, the brothers were led to see and to feel the infinite importance of the soul, beyond all worldly concerns; they not only practised holiness themselves, but urged it upon others. This dissimilarity from the dissipated men around them attracted notice; they were distinguished by the term "Methodist," given in mockery, but at once becoming an unobjectionable and even honourable designation. The Wesleys and their associates not only visited and exhorted the sick and prisoners, but met for private religious services. Such proceedings ever will be hateful to the sinful world; and they had to suffer persecution for righteousness' sake, though, while their proceedings were thus restricted and private, they experienced contumely and scorn, rather than outward violence.

As yet the views of the Methodists had not been clearly in unison with the scriptural doctrines held by the reformers on the all-important question, "How shall man be just with God?"—they had not been free from a degree of the will-worship which the apostle so strongly condemns, as making the gospel of none effect. But in 1732 they were joined by Whitefield, one who was to be mainly instrumental in removing the erroneous views that for a time obscured this great work. Meanwhile, John Wesley saw that his duty was to decline a private sphere, and therefore remained at Oxford till 1735, when he accepted an appointment from the directors of the new colony of Georgia: he proceeded thither with the intention of acting as a chaplain to the colonists, and a missionary to the native Indians. During the voyage Wesley was brought into company with some Moravians, and was led to see and admire the results of their faith as being more simple than his own; but he did not learn to relinquish the systematic course he endeavoured to establish, which, with the infirmity of his natural temper, soon rendered it expedient for him to return to England.

Whitefield was still more energetic, though more simple, than the Wesleys. He had obtained orders from bishop Benson, who, though he once, in a hasty moment, expressed regret at having ordained one who he thought made so many too religious, yet, on reflection, when upon his dying bed, he recollected this act with thankfulness, and sent to Whitefield a testimony of regard, with an earnest request for his prayers. No sooner did he begin to preach, than there was an unexampled stirring among the dry bones. It is thus described by himself:—"For nearly three months successively there was no end of people's flocking to hear the word of God. Thousands went away from the largest churches for want of room. I now preached generally nine times a week. The people were all attention, as hearing for eternity. The early sacraments were exceedingly awful! Oh, how often at Cripplegate, St. Anne's, and St. Vedast, Foster-lane, have we seen Jesus Christ crucified, and evidently set forth before us! On Sunday mornings, long before day, you might see streets filled with people going to church with their lanthorns in their hands; and hear them conversing about the things of God."

The limits of this history will not permit full details of those most important spiritual movements. Whitefield also visited Georgia for a short time; when, deeply affected by the desolate condition

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of the bereaved children of the deceased colonists, he projected an orphan-house, and returned to England to raise funds. Here farther conferences between him and Wesley, with the Moravians, led to clearer views of the doctrines of truth; and the pulpits of the Established Church being yet open to them, they preached Christ Jesus as the end of the law for righteousness, more fully than before.

In May, 1738, these confederates—for such they were—against Satan and his kingdom, assembled regularly at a place in Fetter-lane, now the Moravian chapel; a spot far more worthy of pilgrimage than the shrines of Popish saints, or even the ideal localities of Palestine. The society of Methodists was formed from that time, and met in that chapel for a period.

Wherever Wesley and Whitefield turned their steps, crowds listened with eagerness; scenes second only to those related in the Acts of the Apostles were daily witnessed; the common people heard the word gladly; some few of the priests, like those mentioned in Acts vi. 7, also listened gladly, but the greater number were provoked, and began to oppose. The contrast was indeed striking; the same place of worship which, when the hireling or idol shepherd held forth, had scarcely a dozen listeners or worshippers within its walls, was crowded almost to suffocation when these apostolic men, or those who acted with them, preached through Christ Jesus "the forgiveness of sins: and that by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses," Acts xiii. 38, 39; urging as the result the necessity of holiness of life.

Their message was not a declaration of "smooth things," lulling the soul to sleep, like the heathen ethics, then set forth by the great mass of the clergy. They fully delivered the apostolic message, "Beware therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets: Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in nowise believe, though a man declare it unto you;" then, as formerly, thousands were pricked in their hearts, and inquired, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Satan did not long allow this open assault on the kingdom of darkness to go forward unopposed. What followed was just the repetition of events recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. The clergy and ecclesiastical rulers proceeded to direct opposition; the pulpits of the Establishment were closed against these holy men; while even the successors of the Puritans, and of those ejected for their faith, regarded the proceedings with coldness. Even a Doddridge, respected and esteemed as he was, found himself called to account by his brethren and elders, for fraternizing with them; but he wrote in defence of his proceedings, urging the necessity for increased Christian union, though at the same time expressing himself concerning Whitefield with cautious restrictions, which the Independents of the present day would deem uncalled for. He, however, wrote boldly to a leading elder of the period, who strongly censured him, that he saw no danger of any of his pupils proving Methodists, while he wished that many of them might not run into the contrary extreme. The peculiar importance of this revival is shown by the fact, that deadness had already crept over the descendants of the Puritans; so that, in 1742, Doddridge wrote—"The defection of our younger pastors I greatly lament; and if the people departed from the doctrines of the Reformation as much as many of them, I should begin to think whether it were an interest worth serving." Alas! how continually, in every denomination, has deadness begun among those especially set apart to minister the words of spiritual life.

Excluded from the regular means of giving the instruction that leadeth to life eternal, Whitefield and Wesley hesitated not; they had already discarded the idea that worship was to be restricted to any one class of buildings, or that any especial holiness could be imparted to walls and roofs; they had from the first declared the glad tidings of salvation in other buildings than those set apart for the purpose, though rightly giving preference to the latter, and they at once refused to be silenced by mere exclusion. On April 27th, 1739, Whitefield, finding the doors of Islington church, where he had repeatedly ministered, closed against him, mounted a tombstone, and addressed the multitude in the open air. Wesley also was led to adopt the same course in like circumstances. On January 1st, 1743, in his native village, Epworth, the church was closed against him, when he stood on his father's tomb and addressed the assembled crowd.

The more violent of their opponents would doubtless have silenced them by

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bonds and imprisonment, or even darker measures, had it been in their power; but, happily for England, the principles of toleration, though imperfectly understood by the first Reformers, educated as they had been in the prejudices of Popery, were now better known. The princes of the house of Hanover never would countenance persecution for righteousness' sake. George II., on more than one occasion, personally refused to sanction persecuting measures. The result of this proceeding, therefore, was to weaken the Established Church, by excluding some of its brightest ornaments; while they, being thus set free from limitations, no longer hesitated, but went out into the highways and hedges, where, like their great Master, they declared the blessings of the gospel, and invited all to come in.

God ever fits his instruments for their work: the plane never is used to do the work of the hammer. Whitefield was especially qualified for this field work. Dr. Franklin, a judicious observer, calculated that he could be heard in the open air by 30,000 souls. His congregations in Moorfields, at Kingswood, and other places, frequently were estimated at from 10,000 to 20,000. But these proceedings will claim further notice hereafter.

The similarity of the first history of this movement to the early proceedings of the apostles, appeared in another and a painful respect. A breach took place between Wesley and Whitefield. Like Paul and Barnabas (Acts xv. 39,) they differed, and went forth in separate directions; but, as in former days, God was pleased to overrule it for the further diffusion of the gospel of Christ; and, like Paul and Barnabas of old, they were again reconciled. Whitefield's own account of this unhappy division simply and plainly states the points on which it originated.

"Mr. John Wesley, some way or other, had been prevailed on to preach and print in favour of perfection and universal redemption; and against election, a doctrine which I then thought, and do now believe, was taught me of God, and therefore could not possibly recede from. Busybodies on both sides blew up the coals. A breach ensued; but as both sides differed in judgment, not in affection, and aimed at the glory of our common Lord, though we hearkened too much to talebearers on both sides, we were kept from anathematizing each other, and went on in our usual way; being agreed in one point—endeavouring to convert souls to the ever-blessed Mediator."

Excluded from the churches, the Methodists raised and opened other places for worship, and brought their followers under some sort of order and regulation. This was chiefly among the followers of Wesley, by whom that name was readily taken as an honourable distinction; by degrees their leader introduced a system of polity which has preserved them a separate body, now more than 300,000 "members in society" in Great Britain. Whitefield's proceedings were more energetic and more desultory; wherever he declared the glad tidings of salvation many received it, though comparatively few places of worship expressly belonged to his followers; even these were not established to form or keep up a distinctive body, but as refuges for those who thirsted after the truths of salvation, and felt that they were not able to receive supplies elsewhere. The hearers of the field-preaching were principally of the lower ranks of life; but though not many noble and mighty of the earth are called, yet these true successors of the apostles were enabled to make their message known even to this class of hearers.

Whitefield, in particular, found some souls in unison with his own among the nobility of England, especially Selina countess of Huntingdon, who was raised up to strengthen and support him, and to give him the opportunity of preaching, even in her drawing-room, the unsearchable riches of Christ to the Bolingbrokes and Chesterfields of the day. It is, indeed, surprising to observe the extent to which these truths were heard by many, who, like Gallio, meddled not with or cared for none of these things. Nor did God leave his word without witness; several of high rank gave evidence at this time and subsequently, that they accepted and valued the doctrines of the cross of Christ. One of these was lord Dartmouth, who is referred to by Cowper, in these lines:—

"We boast some rich ones whom the gospel sways;
And one—who wears a coronet and prays:
Like gleanings of an olive-tree they show,
Here and there rare upon the topmost bough."

The prevalent feeling, and, it may be added, the awful ignorance of too many of rank and wealth, may however be exemplified by a short extract from a letter, which was written by the duchess of Buckingham to the countess of Huntingdon:—"I thank your ladyship for the

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information concerning the Methodist preachers: their doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinctured with impertinence and disrespect towards their superiors, in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told, that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting: and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding." Such ever are the sentiments of the carnal mind; for, as the Bible declares, "it is enmity against God."

The Methodists had many dark, painful hours of persecutions and sufferings. Though multitudes listened, other crowds were excited to violence; then direct providential interpositions showed that the wild beasts were chained, and the lions' mouths closed, that they should not hurt these men. On some occasions the persecutors were suffered to go great lengths; the preachers were stoned, and their lives endangered; often the justices refused to give them legal protection; a few, if they did not immediately fall victims to violence, yet had their lives shortened by what they suffered; still the preachers were enabled to endure with patience, having respect to the recompense of reward. Wesley and his followers, being most public and systematic in their proceedings, seem to have excited the most direct and strenuous opposition; but about this time sir John Gonson, one of the magistrates of Middlesex, called on Wesley, and encouraged him to appeal to the civil powers for protection; intimating that he and his brother magistrates had received directions from the highest authority, to see that they did justice to the Methodists, when appealed to for protection against lawless violence. Wesley then took measures for obtaining that safeguard; but in many districts of the country, his followers were still left to the violence of the rabble; there was, however, an all-powerful hand stretched forth for the protection of this work.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

A DELIGHT in the exercise is the best guide. He that is in love with a book, scarcely needs a rule to assist him in the perusal of it. He will carry it about with him, if it be portable; make himself acquainted with the author's design; take it out when a few minutes' leisure present themselves; store its contents in his memory; think of them often; and apply them as occasions may present themselves. Love to read the Scriptures, and you will be sure to read them with profit. A real lover of his Bible cannot be an unprofitable one. But if you still wish assistance, take the following rules:—

1. Read *intelligently*, as to the design of the sacred volume. If you do not set out with a clear perception of an author's design, you will be in the dark all the way through. And what is the design of the Bible? As it respects God, it is to reveal himself, not simply in the Unity of his essence, but also in the Trinity of his personality. "It is God in Christ reconciling the world to himself;" not the creating, but redeeming God, which is the great purpose of revelation. It does reveal, and clearly reveals, God as the Creator; but this is subordinate, in purpose and plan, to the exhibition of God manifest in the flesh, redeeming a lost world from sin, Satan, death, and hell. Christ, as the medium of making God known, by the salvation of man, is the end of the Bible. "Search the Scriptures," said he to the Jews, "for they are they which testify of me," John v. 39. Christ is the alpha and omega of revelation. The ceremonial law was the shadow, of which he is the substance: the prophets testified of him; the Old Testament history contains the records of his ancestors; the Psalms of David celebrate his praises; the evangelists wrote the narrative of his life and death; the epistles contain the development of his doctrine; and the apocalypse unfolds his future victories over his foes, and the splendour of his reign to the end of time. All the lines of revelation centre in Christ. In all your studies of the word, keep this in mind. Without allegorizing what is plain matter of fact, and nothing more; without spiritualizing what has one didactic and literal import, and that only; still remember that the general design of the Bible is to testify of Christ, and to reveal the moral character of God, through him.

But a second design of the Bible regards man, which is, through this glorious revelation of God, to restore him to the Divine favour and image, which he lost by the fall. Redemption through Christ, is not simply to save us from hell, but to restore us to God; not only to his

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love, but to his likeness. Justification by faith in Christ, is to the end that we might receive sanctification by the Spirit; having these, glorification follows as a consequence. Take in this whole design in reading the Scriptures. Be ever looking for the object of faith, which is the death of Christ; for the object of love, which is the image of Christ; and for the object of hope, which is the coming of Christ. Remember that the Scriptures are given to form a particular character; a character which is distinguished by three things—holiness, spirituality, and heavenly-mindedness. You must read, to get this character, to maintain it, to perfect it. The Bible is a mould, into which mind, and heart, and actions, fused, shall I say, by the fire of holy love, shall be poured, so as to bring out a character corresponding to what is there revealed. You must read, to drink into the spirit, to catch the temper, to imbibe the very genius of the record. It should be a frequent reflection with us, yea, an habitual one, as we take up the Bible, to say, "This book is intended to form in me a particular character, to fashion my whole self after a prescribed manner; and am I, by reading it and studying it, answering this end? Have I a Bible-character? Is my mind a Bible-mind; my heart a Bible-heart; my life a Bible-life? As the seal has impressed its own image upon the melted wax, has the Bible impressed its own character on me? Do others see the fruit and effect of my study of the Scriptures, in my likeness to the Scriptures? Do I not only read comments, but am I one?—a living, speaking, acting Bible?" These questions are appropriate and momentous, and show for what purpose, and in what way, you are to peruse the sacred volume: not only for consolation in trouble; not merely for directions in particular emergencies; much less, merely to gratify curiosity in knowing its contents, or to furnish ourselves for theological controversy; but to acquire a holy and heavenly character.

2. Read *reverentially*, remembering it is the word of God. Let there be a "Thus saith the Lord," sounding in your ears. Realize the fact, that it is God speaking to you in every page. Read with that awe, reverence, and trembling, with which you would listen, if Jehovah were speaking to you in a bodily shape, or with an audible voice. I do not like to see the sacred volume treated with disrespect or irreverence, even in the manner of dealing with, or handling it, not from any superstitious feeling, as if there were sanctity in paper and printing, but there is in the contents; and as we are creatures of association of ideas, we are in danger of losing our awe for the contents, if we treat with disesteem the vehicle which conveys them. How would it aid us in the perusal of the Scriptures, if we paused before we opened them, and reflected thus, "I am now going to hear God speak to me!" Into what a posture of reverential attention would such a consideration place us! How would it solemnize our minds, check our levity, and prepare us to receive the truth with all its powerful and holy influence!

3. Our perusal of the Scriptures should be *habitual* and *constant;* and not merely occasional and accidental. Some rarely take up the Scriptures but in a season of trial or difficulty, or at a time of leisure, to wile away an hour which they know not how otherwise to dispose of. This shows a great neglect, not to say contempt of the Bible. The Scriptures should be, "the Christian's own book," and his "every day book." There is never a day in his history when he does not need them, and should not use them. David describes the good man as one who delights in the law of the Lord, and meditates therein day and night: that is, every day and night. Never let a day pass without reading a portion of Holy Scripture; and ever consider that one duty of the day, and an important one too, has been neglected, if the practice has been omitted. The truth of Scripture is the food of the mind, and we should be as regular in the meals of the soul as in those of the body.

4. Read the word of God *privately*. Do not satisfy yourselves with what you hear at family prayer. You want opportunity for meditation, self-application, self-examination, self-reproof, self-stimulus, and indeed the whole business of self-improvement. If you would perform this duty effectually, and enjoy this privilege spiritually, you must have leisure and convenience to pause and ponder; to say, "My soul, mark that! Thou art wanting in this duty, or committing this sin. This is a message from God unto thee. This promise, great and precious as it is, belongs to thee. This consolation is for thee. Look at that glorious object of faith. Contemplate that boundless prospect of glory." Ah, you know

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not the secret of the Lord, which is with them that fear him, if there be nothing of this retirement, nothing of this self-communion over the Bible.

5. Do not read at random, or trust to accident, as the Bible may open, for the portion you peruse; but *read consecutively*. You must not dip for a passage, or pick and choose for some comfortable text. This occasions a waste of time, and leads to the neglect of a large portion of the Scriptures. Read regularly through some portion of the word. Here, perhaps, a question will be asked, whether it is desirable, and a duty, to read regularly through the whole Bible. I reply, that some parts of the books of Moses, which contain what may be called the municipal laws of the Jews, were intended, if not exclusively, yet principally for that people, and as they do not so much concern us as other parts, they need not of course be so often read; but even these are calculated, when read with a devout mind, to produce, as they were intended to produce, an impression of the holiness of God, the evil of sin, and the necessity of purity both of mind and conduct. Still it must be admitted that there are other portions of Scripture, whatever important ends these were designed to serve, which tend far more to general edification than Numbers and Leviticus. While the Old Testament is by no means to be neglected, especially the Psalms, Proverbs, and the Prophecies, yet more time should be given to the New Testament. Without intending to disparage any portion of the Holy Scriptures, all of which were "given by inspiration of God, and are profitable for doctrine, for correction, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness," I may observe that the parts which should be most frequently read, are the books of Job, Psalms, Proverbs, and Isaiah, in the Old Testament, and the gospels and epistles of the New. These should be read through in regular order; but still allotting more time to the New Testament than to the Old.

To those who have much time at command, the Scriptures should be taken up as a book of sacred science, as well as daily practice, to be studied with much devout and solicitous research. Its chronology, geography, natural history, together with the history of the text, all might become matter of pleasant and profitable investigation. And what so worthy of it, as that book which boasts of a Divine authorship, and was written by the finger of God. "Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures" is a compilation of inestimable value, and by those who can afford to purchase it, and have time to read it, would furnish a wide and instructive range of holy and delightful inquiry. How agreeable an exercise is it to compare spiritual things with spiritual, and to unlock the treasures of the Old Testament, by the key of the apostolic writings; and thus to trace the harmony of God's gracious dispensations to the children of men, as centering in the person and work of his Son! As to the study of the symbolical and unfulfilled prophecies, contained in the books of Daniel and the Apocalypse, this, to all who have leisure, is not only a legitimate, but a commendable subject of study, provided they conduct their inquiries with humility, draw their conclusions with caution, hold their opinions with a recollection how liable they are to err, and express their views with that diffidence which the multitudinous varieties of sentiment on this obscure topic seem to require. But on other, and plainer subjects, there ought to be with all Christians more of what is very properly called, the searching of the Scriptures. How superficial is the acquaintance of many with this book of books! How little do they know, because they as little inquire after, the mind of the Spirit! Where is the wish, the effort, and the plan to be mighty in the Scriptures? It is not enough to have a verbal acquaintance with them, to have them stored in the memory; though this may be of great service in scenes of sickness and feebleness of sight, when reading is difficult or impossible; but what is requisite, is an acquaintance with their spiritual import, and a skill and facility in applying them to all the varieties of the Christian's situation and experience. For this there must be time, conscientiously set apart, and diligently employed. It will not do to satisfy ourselves with a few snatches of the Bible, in moments of haste; it will not do to be content with a text taken from some "daily portion;" it will not do merely to learn and repeat a single passage a day. Oh no! we must be much alone with the Bible, and give ourselves to the delightful task of poring over its pages. Still, however, it becomes us to recollect, that it is not knowledge alone we should seek, but holiness. It is with this precious food of Divine truth, as it is with the nutriment of the body,—there is both

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pleasure in eating it, as well as strength derived from eating it; but it is the latter that is to be regarded as the ultimate end.

6. Let it not be your aim to read much, but to *read well*. To read well is to read with understanding, with meditation, with feeling, with consolation, with improvement. A single verse thus read is better than a whole chapter carelessly and formally gone through. Some persons set themselves the daily task of reading so many chapters, and would feel very unhappy if the task were not performed. But this is all. There is no inquiry into meaning, no meditation, no self-application. They know no more when they have finished, what they have been reading about, than if they had not read at all. Always look at the heading or title of a chapter before you begin to read it, that you may know what is the design of it; then connect each verse with this design of the whole chapter, and the whole chapter with the design of the whole epistle. It would greatly help you to understand the epistles, if you ascertain first their design, and occasionally read through a complete epistle at once, observing its own natural divisions, independently of the chapters, which are sometimes very injudiciously arranged.

7. It is important, if you would profit, to *mix faith with reading*, as well as hearing. The apostle has beautifully expressed this, where he says, "When ye received the word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of man, but as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe," 1 Thess. ii. 13. Though it is the word of God, sharper than any two-edged sword, it cannot work in us without faith. The reason why it works so little in the way of holiness, consolation, and zeal, is because there is so little faith. It is often read by believers themselves without faith; there is not an act and exercise of faith in it at the time; no felt sense of the truth of the chapter that is thus read; no deep conviction, no practical persuasion of the Divine authority and power of that promise, command, invitation, or threatening, which may be before the mind. There is the principle of faith in the Bible, as a whole, but not the exercise of faith, at that time, and in reference to that part of the Bible then read. What an impression would the word always produce on us, if we paused to make these two reflections, "This chapter is God's word to me now, and all his words are true."

8. We should read the Scriptures with *earnest prayer* for the teaching of the Spirit. The teaching of the Spirit is not to be expected apart from the word, nor a right understanding and impression of the word apart from the teaching of the Spirit. Divine influence is not to be sought or looked for in the way of granting us a new revelation, or new faculties; but in the way of a right direction of our present faculties, to understand the revelation we already possess. That which makes this influence necessary, is not a defect in the Bible, but in ourselves. The Bible, as a revelation, is all that is necessary: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul;" but there is a defect of the spiritual though not mental organ in us, to receive its light. It is no fault of the sun that a blind man cannot see the luminary. Our judgments are affected by the state of our hearts. Hence we are liable to err in our minds, because of the imperfections of our hearts. Our corruptions send up exhalations into the higher regions of our minds, and thus the atmosphere becomes cloudy, and prevents the rays of truth from shining into our souls. Hence the need of praying, "Lord, open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." We shall none of us have any more spiritual understanding than the Spirit gives us; but then he will give us as much as we seek by earnest and believing prayer. To grow in grace and in knowledge, we must consult both the book and its Divine Author; the one by study, and the other by prayer. What a privilege should we esteem it, in reference to a human author, if he were to say, "When you want any information on any point of my work, come and ask me for illustration and explanation!" God does say this to us in reference to his book. His Spirit reveals to us his word and will in the Scriptures. Hence those striking prayers of the apostle, which we find Eph. i. 17, 18; Col. i. 9. Prayer, fervent, believing prayer, is the means of knowing the Bible. This is a book to be studied in the closet, upon our knees. We must pray to God for his grace to turn out sin and the world from our souls, that room may be made for his truth to enter and dwell in us.—*Rev. J. A. James.*

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VISIT TO THE MONASTERY OF ST. BERNARD.

The account given in the Monthly Visitor for 1837 of the panorama of Mont Blanc, describes the dangers experienced by Alpine travellers, and the relief afforded to them by the monks of the Great St. Bernard, who are there graphically called the "Samaritans of the mountains." Since reading the above account, I have visited the Hospice, and personally experienced the brotherly attention and hospitality so uniformly manifested towards travellers in those cold and distant regions; and I can therefore fully appreciate the panegyric which your correspondent has passed upon this monastery and its monks in the paper alluded to.

Having made a tour in Switzerland, I started from Martigny in the Vallais, early in the morning, about the middle of September last, resolved to perform the journey (twenty-seven English miles) on foot. On the way, I passed numerous parties, chiefly peasants, some going to the intermediate villages, and others on their way across the Great St. Bernard into Piedmont and Savoy, so that the scene was much enlivened for a very considerable distance, by meeting with company on the road.

It is unnecessary here to give a description of the diversified scenery on the route from the town of Martigny in the Vallais to St. Bernard, because former tourists have already published full descriptions of the route, particularly of the desolate appearance of the river Drance, occasioned by the bursting of a lake many years ago, then situated in the valley of the Bagnes;* the villages of St. Branchier, Osieres, Liddes, and St. Pierre, and the fine romantic scenes which occur on the road.

After passing the village of St. Pierre, a few miles distant from Liddes, about half way to the Hospice, and where I rested for an hour, I soon left the fertile lands and rich woody scenes which I had traversed for some hours during the early part of the day, and then came suddenly upon a desolate tract of country without a dwelling of any sort in sight. It was apparently a valley surrounded by barren, rocky mountain ridges, out of which it seemed difficult to effect any egress to the habitable world. The road itself for some distance now ran by the side of a small stream, and began to be rugged in the extreme, and scarcely discernible as a track.

When I had reached the end of this valley, the path bent to the right, upon a gradual ascent for a few miles into a still more barren and sterile district than before; and as I proceeded, sometimes by the side of the stream, which here was rushing down into the valley with great force, and then diverging from it, I at length, at an altitude of 9,000 or 10,000 feet, came in sight of several large beds of snow, which, in all probability, had lain for ages unmelted on the ground, and some of which were hard enough to support the feet of man and mule. These I passed over, and hereabout I appeared to be in an altogether different atmosphere—cold, bleak, and dreary. The sky, which during the day had been bright and clear, became thick and hazy, and I felt the cold intensely, and being much fatigued I was delighted when I soon afterwards caught a glimpse of a large solitary stone building, situated upon the highest mountain in Europe (next to Mont Blanc). This was the Hospice. The ascent to it was rather steep and difficult, and I thought myself long in reaching the top; but when, after some further toil up the rugged and zigzag path, I at length reached the door, I felt indeed rejoiced, especially when the *garçon* of the monastery, who had seen me from the window of an upper apartment, came and welcomed me in as a traveller wanting rest and refreshment, which in reality was the case with me. It was pleasing indeed to observe how the hospitable monks had infused into the minds even of their servants and dependents that feeling of kindness and benevolence for which themselves and their founder, Monthon St. Bernard, were famed.

It was then past six o'clock in the evening, and on being introduced into the principal saloon, I was rather amused at the sight of two persons, sitting down on the floor, warming their backs at the fire. They proved to be two gentlemen—one a German and the other a Frenchman—who had just come in from the Italian side of the mountain, having left Aost early in the morning to visit the Hospice, with a guide, and mule to carry their baggage into Switzerland; and they came in fatigued and cold like myself, but leaving behind them a companion (another Frenchman) who had gone back to fetch a diamond pin he had left be-

* This is referred to in the tract called the Swiss Peasant. No. 191.

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hind him at the hotel, and who did not reach the Hospice on his return, until all of us were seated at supper.

Besides myself and these three gentlemen, other visitors came in. A Dutch gentleman and his wife, and two Irish ladies, who arrived with two other young Germans from Martigny; and before supper was finished our number was made up to sixteen by others from the Italian side of the mountain, including the missing Frenchman who had gone back for the pin. About seven o'clock supper was announced, consisting of very simple fare, —fish and puddings, it being fast-day. There was a very good red wine, and some dried figs and nuts for dessert; and it was truly pleasing to witness the kind and friendly attentions of Francois Carr, the clavandier, or burser, of the Hospice, who presided at table. He, without any ostentatious display of hospitality, evinced a friendly desire that each guest should feel himself at home, and partake of the viands, such as they were, to their hearts' content. The conversation, too, was lively; for though there was no boisterous mirth, yet a stirring conversation was kept up during the meal, in which the friendly monk related anecdotes connected with the convent, and the visitors who had been there in times past, and also of the melancholy scenes which had been witnessed in the neighbourhood on awful occasions of snow-storms and avalanches overtaking travellers.

The clavandier seemed most anxious to answer every inquiry which the guests made as to the brotherhood, their Hospice, and its various concerns.

There was an affability in his manner which seemed to infuse into the mind of each guest a feeling that they were at least under a friendly and hospitable roof; and especially when he politely showed each guest to his or her chamber for the night, the impression made upon us tended to make us feel, if possible, more at home. The dormitories of the Hospice, each containing two or more beds, were clean and neat, with a much greater degree of comfort, in the appliances of bedding, bed, and furniture, than might have been expected in regions so distant from man's ordinary abode. For my own part, the fatigue encountered during the day made me sleep rather soundly till five o'clock. At that hour the loud-toned bell of the chapel attached to the Hospice awakened me, and I rose from my bed and prepared to descend into the saloon. The dogs, so celebrated for their sagacity and utility in these dangerous regions, I met with in the morning. There were two of them of immense size, larger than any description of dog I had ever seen, not excepting Barry, the noted dog of St. Gothard, whose stuffed figure is to be seen at the Museum in Berne, and different in all respects. They were loitering at the door, and passing frequently up and down the corridors of the Hospice, now and then barking and howling, not angrily, but still watching the movements of each of the numerous peasants who were standing about. Formerly it appears to have been the custom for the guests to attend the chapel at midnight prayers; but now there is no restraint of any kind, and the visitors are not expected so to do, but are left to exercise their own discretion whether to attend or not any part of the services of the monastery. The weather had continued stormy all night, and when I looked out of the window of my dormitory it was raining in torrents, and the wind was high. Indeed, the aspect was most dreary and forbidding, and although I dreaded the idea of a long sojourn at the Hospice, yet at that moment right glad was I to be housed from such a tempest.

The same party which had supped together on the previous night met at breakfast a little after seven o'clock, that being the hour at which the brothers themselves regularly partook of that meal. The same animated conversation which prevailed the evening before was resumed; and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, nearly all the visitors repaired, a short time after breakfast, to the morgue, or cemetery, belonging to the monastery, which, indeed, is an extraordinary place, situated a few yards from the Hospice, but seemingly a suitable enough building for the purpose. It is a square stone building, with a grating or open window on each side, so as to allow a current of air to pass through, and prevent the unpleasant effluvia which might otherwise be experienced. In looking through these gratings, (for I had no desire to have the door opened to admit of my entering this catacomb,) although of course most of the bodies were mouldering into dust, I could see numerous bodies which at this temperature were not at all decomposed, some standing erect, and others laid down, with all their features dried stiff by the winds, seemingly perfect as in life. It was cer-

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tainly a melancholy sight; and no less so was the exterior of the building, by the side of which was heaped up an enormous quantity of human skulls and bones, apparently brought out of the miserable-looking charnel-house, to clear the way and make room for other dead bodies. After this we re-assembled in a room adjoining the *salle-à-manger*, wherein are placed numerous paintings, engravings, and works of art; some Egyptian and other figures; and a great variety of medals, coins, and other curiosities. Some of these were presents made by persons who had visited the monastery. This collection amused us for some time.

To the chapel of the monastery we next went, where high mass was performed. The chapel is rather spacious, and as well furnished with paintings and figures as many other churches and chapels to be found in less extraordinary spots. It was curious enough to witness so large a congregation as was present, consisting chiefly of guides and peasants, with many children, who were on their way to or from Piedmont, Savoy, or other places on that side of the mountain, amounting to forty or fifty persons in all.

At the early hour of half-past eleven, dinner was announced. It proved rather more substantial than the supper of the previous evening, consisting of fish, beef cooked in different ways, potatoes and other vegetables, with the same excellent wine we had had at supper, and a dessert of figs, nuts, almonds, and raisins.

Shortly after dinner, although the weather seemed scarcely less tempestuous than it had been, I determined to leave the Hospice, on my return to Martigny, thinking as there was no prospect of a change for the better, I might as well endeavour to reach Liddes, at all events, before dusk. Indeed, the worthy clavandier had told us there was no certainty of the weather for two days together in any part of the year, excepting in the month of July. Accordingly, I, along with three Germans and two Frenchmen and their two guides and mules, started in the pouring rain, and reached Liddes about six in the evening, completely drenched with rain. There we got well dried and refreshed, and having put on a slight change of raiment, a char was hired to take us down to Martigny, which we reached about nine o'clock P.M. T.

MINES AND MINING.

No. V.

MINES OF AMERICA.

The mineral riches to which we have already adverted, it is almost unnecessary to say, are quite eclipsed by those of the New World, and its discovery produced changes and results of various kinds, the importance of which it is difficult to estimate. No sooner were the several countries of America subjected to the dominion of Spain, than this was the only method of acquiring wealth ever thought of by the adventurers who conquered them. If the quantities of gold and silver found among the natives, who searched for them with little industry and less skill, were so great, what an inexhaustible store, it was argued, might be the recompense of more intelligent and persevering efforts. From that time to the period at which he wrote, "according to the most moderate computation," says Robertson, "the quantity of gold and silver that has been regularly entered in the ports of Spain, is equal in value to four millions sterling annually. This, in two hundred and eighty-three years amounts to eleven hundred and thirty-two millions. Immense as this sum is, the Spanish writers contend that as much more ought to be added to it, in consideration of treasure imported fraudulently, without paying the duty. By this account Spain has drawn from the New World a supply of wealth amounting to two thousand millions of pounds sterling."* What a view of "that hideous sight, a naked human heart," would the history of these mines afford, were we capable of tracing in detail those sordid passions—of unveiling those "foolish and hurtful lusts" into which men have been plunged by them, through the "deceitfulness of riches" and that "love of money," so strikingly characterised by the apostle as the "root of all evil!" But this is a subject which this brief sketch will not allow us to pursue. Alone, supremely, eternally happy, is he, who can say unfeignedly with the psalmist, "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver."†

The mines of Mexico contain a variety of metals, but are chiefly celebrated for those of gold and silver, particularly the latter; the ore of which, for the most part, yields also a proportion of gold.

* Robertson's America, vol. iii. p. 396.
† Psa. cxix. 72.

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Before the war of independence, there were no less than above 3,000 mines of the precious metals, divided into thirty-seven districts, and producing annually about 2,000,000*l.* in gold. Some of these have since been deserted, and others have declined in value. At the beginning of the present century, Humboldt conjectured that in the northern part of Mexico, particularly in the Sierra Madre, great mineral wealth would be discovered in rocks of secondary formation, a conjecture which has been confirmed by subsequent inquiry and examination. But throughout the whole of Mexico, the ore, though very far more abundant, is much poorer than in Europe: 1600 ounces of ore containing only about 3 or 4 ounces of silver, scarce equal to 2½ parts of metal in 1,000 of ore, or one-fourth per cent. The mine of Valenciana was the richest at the beginning of the present century. The elevation of the bottom of this mine above the level of the sea, is 5730 feet; the elevation of the surface, 7617 feet. The quantity of ore now annually produced is estimated at 32,500 tons; the quantity of metal, at 221,900 lbs. troy. About 40,000*l.* per annum is expended in drainage. The total cost is 197,990*l.*, and the clear profit to the proprietors 118,750*l.* The number of men employed is 3,110 Indians and Mestizoes, of whom 1800 work under ground. The richest mine at present is that of Veta Granda. This is situated at about the same elevation from the sea, and produces annually 21,380 tons of ore, containing 153,000 lbs. troy of silver. The annual expense of drainage amounts to 20,000*l.* per annum. The total costs are 252,170*l.* per annum, and the clear profit to the proprietors is 171,240*l.* The number of men employed here is 900, of whom 600 work under ground. The greater part of the gold of Mexico is found in the veins of silver ore, either native or mixed with silver, from which it is separated by washing, the proportion being seldom more than one and a half in the 100 lbs.

But many of these mines have been very imperfectly wrought, and by far the larger part of the richest veins remains yet unexplored. The theory of mining is little understood by the Mexicans. The oldest modes of working are generally practised, notwithstanding the improvements that have been introduced by Europeans; and the methods adopted to raise the ore and to drain the mines are both of the most primitive description. "A miner brought up in the mines of Frieburg," says Humboldt, "and accustomed to see so many ingenious means of conveyance practised, can hardly conceive that in the Spanish colonies, where the ores are poor, though very abundant, all the metal that is taken from the vein is carried on the backs of men. The Indian *tenateros*, who may be considered as the beasts of burden of Mexico, remain loaded with a weight of from 250 to 380 lbs. for a space of six hours. In the levels of Valenciana and Royas, they are exposed to a temperature of from 70° to 77° F.; and during which time they ascend and descend several thousands of steps in shafts of an inclination of 45 deg. We met in the mines files of fifty or sixty of these porters, among whom there were men above sixty, and boys ten or twelve years of age. In ascending the stairs they throw the body forwards and rest on a staff, which is generally not more than one foot in length. They walk in a zigzag direction, because they have found from long experience, as they affirm, that their respiration is less impeded when they traverse obliquely the current of air which enters the pit from without. These *tenateros* cost the proprietors of Valenciana more than 600*l.* weekly. In the interior of these mines mules are employed. At Royas, these animals descend every morning without guides, and in the dark, the steps of a shaft of an inclination of from 42 to 46. They distribute themselves of their own accord in the different places where the machines for drawing water are fixed, and their steps are so sure, that a lame miner was accustomed some years ago to enter and leave the mine upon one of their backs. Of the whole mass of Mexican ores, a small part only, not above one fifth, is sufficiently rich in metal to render it adapted to the process of smelting, and the remainder is therefore submitted to amalgamation, a method which is costly, from the loss both of mercury and of the purer metals attending it.

But no region of the globe is so remarkable for mineral riches as that vast and magnificent chain of primitive mountains called the Cordilleras, in South America. Ores of the precious metals, especially of silver, are distributed here in abundance. For the most part, however, they are situated at an elevation which renders the working of them difficult and expensive. Fuel and water are scarce. Tools, iron, and other materials, must often be

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sent for to a distance of some hundreds of miles, and great expenses are incurred in transporting the ores to the sea coast. These circumstances, in addition to the unsuitableness of the climate to hard labour for English miners, were the chief causes of the failure of much commercial speculation a few years ago, when English capitalists, induced by the fact that very large profits had occasionally been made there, embarked a large amount with very little due consideration of the difficulties of the enterprise.

Chili possesses mines of gold, silver, and copper. The gold mines are few in number, and worked with much difficulty. The silver mines are found to be more profitable than the gold, and the copper more profitable than the silver; affording some foundation for a saying common there, that "a diligent man who works a copper mine is sure to gain; that he who opens a mine of silver may either gain or lose; but that if the mine be of gold, he will certainly be ruined." But this has been, in a measure, owing to mines having been opened and wrought by persons without any sufficient capital. These mines are, for the most part, wrought by two parties; one the proprietor, who supplies the labour; the other the *habilitador*, who advances the capital. The proprietor, who usually resides on the spot, and superintends the works, is seldom wealthy enough to conduct them on his resources, and it is generally the *habilitador*, or monied individual, who resides at the port where the metal is shipped, who alone derives any ultimate benefit. The mines are generally worked by levels opened at the sides of the hills, vertical shafts being seldom formed. The Chilian miners are described as being very expert in following the course of a vein. The passages they form are seldom more than four feet in height, and the same in breadth, and frequently smaller. Along these they convey their utensils, and return with loads of ore, in a manner which scarce any but themselves, accustomed to it from early life, would be able to do. Where the lodes, or metallic veins, do become vertical, they ascend and descend by means of rude ladders, formed of notched poles and sticks tied together with rude hides. "At first we descended," says sir Francis Head, when detailing a visit to these subterranean abodes, "by an inclined gallery, or level, and then clambered down the notched sticks which are used in all the mines of South America as ladders. After descending about 250 feet, walking occasionally along levels where the snow and mud were above our ancles, we came to the place where the men were working. It was astonishing to see the spirit with which they plied their weighty hammers, and the unremitted exertions with which they worked. While the *barreteros*, or miners, were working the lode, the *apirés*, or bearers, were carrying the ore upon their backs; and after we had made the necessary operations, and had collected proper specimens, we ascended with several of these *apirés* above and below us. The fatigue of climbing up the notched sticks was so great that we were almost exhausted, while the men behind us, with a long stick in one hand, (in the cloven end of which there was a candle,) were urging us not to stop. The leading *apiré* whistled whenever he came to certain spots, and then the whole party rested for a few seconds. It was really very interesting, in looking above and below, to see these poor creatures, each lighted by his candle, and climbing up the notched stick with such a load upon his back, that I occasionally was a little afraid that one of those above me might tumble, in which case we should have preceded him in his fall." After this, the party accompanied the miners into a hut at the mouth of the mine, where the latter began to prepare their rude supper. "They took their candle out of the cloven stick, and in the cleft they put a piece of dry beef. This they warmed for a few seconds over the embers which were burning on the ground, and they then ate it, and afterwards drank some melted snow out of a cow's horn. Their meal being ended, they enjoyed the only blessing apparently allotted them—rest. They said nothing to each other; but as they sat upon the sheep-skins which formed their only bed, some fixed their eyes upon the embers, while others seemed to ruminate upon other subjects." One of the strongest of a company of Cornish miners who had accompanied the expedition, attempted, but was scarce able, to walk under the weight of a load of ore which was lying on the ground, and yet a Chilian miner had brought it upon his back from a depth of 250 feet. Sir Francis Head endeavoured to lift it, but was unable; and when two or three of the party had put it upon his back, he found he was unable to stand under the pressure.

D. W.

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EXPOSURE OF ROMISH MISREPRESENTATIONS.—No. II.

8. Speaking of the decree of the diet of Spires, A.D. 1529, and of the memorable protest against it, whence originated the designation "Protestant," Dr. Lingard says: "This instrument displays in strong colours the intolerance of the first Reformers. The decree, among other things, forbade any person, layman or ecclesiastic, to employ violence or constraint in matters of religion, to abolish the mass by force, or to prohibit, command, or compel any one to assist at it. They replied, that they could not consent to this article; that conscience forced them to abolish the mass; nor would they permit any of their subjects to be present at it." *

An unpractised reader would necessarily come to the conclusion that the edict of Spires was tolerant, and the protest intolerant; or, in other words, that the Papists who enacted it were in favour of liberty of conscience; and the Protestants, who resisted it, opposed to that liberty. Exactly the contrary is the fact. The edict expressly prohibits all further changes in matters of religion till the assembly of a general council, enjoining obedience, meanwhile, to the persecuting edict of Worms; permits, indeed, the continuance of Protestant worship in those places from which it could not be expelled without occasioning great tumults and disorders, that is, very sagely advises the Papists to be quiet when their opponents were the strongest party; but at the same time requires that every one should have the opportunity of attending mass, and that provision should be made for that purpose. Instead of being a liberal decree, it was essentially anti-reforming, and was no doubt designed to prevent the further progress of Protestantism. So the protesting princes and states understood it. They were to be prevented from following the light which had begun to shine upon their path; and whereas the idolatry of the mass had been for just causes abolished in their several dominions, and the scriptural mode of celebrating the Lord's supper substituted for it, they could not conscientiously employ their power in restoring that which they held to be contrary to the word of God.

It is not necessary to defend every position taken by the Reformers of the sixteenth century, nor to approve all their maxims. If they were intolerant to those who differed from them, Rome had taught them the lesson. But let them be fairly represented. To say of a papistical, persecuting edict, that it "forbade to employ violence or constraint in matters of religion," and *on that account* was opposed and protested against by the heads of the reform movement, is little better than telling a lie for the cause, or "doing evil that good may come." *

9. Dr. Wiseman mentions several Italian versions of the Scriptures, executed during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and among them that of Bruccioli, published A.D. 1532. He says: "Every one of these came out, not only with the approbation of the ordinary authorities, but with that of the inquisition, which approved of their being published, distributed, and promulgated." † But he does not add, that when the index of prohibited books was published, by the authority of the Council of Trent, A.D. 1564, Bruccioli was placed among heretics of the first class, none of whose works, of any kind whatsoever, are allowed to be possessed or read! To say nothing of the other prohibitions of the Bible in the vernacular tongues.

10. We are not desirous of becoming apologists for Henry VIII. Yet the fierceness with which he has been assailed by the adherents of the papacy, is sufficient proof that something more than a regard to truth has induced them to speak so bitterly of him and his proceedings. In fact, he is not forgiven for dismembering England from Rome, and depriving covetous priests of the rich prizes with which this country had for so many ages supplied them. It is on that account that the mention of his name becomes the signal for the pouring forth of the bitterest venom. True or false, it matters not; it is always right in the eyes of Romish authors to blast the reputation of this monarch.

In this spirit, Dr. Lingard has retailed the old slander that Henry seduced Mary, Anne Boleyn's sister, in the early part of his reign.‡ He must have known that the only authority for this statement is the unsupported assertion of Pole, in his treasonable book *De Unitate*.§ When he adds, in another place, that Henry cohabited with Anne three years before he

* History of England, vi. 270.

* The edict of Spires is given at length by Le Plat, ii. 301—321.

† Lectures, i. 53. ‡ History of England, vi. 110.

§ See Sharon Turner's History of the Reign of Henry VIII. ii. 430—432.

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married her,* he produces no proof, nor has he any to produce. It is altogether his own unwarrantable surmise; a gratuitous calumny; an unmanly attack; such an attack as none but a popish priest would venture to make. It has been justly remarked, that "we are often tempted to censure when we ought to be forbearing; though the more we ourselves become what we ought to be, we are less acute and less gratified in marking or mentioning the failings of others.

* * * * *

But there are so many characters whose flagrant delinquencies compel the writer to exhibit them like moral anatomies, to deter unprincipled selfishness from a pernicious imitation, that every right feeling calls upon us not to criminate in other cases without certainty, or to suspect where the suspicion has neither evidence nor necessity." †

11. Of all the murders committed under the pretence of religion, that of Anne Askew was one of the most atrocious.‡ Yet Dr. Lingard is not ashamed to pen insinuations intended to destroy the character of that martyr; and by impeaching her integrity, to lessen the abhorrence with which her sufferings must be regarded by all persons of humanity and right Christian feeling.§

He says that "she had abandoned her husband to exercise the office of an apostle, under her maiden name of Askew." The reader will judge how far this historian's statements are worthy of credit, when he is informed that Kyme, Anne Askew's husband, was a worthless man and a bigoted Papist. He persecuted her for her religion, and when he found that he could not induce her to return to Popery, turned her out of doors.

Anne Askew's examinations are related by herself. She expressly states, that when she was in the Tower, the lord chancellor Wriothesley, and Rich, a member of the council, "took pains to rack her with their own hands till she was nigh dead;" and Foxe adds some particulars further explaining and confirming the narrative. The Romanist historian says — "To me neither story appears worthy of credit. For (1.) torture was contrary to law, and therefore was never inflicted without a written order, subscribed by the lords of the council. (2.) The person who attended on such occasions to receive the confession of the sufferer, was always some inferior officer appointed by the council, and not the lord chancellor or other members of that body. (3.) There is no instance of a female being stretched on a rack, or being subjected to any of those inflictions which come under the denomination of torture."

This attempt to throw discredit on a plain testimony is utterly unworthy of a writer of Dr. Lingard's reputation. The martyr either uttered truth or told a lie. What inducement could she have to invent a tale which, if it were not true, would be exposed as soon as it was published? And why was it not contradicted at the time? Bale's account of Anne Askew's martyrdom, including her own narrative, was published in less than three years after the event, and some time before Wriothesley's death, which occurred in 1550; so that he had ample opportunity to contradict it, had he been able to do so. But he was not able.*

"That she was racked," bishop Burnet writes, "is very certain; for I find it in an original journal of the transactions of the Tower, written by Anthony Anthony." † That the lord chancellor and Rich inflicted the torture with their own hands, is positively asserted by the sufferer herself; nor is there any just ground for doubting her veracity.

The reasons assigned by Dr. Lingard for demurring to the truth of the account may be very soon and easily disposed of.

(1.) Though torture was not according to law, it is a matter of fact that it was not unfrequently inflicted. That Campion and other Romish priests were racked, with a view to extort confessions, cannot be questioned. Dr. Lingard would not have us doubt it.

(2.) The peculiar circumstances of the case satisfactorily account for the presence of the parties on this occasion. They were both members of the council; and, being firmly attached to Popery, were just then busily engaged in endeavouring to criminate the queen, Catherine Parr, and compass her ruin, as a favourer of heretics. Anne Askew had received kindness from her, and was besides known to be on terms of intimacy with many of the la-

* History of England, vi. 188.
† History of Henry VIII., ii. 199—206.
‡ She suffered July 16, 1546.
§ History ut sup. p. 352.

* Fuller says, "Whether it was noble in these lords, or legal in these lawyers, or conscientious in these chancellors, (Rich was made chancellor after Wriothesley's death,) to rack one already condemned to death, belongeth to others to determine," Church History, v. 242.
† History of the Reformation, i. 619. Oxford edit. 1816.

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dies of the court. If they could force from her any communications, which might be used with effect against the queen, their object would be materially furthered. It was too delicate an affair to be intrusted to inferior officers. The chancellor and his creatures were, therefore, not unwilling to become the instruments of the fiendish barbarity.*

(3.) Dr. Lingard's historical recollections have failed him. He might have supposed, that those who could burn women would not shrink from racking them. But there are other modes of torture besides the rack, and which have been equally inflicted for the purpose of wringing confessions from the miserable objects of cruelty. A refusal to plead to an indictment formerly subjected the accused person to the horrible punishment of pressure by heavy weights, which was certain and speedy death unless the refusal was recalled. A lady of the Romish persuasion, named Clitheroe, was punished in this way in the time of queen Elizabeth.† But even if there had been no instance of a female being "subjected to any of those inflictions which come under the denomination of torture," except that of Anne Askew, her narrative would not be invalidated thereby. Let it be granted that no similar barbarity is recorded in our annals; that it is a solitary case, without precedent, and without imitation. Then the brutal beings who perpetrated the outrage stand alone. They have attained an eminence which no other persecutor, at least, in England, has reached. And the system which hardened their hearts and strengthened their hands for the villany, has been aptly characterized as the "masterpiece" of him who is characterized in Scripture as "a murderer from the beginning."

12. Dr. Lingard states, that in the early part of Mary's reign, Elizabeth, afterwards queen, was converted to Popery "in the short course of a week;" and that, to prove her sincerity, she "opened a chapel in her own house, and wrote to the emperor for leave to purchase, in Flanders, a chalice, cross, and the ornaments usually employed in the celebration of the Catholic worship." ‡

That Elizabeth outwardly conformed to Popish rites, is undeniable; but it is equally certain that her conformity was the result of compulsion. She yielded to save her life. A sister's hands would have been imbrued in her blood, had she continued to refuse compliance! She attended mass with the utmost reluctance, and went as seldom as possible. As to the assertion that she "opened a chapel in her own house," there does not appear to be a particle of truth in it. She had already her private chapel, into which she unwillingly introduced the heathenish ceremonies of Rome. There is no reason to believe that she "opened a chapel" for the purpose.*

13. The inhuman execution of three women in Guernsey, in July, 1556, has been always adverted to in terms of indignant reprobation, as far exceeding in diabolical cruelty the ordinary manifestations of Romish vengeance against heresy. Foxe's narrative being impugned by the Jesuit Harding, the martyrologist re-examined the whole case, adduced corroborative evidence, and published the legal documents. Notwithstanding this, however, Dr. Lingard has the hardihood to avow his disbelief; and, as usual, seasons his denial with calumny. "I have no doubt," he says, "that the women were hanged as thieves, and afterwards burned as heretics; that no one knew of the pregnancy of one of them, a woman of loose character, and that the child was found dead in the flames after the body of the mother had fallen from the gibbet. The rest we owe to the imagination of the martyrologist, or of his informer."†

Such readers of the doctor's history as are unacquainted with other sources of information, or place implicit confidence in his integrity, will necessarily retain a very unfavourable impression respecting the character of these much-injured females; and, in fact, of Protestant martyrs generally. But what, after all, is the true statement? That Katherine Kawches, and Guillemine and Perotine, her daughters, having been charged with a trifling felony, were acquitted of the charge, but remanded to prison on an accusation of heresy; that they were examined by Amy, dean of the island, assisted by his curates, pronounced heretics, and delivered to the secular power; that they were sentenced to be strangled, and then burned; that the rope breaking, they were cast alive into the fire, where Perotine was delivered of a male

* The fullest account of this transaction is in Foxe's Acts and Monuments, ii. 488. Ed. 1684.
† Challoner's Memoirs of Missionary Priests, p. 95. ‡ History, vii. 135.

* Sharon Turner's Modern History of England, iii. 415—418.
† History, vii. 376.

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child, which fell out of the burning pile, and was thrown back into it by one of the attending officers; and that Perotine, instead of being "a woman of loose character," as Dr. Lingard most maliciously and groundlessly affirms, was the wife of David Jores, a Christian minister, to whom she had been married in the reign of Edward VI. Six years afterwards, Matthew Kawches, brother of the slandered woman, memorialized queen Elizabeth on the subject, and prayed for an investigation of the affair. Inquiry being instituted, it was ascertained that the whole process was illegal; the dean was imprisoned and deprived, and the civil authorities by whom the sentence had been executed, sued out a pardon in the queen's court. Still Dr. Lingard disbelieves! and not content with disbelieving, he misrepresents and calumniates! This, and the case of Anne Askew, are full and fair specimens of the misrepresentations as to Protestant martyrs by modern and ancient popish historians.—*The Reformation in Europe, published by the Religious Tract Society.*

HENRY ELLIS; OR, VANITY AND FALSEHOOD. No. IV.

HENRY ELLIS AND HIS COMPANIONS.

"WELL," said Anderson, when Mr. Ellis had finished his history of "Count Crump," as detailed in the last chapter, "this is certainly a dismal story. But might not this young fellow have turned out as badly if he had never spent a farthing on unnecessary finery?"

"He might," replied Ellis; "but I do not think he would. If he had not been showy and vain, he would not have fallen into the bad company which put the finishing stroke to the corruption of his morals, and, at the same time, drained his purse. Depend upon it, there are always plenty of rogues on the look-out for easy victims, and they can generally tell at a glance the weak and assailable points about them; and they judge, in many instances too correctly, that if a man is foppish, and fond of display, he possesses either a weak or uncultivated mind."

"This is being rather hard upon us," exclaimed Morgan.

"I do not intend anything disrespectful; nor do I know that the remark applies to either of you. But I must say, that in proportion as the habit we are speaking of occupies the heart, there is great danger of its thrusting out all that is really valuable and worth regard. We are told in the Bible, that 'no man can serve two masters;' and I believe that when the mere animal propensities obtain the mastery of an individual, the intellectual faculties must suffer. Idiots are generally extravagantly fond of finery. But whether or not this be the case, there is an almost infallible certainty that religion will be neglected by every one who can justly come under the denomination of 'a fop,' in whatever peculiarity of dress or habit his foppery may be evinced. A religious fop!—only think what a strange contradiction in terms this is. I have, indeed, heard persons so called; but I believe there was a mistake somewhere. Either they were not real Christians, or they were not real fops."

"Really, Ellis," exclaimed one of his companions, "you get worse and worse. Would you unchristianize everybody that wears a bit of an ornament on his breast or finger, or a smarter dress than your own, or who has his hair cut and trimmed according to the fashion, or who does anything else just in the way that you do not? I thought you had more good sense and charity."

"And so I trust I have. Far be it from me to unchristianize any one, or to condemn in another what I cannot allow in myself. I might, then, justly come under the reproach, 'Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth.' I will only say, 'Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth.' But let us understand one another. I am not now speaking of any particular form in which this vice may be manifested, but of the principle itself. Remember, I said that religion and foppery are opposite terms, and that the two principles are incompatible with each other. Now, what is foppery?"

"Love of dress," answered William.

"Very well," rejoined Mr. Ellis; "then on that definition I will take my ground, and say, unhesitatingly, that no true fop can be a true Christian. I will say nothing of the way in which foppery may be shown, because I am persuaded it is sometimes indulged in the absence of all exterior ornaments, or showy clothing; but I repeat, that the person who allows, and cultivates a love of dress, does not, and cannot, love God."

"For proof——"

"For proof, then. The Bible, which

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we all believe to contain the will of God, and to be the Christian's rule of life, unequivocally forbids us to set our affections on anything that is worldly in its nature. Its language is, 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world,' 1 John ii. 15, 16. 'No man,' said our Saviour himself, 'can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on,' Matt. vi. 24, 25. Now I ask you whether the fop—that is, one who loves dress—does not disregard this Divine precept; whether he does not take thought, and sinful thought, for his body, and what he shall put on; and whether, consequently, he is not a servant of mammon, and not a servant of God?

"Do you not remember, too, the language of Jesus Christ, at another time: 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me,' Matt. x. 37, 38. And if those virtuous and family affections which God himself has implanted in us are not for one moment to stand in competition with the superior claims of himself to our love, I do not see how it can be possible that the contemptible and debasing love of dress, and the exalted and purifying love of God, can co-exist in the same heart.

"Then, I find that the very inclination to finery in dress was reprobated by at least two of the apostles, who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; and though they were then writing to Christian females, there is every reason why we are to benefit by the instruction, 1 Tim. ii. 9, 10; 1 Pet. iii. 3, 4. And then, to conclude my argument, I believe that a person who really loves God will see so many better and holier uses to which he can put his money, that, if he might, he would not lavish it on his own external appearance."

"Well, then," said Anderson, rather warmly, "the long and the short of the matter is, that we are all fops, and, being fops, we are not Christians."

"No," said his friend, "I should be very sorry to say this; and I bring no such charge against you. But I am quite sure of one thing—that just in proportion as you feel the love of God in your hearts, and feel stirred up to love him for his great sacrifice for you, you will think no sacrifices too great for him. You will say, 'We are not our own, but were bought with a price, and we will glorify him with our bodies and our spirits, which are his,' 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. And if, at any time, you find the world and worldly vanities gaining ground upon—I will not say your affections, but your attention—you will begin to keep your hearts with greater diligence; and your earnest prayer will be, 'Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; and quicken thou me in thy way,'" Psa. cxix. 117, 37.

"Well, Ellis," rejoined Anderson, "I believe you mean well; and I fear, for my own part, that I am too much of a fop; but yet, I cannot help thinking there is often as much pride and sin under a slovenly dress as under a foppish one."

"Yes; but you make a distinction without a difference. Slovens are frequently fops in their way; and fops are sometimes slovens. However, I understand your meaning, and you are partly correct. The man who dresses plainly to eccentricity may do so in the spirit of a fop; and if he does, he is equally culpable with his neighbour who offends against Christian taste and propriety with unnecessary finery. And if there be not foppery in the heart, there may be other evil passions; and there are, unless the heart has been purified by Divine grace; for 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' Jer. xvii. 9. But it is surely no argument in favour of one vice, that there are others equally bad."

"No, certainly not. Well, I will think about what you have said. But, how would you have a tradesman's assistant dress?"

"Just suitably to his station. Decently, as he can well afford to do; but not finely, which he cannot afford to do; and which, if he could, would neither increase his respectability nor happiness."

"Not his respectability?"

"No; take the caricatures of tradesmen's assistants, for instance, which have been so rife of late; and almost the only point on which they have touched us

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with truth and effect, has been that of our dandyism in dress. If you will not be angry, I will tell you what one of your customers said to-day, when your back was turned."

"What was it?"

"Why, it was a line out of Shakspeare. She looked at her husband, and whispered to him, loud enough for me to hear,—

'He was perfumed like a milliner.'"

"She did, did she? I suppose it was Mrs. H——. Why, man, she was perfumed like ten milliners."

"Very likely, and so thought that you were imitating your betters. No doubt there are persons who would like to have all the scents in the world to themselves, and all the sense too, if they could. Let them have the one, so we can have our share of the other."

"So I say," said Morgan; "but, Ellis, you must allow that our temptations to spend money on dress and other useless things are very strong. We see others doing it every day, and so we do it too. Besides, we know that, scrape and save as we may, we shall never be able to get together enough to go into business with; and so, it just goes as it comes."

"I do not know that," replied his pertinacious monitor. "In the first place, if others do wrong or foolishly, it is no reason why we should do so too. In the second place, if money must be spent, it had better be spent on what would be really beneficial to ourselves and others. And, in the last place, it is not so certain that a young man—you, for instance, might not, by the exercise of prudence, economy, and perseverance, save money enough, in the course of years, even to establish you in business."

"I wish, with all my heart," said the young man, "that you would prove this; for I have nothing at present to look forward to but this perpetual drudgery behind another man's counter; and this often makes me careless how I spend the little money I get."

"You are welcome to my experience," said his friend; "and I shall be glad if it really benefits you.

"Like yourself, I had, at one time, no expectation of ever having a business of my own. When I first became an apprentice, my father plainly told me that he should not be able to put me into business for myself, and that the most he could do for me, when out of my time, would be to obtain a situation for me in a wholesale house as warehouseman or traveller. He said, that though he lived comfortably, and had been able to give me a tolerable education, he never had saved, and never expected to save money out of his salary. But when I was out of my time, he put a hundred pounds into my hands, and said that the difference in his own and my personal expenses since the affair that had so nearly ruined me, amounted to at least that sum, and that he considered it mine to do what I pleased with. I took his advice about it, and got him to put it out at interest for me. This was eight years ago. Since that time he has added a certain sum to the capital, and yet has, as he tells me, been much freer from pecuniary embarrassments than he had ever before been, just because he has contracted his personal expenses. For my own part, I made up my mind that I would save money to get into business with; and began to do so the first year I received a salary. In eight years these savings, together with their interest, have amounted to nearly two hundred pounds. This, added to the sum which my father has placed in reserve for me, makes somewhere about five hundred pounds; but the probability is, that if my love of finery and my extravagant habits had not received so early and severe a check, I should not have been worth five hundred pence. And now, to tell you a secret, which will not be a secret much longer, Mr. D—— has, within the last few days, offered me a share in his business, on terms which I could not have expected had I not had some capital at command; and I have accepted the proposal."

"I wish you joy with all my heart," said Anderson. "And I," "and I," repeated his companions.

"Thank you all," said Mr. Ellis. "But before we say good night—and it is quite time to do so—allow me to say two things more. The first is, that there is an opposite vice to that of extravagance and foppery, or love of dress; it is, covetousness, or the love of money. There is a danger of passing from one of these sins to the other; but each is equally offensive in His sight who 'searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men.' If I have been kept from covetousness, it was not because I have never been inclined to it; but because the grace of God has kept me from it. The other thing is, that religion is 'the one

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thing needful;' and everything else must give way to it, if we would be happy in this world and the next. Now, if the love of dress, or the love of anything else, keeps our hearts shut against the love of God, it is of the first importance that such a mischievous and ruinous affection should be overcome. Our idols, whatever they be, must be utterly abolished, or we shall never have "repentance towards God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," which are absolutely necessary to our salvation, Acts xx. 21. S.

THE PEOPLE OF BELGIUM.

The Roman Catholic population is of two classes; the bigoted, and the liberal and semi-infidel. The former class includes the clergy, the aristocracy, the almost entire female part of the middle rank, and the bulk of the lower orders. Of this class, a writer thus speaks:—"All these persons are violently opposed to everything which is not of the Roman Catholic church, and as blindly attached to whatever belongs to it. The priests and aristocracy mutually support and favour each other, whilst the former keep the poorer classes completely under their own domination, and that of the aristocracy. The number, power, and influence of this portion of the community are immense, all of which are zealously devoted to the support of Popery." The liberal portion "includes the male members of the middle, and a small number of the better educated and lower classes of society. This party may be considered as negative opponents of ultra-Catholicism. Having no belief in the doctrines professed by their church, they treat everything as matter of indifference; and, professing no religious principles of their own, they have little to oppose to the domination of their priests. The mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters of this party being mostly under clerical guidance, the infidels themselves are also brought to submit to priest rule. When there is a marriage, a birth, or a burial, the priest is called in by female influence; and the father regards with indifference the mother's leading the child into all that mummery which he himself so thoroughly despises."

Indifferent to all religion, the liberal party often allow the zealots to exercise their whole influence with the government in favour of their own views; and the extent to which these zealots often prevail is proved by important facts. The following is one which, from its affinity with a recent ministerial measure in our own country, is worthy of notice. "The bill," says the writer, "was to regulate the government schools for poor children. It gave the direction of all the schools into the hands of the bishops and inferior clergy. The master must be approved, and the books used in the schools examined, by them. They are to give the religious instruction; and the moment they disapprove of any thing in the school, or refuse to attend, that moment the government will withdraw its support. In vain did the liberal party oppose the bill, as being an attack on the constitution; the power of the clergy prevailed. It will be easily conceived that the clergy take advantage of their present position." Indeed, that new life, that renovated energy, which, from whatever causes it may arise, and in whatever issues it may terminate, the Roman Catholic church manifests at this day, seems very fully developed in Belgium. Mr. Panchaud gives very remarkable illustrations of this. The Virgin Mary nowhere receives more abundant homage; she is adored as Divine; more prayers are offered to her than to God; and her mediation is regarded as indispensable to the enjoyment of the Divine favour. About twelve miles from Brussels, in a large village, there is a church of very miraculous history, in the traditionary accounts of which the Virgin figures as the chief performer; and a box of angelic manufacture, belonging to the Virgin, was by her favour procured, by means of which miracles were wrought in abundance, so that no doubt remained of its being a chosen instrument of the Mother of God to console and relieve all those who had recourse to her in their affliction. In addition to this box "the church contains a large piece of the cross on which Christ was crucified—a part of Christ's seamless coat—some of the Virgin's hair—her belt—her scissors—the ivory needle with which the Mother of God sewed." On the walls of a church in Mons, there is hung up the following prayer, addressed to the Virgin—"I salute you, my Divine Queen, amiable Mary, I adore and bless the design which God has of glorifying you in this holy place, and of glorifying himself in you. To contribute as much as is in my power to the admirable purpose of the Supreme Majesty, and to render

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you the honour due to you, I cast myself, Holy Virgin, at the foot of the throne of your glory, and with my humble respects offer you that which all heaven and earth render to you. Amiable Mediatrix between God and man, it is particularly in this holy place, Tongres, where you exercise this glorious quality, and where you open to poor mortals the treasures of Divine favours, which without your aid Heaven would refuse. Refuge of the miserable, protectress of all who call upon you, condescend to pour on me your grace, and to keep your poor servant, who will do his utmost to proclaim at all times, and in all places, your praise, and your honour, to the greater glory of God, and of his Holy Mother."

Will the reader believe that the following application of the Lord's prayer to the Virgin "is translated from a card sold in the shops at Brussels, illuminated with gold and various colours," and intended to aid the pious in that gay city in their worship of the Mother of God? "Our Mother who art in heaven, O Mary, blessed be your name for ever; let your love come to all our hearts; let your desires be accomplished on the earth as in heaven; give us this day grace and mercy, give us the pardon of our faults, as we hope from your unbounded goodness, and let us no more sink under temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen."

The energy with which the Belgic clergy are now devoting themselves to the cause of the church deserves to be known. Their numbers are great; four thousand five hundred and fifty being paid by the State, and a still greater number being supported by other means. They possess the strength arising from perfect unity of object and efforts; and in their labours they are indefatigable. Averse to popular education, when there is no chance of the people obtaining it by other means, they are now assiduous in its promotion, endeavouring by all means to have it in their own hands, and to employ it for their own purposes. Money is never wanting; for they have the unlimited control of the female part of the community, whose influence for the obtaining of funds they unscrupulously employ. After sermon in a cathedral, by some of their most eloquent preachers, titled ladies have carried the plates for the collection for infant schools. Sisters of mercy, daughters of the cross, dames of the sacred heart, and of the bleeding heart, put forth their most zealous influence. They seem to have copied very faithfully from some of the more animated bodies of Protestants in this country and America. There is to be found among them a species of protracted revival meetings, of which the following description is given:—"Several of their most eloquent preachers travel about the country on festival and other great days. Oftentimes they form what they call 'a mission.' This mission generally lasts from ten to fourteen days; during which period, there are four or five Jesuits, or priests of some other order, who preach twice every day in the church; the remainder of the day, and often the night, is spent by these missionaries in hearing the people confess, and granting them absolutions and indulgences. On such occasions, there is almost a cessation from labour; the peasants flocking to the church and confessional because of peculiar privileges being then granted them. These missions are of frequent occurrence, especially in those villages where the gospel is preached by a Protestant minister. The priests even visit the houses of persons who go to hear the gospel preached, when promises and threats are not spared, in order to bring the wandering sheep home again."—They also abundantly avail themselves of the influence of the press, having, besides a book or tract society, "daily papers, and monthly magazines, in almost every town, all engaged in ardently pleading their cause." Even "lending libraries have been formed, to supply those who cannot afford to buy." Of the success of their labours some estimate may be formed from the fact, that "since 1830, no fewer than two hundred and forty new monasteries have been opened."—*Dr. Heugh.*

AIM AT PEACE.

Joseph Hall, when at Dordt, though an Episcopalian, addressed Presbyterians in his sermon as "a most holy assembly of the prophets;" saluted the Dutch church as the "pure spouse of Christ," reprobated party-names, and exclaimed, "We are Christians; let us also be of one soul. We are one body, let us also be of one mind. Aim at peace, brethren; enter into peace; that, laying aside all prejudice, party spirit, and evil affections, we may all come to a happy agreement in the same truth.

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Valley of the Inn.

THE VALLEY OF THE INN.

As a traveller ascends the Iser, he enters the Tyrol amidst scenery which, as he advances, becomes finer and bolder; it may, indeed, be called truly Alpine; for snow peaks soon begin to appear, and all around are appearances of great elevation. As the road crosses, he leaves the Iser, now dwindling into a brook within a league or two of its source, and passes through a small mountain village, beyond which the scenery becomes still more striking. A traveller relates that he gathered on his way thirty-two different species of plants, of which thirteen are cultivated in the English garden. Wild flowers, in great variety, covered the slopes of the rocks by the way-side; the fringed pink, the wild polyanthus, and the box-shrub in flower, formed, in many places, a thick underwood; some fields were entirely overgrown with a large and beautiful heart's-ease; and on every knoll and slope, and rocky nook, were summer flowers. At Seefeld the road reaches the highest part of the Tyrolean Alps it traverses; and leaving this place, the traveller enters on a very steep descent; the fir gives place to other forest trees, and the minute flowers that mark the more elevated regions disappear. At length the splendid Valley of the Inn, traversed by its noble river, stretches below.

Approaching Innspruck, standing nearly in the centre, like the monarch of a small but beautiful dominion, the view is superb. The valley, from one to about three miles wide, is seen extending far to the eastward, covered with varied and luxuriant vegetation, thickly studded with houses, traversed by its broad, rapid, and full river, and inclosed on both sides by high mountains, mostly clothed with wood. Here Indian corn is indeed the staff of life, and is highly prized by the

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inhabitants. Three times a day soup made of it and milk is served at the table of a Tyrolean peasant; and this, with bread, sometimes entirely of maize, but most commonly with one third or one fourth part of wheat, forms his whole diet. The appearance of fine athletic peasantry attests the wholesome and nutritious qualities of Indian corn.

KNOWLEDGE AND IGNORANCE.

ALAN. Here you are again with your book, Arthur; always getting wiser and wiser. You mean to be like the schoolmaster, I suppose, of whom it was said,

> "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> How one small head could carry all he knew."

And yet I very much question if you know how heavy the moon is?

ARTHUR. Why no, I do not pretend to know that, for the weight of the moon is known to nobody.

ALAN. Ay, but there you are wrong, with all your learning, for it is known to me.

ARTHUR. To you! Ah! ah! ah! Tell me how heavy it is, then.

ALAN. Why, it weighs — mind, I won't tell you in tons and hundreds— it weighs exactly four quarters.

ARTHUR. Oh! that is a mere catch; a quibble that I should be ashamed of.

ALAN. Ay, but what is the use of your learning, if you are to be caught so easily by a mere quibble? I tell you what, Arthur, my opinion is, that the world is too learned by half. Our forefathers were not half so wise as we are, but they were quite as willing to work, quite as healthy, and quite as happy.

ARTHUR. We are not to look on mankind as on a parcel of bullocks, and rest satisfied with them because they can eat and drink, and are healthy and strong. There was a time when

> "Mighty monarchs wanted skill to frame
> The letters that composed their mighty name."

Think of a king not being able to write his name, and being obliged to make his cross. A fine sovereign he must have been to reign over a people! What a simpleton!

ALAN. Simpleton! You may call him so, but wise people are sometimes quite as silly as their neighbours. I have heard of a very wise man, who, having to boil an egg in his study, popped his watch into the hot water and boiled it three minutes, holding the egg in his hand all the while, like a simpleton as he was.

ARTHUR. Pooh! that was a mere mistake through forgetfulness. I once heard of an ignorant man so very silly, that he attempted to get a cow to the top of his cottage to eat the grass that grew there, instead of bringing down the grass to the cow.

ALAN. It was but yesterday that I read of the learned astronomer who discovered a monster in the sun—such a dreadful monster! when it turned out to be nothing but a poor little fly, which, by some accident or other, had got into his telescope. Oh, these learned men are wondrously clever in their way!

ARTHUR. Whether men are clever or not with learning, they are not likely to be clever without it. I suppose you have heard of the Chinese simpleton, for he must have been a man after your own heart. He was seen filing away at a bar of iron, and when asked what he intended to do with it, replied that he was filing it down into a needle. Did you ever hear of a learned man acting in that way? If you will keep people in ignorance, I promise you there will be plenty of needle makers.

ALAN. And if there were plenty of them, they would be quite as profitably employed in filing iron bars into needles as in spying out horrible monsters in the sun, which monsters, after all their learned orations, have been the whole time within half a dozen inches of their noses. When you found a college, Arthur, I hope you will teach those who go to it to employ their talents in a better way than in boiling watches, and spying out monsters in the sun; because if you do not, I fear that mankind will be but little the better for all their learning.

ARTHUR. As you are of opinion the world is already too learned by half, there is but a poor prospect of your founding a college. Should you, however, do such a thing, the object of your college would be, I suppose, to teach people to unlearn what they know of figures, to forget what they know of reading and writing, and to give prizes and confer honours upon the greatest simpletons that could be found. Why, it should be called the College of Know-nothing, and Doctors Addle-head and Silly-brain ought to be the head masters!

ALAN. I don't think we want any colleges.

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ARTHUR. I very well remember, before the penny-postage came up, an instance of simplicity and ignorance that would have delighted you. The postman brought a letter to the house of a friend of mine, and said the postage was eightpence, when the foolish, ignorant girl who took the letter flew into a passion. "What!" says she, "do you think I will see my master cheated in that way? Do you think that I will give you eightpence for such a little one, when I saw you give them one at the next door as big again for half the price? No, that I won't;" and then she flung the letter in the postman's face.

ALAN. I tell you, Arthur, that say what you will, things went on better when people were not so over wise as they are now. It is a fine thing to learn to read, certainly; for when a lad can read, it enables him to stop, staring in at every window that has a book or a newspaper in it, idling his time, instead of going on the errand of his master; and it enables a servant girl to read over any stray note or letter that her mistress may have left about;—but I will tell you a true story, that is enough to scatter all you can say in favour of reading to the winds.

ARTHUR. Now for it, then. We must prepare, I suppose, to have all our colleges set aside.

ALAN. A gentleman having a friend to dine with him, ordered a goose for dinner, and gave particular instructions to have it ready at an early hour; but his surprise was great to find, on his return home with his friend, that the table cloth was not laid. Into the kitchen he goes, where he finds the goose dangling and turning round, sure enough, but no fire to roast it. Now I have heard of plain, common people, who could not read, roasting a goose by the aid of a good fire; but I never heard of even one of your learned people roasting a goose without a fire.

ARTHUR. Well, go on with your wonderful story.

ALAN. Betty was a good cook, but she was not to be found. Cooks cannot always be in the kitchen, you know; especially if they have learned to read. As the prospect of getting a dinner when there is no fire, and the cook is out of the way, is rather a poor one, the gentleman began to look about for Betty, whom he at last found snugly shut up in her bedroom at the top of the house. If she had never learned to read, the goose by that time would have been on the table; but as it was, there was happy Betty, sitting comfortably at the foot of the bed, with her back against one post and her feet against the other, reading one of her darling silly books.

ARTHUR. Your wonderful story has one fault in it, Alan; and that is, that you must tell it over many times before you will get any one to believe it.

ALAN. Whether you believe it or not, I do; and I believe, also, as I said before, that the world is too learned by half. What a parcel of gimcracks have your clever men invented! Here a man sends a fire-balloon up into the air for silly folks to gape at; but what good does it do? Then a man mounts up in a balloon to the skies. It is very wonderful, to be sure; he goes up and he comes down again, and that is all that can be said about it. Why, it is no better than child's play after all.

ARTHUR. But clever men have invented many things besides balloons. What do you think of the magic-lantern, and the kaleidoscope, and the air-gun, and gunpowder, and phrenology, and mesmerism?

ALAN. I think that magic-lanterns and kaleidoscopes are just the things to please children with; and as to the air-gun, the less you say of it the better. If a man must shoot with a gun, let us have the flash and the report in a proper manner, and let him not do mischief that no one knows of but himself. After all that you can say about the grand invention of gunpowder, it has been rather an evil than a good—rather a curse than a blessing. How many lives it has saved I leave your learned men to make out, but I know very well that it has destroyed millions.

ARTHUR. You are looking at the shadowy side of everything.

ALAN. Why, many of your wonderful inventions seem to have no sides but what are shadowy. It was a very clever thing, no doubt, to make prussic acid; and since then how many, think you, have poisoned themselves with it? As for phrenology and mesmerism, they have done their part in putting mankind together by the ears, but what else they have done I can hardly tell. We find out people's bad qualities quite fast enough without phrenology to help us; and so long as folks that are mesmerised pretend to see through the backs of their heads, and pretend to know what is

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going on in houses and rooms a mile off, so long we have a right to think that, though they may be very clever, they cannot be very honest, nor very much attached to speaking the truth.

ARTHUR. When a man looks through green spectacles everything is green, and you seem to be looking through smoked glass; pull off your spectacles, Alan, and see things as other people see them.

ALAN. Spectacles! No, no! It is for your learned wiseacres to wear spectacles; I can see well enough without them. I tell you that one half the clever inventions of your mighty clever people do ten times more harm than good. We can do better without them than with them, for they put more nonsensical fancies into our heads than money into our pockets.

ARTHUR. And I tell you that learning and clever inventions are the glory of society, and greatly promote the good and the happiness of mankind. You are wrong, Alan, in the view that you take; you are wrong altogether.

ALAN. And I know that I am right, and I will leave it to anybody.

EDMUND. Leave it to me, then, for you seem like two mastiff dogs, ready to fight about it. I have been listening to you ever since you began to talk together. Now, then, listen to me. You are wrong, Alan; you are wrong!

ARTHUR. I am sure he is!

ALAN. It is easy enough to say I am wrong, but perhaps rather hard to prove it.

EDMUND. Not if you will listen to reason. Man's word may be wrong, but God's word must be right; and it is God's word that I shall bring against you. You are unfriendly to learning, and knowledge, and wisdom; but God's word says, "That the soul be without knowledge it is not good," Prov. xix. 2. "A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother," Prov. x. 1. "A wise man will hear, and will increase learning, and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels," Prov. i. 5. It says, also, that "Fools despise wisdom and instruction," Prov. i. 7.

ARTHUR. Very good, indeed! You cannot say a word against that, Alan!

EDMUND. God would not have given the bird wings, if he had not intended it to fly; nor the fish fins, if he had not intended it to swim; nor would he have given reason to man, if he had not intended him to use it. You think lightly of balloons, and magic-lanterns, and kaleidoscopes, and air-guns, and gunpowder, and phrenology, and mesmerism; but surely you will not think lightly of pumps, that supply thousands with clear water; of clocks, that point out the hour of the day and night; of gas, that lights up our streets and dwellings; of lighthouses, that warn mariners of danger; of vaccination, that prevents the spread of the small-pox; of safety-lamps, that preserve the lives of miners; of fire-engines, that put out fires; of fire-escapes, that snatch many from the flames; of books, that give useful information, condemn vice, and uphold virtue; of the compass, that guides the sailor over the trackless deep; nor of the life-boat, that rescues the hardy tar in shipwreck from destruction. These, and a hundred other inventions, show the great advantages of learning, knowledge, and wisdom.

ARTHUR. I knew you were wrong, Alan! I was sure of it.

EDMUND. But if Alan is wrong, Arthur, you are not right. If he has erred on the one side, you have erred on the other. He makes out learning and knowledge to be nothing, and you make them out to be everything. If you look at the matter aright, you will see that learning and knowledge are a curse or a blessing, just as they are put to a good or an evil purpose. If a strong man uses his strength to protect the weak and do good, it is a blessing; if he uses it to oppress the defenceless, and do evil, it is a curse; and just the same it is with him who possesses learning and knowledge. What a noble invention is that of printing! In the hands of the good it is like an angel promoting love and goodwill among mankind, and spreading abroad the ever-blessed gospel of the Redeemer; but in evil hands, it resembles a demon stirring up anger, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, and propagating the doctrines of infidelity.

ALAN. Very good, indeed! You cannot say a word against that, Arthur.

EDMUND. It is not learning and knowledge of themselves that will make a man either useful or happy. Knowledge oftentimes puffeth up its possessor. Many a simple and unlearned man has been made wise unto salvation, while many a learned man has trodden the downward road to destruction.

ALAN. I knew you were wrong, Arthur! I was sure of it.

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EDMUND. To sum up the matter. All knowledge is comparatively worthless, unless accompanied with the knowledge of God. There is another world as well as this. We are now in time, but we shall soon be in eternity; and what is the use of our securing our comforts here, and neglecting our happiness hereafter? Let us be truly wise in adding heavenly to our earthly knowledge. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; a good understanding have all they that do his commandments," Psa. cxi. 10. We want many things to make us happy; but the word of God says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you," Matt. vi. 33. Neither of you will pretend to be wiser than the much enduring and faithful apostle Paul, and he says, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord," Phil. iii. 8. And warm-hearted Peter, with a bosom brimful and running over with affection for his fellow-sinners, says, "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To him be glory both now and for ever," 2 Peter iii. 18. You will be wrong, Alan, if you continue to prefer ignorance to knowledge. You will be wrong, Arthur, if you do not see that all knowledge should be sanctified with the love of God. And we shall all be wrong if we do not bear with one another's infirmities, live in love, and help one another on our way to heaven. G.

NOVEL READING.

FIRST, then, I object to a course of novel reading, as it produces an undue excitement on the mind. The design of the novel writer is to interest and inflame the passions; and this design is generally accomplished by giving that position to incidents and characters which shall fill the imagination, and excite the deepest feelings of the heart. This excitation, from being pleasing, becomes necessary; the appetite grows with the gratification; till, at length, the novel reader requires his tale as the drunkard does his potion.

The evils of this excitement must be apparent. Where it is indulged, the relish for sober pleasures and rational pursuits is lost; the understanding and the judgment are enslaved to an inflated imagination; and *ennui*, the inseparable companion of violent emotion, sheds its destructive mildew on all the soul. The habitual novel-reader feeds on essences and liquors, rather than a temperate and wholesome diet.

And if the observation is to be applied to youth, the case is aggravated. In youth the fancy wants restraint, and the understanding cultivation; a course of novel reading, at this period, then, must be as perilous as the administration of stimulants where there is every symptom of fever.

Secondly, I object to general novel reading because it gives false impressions and views of life. Although it is the boast of the novelist that he "draws from life," I will venture to say his descriptions are no more a fair sample of life, than the gardens of Italy are a fair specimen of the world, or the portraits in Somerset House a fair representation of our species. It is rather a selection from life than a delineation of it; and though the copy should be correct, the impression will be erroneous. There is too much bustle, and surprise, and agitation; the heart must thrill with fear and hope through every page of the story; while the days, the months, the years of real life, which pass away in regular duty and quiet happiness, receive neither description nor encomium.

But it frequently happens that the exhibitions of life, partial as they are, are unjust. Characters are drawn with a monstrous compound of vice and virtue. Passions are described with necessary consequences, which are by no means consequent. Trifles are raised into importance; events not likely to occur in a lifetime, are made essential to life; and others, common to humanity, and which frequently bring with them little pain or pleasure, cannot be realized without sinking into an abyss of endless misery, or rising to a paradise of everlasting joy.

But, thirdly, my principal objection to novel reading is its immoral tendency. This charge, though a most serious one, is, I fear, to be applied to nearly all the books which pass under the name of "novel." In making this assertion, however, I am taking the New Testament as the standard of morality; and by this standard, although there will be no comparison in the shades of guilt, few will escape condemnation. What are we to say of works which fritter away the distinctions between right and wrong, and deceive the unwary into the paths of vice, by surrounding them with the way-

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marks of virtue? What are we to say of works which treat with contempt those admirable qualities—industry, frugality, and prudence; while they squander their praises on extravagance, carelessness, and folly? What are we to say of works which alienate the heart from domestic and retired duties—which convert every quiet home into a prison-house, and make the best of parents appear either ridiculous or tyrannical? What are we to say of works which are polluted by luscious descriptions of sensual pleasures, lascivious inuendoes, and infidel bon-mots; and which, almost uniformly, make love a passion wholly irresistible! What are we to say of works which justify emulation, pride, vanity, revenge, ambition, and hatred?—of works which, in some cases, become the apologists of drunkenness, fornication, adultery, gambling, duelling, swearing, lying, and suicide?

To a person ignorant of the subject, it would be thought that this was an aggravated statement; but (as you perhaps know) so far from being such, it may be substantiated without a reference to those works which are generally denounced as scandalous. I firmly believe that this representation may be justified from the writings of Swift, Smollett, Sterne, and Fielding alone; and yet their works are "the standard novels," and their names are in highest reputation with the world!

It is no atonement for these writers that they occasionally throw out some good moral sentiments, that they satirize certain vices which are unfashionable, and that they sometimes make the catastrophe speak on the side of virtue. When one vice is condemned, to patronise another; when a moral axiom is pinned on to a licentious picture; when a fable composed of intrigue and wickedness, terminates in a cold allusion to virtue—virtue and morality are only scandalized and betrayed; they are only made a slight covering to the pitfalls of vice!

Nor is it any apology that these writers draw from life. This has been urged in their favour with a tone of great assumption; but, as Dr. Johnson has well observed, there are characters and scenes in life that ought never to be drawn. What it is unnecessary and improper for us to see, or hear, or know, it is improper for the novelist to describe. Who would be a voluntary listener to the lewdness, the curses, and imprecations of bacchanalian orgies? Who would think of allowing himself to behold the abominations committed in the resorts of debauchery? Yea, who would choose to witness those innocent expressions of love and tenderness which can never be proper in the presence of a third person! And yet it is not thought improper to make the novel reader present to all these by description! Thus it is that the hearts of many are polluted in the retirement of a chamber; and characters and scenes are made familiar to the mind, which, if at all known, ought never to have been dwelt upon.—*Dr. Reed.*

THE WORD AND THE HOLY SPIRIT IN THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

CHRISTIANITY is not simply a moral system—appealing to our understanding for its truth, and to our consciousness of want for the value of its blessings—it is to be regarded as a course of Divine operations. In construing it aright, we must not only think of it in its theory—made known to us by a book, or a fasciculus of books—but we should remember the agency which the Deity conducts by it, made known to us by spiritual results. We should consider its doctrines, when bodied out, to be "his doings." Pardon and sanctification are not in the power of inanimate truth. Scripture cannot produce them. The enunciations of the gospel cannot secure them. They involve a new relation between the believer and God, and also the new birth of the soul. The doctrines are declarative and confirmatory explanations; they are the instruments, moreover, of what is wrought on our state and nature. But here their province ends: "It is God that justifieth;" "He worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure." While the gospel is objectively presented to us—that gospel which is his mind and delight—a series of corresponding effects rises up before us. It is imparted and applied. The truth is not abandoned to itself. "His eyes are upon it." The "most Mighty, in his majesty, rides prosperously because of it." There stands out to us a practical counterpart. There is an Omnipotent administration. "The gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." "The kingdom of God is within us." "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." "The sentence comes forth from his presence." When "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness"—He

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"sanctifies them through his truth; his word is truth." We put from us, as equally unphilosophical and unscriptural, the notion which disconnects all immediate interpositions from Christian means. The full interest in our religion by the highest natures, is no unworthy pledge of its greatness. Hear we not, as it proceeds, angels rejoicing over the penitent? Descend not these ministering spirits to minister to the heirs of salvation? Learn they not from the church the manifold wisdom of God? Do not the elders and the living creatures before the throne note with solicitude every step of Christianity? Is not heaven in sympathy and unison with it? On its reverse, is there not silence there? Over its triumph, is there not high festival and acclaim? It is never represented to us as existing apart from the Divine counsel and activities. To the entreaty of the preacher there echoes another voice: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." He "beseeches in Christ's stead," and we hear "a sounding of bowels" from Christ himself. "The Lord gives testimony unto the word of his grace." "He is not far from every one of us." "He will draw nigh unto us." Nor can thought be more encouraging and sublime! We see in the gospel, the exponent and index of transformations in condition and disposition constantly passing upon fallen man. Signs and wonders are no more needed: rather in these effects are they surpassed. These mighty acts of converting power illustrate and signalize the gospel. "It comes in much assurance." "The name of the Lord Jesus Christ is glorified in us." The truth was on record, and was the subject of proclamation: an infinite energy was its "rereward." Its march was seen, the nations listened to its sweep; but He, "who is able to subdue all things unto himself," followed close behind in his "chariots of salvation," and pressed on "conquering and to conquer."

But our ideas must become more distinct. It is not enough to have proceeded thus far in our general conceptions of "the Lord working with us." The Holy Spirit is so covenanted to this design, and his influences are so connected with it, that not to give him the glory of it, not to bear witness to his offices in it, would be a very blasphemy against him. It is not our business to defend his deity of essence and personality of subsistence. These—asserted in the symbols of every orthodox church, confessed by every sound religious community—we must be suffered to assume. But it is most cheering to our faith, to find in his attributes whatever can secure the success of the gospel, and its prevalence through the earth. So indispensable is his power, that it was expedient that Christ should withdraw from our world to make way for it. A new dispensation was to be formed, and it was emphatically "the ministration of the Spirit." Its blessings are "the things of the Spirit." To him are ascribed all illumination and sanctity. We must "be born again of the cleansing Spirit." He "dwelleth in us." "We live and walk in him." His operations on the redeemed soul cease not until "it is made perfect." His voice is heard in that consummation: "Yea, saith the Spirit." But these more miscellaneous remarks admit of a specific inference. For let us regard a Pagan mind! It is a void and formless chaos. There exists not one correct religious idea. Its passions are maddened into fury. It is "earthly, sensual, devilish." Restraint and austerity, disappointment and remorse, may for a season induce the unclean spirit to go out of the man; but it returns with a sevenfold force. What light can scare away the fiend? What power can subdue the disorder? How transcendently is proved the necessity of that influence which, in Scripture, is always placed above the energies needed to create the world or revive the dead! In nations, professedly and educationally Christian, is every eye shut until he opens it? every understanding dark until he informs it? every heart entire enmity until he turns it to love? In lands so favoured, with a public mind so stored with christianised sentiment, with primer and catechism so saturated with truth, with a stock of principles and obligations common to all and allowed by all—still should we cease to "marvel that we must be born again?" Then, what is the obvious, as well as absolute, necessity of that regenerating influence on a mind where no truth has any hold, no virtue any graft, no excellence any affinity? whose light is darkness? whose darkness is the palpable obscure? whose vice is the living putrefaction? The valley is "full of dry bones, exceeding dry." Their return to structure and life is hopeless, impossible. Not a sinew, not an attachment, can be seen. It is no recently foughten field. The "slain" have

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lain there for ages. The winds have bleached, and the storms have scattered them. "Can these dry bones live?" "Breath shall come into them." But only can He perform the wonder who is compared to the "wind which bloweth where it listeth." His "rushing mighty wind" shall sound along the recesses of the valley, heave the ghastly heaps, bind each system, animate each form, and fill the scene with a glorious host.

The efficiency of the gospel being suspended on the Holy Spirit, his perfections and offices yield the fullest assurance of its final success. He must distinctly know each Divine decree and purpose which respects it, its implication of each Divine honour, its infinite value and glory; "for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." The pledges, long since given to the church, of its increase and universality, need not be impressed on his mind: "He spake by the prophets." We think of heathen guilt and wretchedness as too excessive for any help; but the Spirit is the "good Spirit," "the Spirit of grace," and why should we distrust his mercy, when we remember "the love of the Spirit?" How shall the change commence? Men shall "begin in the Spirit." How can they be purified? They shall be "temples of the Holy Ghost." Who shall teach the idolater to pray? "The Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." Who shall unfold the mysteries of redemption to his vacant mind? "He," saith Jesus, "shall take of mine and show it unto you." Who shall wean him from his vain worship? "He will cleanse him from all his idols." Who shall attest to him so strange a fact as his adoption? "The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." Who shall sooth his sorrows? "The Comforter." Who shall defend him from temptation? "He shall be strengthened with all might by the Spirit in the inner man." Who shall deliver him from his spiritual adversaries? "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." "Having the Spirit," he shall no more be "sensual." Nothing is too hard to be realised, even in such a soil, when "the Spirit is poured out from on high." Nothing is too dead, even in such a sepulchre, when the Spirit "quickeneth whom he will." Nothing is too ignoble, even in such a prison-house, when they who are "led by the Spirit of God are the sons of God." Nothing is too endangered, even in such a scene of jeopardy and easy relapse, when "He seals unto the day of redemption." How bootless were the work we vindicate, but for the concurrence and overshadowing of this Power! In its absence, we aim at chimeras! When it is round about us, nothing is visionary! A church raised up from converted Pagans is no longer an improbability, though its elements were most depraved, — "fornicators, idolaters, thieves, and drunkards, and revilers,"—for what better were those which Apostles hailed? "Such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God." A converted world no longer is a dream: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh."—*Rev. Dr. Hamilton.*

THE ABJURATION OF ROMANISM BY A CONVERTED PRIEST, IN JANUARY, 1845.

The history of the conversion of M. ****** has been already given. The following account will be confined to his abjuration of the errors of the Romish church, and of all connexion with that body. The circumstances of that event are retraced, in the hope that this narrative may give spiritual light to some who are as yet Papists; and at the same time it will describe what has really taken place.

M. ——, once a Romish priest, and a vicar, having requested to be admitted to the Lord's table, it was considered that it would be both appropriate and instructive, if this converted priest, before receiving the bread and wine, as a communicant, would make a public profession of his change of character, his renunciation of Popery and all its doctrines, and his desire, as a believer, to receive the communion. The proposal was agreed to; and it was settled that M. —— should make this confession in the "great congregation;" and that other Christians should be informed of it, that they might remember in their prayers their newly-awakened brother, and afterwards join with him in praising the Lord, whose glory alone was sought in these plans.

There was no intention to make a display or bustle, to accuse or wound any

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party whatever; above all, there was no thought of retaliation towards those who appeared to triumph at the recent admission to the Romish church of a Protestant minister of some standing; piety and edification were the only objects to be promoted. All that was desired was a sincere, but humble confession of the truth as it is in Jesus; which might, by the Divine blessing, instruct such Romanists as would be present, by showing them, from the Bible, with love and charity, that Romanism is not of God; and that they should, if they really desire to be saved, give up Popery, and humbly submit themselves to the Scriptures; while, instead of blaming or condemning them, we ought only to feel for them an affectionate interest, blended with that concern which their situation awakens in the heart of every true Christian. Therefore, with a desire for peace and moderation, but, at the same time, speaking the truth in love, M. ——, after more than one interview for consultation with the pastor to whom he had applied, resolved, in the first place, to write his "Retractations," or "Answers to Seventy-three Questions," which were proposed to him on the following subjects: the rule of faith; the worship required by God; the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of believers; the Head of the Church; prayer to the virgin and the saints; the pardon of sin; and the assurance of it, which is enjoyed by believers.

His answers were both clear and full; manifesting the faith of every Bible Christian; and plainly expressing his readiness to obey the truth as it is found in the word of God, and there only. A conference with two pious ministers followed next; then, in a prolonged examination on several points of doctrine and practice, M. —— fully stated, in a manner as simple as it was decisive, his deep and heartfelt conviction as to the church which he renounced; and his earnest desire henceforth to serve Jesus, looking for salvation by grace, and diligently following all his commandments. This conference took place on Friday, January 3rd. On the following Sunday, the church of Protestants, that is to say, of those who receive the Bible as their rule, prepared to admit within its pale this new disciple of their Lord.

Early in the morning a prayer-meeting was held, that M. —— might have an opportunity of seeking with his brethren, in their religious exercises, to prepare for the solemn act in which he was shortly about to engage. The pastor then began by reading those verses of intercessory prayer in John xvii., where our great High Priest pleads with his Father, to keep through his name his own, whom he has sanctified through the truth.

He observed: "Such has been, and such ever is, the prayer of the only Head of the church, for the bride, which his Father has given to him, for his church, for which he shed his blood. He prays that we may be one in him, and that the eternal word of God may sanctify us by the effectual working of his Spirit.

"This prayer of the Son of God has been answered from age to age, from generation to generation; and all whom the Father has given to Jesus, are called by God in the day of his power; not one of them is forgotten, and not one of them is left in error. When the Lord raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them—to use the Scriptural expression—that is, when he makes any one of his children, by faith, to inherit eternal life, he brings them to understand that he, our great High Priest, has sanctified himself for his people, and that all the fulness needed by his church dwells in him who has loved them, and abides in them as in a temple, by the indwelling of his Spirit. Then the Saviour becomes precious to their souls: he is himself their portion; in him the children of God find and lay hold on that peace which passeth all understanding, and which they will enjoy to all eternity. No longer do they think of procuring by their own endeavours the forgiveness of their sins by God; no, not even his protection, or the continuance of his favour. These blessings are already theirs; they are assured of them; they are theirs by the sealing of the Spirit of adoption, and their joy is the more pure and full, because God has given them a sure testimony that it springs from Him who has bestowed it by the constraining power of his love.

"My brethren, we this day perceive this divine work in a brother, who, having been devoted to the Romish church, of which he was a member from his birth, and having been several years one of its priests, wishes publicly to receive the Lord's supper, that he may evidence in public that he has broken the last chain which bound him to Rome, to the Pope, and to all the doctrines of Popery.

"It is his own express desire, and ac-

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cording to the dictates of his conscience, as he has himself described his heartfelt determination, to cease from that false and carnal sacrifice which is furnished by the church of Rome, but which he entirely rejects and casts off, as a part of the vesture stolen from Christ Jesus, the only Priest of his church.

"We will, then, with true affection and humiliation, join our Christian brother, our sincere fellow-worshipper, in drawing near to the throne of grace; and may the Lord be pleased favourably to look upon his servant, and strengthen him by the inward anointing of his Spirit."

This exhortation was followed by the prayers of several established believers. Afterwards M. —— in some degree poured out his heart before God, and at considerable length confessed that he was a miserable sinner, and that he was especially guilty, by having instructed others in what was contrary to the word of God, leading their souls in the ways of error. He also praised the Lord for his unspeakable mercy, as shown to man in the way of salvation through Christ Jesus, in which he had now been instructed and assured.

In the course of his prayer, he thus expressed himself:—"I have sinned against thee, O Father, in leading men to turn aside from thine everlasting love, and not manifesting to them the election of grace. Against thee, O God the Son, in assuming to myself that priesthood, which is thine alone; for no sinner can presume to sacrifice his Maker. I have sinned against thee, O Holy Spirit, in pretending to effect, by sacraments, that work of regeneration which thou only canst produce. Blessed Saviour! with joy I lay aside that priesthood, that authority, which I had usurped, and by which I insulted thy glory. It is pleasant, it is becoming, to lay aside, now in thy presence, all the honour that is due to thee alone. Henceforth I will no longer be a priest; I am a poor sinner in thy sight, and in the midst of the congregation; only as such will I now approach thee. Oh that my voice could be heard by all those whom, for many years, I have led aside in the paths of error and falsehood, that they also might see the danger which awaits them, and take refuge in thee, the Saviour, relying on thy word," etc.

This early meeting was a sweet and solemn season. Not a word that was uttered could offend the truly charitable, those who are influenced by real tenderness for the deluded votaries of Romanism; and the same spirit of love, even towards a mistaken fellow-creature, yet joined with a firm and frank confession of the truth, was also manifested in the public assembly of the afternoon, as will be shown hereafter.

The building was completely filled by those who desired to hear the public testimony of one who had been a Romish priest, as to the motives which induced him to quit the church to which he had belonged all his life. Doubtless many present were rather influenced by curiosity than by Christian principle; but many of the children of God were there also. Order and silence prevailed, so that everything that passed could be observed; and though the whole service lasted two hours, not the least noise or disorder disturbed the attention of those who were really anxious to profit.

The same pastor who had conducted the meeting in the morning was here the chief speaker; and as the word of God ought to be the chief subject of attention, both to the candidate for communion and congregation at large, he ascended to his chair, and after prayer and praise, he read a chapter, 2 Cor. vi., and spoke from these words, v. 14, "What communion hath light with darkness?" He spoke nearly in the following words:—

"Light shines out of darkness." These words were used in our city by those who feared God, in the days of the blessed Reformation, when the Bible was restored to Geneva, after it had been banished for many centuries, while the dark clouds of ignorance and superstition pressed heavily on our land. This motto, then, which was assumed at Geneva, and was known to the world at large, was a testimony which gave glory to God, who, by the light of his word, had scattered the deep midnight gloom of Popery, in which many souls, from generation to generation, had perished, and still continue to perish.

"In those days of piety and courage, this precious motto, whenever it was repeated, gave glory to God as the Creator, and also as the Redeemer of this world; to the Creator, who, when the world lay hid in darkness, pronounced his mighty words, 'Light, be!' and the day appeared, where all before was gloom. Then the light was divided from the darkness; from that time, as our text speaks, they have had no fellowship together. But above all, let us give praise

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to our Redeemer; for he who caused the light to shine out of darkness, is also the Giver of heavenly light to our souls, by showing to us the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ. Therefore, brethren, our text declares—1st, That there is a light, which God created, where all at first was darkness; 2nd, That this light is different from darkness; 3rd, That this light rejects all fellowship with darkness. Then, as concerning the church, glory be to God in its regeneration, glory be to God in its justification, glory be to God in its sanctification, in the midst of, out of, and in opposition to, the world."

[But it is not needful here to give the sermon at length. We pass on to the interesting proceedings that followed.]

After the sermon, the congregation sang a hymn, and then the pastor continued in words to the following effect:—"Since we know that every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, we will give God the glory of his own work in the heart of M. ——, our brother, whom he has called from the darkness of Romanism to the bright and glorious light of the gospel of Christ. This is his own wish, as he has fully expressed it in the writing which contains his retractations; in his conference with two Christian ministers, and also in his conversations and prayers.

"He was a priest and vicar, in a country where the Romish religion is dominant; but by reading the Scriptures, he has become a Bible Christian; and this heavenly light has induced him to reject the darkness of error. He has requested that you might now be assembled to hear him make this declaration as in the presence of God; and for this reason you will see him rise and answer to some necessary inquiries.

"Again we repeat, there is no desire for show or ostentation, neither for retaliation, accusation, or endeavour to insult the Romish church, in the course now pursued: our friend feels for those whom he has quitted, only sentiments of deep concern and sincere pity. But it is needful that he should humble himself before God and man; that he should publicly seek the forgiveness of the Lord for his long course of wanderings, and resistance against the written word and the leadings of his Spirit; he also considers that it is right and fitting for him to acknowledge, and renounce as far as is possible, in your presence, the false doctrines in which he was educated, and which he, unhappily, taught to many other souls.

"Do not think that, like the man in the parable, he has begun to build a tower without counting its cost; or that he rejects but in part the church of Rome and its observances. Entirely and unreservedly does he seek to lay them aside, and to be purged from them; having declared to us, that he should think himself happy entirely to relinquish his office as priest, and henceforth to sit, without any special character or title, among the humblest of the flock; that is—if the comparison may be allowed—having been raised on the pedestal as a Romish priest, he desires now to be only as the drop of water which falls upon the sand, and instantly disappears. We will, at present, confine ourselves to a few questions, which are included in his seventy-three written answers now before you. And I will invite him to tell you himself, what is the nature of his faith towards God, and of the resolutions which he has formed in his soul.

"My dear Christian brother,—You have heard what I have said respecting your conduct, and your readiness to submit yourself to the word of God. Let us now hear from your own lips, whether you receive the Bible as the very word of God, and the only rule of our faith."

M. I acknowledge in the presence of God, that his word alone is the infallible guide and teacher given to men on earth. His word alone shows the promise and the way of life eternal, and is our only support during our earthly pilgrimage. I would give my answer in the words of the Saviour, "Search the Scriptures: for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." Therefore, in simplicity of heart I can declare, that truth is found in the holy Scriptures alone; and for that reason I can no longer look upon the church of Rome as the church of Christ.

Pastor. Do you, then, consider the Son of God as a complete Saviour, and consequently regard human merits as giving no claim to salvation?

M. I stedfastly believe that no sinner can receive eternal life, but through the merits of an only and perfect Saviour; and that when our Heavenly Father communicates this life to any individual, he is justified by faith alone, without any mixture of his own works. I regard salvation as a free gift, entirely of grace;

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therefore I object to the church of Rome, because there salvation is not freely offered, but sold to men at a costly price in offerings and sacrifices.

P. Still, following the authority of Scripture, let me ask if you believe that the Holy Spirit of God, who alone regenerates the heart, also sets his seal upon it, and imparts the assurance of salvation?

M. I receive this as truth, because it is expressly stated in the word of God; for instance, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." Therefore, I believe that the soul which is justified by faith cannot cease to be justified; and I reject the doctrine which teaches that the man who is justified can lose his justification. I look upon this doctrine as contrary to the word of God.

P. Does the Bible show, also, that the Lord Jesus Christ is our only high priest, and do you repudiate or put away all other priesthood (Sacerdoce) which men can establish?

M. I am perfectly sure that Jesus, the only great High Priest of his church, is the only sacrifice, and that he alone can offer up himself to the Father as a sacrifice. To imagine that a sinful man can renew this offering, is a fearful sin. As a poor worm of the earth, I rejoice that I never could be invested with this sacrifice; and I desire to restore to God what I have taken from him.

P. Therefore, my brother, in the presence of God, and of this assembly, you renounce entirely the priesthood (Prêtrise) which you received from the church of Rome?

M. I renounce it from my heart; regarding that priesthood as an error, and as an usurpation of the priesthood of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ. I say the same of the Pope; he usurps his authority; he is the anti-christ.

P. In so doing, you give glory to the Holy Spirit. For the same reason, I inquire, Do you renounce the veneration or worship of the virgin Mary, of saints and relics, with all the other observances of the church of Rome?

M. I regard all these things as superstitious. We can only pray to God through his Son. "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." Prayer to the saints is an insult to Jesus, who is God. The saints cannot hear our prayers. All worship of this kind I confess to be false.

P. This being your belief, and since you deny the leading doctrines of the church of Rome, where can you find the true church of Christ?

M. I see it among those who keep the word of God, and follow it.

P. Do you depend on that word, and on that alone?

M. I desire no other authority;—all other is treacherous.

P. Do you think that man is able of himself to understand and explain this word?

M. I believe that the Holy Spirit alone can enable man to understand the word of God. It is only when taught by the Spirit a man can understand the Scriptures, and it is by the same Spirit that he believes them.

P. Do you consider that all believers are inspired?

M. All who understand the word of God are influenced and taught by the Holy Spirit; but the inspiration is not in them. The word of God alone is inspired.

P. You mentioned something of the works and merits of men. Will you state your views as to those works which are the fruits of the Spirit in every justified person.

M. Although works are accounted for nothing as to the justification of man, yet they are necessary, they are indispensable, in the life of a Christian, that he may glorify God. He has a right to all the obedience of our hearts; therefore I pray that the Lord will grant me, by his Spirit, the favour that I may live of his life—that the life which I now live in the flesh I may live by the faith of the Son of God, Gal. ii. 20.

P. You are now about, for the first time, to seal your profession by receiving the Lord's Supper. What are your views as to that sacrament?

M. I believe that the Christian receives truly in this institution the body and blood of Christ: yet not in a fleshly or outward manner, but by faith; that is, by believing all that the Lord's Supper reminds us of. It is not the mouth, but faith that accords to us the favour of our being nourished by spiritual and heavenly bread, and to drink of the precious blood poured out for us on Calvary. I renounce the false doctrine of "the real presence," which is taught by the church of Rome.

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P. In this case, will you, before God, who sees and hears you now, and before these assembled witnesses, renounce the church called Roman, apostolic, and catholic, and declare that you belong to the church of Christ?

M. I solemnly renounce the church called catholic, apostolic, and Roman; and I do so with my whole heart, because she follows not the word of God. She has departed from it altogether. She has destroyed the mystery of the love of Jesus Christ our Saviour, in concealing the pardon which he offers to sinners. I reject her. At the same time, I declare that I desire to live and die in the church of God, I mean the church which takes the Bible as the only rule of its faith. May God help me. Amen.

The pastor then took the manuscript which contained the "Seventy-three Retractations," written by M. ——; and having repeated aloud what it was, he said to the new convert, as he offered him a pen and ink: "My brother, these are your statements respecting the gospel of salvation, which you believe and confess; and upon the doctrines and practices of the church of Rome, which you have rejected. Now sign this writing with your own hand, in the presence of God, and before all these witnesses who behold you."

M. —— took the pen, and wrote his name at the foot of the last page of his answers. The pastor then raised his voice, and said, calling him by name, "My brother, receive the right hand of fellowship in the name of the church of God, the kiss of peace which I give you as our brother in Jesus Christ our God and Saviour. The two Christians, both disciples of the Bible, then took each other by their right hand, and the pastor embraced his brother in the presence of the church. A prayer to God was then offered by another minister who had sat by the side of M. ——, while the congregation remained perfectly silent, and then dispersed in peace, after the usual blessing.

Immediately afterwards, the Lord's supper was received by those Christians who remained for that purpose, and again to join in prayer for their brother, who had just confessed the Saviour before men, and was going to partake of the bread and the cup.

After an appropriate hymn, the pastor read the account of the institution of the Lord's supper, described by St. Paul, 1 Cor. xi. 23. And after making a few observations on the words of the Saviour, he pronounced the gospel consecration on the broken bread; then approaching M. ——, he said, while presenting to him the bread, "My brother, take and eat this bread, in remembrance that the Son of God hath given himself for you. Let your soul praise him, and by him bless the Father, who has renewed you by his Spirit, and justified you through faith. May this supper, the first you receive on earth, be confirmed in heaven by the Good Shepherd, who feeds you; and may the Holy Spirit nourish and strengthen your soul, giving to it, by his close union with Jesus, the abundance of the everlasting and glorious life."

M. —— said, Amen; and having taken and eaten the bread, he repeated the same word. When the pastor had consecrated the cup, he again approached M. ——, and said, "Beloved brother, this is the cup of blessing, and the new testament in the blood of Jesus. Take and drink this; and may the blood of the Son of God, received by faith in your soul, refresh and comfort you, through the power of the Spirit of adoption and the eternal love of God the Father."

M. —— answered, Amen; and taking the cup he drank, and then returned it to the pastor. Then all the church received; and when the supper was finished, the pastor, after having addressed to his brethren some exhortations, with reading of the word, called upon M. —— himself to pray and give thanks to God. This prayer was an abundant and humble expression of adoration, of peace, of heavenly joy and lively gratitude, from a disciple blessed of God. He exalted the love of God, with the fulness of Christ, and the powerful consolations of the Spirit. His petitions were accompanied by the hearts of all present, who felt the cordial communion of saints, the ties of brotherhood, and the constraining love of Christ towards him in their hearts.

A hymn of praise to the Lamb, who has washed us from our sins in his own blood, was then sung; and the apostolical benediction (2 Cor. xiii. 14) terminated those sweet, those blessed hours, in which the presence of the Lord had been so powerfully felt.

The facts, and sense of the words spoken, and often the very terms used, are correctly given in the above narrative. This is certified by Cæsar Malan, D.D., pastor, and H. La Harpe, minister of the gospel.

Geneva, Jan. 6, 1845.

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VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

No. I.

If the Romans, whose vast empire comprehended such a wide extent of Europe, Asia, and Africa, had formed collections of living animals, with a view to the advancement of science, a deeper and more extensive knowledge of the living proofs of the Almighty's power and wisdom, and not for the sanguinary combats of the arena, one of the noblest collections of animals in the then known world might have graced the precincts of the seven-hilled city. And how far more improving to the morals and feelings of the people would have been such a vivarium as the Zoological Gardens, than the barbarous exhibitions of the amphitheatre. There they might have contemplated the strange productions of other lands, and studied their forms, and ascertained their habits; soon, instead of being delighted in seeing animals wantonly slaughtered by wholesale, or tearing each other to pieces, they would have learned their intrinsic value, and by degrees the principles of zoology, as one of the sciences, would have become developed, to the downfal of superstitions relative to the flight or the voices of birds, or the entrails of slain beasts—superstitions at which we smile with something like contempt. The value of science was indeed felt by the learned; and one of their writers says that to gain an intimate acquaintance with science and art, is one means of improving the tone of morals.

——— "didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

Yet it does not appear that any means were ever instituted either by the senate, by emperors, or by societies, to promote this laudable object. Conquerors, indeed, showed to the people, in their triumphs, the productions of the conquered country, the works of art, the treasures, and the noble captives, acquired by their successful war. And what followed?—the murder or slavery of the captives, and the brutal and demoralizing exhibitions of the arena. Let us, however, do the Roman populace justice. They could admire and appreciate the statuary and painting of the intellectual Greeks; they could feel the eloquence of Cicero; they could admire heroism and filial devotion; and yet if a large owl happened to fly into the city, all was alarm, and the senate met to avert the impending evils, by lustrations. Such were our reflections as we entered the Zoological Gardens — the vivarium of a society specially founded for the advancement of the science of zoology, and to the exertions of which the naturalist stands deeply indebted. As we traversed the various paths, many very interesting quadrupeds and birds attracted our observations, and to the more rare and important of these we may here devote a few remarks.

An animal of the ox tribe, under the name of gyall, was described and figured from a living female specimen, by Mr. Lambert, in the seventh volume of the Linnean Transactions. A male of this species, hitherto but imperfectly known, exists in the Zoological Gardens. This animal, the gyall, gayal, gauvera, or jungly gau, (*Bos frontalis, Lambert; Bos Gavæus, Colebrooke;* and *Bos Sylhetanus, F. Cuv.*,) is a native of India, where it exists both wild and also in a state of domestication. It is a thick, heavy, massive animal, with a huge head, an arched chaffron, and elevated withers, and evidently possesses immense strength; its eyes have a fierce and gloomy expression; the horns are widely separated at the base, and are thick, strong, and somewhat compressed; and the limbs are extremely robust.

In its wild state the gyall is found in the range of mountains which form the eastern boundary of the provinces of Arracan, Chittagong, Tipura, and Sylhet or Silhet. It is wild and shy, and roams through the vast forests, avoiding the precincts of human habitations. It chiefly lives upon the leaves of shrubs and the young shoots, which it prefers to grass. Though bold and resolute in defending itself against the attacks of beasts of prey, yet it does not venture to attack man, from whose presence it instantly retreats, seeking refuge in the recesses of the forest. The Cúcís, or Lunetas, a mountain tribe of people, hunt the wild gyall, or jungly gau, for the sake of its flesh and hide; of the latter, which is remarkably thick, they manufacture strong shields; they also keep domesticated herds, chiefly for the same purpose; for though the female yields a peculiarly rich milk, it is but small in quantity. During the day these domesticated herds roam at will amidst the jungles, but return to their homes in the villages towards night. This they are taught to do when young, by being regularly supplied every evening with salt, of which they are very fond. The

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cry of the gyall is a sort of lowing, shriller but not so loud as that of the European ox, and very different from the grunt of the buffalo.

Instances are on record of this animal breeding with the common zebu race of cattle in India.

Mr. G. Harris, in a letter to A. B. Lambert, Esq., states he was in the habit of keeping and rearing these animals in their native country, and observes that "the gyall is a native of the hills to the north-east and east of the Company's Province of Chittagong, in Bengal, inhabiting that range of hills which separates it from the country of Arracan. The male gyall is like our bull in shape and appearance, but not quite so tall, and of a blackish brown colour; the horns are short, but thick and strong towards the base, round which and across the forehead the hair is bushy and of a dirty white colour. The chest and forehead are broad and thick. The female differs little in appearance; her horns are not quite so large, and her make is somewhat more slender; she is very quiet, and is used for all the purposes of the dairy, and also (I have been informed by the natives) for tilling the ground, and is more tractable than the buffalo. The milk which these cows give has a peculiar richness in it, arising, I should conceive, from their mode of feeding, which is always on the young shoots and branches of trees in preference to grass. I constantly made it a practice to allow them to range abroad amongst the hills and jungles of Chittagong during the day to browse, a keeper attending to prevent their straying so far as to endanger losing them. They do not thrive in any part of Bengal so well as in the aforesaid province, and in the adjoining one, Tipperah, where I believe the animal is also to be found."

Duvaucel informs us that he hunted the gyall on the Silhet mountains, and says that it is very wild, but readily domesticated.

The specimen in the Zoological Gardens appears to be heavy and sluggish, but enormously powerful; it is tolerably tame and familiar, but the expression of the eyes indicates a savage disposition. Though the withers are elevated there is no hump, as in the zebu. Its colour is brownish black, the lower part of the limbs being white. M.

BRITISH INDIA.

If in some fairy tale or supernatural legend one were to read of an island, seated far in the northern seas, so ungenial in its climate and so barren in its soil that no richer fruits than sloes or blackberries were its aboriginal growth; whose tribes of painted savages continued to dwell in huts of sedge, or, at best, piled together altars of rude stone, for ages after other nations widely spread over the globe had already achieved wondrous works of sculpture and design—the gorgeous rock temples of Ellora, the storied obelisks of Thebes, or the lion-crested portals of Mycenæ; if it were added, that this island had afterwards, by skill and industry, attained the highest degree of artificial fertility, and combined in its luxury the fruits of every clime; that the sea, instead of remaining its barrier, had become almost a part of its empire; that its inhabitants were now amongst the foremost of the earth in commerce and in freedom, in arts and in arms; that their indomitable energy had subdued, across fifteen thousand miles of ocean, a land ten times more extensive than their own; that in this territory they now peacefully reigned over one hundred and twenty millions of subjects or dependents, the race of the builders of Ellora, and the heirs of the Great Mogul; if, further still, we were told that in this conquest the rule of all other conquests had been reversed; that the reign of the strangers, alien in blood, in language, and in faith, had been, beyond any other in that region, fraught with blessings; that humanity and justice, the security of life and property, the progress of improvement and instruction, were far greater under the worst of the foreign governors than under the best of the native princes, —with what scorn might we not be tempted to fling down the lying scroll, exclaiming that in fiction there should be some decent bounds of probability observed; that even in the "Arabian Nights" no such prodigies are wrought by spells or talismans, by the lamp of Aladdin, or the seal of Solomon.

To the marvels of this the most remarkable event in politics since the discovery of the New World—the subjugation of India by the English—might be added, how seldom and how imperfectly its particulars are known to the English themselves! Men of education and knowledge amongst us will generally be found

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far better versed in other modern achievements of much less magnitude, and in which our countrymen had no concern.

A MEMORIAL OF LUTHER.

During the past year, (1844,) a servant-girl from K——, who was travelling with the family of her master, found, near a house-door, in Zittan, (a town in Saxony, forty-seven miles east of Dresden) a ring of silver, richly gilt, in which was set a small ruby; on one side of which was engraved a representation of the crucifixion of Christ, and on the other the instruments of martyrdom, the scourge, hammer, etc. The inscription was in German: "D. Martino Luthero Catharina v. Boren, d. 31 Octbr. 1525." It is certainly a curious specimen of old workmanship, and appears to have been trodden into the earth by some footstep, and therefore carefully concealed. Luther was married in June, 1525; and this was probably not his wedding-ring, but a present to his bride, in remembrance of the important results of October 31st, 1517, (when Luther first spoke publicly against the sale of indulgences,) and proves how early the return of this season was noticed by Luther and his friends. The first public anniversary of the German Reformation was appointed on October 31st, 1668, by John George II., the electoral prince of Saxony; and in 1717 it was first observed in ducal Saxony.

This annual festival is always observed among the Protestants of Saxony, either on October 31st, or the Sunday next following. Last year, on November 3rd, a sermon was preached at Berlin, from Rev. iii. 11, by F. Arndt. He observed: "This festival is kept at the close of the year, as the Reformation occurred in the closing age of the world, and its beams will enlighten the wintry season that follows. Our church year begins in Advent with prophecy; then follow the three great commemorations of the history of Christ and his apostles, (Christmas, Easter, and Whit-Sunday,) Trinity Sunday, to remind us of the history of the Christian church; and, lastly, the anniversary of the Reformation, to awaken us from sleep, and prepare us for the judgment to come. Thus the anniversaries we commemorate are in themselves an abridgment of the history of a world."—*From the German.*

HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE.

Dr. Joseph Reade, on returning from the Polytechnic Institution, highly pleased with Mr. Armstrong's hydro-electric machine, placed a bright copper kettle, more than half full of distilled water, on the fire, insulated by four black bottles; when rapidly boiling, he placed the revolving electrometer near it on the hob, and the revolutions immediately began. After continuing for some time he took off the cover; still the revolutions proceeded, but somewhat decreased. "Were I to venture an opinion," says Dr. Reade, "after the able experiments and inferences of Dr. Faraday and Mr. Armstrong, I should attribute the electricity to the friction of the water against the sides of the boiler, caused by rapid currents of steam passing from the bottom, aided by immense pressure and heat. If it were the steam carrying water, surely the greatest electrical force should be at the exit, and not at the sides; the steam may be a carrier and give shock. To show the conducting power of steam, attach a pith-ball by a silk thread and wax to an excited glass tube. On bringing this near a lighted candle, the electricity is dissipated. The celebrated philosopher, M. Arago, states that this is occasioned by the conical blaze, whereas it arises from the vapour of the candle."—*Philosophical Magazine.*

TIME.

Time is the most precious of all our possessions; by far the greatest deposit we have received, in regard to what depends on its use. There is nothing in eternity but what springs out of time. All the good which eternity has in store, and all the evil, all the promises and all the threatenings of God in Scripture, all will be realized in consequence of, and in proportion to, the improvement or abuse of the present time of our probation. Time is the seed of eternity. At the judgment, the question which will decide your destiny will be no other than this—how you have used your time. And the less there remains of this precious article, the more valuable it should appear. The narrower becomes the isthmus that separates us from eternity, the more time seems to enlarge itself in moral magnitude: in a word, to squander time is to squander all.—*Robert Hall.*

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Wesley Preaching on his Father's Tomb, in Epworth Churchyard.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE II.

The efforts of England in the continental warfare were much limited during 1746, by the pretender's invasion. Some British troops remained with the allied army, and a useless expedition to the coast of Brittany destroyed some French villages. At home, the usual intrigues for place and power went forward. In February, lord Granville was made secretary of state, but Pelham and the greater part of the ministry offering to resign, the attempt at a change was given up; so that Pelham continued in power till his death. Pitt, afterwards earl of Chatham, was brought into place, having consented to forsake the popular course in which he began. Pitt rapidly rose as a statesman; he was sober, and indifferent to wealth—rare qualities in a drunken, venal age. This gained him moral influence, while the power of his eloquence gave him command in the senate. Ambition was his besetting sin; this he was permitted to gratify, but not without many of the checks and rebuffs which try the proud heart of man. Fond of warfare, a false glare was shed upon his career, which, though more brilliant than that of Walpole, was far less beneficial to the nation, except that he repressed some of the bribery and corruption then prevalent.

Early in 1747, the Parliament summoned the printers of two monthly magazines, a species of periodical literature lately commenced, for printing some of the proceedings in lord Lovat's trial. This was a blow aimed at the accounts which had for some time been given of the parliamentary debates, though sketched very imperfectly, and under fictitious names; the Gentleman's Magazine assuming the guise of the debates in Lilliput; the London Magazine that of the Roman senate. One member had the wisdom to recommend letting the printers alone, as they made better addresses for the speakers than they could do for themselves; but the contrary opinion prevailed; threats of fine and imprisonment repressed the attempt to let the nation know the opinions of its rulers.

More active efforts for foreign hostilities were now made. The subsidy to the queen of Hungary was increased. The duke of Cumberland took the command of the allied army. It was defeated at Laufield, in July; the duke having managed very badly, though his soldiers fought bravely. The French prevailed, and captured several fortresses, Bergen-op-Zoom being the last that surrendered.

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At sea, the English were more successful. In October, Hawke defeated the French fleet off Belleisle. Anson took several ships of war, many French traders were captured, and great losses were suffered by that nation, which made its rulers more inclined to peace. The English ministry was divided; the king, with the dukes of Cumberland and Newcastle, was still disposed for warfare; but the general feeling was, that, as usual, the English were fighting and paying for all. After some difficulties, a congress at Aix-la-Chapelle was agreed upon.

A new Parliament assembled at the close of the year, but without any material change in the state of parties. An acknowledgment in the address voted by the House of Peers is worthy of record: in reference to the Highlanders, it expressed that the diffusion of knowledge would be the best safeguard of the loyal and peaceable conduct of the people. Well would it have been, if some portion of the millions then and in later times lavished in warfare and corruption had been applied for the instruction of the nation.

The negotiations at Aix-la-Chapelle were ended by a peace, in October, 1748, restoring all things, with a few exceptions, to their state before the war began. The idle claims against Spain, in which the hostilities had originated, were passed over in silence. The result of this war was disgraceful to England, but the chastisement was in mercy; it only affected her pride; she had not suffered so severely as the threatening appearances at one period indicated. It is true that her soil was again trodden by hostile forces; but to show the rod, and who had appointed it, the suffering was restrained. The impotency of the enemy was clearly manifested, under every opportunity in his favour. To use the words of Cowper, respecting the dealings of the Almighty with this country:

"Has He not hid thee, and thy favour'd land,
For ages safe beneath his sheltering hand?
Given thee his blessing on the clearest proof:
Bid nations leagued against thee, stand aloof:
And charged hostility and hate to roar
Where else they would, but not upon thy shore?"

Some political changes followed the peace. Lord Chesterfield was displaced, chiefly because the king was displeased with his exertions to procure peace, and because Newcastle envied his diplomatic ability. A vile character, lord Sandwich, was placed at the head of the admiralty, while the general abilities and intrigues of Pitt gave him increased power; he was evidently the most rising man amidst these turmoils. Bolingbroke, though not personally interfering, continued to embarrass the government by his advice to those in opposition, an ill return for the lenity with which he had been treated by the ruling monarchs.

The resignation of the earl of Chesterfield calls to remembrance his own declaration of the empty and worse than unsatisfying nature of worldly pursuits. He had seen and enjoyed all the gratifications which pleasure, ambition, and literary and courtly pursuits could bestow, and he says: "I have gone through pleasures while my constitution and spirits would allow me. Business succeeded them; and I have now gone through every part of it without liking it at all the better for being acquainted with it. I have been behind the scenes both of pleasure and of business; I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move all the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant multitude!"

The cause of the pretender was abandoned by the French king. Charles Stuart made some ineffectual attempts at farther proceedings, but without success. About this time he began to give himself up to a course of sottish debauchery, which brought him by degrees to a most degraded state. He was conveyed from Paris to the frontiers of Savoy by force, in December, 1748. His father himself promoted the closing of the assumptions of his family on the English crown, by obtaining the rank of cardinal for his younger son, known as the cardinal York.

England still continued to export corn. Nearly four millions of quarters were sent abroad in 1748, and the four preceding years; but this result was attained by an ill-judged expenditure of nearly 700,000*l.* in bounties on exportation.

In 1749, Pelham, as prime minister, effected some reduction in the national expenditure, by diminishing the army and navy. The return of peace also enabled him to lower the interest on the public debt. Some acts were passed to encourage commerce, and several for roads, and other internal improvements. As yet, the communications from one part of England to another were very imperfect. One heavy carriage, called a coach, passed between Edinburgh and London, but was three weeks on its

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journey; and Pennant describes the Chester coach, in March, 1740, as being six days on its route, setting out every morning two hours before day, and travelling till late in the evening; a distance now traversed by several communications daily, in less than eight hours—not a twelfth part of the time.

France soon complained of the settlement of Nova Scotia; and Spain of some proceedings on the coast of Mexico; but Keene, the British envoy at Madrid, succeeded in obtaining a favourable commercial treaty. Many grounds for fresh disputes evidently remained everywhere, to be brought forward when the different powers were strong enough to seek pretexts; while the late German allies of Britain were quite ready to turn to any other power who would bid higher for assistance. This put George II. again in fear for his patrimonial state; so that Hanover was the centre, which the British ministers were obliged principally to regard in their policy; while, by their own disputes, the public business was much embarrassed. The intrigues of the prince of Wales and his faction increased their perplexities. An election for a member of Parliament for Westminster occasioned a trial of strength between the parties. Lord Trentham, the ministerial candidate, succeeded, by a small majority, against Vandeput, the popular candidate, aided by the prince of Wales. Mobs were raised by both parties, many outrages were committed; while even the sick and dying were carried to vote.

These party proceedings continued till the death of the prince. They are related by Bubb Doddington, a boroughmonger of that day; whose diary exposes his own selfish proceedings, and those of the public men of his times. The particulars of these intrigues and other party squabbles need not be detailed here. In the course of them, the House of Commons was involved in a dispute about privileges, with Alexander Murray, arising from some threats he was charged with uttering against the high bailiff of Westminster, relative to his conduct at the election. As usual in these cases, the culprit was imprisoned during the remainder of the parliamentary session, but was dismissed at its close. An attempt was made to revive the proceedings in November, 1751, but Murray had retired to the continent.

The year 1750 was marked by an event which has given strong evidence of the popular credulity, and of the immoral state of the metropolis at this day. Two slight shocks of an earthquake having been felt, by which several houses were much shaken, and some chimneys thrown down, a crazy soldier in the life-guards predicted a third and more fatal shock on the night of April 5th, by which London and its inhabitants would be destroyed. Few went to bed that night; vast numbers went out into the fields, or embarked in boats on the river, while others ran about the streets in a frantic state, apprehending that the day of judgment was at hand. The more wealthy and fashionable, who had the command of carriages and horses, drove to neighbouring towns and villages, where they passed the night in the open air. The inns and lodging-houses were filled, and the roads thronged, even as far as Windsor. Whitfield went forth at midnight to Hyde-park, where, in a sublime and awful manner, he called the attention of assembled thousands to the great day of final account, proclaiming, that there is now a Saviour, Christ the Lord; but who will then come in awful terrors to judge the world.

The morning arose, and the sun shone forth, as upon the guilty cities of the plain; but the earth was not upheaved, nor fire from heaven rained down upon the guilty metropolis. The terrified crowds returned, and all resumed its accustomed course; as a contemporary says: "They were soon reconciled to their abandoned vices, which they seemed to resume with redoubled affection, and once more bade defiance to the vengeance of Heaven. For a time vice had been checked, drunkenness was not seen, nor swearing heard; and the churches were crowded." But the state of things may be described in the words of bishop Horne, in a sermon, preached before the University of Oxford, at this time. "As to faith, is not the doctrine of the Trinity, and that of the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour, without which our redemption is absolutely void, and we are yet in our sins, lying under the intolerable burden of the wrath of God, blasphemed and ridiculed openly in conversation and in print? And as to righteousness of life, are not the people of this land dead in trespasses and sins? Idleness, drunkenness, luxury, extravagance, and debauchery—for these things cometh the wrath of God, and distempered nature proclaims the impending distress and perplexity of nations."

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The horrible state of the prisons was this year forced on the public notice at London, by the death of more than twenty persons, in April, 1750, including several aldermen, from an infectious disease, caused by the stench from the prisoners brought into court for trial. At this time the gaols of England were more than usually crowded; great numbers had been dismissed from the army and navy at the peace, who, having no employment, resorted to theft and robbery. Many were executed or transported, while a large number perished in prison. The numerous outrages, encouraged by impunity from the insufficient police, are detailed by writers of that day in fearful terms, and began to attract the attention of those in authority.

Another event of this year was a secret visit of the pretender to London, but even his partizans now were satisfied that he was wholly destitute of good principles, and ignorant of the duties of an English monarch; he was therefore shunned by them. The king was informed of this, or of some subsequent visit, and, with kindness and magnanimity, desired that he might be allowed to depart unmolested.

In this year some monastic establishments of begging friars in Ireland were suppressed by order of the Pope, on the petition of a respectable Romanist of that island, on account of their vile and dissolute practices.

The political squabblers received an awful check in March, 1752, by the death of Frederick, the prince of Wales, on the 20th of that month, after a few days' illness, with little idea of his life being in danger. An imposthume in his throat burst, and he died almost instantaneously, supported by one who was at his bedside, playing the violin for his amusement. His removal was probably a benefit to the nation, although he had declared his intention to support several popular measures; for his weakness and inclination to excesses made him the tool of evil and designing men, who put him forward to embarrass the king and his ministers, while the monarch was thus repaid his disobedience to his own father. Frederick affected to patronize the arts; but was low-lived, profuse, and fond of gambling, and died much in debt. He left eight children, and it is to the credit of George II. that he immediately showed kindness to the princess and her family. The eldest son, afterwards George III., was created prince of Wales in a few days after his father's decease. Though Doddington's grief doubtless arose from his political disappointment, yet his description of the prince's neglected funeral, strongly exposes the unsatisfactory and fading nature of all worldly expectations. Doddington mentions the prince's going to have his fortune told three times in thirteen months; whether this was for frolic or from ignorance may not be clear, but it is certain that at this period many of the highest rank went to consult these fortune-tellers, and paid largely for being duped by them. The extent of popular ignorance was shown at Tring, in April, 1751; where an old man and his wife in the workhouse, being accused by a publican of having bewitched his children, were taken from the church where they had, for safety, been concealed by the parish officers, stripped, dragged, and ducked in a muddy stream, to try them by the popular notions respecting witches, till they died from the ill usage. The ringleaders in this outrage were tried for wilful murder.

The education of the young prince George had hitherto been much neglected; disputes respecting those appointed to be his attendants and instructors, and as to the regency in case of a minority, engaged much attention. The sub-preceptor, on whom most depended, was a jacobite, attached, of course, to the principles of the house of Stuart. The princess was destitute of strength of mind, easily guided by those about her. In case of the king's death, the regency was committed to her, assisted by a council of the great officers of the crown, and the duke of Cumberland. The king was aware of the unpopularity of the duke, but was blindly attached to him. Happily, the king survived, till the prince was of age to assume the government, much to the joy of the nation. All ranks hoped that Cumberland would not have the government in his hands.

By the displacing of the duke of Bedford and lord Sandwich, the power of the duke of Newcastle and his brother was strengthened; the ministers were also relieved from the opposition of the prince of Wales, whose party did not continue to act together after his death.

The plan of paying money to foreign powers, for concerns entirely their own, was continued; but while this interference with foreign matters went on abroad, a bill was rejected which was designed to

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render it more easy for foreign Protestants to obtain the privileges of English-born subjects. The duke of Bedford exposed the absurdity of foreign subsidies, but without any result. It caused him to fail in obtaining a pension for his wife's sister, and it led to some curious negotiations between the time-serving Bubb Doddington and the Pelhams, which the former has put upon record to his own shame and disgrace, he offering his interest in several boroughs, if permitted to resume the place under government, which he had thrown up to join the prince. The king was so displeased, that he never would consent to his being again employed; and the ministry being strong enough without the votes he commanded, Doddington remained discontented and repining, with all his large possessions, while himself and the minister were equally insincere; and thus a standing record of the public principles of that day was reserved for posterity, while a striking comment on the disappointing, unsatisfactory nature of all pursuits of earthly ambition was given.

THE BREEZE.

The breeze, the breeze! how delightful is the fresh breeze when it blows round the hill, or gently sweeps along the valley laden with the balmy odours of fragrant plants and herbs. All our senses are regaled at once by the breeze; hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and feeling, are at the same time gratified.

Hark how it whispers among the sedge of the brook, and the rushes and high grass of the lonely pond! How it rustles among the dry leaves and brittle reeds in the hedgerows; and how sweetly and soothingly it swells on the ear from the full foliage of the tall trees—now loud, and then low, dying away in the distance till it becomes inaudible.

Look at the influence of the breeze on the objects around. The high grass is bending, the ripe corn is waving, and the boughs of the forest trees are gently swaying to and fro, turning up the under sides of their many-coloured leaves. The breeze makes lovely things more lovely.

What a fragrance prevails when the breeze, scented with the perfume of the new-made hay, of heath flower and wild thyme, of beans, vetches, and clover in blossom, breathes around its varied sweets. It is pleasant then to roam abroad, and, amid the jubilee of nature, to rejoice.

To the taste the breeze is delightful. How fresh and sweet it is, and what a sense of purity it imparts. We swallow health in breathing it.

> Be mine, when waving trees
> And summer skies are green,
> To taste the balmy breeze,
> And drink the air of heaven.

Nor is the breeze less bountiful to the sense of feeling than to the other senses. Oh how gently it fans the face! how soft it is to the touch! how cool to the fevered brow of exercise, and how refreshing to the toil-worn and the faint! Truly may we say, all our senses are regaled at once by the breeze. How delightful it is when it blows round the hill, or gently sweeps along the valley, laden with the balmy odours of fragrant plants and herbs! The breeze! The breeze!

How shall we thank the great Giver of all good for the breeze? He can "bring the wind out of his treasures to bless or to curse, to strengthen or to destroy." The breeze is a viewless dispenser of pleasure; an invisible physician, ministering to the enfeebled body and mind; an elemental Samaritan, going about on errands of mercy; and a messenger from the throne of the Eternal, to give health and happiness to mankind.

A VISIT TO HANWELL ASYLUM.

No. I.

Every traveller by the Great Western Railway has seen a noble building, as he passes along with almost the speed of a bird over the viaduct at the little village of Hanwell—this is Hanwell Asylum.

A noble building, indeed, is this Asylum, if we only look at it in an architectural point of view. And this is the light in which most travellers appear to view this erection. One cannot pass it without hearing the exclamation, "What a noble building!" from some fellow-traveller who perchance may have never caught a glance of it before. For my own part, however, I have always felt disposed to consider that the true magnificence of this building does not so much consist in the architectural skill which it displays, as in the object for which it has been erected—the alleviation and the cure of human misery. This view of it has been confirmed by a recent visit to the Asylum; and as few are permitted to

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roam over the interior, a brief description may prove interesting to the readers of the "Visitor."

The first inmates toward whom my attention was attracted were a group marching about on the lawn, who seemed to fancy themselves soldiers. A fifer led the way, and behind him were others who marched to the sounds of his flute, with all the dignity of men impressed with the idea that they were the defenders of their country. What was passing within their disturbed minds I cannot pretend to say. For aught I know, they might be dreaming of slaughter and the battle-field; but as I looked at them I thought, "Would that all soldiers slept as innocently on their beds as these poor creatures will when their day's march is over! Let them fife and march on; the world will never be disturbed by them; they will never cause the widow's eye to weep, or the orphan's heart to ache, by any sanguinary deed."

I was ruminating on these imaginary soldiers when I gained the kind-hearted matron's apartments, and being provided with a guide by her, I entered at once on the inspection of the different wards. And if the exterior of this building appears noble to the passer-by, how much more so does the interior appear to the visitor. Comfort and convenience are its characteristics in every part; and an air of simple grandeur delights the eye, while the feet traverse its various apartments. But it was the inmates, and not the building, which chiefly engaged my attention.

"This, sir," said my female guide, as she opened a large door, "is the refractory ward. There, stand back, Bessy," she continued, to one of the patients, "and let the gentleman pass through." Bessy was an old woman, who stood close within the door, and as I passed through caught hold of my arm with an imploring look, as though she wished me to administer relief to a mind diseased. If I had possessed the gift of healing, Bessy should have experienced its power; but as it was, I gently shook her off, and passed on with my guide. And what a scene of human misery was presented to my view! Here and there were patients sitting in perfect stillness, as though spent with previous fury, while confused noises met my ears from every part of the ward. Some were singing with frenzied energy, others scolding at the top of their voices, while others proclaimed their madness in melancholy moans. Yet, with all their fury, I could perceive that the heart was susceptible of kindness. With only one exception, neither the smiles of the nurse nor my own ever failed to elicit a smile in return. The exception was an aged woman, who fiercely charged my guide with a crime which made my heart shudder, nor could her gentle words soften her bitter accusation. It was, I found, her one universal theme, and nothing could divert her mind from it. Sally was quite the reverse of this poor creature. Although boisterous as a March wind, no sooner did Sally see me and my guide than she ran to us, and extending her snuff-box at the full length of her arm, politely asked me to take a pinch. I took it with a smile, and Sally pronouncing me to be "a perfect gentleman," ran off and again commenced her mad tricks.

I was not sorry when I had passed through the refractory ward, into one in which more quiet madness reigned. Melancholy, grief, and deep-rooted sorrow were the characteristics of this ward. Yet the dawn of returning reason seemed to be stamped upon many a face of the poor creatures who crowded this part of the building. Many a hand was held out to me as I passed along; and as I grasped them, I could perceive that I touched a chord of the heart which could yet respond to a feeling of kindness. Poor Mary was the chief attraction to me in this ward. Mary was sitting at a little table, surrounded with the productions of her needle, which she was plying with the greatest industry. A melancholy shade of sadness covered her face, but yet there was something in it which seemed to convey an impression that she was not lost to every sense of happiness. "Mary," said my guide, "is always at work, see her whenever you will:" then turning to the poor creature, she asked for whom she was now at work? Mary's reply was very pleasing; it was for "that dear good creature, the doctor." She was making a quilt for him, and it was the third, she said, besides other articles, that she had made since Christmas. And it was not her table alone that indicated the industry of poor Mary. At my guide's request, she showed me her neat little sleeping-room, the walls of which were tastefully decorated with many a picture cut out of books, in which she seemed to take much delight. I could not help observing to poor Mary, that her room was really better decorated than my own, at

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which she seemed much pleased. Mary's object, however, was to show me the productions of her needle; and after displaying various articles concealed in a small neat chest of drawers, she drew my attention to the furniture of her bed, all of which had been wrought by her own skill. I had not been unmindful of poor Mary's bed, for on my first entrance I was struck with its extreme neatness; but more especially I had observed upon it a large wax doll, elegantly dressed, lying as if in the arms of soft slumber. It was "Mary's child;" and when I discovered it a tear rushed into my eye, and I thought it was, perhaps, to her the resemblance of one torn from her when, in the bloom of youth, she had become a mother, and on which her heart's affections were so set, that when deprived of it by the rude hand of death, she lost her reason. I was not willing to disturb her faith in the reality of her wax doll's fancied existence; so after a few words about her child, I left her, reflecting that it would be happy if those to whom God has given children could always acquiesce in his will when he sees fit to call them out of this miserable and sinful world, and to transplant them in heaven, where sin and sorrow never enter.

There is no class of society which enjoys immunity from the ills of life. The wards through which I had passed were peopled by females from the lower classes of the community, but my guide next conducted me to the "Ladies' Ward." Had I not been informed of this, I should soon have discovered that the females in this apartment were a superior class of people. Their manners, their dress, and their deportment, all indicated that they had once mingled in what is termed "good society." It was instructive to observe the different characteristics of these ladies. Here was one who, on passing by us, drew herself up with a haughty air, which seemed to indicate that she once belonged to that numerous class of ladies who conceive that all mankind are beneath their notice. As she passed by, I thought it was probable her pride had been her ruin. Near her was one whose head was so covered with a cap made all of lace, that I could almost fancy she was "setting her cap at me." Perhaps she belonged to that class whose chief aim is to gain admiration, and failing to attract the notice she desired, was by disappointment shorn of reason. Another, who ogled me with her eye-glass, seemed to be of a similar character. Others there were, however, who had evidently become inmates of this ward from different causes. One asked me if I had seen such a gentleman, and her melancholy conveyed the idea that she had loved well though not wisely. Near her stood a young and interesting mother, the constant motion of whose lips, and the rubbing of whose hands betokened deep-rooted grief. This, my guide informed me, was her quiet mood; at other times she exhibited her madness in violent action. As I looked at her, I thought it was possible that the unkindness of one who had promised to love her in sickness or health, in the midst of riches or poverty, might have led to her present misery; the affection of a fond wife should meet with a due return, or who can tell the consequences? I turned from her with pity, to look upon one whose sorrows, methought, were induced by her love of riches. Her faded garments denoted that she had seen better days, and I thought how much better it would have been for her had she laid up for herself "treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." How hard is it for human nature to bear up against the loss of wealth, when it makes itself wings, as it frequently does in the vicissitudes of this life, and speeds away!

I left the "Ladies' Ward" with feelings of sadness. Here, thought I, are confined many whose education and station in life once promised them a life of happiness and unalloyed pleasure, but whose reason being disturbed, are compelled to become the inmates of a lunatic asylum. What a warning is this to those who still tread the walks of that elegant society from whence they were torn. It may be that many of these poor creatures were once "belles of the season," and the pride of the drawing-room—a humbling thought for those who plume themselves on their charms!

There was no step that I could take in this vast pile of building in which I could not discover a lesson on the frailty of poor humanity. The ward for the aged was next inspected; and in this was sitting many a female who had passed into a state of second childhood, one of whom, at least, had long ago seen her hundredth year. One poor old lady diverted my thoughts by planting herself full in my way, and giving utterance to a volley of

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childish prattle, that but for her long grey hairs and wrinkled face, I could have fancied that a child of two years of age was provoking me to a frolicsome game with her. The sight of these alone prevented my asking either for her doll, her rattle, or box of toys, in order that we might have a game together. Poor human nature, what different aspects dost thou assume before thou art covered over with the dust of death!

One of the best antidotes to the ills of life is occupation. By keeping the hands employed, the mind may be powerfully diverted from the griefs, real or supposed, which are incident to human nature. The governors of Hanwell Asylum seem to have been impressed with this truth, for they have wisely provided the inmates with the means of industry. One of the most interesting compartments in this great picture of human misery is the "Bazaar Ward," in which many a finger is employed in the creation of sundry elegances for the drawing-room table. Every visitor has the opportunity of purchasing something in this ward which may serve at once to alleviate the misery of the inmates of the asylum, and to remind him of the debt of gratitude which he owes to Almighty God for preserving "a sound mind within a sound body." I could not pass the stall of fancy articles without purchasing something, and I trust that whenever I look upon this "something" I shall not be unmindful of his mercies.

The employment which produces these fancy articles is chiefly confined to that class of inmates who have been brought up with greater elegance than the mass, and whose fingers have not forgotten their skill. The busiest scenes, however, were in the laundry and in the kitchen. It was an affecting sight to see so many, in the lines of whose faces might be traced the marks of insanity, working away as though their very existence depended upon their labour. Women of all ages seemed to vie with each other in their toils, and it was evident that they needed no controlling power to keep them to their work. As I passed by them, curiosity induced many, it is true, to take their hands from the washtub, but no sooner had they obtained a nod than they applied themselves again to their labour. Old Polly, however, seemed to form an exception to the general rule, and to be a downright gossip. As soon as she perceived us, down she descended from the platform to have a gossip with me about Rowland Hill and Mr. Sherman. Polly had evidently been an attendant at Surrey Chapel, and had still some vague notion of the numbers who attended at that place of worship. But her notion of numbers was now evidently greatly confused. She wanted to know if there were twenty there last sabbath-day, which number, from the stress she laid upon it, was certainly a very great one in her estimation. As I looked at her, I fancied that her mind might still be dwelling upon "months past;" upon the days "when God preserved her;" upon the times "when his candle shone upon her head, and when by his light she walked through darkness." Poor Polly's privileges are now cut off; but I would fain hope that she made good use of them when she enjoyed her reasoning faculties, and that she will enter on a blissful eternity when it shall please God to call her hence. It is not for what she now is, but for what she once was that she will be called to account at the great day of reckoning—that day when the books shall be opened and all mankind, from Adam to his latest posterity, shall hear the words, "Come, ye blessed," or "Depart, ye cursed;" according to the deeds done in the body, whether they have been good or whether they have been evil. F.

THE UNDECIDED ONE.

"Yes, he was indeed a lovely youth. I have seldom known one, in all respects, his equal. Dear Edmund! beloved for his parents' sake and his own." But a mournful expression of countenance accompanied the utterance of the words, and left on my mind a painful impression that there was some drawback to the excellence of Edmund's character, and to the satisfaction of my venerable friend.

Many, many years had elapsed since I quitted the town where Mr. and Mrs. T——, the parents of Edmund, resided; but the traces of their amiable and excellent characters were still vividly impressed on my mind.

I remember them as consistent, honourable, and exemplary in every relation they sustained. Their house was a model of domestic order, harmony, and piety; they were the friends of the poor, the counsellors of the young; the ornaments of society; a comfort to their minister; and a blessing to all around, by

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their example and their prayers. At the time I knew them, Edmund, their eldest son, was about fourteen or fifteen years old—an interesting and hopeful youth. In the course of a few years, I heard of the death of Mrs. T——; and not long afterwards, Edmund, passing through our town on his wedding tour, called on me, and introduced his bride. The interview was brief, but agreeable: the young lady appeared intelligent and pious; and in Edmund I observed that nothing tended to disturb the gratifying conclusion, that growing years had matured the promises of early youth.

From that time a long period had elapsed, and I heard or saw but little of him, until a casual and unexpected interview with the aged friend on whose ministry the T—— family attended, awakened many recollections of bygone days, and called up inquiries after many a once familiar face; and none were remembered or inquired after with a more lively interest than the T——s.

I learned from my venerable friend that old Mr. T—— was yet living, but disabled, by extreme feebleness and blindness, from many of the labours of love in which he had for so long taken a prominent part. I expressed a hope that Edmund was advancing to fill the post of pious usefulness from which his father was honourably receding.

"Alas! no," said the minister, grasping my hand with strong emotion, "Edmund is still undecided."

A pause ensued, during which, I doubt not, the mind of the good old man, as well as my own, was absorbed in the tremendous import of the expression he had used—"he is still undecided." After a while, the conversation was resumed, and many particulars were communicated to me concerning Edmund, of which, combined with my own early recollections, I am enabled to present the following sketch.

Edmund was an interesting child: the expression even of his infant countenance was that of intelligence and sweetness; and his questions and remarks not only delighted his fond parents, but excited the surprise and admiration of less partial observers.

His natural disposition was docile and generous; and from his earliest infancy he had been trained by wise and good parents, and their instructions had not been altogether lost upon him. He was uniformly obedient to their commands, attentive to their wishes, and assiduous in his endeavours to promote their comfort. He never addressed them but with respect, or spoke of them but with tenderness and gratitude. He formed no acquaintance, and engaged in no pursuit, but with their entire concurrence and approbation. His character for habitual frankness and sincerity was so early established, that, not only was he never required to repeat an assertion he had once made, but whenever mischief or accident occurred, if Edmund did not instantly come forward and avow it, every one felt assured that he could not have been concerned in the matter.

In his intercourse, too, with his brothers and sisters, and young companions, Edmund was uniformly affectionate, gentle, obliging, and honourable, ever willing to exert himself to the utmost in promoting the wishes and interests of others, even when it involved the sacrifice of his own. In his sports he avoided the slightest approach to cruelty to the meanest insect; still less could he endure to inflict a pang on any fellow-creature, by uttering a mortifying jest or an unkind reflection: on the contrary, nothing seemed so congenial to his disposition as acts of kindness, compassion, and generosity. In his earliest youth, the chief gratification he derived from childish indulgences was in sharing them with his companions; and as he advanced in years, his business and his pleasure appeared to consist in relieving misery, and communicating comfort. Careful and moderate in his own expenses, that he might have more to impart, the poor and the sick hailed him as their benefactor, and their children loved him as their teacher and friend.

Edmund also discovered much thoughtfulness and propriety of deportment in reference to religion. He daily read the Holy Scriptures with reverence and attention. He attended with regularity and seriousness to family worship, and on the services of the sanctuary. He was a diligent and successful pleader and collector for missionary and kindred institutions. His instructions in the sabbath school had been instrumental in directing the mind of at least one child to the Saviour, and who had departed in early life, rejoicing in hope of his glory; and he had won over more than one associate in business, who used to spend the sabbath in giddy pleasures, to accompany him to the house of God,

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where they heard his word to the salvation of their souls. His views of Divine truth were clear and scriptural, and his mind had often been deeply impressed with the great importance of personal religion. To his parents, a son like Edmund was naturally an object of fond delight and pleasing hope; and to his friends, of bright prognostication.

And is the young reader disposed to say of Edmund, or of himself—if in Edmund's character he traces any resemblance to his own—And what is there yet lacking?

Edmund was still undecided.

But when so many lovely appearances are presented, and a course so amiable and praiseworthy is long and steadily pursued, is it not uncharitable to suppose that there is yet any internal deficiency? What fellow-creature could be qualified or authorized to pronounce Edmund an undecided character; and on what evidence could such a conclusion be founded?

It was not the harsh conclusion of uncharitable censure, but the painful conviction that inevitably forced itself upon the minds of those to whom Edmund was dear as their own souls; those who were ready to put the most favourable construction upon every particle of evidence that was presented; those who travailed again in birth with him, until Christ were formed in him, the hope of glory; those who anxiously watched every favourable indication, and were ready to cling to every shadow of hope that he was indeed a possessor of "things that accompany salvation," yet who dared not rest satisfied, either for themselves or him, with anything short of the religion of the heart. Yes; and his own conscience testified that the anxious apprehensions of his friends were not groundless, but that he "yet lacked one thing."

The pious parents of Edmund often spoke together of the hopeful and promising features of his character; but they spoke also of symptoms that cast a gloom over their hopes.

"Yes; dear Edmund, in point of moral conduct, is all we could desire; and he thinks well of religion and religious people, but he is himself stationary, he makes no progress, he goes and returns, he hears as God's people hear, and he sits where God's people sit, and the word of God's salvation is to him a very pleasant song; but we can discern no spiritual growth; and can there be animation without activity, life without motion?"

The minister was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. T——, and to no one was his company more agreeable than to Edmund, as long as the conversation was confined to subjects of science, literature, or general information, or even if it extended to the outworks of religion, books on the evidences of Christianity, essays on religious subjects, or religious criticism, or religious controversy, or efforts for the diffusion of religion; in all these, and other similar topics, Edmund evinced a lively and intelligent interest. He always appeared well pleased to gain information, and his own observations were sensible and judicious. But if an effort were made, however delicately, to press home to himself close personal appeal, there was an evident shrinking from the subject; some other topic of conversation was started, or some engagement remembered that obliged him to withdraw. Sometimes the hope was indulged that more was felt than expressed, and that reserve on the subject of religion was the result of sensibility or delicacy; but then it was hoped also that he would soon acquire courage, and admit those who watched for his soul with affectionate solicitude to participate in his feelings, and to rejoice over him with holy satisfaction, as one who knew the grace of God in truth. Year after year passed on, and no such communication was made; and his parents and his minister still mourned over Edmund as "the undecided one."

"Profession is not principle;" yet, where principle exists, there ought to be profession. It is not left to the option of Christ's disciples whether or not they shall profess his name; he has made it their duty to confess him before men, Matt. x. 32, 33; and to give themselves to the Lord, and to his people by the will of God, 2 Cor. viii. 5.

The mother of Edmund read to him with deep feeling the following passages from an interesting periodical for the young:—

"It is a melancholy sight to see persons, sabbath after sabbath, taking their accustomed places, conforming to the ordinary modes of worship, but without making the least apparent movement towards the good ways of God; they are even content to class themselves with the unprofessing part of the congregation; and some are so ignorant and thoughtless as to say, that, as they make no profession, nobody has a right to find fault. Young people, in many instances, appear

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to rest, as it were, in their unconcern, as though they knew not that to them also are freely offered all the blessings of salvation; and that they, too, are personally warned to 'flee from the wrath to come.'"*

Edmund wept as he threw himself into his mother's arms, and said, "Mother, I know I am not what I ought to be; but I cannot profess more than I feel; I wish I were decidedly serious." "My dear Edmund," replied his anxious parent, "do not deceive yourself with lazy wishes; 'The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing,' Prov. xiii. 4; not because there is no supply of good things to be obtained, not because of any natural inability in himself to labour for their attainment, but because there is not that sincere, earnest striving of heart that would determine him to strain every nerve, run every hazard, make every sacrifice, and rest satisfied with nothing short of the full possession. If you really desired the blessings of salvation with all your heart, you could not, for a moment, admit the desponding conclusion that you should never attain them. Can you not imagine the agonizing efforts of a person to escape from a house in flames, I mean when the flames are actually within sight and feeling? In such a case there would be no hesitation, no diffidence, no questioning, no balancing of capabilities and difficulties and dangers, but one immediate rush or leap for life. My dear son, if you felt the reality and importance of eternal things, as the inmate of a burning dwelling would feel his danger, you would then indeed wish, 'with all your heart,' to escape from eternal ruin, and lay hold on eternal life; you would know by experience what it is to 'agonize to enter in at the strait gate;' you would cry after saving knowledge, and lift up your voice for understanding; you would dig and search, as for hid treasure. Oh! Edmund, when the heart is really set on obtaining salvation, there is a holy importunity that cannot, will not be said nay; and, blessed be God, it shall not, for to such fervour and earnestness in seeking, the promise belongs that 'ye shall find.' But there is no promise to the inactive and half-hearted; those who wish faintly, and ask languidly, and endeavour lazily, will not obtain."

Edmund was no stranger to religious convictions and impressions. A conversation of this kind would generally produce an unwonted degree of thoughtfulness, and lead to a more than ordinary solemnity in religious services; perhaps, to more frequent retirement in secret, and a more diligent attendance on the social, as well as the more public services of God's house.

There is reason to believe that, during these occasional intervals, Edmund was conscious of prevailing convictions to this effect: "Religion is the only way to happiness; I must set about in good earnest to seek it." "It is a solemn thing to die. Oh that I were prepared for it!" "I am a sinner; it is of great importance for me to possess an interest in the Saviour. How shall I obtain it?" "The Sovereign of the universe claims my heart; he has a right to it, and it is high time for me to make the surrender." Such exercises of mind produced visible effects on the tone of his conversation and deportment, and Edmund himself would occasionally cherish a hope that he was indeed advancing toward conversion. And again the hopes of his parents and his minister were raised; they watched these beginnings, and cheered each other with the anticipation that their fondest wishes would at last be realized and that Edmund would now become decided.

But again, and again, these hopes died away; for though the importance and necessity of vital religion were fully admitted, and the purpose formed, the performance was delayed. The pursuits and pleasures of the world regained their hold; the conviction, though painful, proved transient, and as it passed away left the mind more indifferent and disinclined to religion than before. To those who watched for his soul, this declension was too painfully indicated by indifference to religious services, especially to secret retirement, with which the enjoyments or business of society were often and needlessly permitted to interfere; by a disrelish for the society of the more serious; and a growing ingenuity in evading all personal appeals. Now and then, a captious remark would escape his lips, after a particularly solemn and impressive sermon, on some trifling inelegance in expression or manner of delivery, or some grammatical inaccuracy into which the preacher had fallen—too sad an indication that the soul had not hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and been fed and nourished with the words of eternal life. Might it not even be feared that there had been a struggle with conscience

* Q. Q. in Youth's Magazine.

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as to the personal appropriation of the truth, and that the disposition to cavil and censure was the result of a deliberate determination to avoid it?

There was also a marked dislike to any decided step in religion, on the part of others. A younger brother and sister, and one or two intimate young friends, with whom Edmund had long been associated as a Sunday-school teacher, having become experimentally acquainted with the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, resolved, under the constraining influences of his love, to live no longer to themselves, but "to him who died for them and rose again." They desired to "walk in all his statutes and ordinances blameless." They consecrated their time and energies and resources to his cause, like people who really thought that his service was their proper business, and that to which every other pursuit and pleasure should not only be secondary, but subservient.

Edmund was affectionately pressed to come to the same holy decision, and no longer to "halt between two opinions," or to attempt the unhallowed, the impracticable coalition of religion and the world.

The time was when Edmund thought and acknowledged that the only truly happy and enviable people were the decidedly pious, and he fancied that it was his earnest wish and highest ambition to be found among them; but that false humility that professes earnestly to desire conversion, and to be waiting for the influence of Divine grace to prompt the first movement towards it, soon discovers its spurious and hollow character, and gives place to indifference, if not to hostility. It was so with Edmund; and instead of being inclined to join those who discovered more decision of character in reference to religion, he looked upon them with coldness bordering upon disapprobation. "It was possible," he remarked, "for persons, in making a more than ordinary profession of religion, to be actuated by circumstances rather than principle; young persons were often influenced by momentary impulses and excitements, or by the desire of gratifying their pious parents or ministers, or of acting in concert with some beloved friend." "True," it was replied; "it was very possible to act from inferior motives, and it becomes each of us severely to scrutinize his own. But all are not thus actuated, and with all humility and godly sincerity we believe that we are not." Then he reminded them of some "flaming professors," who had acted very inconsistently—much worse than many who had never made such pretensions to superior influences or motives. "This, too, must be admitted," rejoined his friend; "yet their wicked and inconsistent conduct formed no excuse for others in neglecting religion; the abuse of one cannot justify the neglect of all."

"But I cannot profess what I do not feel." "Right; it is not the profession that is thus first urged on you, but the feeling. Ought you not to feel? are there not reasons and motives sufficiently cogent and powerfully pressing on you, such as in any common affair would not fail to excite you to both feeling and activity?" "Well, I hope the time may come when I shall feel as you do, but it is not yet; and then, perhaps, I may act as you act, though I still think there may be quite as much religion without so much pretension to it as you require."

The undecided are dreadfully afraid of carrying things too far, and are too often prone to sit in judgment on the conduct and motives of others, and to raise questions about the nature and extent of obligations, the discharge of which they intend creditably to evade. It was thus with one of old, when he found himself in a dilemma that tended to convict him, either of insincerity in his professed anxiety to learn the way to eternal life, or of failure in the proposed terms of obtaining it; and so required of him, if he maintained his professed desire after salvation, to take a step which he was not willing to take, that of seeking pardon, justification, and strength from another: he therefore endeavoured to evade the application by raising a new question, "If thou wilt enter into life," said Jesus to him, "keep the commandments." "Which?" asked the seeker. "Love to God and thy neighbour." "And who is my neighbour?" Luke x. 25—29.

Thus, a person who is determined to ward off the personal application of Divine truth and sacred obligations, will weary out others, and, perhaps, deceive himself by a succession of quibbles and speculation. It was thus that Edmund excused himself in his own indecision and indifference, by questioning whether the zeal and exertions of others were not irregular, enthusiastic, or unnecessary.

To the undecided, thoughts of death are unwelcome. A severe illness with which Edmund was visited, gave fresh

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impulse to the anxieties and prayers of his parents, that their loved one might be enabled to give satisfactory evidence of that decided change of heart, without which it is impossible to die safely or happily. Circumstances of threatening affliction place the sufferer more within the reach of direct appeal, especially from her who combines the tender influence and solicitude of a mother with the close and constant access of a nurse. Edmund's mother was not slack in improving these opportunities; but, with deep regret, she observed in the object of her solicitude a clinging to life, and hopes of recovery, a disposition to parry off all intimations of danger, all inquiry into the state of his views and feelings in reference to eternity. "I am not thoughtless about futurity, and I know that there is no salvation apart from Christ. I would wish to be found interested in him, whenever death may come." Beyond this he could never be induced to express himself, and his parents were left in anxious uncertainty, sometimes hoping that he had indeed fled for refuge to the only hope set forth in the gospel, and at others, fearing that the desire to be interested in Christ, meant no more than a natural desire to escape endless misery. Edmund recovered from his illness, and for a considerable time discovered an increased degree of seriousness, and a remarkable anxiety that others should be visited and faithfully dealt with; but he was still undecided.

It was not long after this that two important events occurred in the history of Edmund—the formation of a matrimonial connexion, and the death of his mother. It was while his mother was in a declining state of health, that he communicated to her his wishes, and introduced to her the object of his regard; an amiable, pious and prudent young lady, in every respect a suitable and desirable connexion. "There is but one drawback," said the sinking mother, "to the pleasure with which I contemplate your union. Oh that Edmund were decided! My dear young friend, I dare not flatter you even for the sake of my own beloved son: you know the injunction of Scripture, 'Marry only in the Lord;' and I know enough of the trials and cares of the marriage state, to assure you that they require the constant exercise of decided piety in both parties. Oh! I lament ten thousand imperfections, failings, and transgressions that have attended me as a wife and mother; but I bless God for the happiness I have enjoyed in the relation, and especially that my partner and myself were decided for the Lord before we were decided for each other; to this circumstance I trace much of the happiness we have enjoyed together. Our way has been straight and plain before us; we have had to exercise mutual forbearance, for we have both been the subjects of imperfection; but we have never been perplexed with inconsistencies, or distressed with the apprehension of a final separation. After thirty years' intercourse, we have no more hesitation in saying unitedly than individually, 'We know whom we have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed to him against that day.' Oh, the stability and energy and consolation that result, both in life and death, from such a mutual as well as individual conviction!"

Such sentiments from the lips of a dying saint—a dying parent, produced a solemn impression on the minds of the young people. Edmund again expressed more earnest wishes for decided piety. Maria charitably believed that he already possessed it, and Edmund himself indulged a hope that he was drawing very near to it. Shortly after the death of Mrs. T——, Edmund and Maria were married.

I was led to inquire of the worthy minister, whether the experience of Maria had invalidated the testimony of her excellent mother-in-law; whether she had maintained the loveliness, spirituality, and consistency of her own piety, and whether she had been enabled to discharge her duties as a Christian wife, mother and mistress, as fully and efficiently as she might have done in connexion, not with an almost, but an altogether Christian.

The good man shook his head, and replied, "How shall two walk together unless they are agreed?" and in this matter, difference and agreement are not comparative, but absolute. An almost Christian is not a Christian, and cannot be a helpmeet for a Christian. As an affectionate wife, Maria not only earnestly longed to see her husband become a decided character, and used efforts for that purpose, but was ready to cherish the slightest ground of hope that he was so, and perhaps unwisely wished others should think so too. What a tendency had this to lower the standard of personal and domestic piety! How often was she restrained from carrying out her own convictions and purposes, for want

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of the full concurrence of her husband, or for fear of tacitly reproving his omissions; or from pressing on those in a subordinate station in the household duties, of which the conduct of its head afforded no example. It is easy to imagine that, although principle in the one party and habit in the other concurred to establish the practice of family worship and instruction, those duties were attended to with coldness, formality, and irregularity: hence its importance and value were never duly impressed on the minds of a rising family, and the children have grown up with indifference to it, if not with distaste to the observance of its forms.

The family continue to attend the same ministry. Contributions to missionary and other sacred causes are always readily and liberally given. The minister is treated with great respect, and is occasionally a guest at the table. Edmund is a useful committee-man in secular affairs, and his wife is much esteemed by all who know her; but she is evidently a woman of a sorrowful spirit. It was not so once. When young, she was lively, cheerful, and active; but "the consolations of God are small" with her; and is there not a cause? Yes. In the matter of supreme importance, her husband is undecided, and her children are opposed to her. She wants society to cheer her by the way, and she dreads a final separation at the end; for every day the case is becoming more and more hopeless. Edmund is now fifty years old; and what new motive to decision can be pressed upon him that he has not, at least forty years, been hardening himself to resist? A miracle of healing mercy was justly considered to be enhanced by the fact, that the man was above forty years old on whom it was shown, Acts iv. 22; and such miracles of spiritual healing are rarely wrought on those who have been all their lives in contact with the appointed means of healing.

I ventured to ask the minister if he did not consider the case of Edmund an uncommon one; and to what cause he could attribute the fact of one who seemed to bid so fair for the kingdom of God, so long, if not finally, stopping short of it?

"My friend," he replied, "I fear that the day of decision will prove that Edmund is no uncommon character; for 'many are called, but few are chosen.' As to the causes of his want of decision, I must refer you to that sacred mirror which reflects every variety of human character. Amidst all the diversities, that during a ministry of more than half a century have excited my hopes, my apprehensions, my regrets, or my satisfactions, I have never met with one character whose counterpart I could not find in the Bible. Look at the account given by the evangelists of the young man who came to Jesus to inquire, with seeming eagerness, the way to obtain eternal life; and, in the circumstances of his failure, I think you may discover the causes of Edmund's also, Matt. xix. 16—22; Mark x. 17—22; Luke xviii. 18—23. There was a want of entire self-renunciation, a want of entire self-consecration, and a want of thorough and prompt determination. How must the man have been hardened in self-confidence, puffed up with conceit of his own righteousness, and blind to his own weakness and guilt, to say, unhesitatingly, of all the commandments of God's holy law, 'All these have I kept from my youth up!' Edmund would not adopt the phraseology; but I fear that in Edmund, and in many others, who, like him, are blameless and amiable in the eyes of their fellow-men, there is a hidden, lurking, yet influential feeling that they are upon a better footing for salvation than the chief of sinners, and thus they are kept from that self-loathing and self-despair which would endear to them the gospel message, as a 'faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation.'"

Then there was a clinging to the world, a reluctance to take up the cross—in a word, a want of that uncompromising surrender of the heart to God, which is essential to true, saving religion. Edmund, and the class of whom Edmund is the representative, are the subjects of a secret unwillingness to undergo the requisite change. They desire eternal life. Who does not desire it? They cannot bear the idea of everlasting destruction. Who can bear it? But, like him, they so much want to enjoy the world first, and to spare themselves any act of self-denial, that they go away sorrowful, in the miserable bondage of an earthly mind and an evil conscience, rather than make the sacrifice, and become free indeed.

Then, too, there is a procrastinating hope cherished, which deadens the conscience, while putting off present decision. The young man went away sorrowfully from Christ; yet I cannot think that he deliberately renounced all hope of eternal life. No; he either hoped that it might be obtained on some easier terms, or that

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some more convenient season might arrive for his complying with those laid down; or that, in some way or other, he should be saved at last. And thus it is now with such, and thus are they content with remaining undecided; till, at length, death comes and makes the decision.

C.

LOVE OF DANGEROUS SITUATIONS.

There is, with many, a strong desire to get into situations of danger. A position of peril has in it a strange interest, if not an attractive power, as though it were really something meritorious to jeopardize limb and life. This inclination is observable in childhood. The boy leaps from a bank, and his playmate directly jumps from a higher part; he ascends the under side of a ladder, and drops a depth of six feet to the ground—his companion directly ventures a fall of seven feet; he runs along thin ice, that bends beneath him, on the shallow part of the pond, when his comrade performs the same feat where the water is deep; and thus, to run a greater hazard than another runs, is considered courageous and noble.

That this inclination to venture into danger is blameworthy, and ought to be repressed, can hardly be doubted, though few people are altogether free from its influence. There are certain scenes and circumstances which rarely fail to call forth a spirit of hazardous adventure.

At a little distance from Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire, is a narrow passage, apparently torn by the river Wharfe through a bed of massy rock. Through this passage the water rushes wildly, with a deafening roar. The place is called the Strid.

To leap across this Strid, though it be so narrow, is an act of daring that the few emulate, and the many wisely shun. It must be admitted, that to buoyant hearts and young blood the place presents a strong temptation. The Strid, though it is somewhat broader than it appears, looks as though it were made to be leaped across. Among the thousands who have visited this spot of surpassing beauty, rich in surrounding woods, many an aspiring spirit has with difficulty repressed the growing desire to vault the narrow space from rock to rock, though a false step or a short spring might prove a plunge into eternity. Here the boy Egremond is said to have paid the penalty of his life for his temerity.

"He sprang in glee, for what cared he
That the river was strong and the rocks were steep;
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And check'd him in his leap."

And here, too, among those who have since found in the Strid a watery grave must be mentioned a young lady, who, a few years since, in her lover's presence, was carried away by the rushing waters. It is not enough considered by many who climb giddy heights and approach precipices and waterfalls, what trifling circumstances in such situations affect the brain. One slip of the foot is irrecoverable, and a loss of self-possession is a loss of life.

The scenery of Hawkestone, in Shropshire, is singularly romantic; a sort of fairy-land in the midst of an unattractive neighbourhood. Woods, caverns, and stupendous rocks arrest the eye. Here a hermitage is seen in a sequestered spot, and there a light Swiss bridge, flung at an airy height from crag to crag. In one part is a rock temptingly formed to allure the foot of the reckless climber. Names are cut on the crag, as monuments of adventurous daring. A few years ago, the following reproof, by some wandering rhymester, was appended to the rock:—

"Ye prudent, walk away and sigh,
And hang your heads with melancholy;
Mount, ye ambitious fools, and try
Who first attains the Height of Folly."

In Caernarvonshire, North Wales, not far from Capel Curig, is a mountain called Trivaen, so named from the circumstance of its having three summits. No eminence, perhaps, in North or South Wales is more rugged and sterile. The mountainous mass rises to a great height in the wildest and most picturesque form, unadorned with any other vegetation than a few mosses and scattered bilberry bushes. Frequently is this eminence clothed with clouds, which add much to its savage grandeur. On the highest point of Trivaen are two rocky pillars, twelve or fourteen feet in height, and about a yard and a half asunder.

Among the climbers of Trivaen, many are found bold enough to step or leap from the top of the one pillar to the other; and though the feat to an agile foot and firm head be nothing wonderful, yet the great height of the mountain, the caution required in using neither too great nor too little force in the achievement, for fear of not firmly reaching the rock on the one side, or toppling over it on the other, together with the varying winds that blow there, and the dreadful

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consequences of a failure, render the attempt more than commonly hazardous.

The castle of Kenilworth, in Warwickshire, is usually considered one of the most imposing ruins in England. It is seen to great advantage after a visit to the adjacent castle of Warwick; for the latter may be said to be still in its glory, while the other is in its gloom. The massy towers and thick mouldering ivy walls of Kenilworth speak eloquently to the heart.

The high mouldering wall that runs from tower to tower was at one time occasionally ascended, but it was a daring deed. A young stranger was once seen clambering, till he gave a spring, hooking his fingers on the upper stones. After scrambling to the top of the tower, he proceeded proudly along the mouldering wall, bending to gather a flower that blossomed there. A rift in the wall obliged him to retrace his steps. In turning round, he displaced some of the loose earth, which fell down into the great hall below, a fearful depth. His danger was imminent, his pride gave way, his boldness forsook him, and crouching down, humble as a beaten spaniel, he crawled back on his hands and knees to a place of safety.

The savage pass of Kirkstone, in Westmoreland, is of the most impressive character. It derives its name from a rock of a churchlike appearance on the hill. The pass is between the fork formed by this rock and another. The stormy heights of Kirkstone are often wrapt in a gauzy mist, that renders the objects around obscure; but when this clears away from the threatening brow of the mountain, the prospect is a goodly one. Many of the rocky fragments on the top and sloping sides of Kirkstone, call forth the desire of the aspiring visitor of the place to mount their rugged tops despite the danger.

"Who comes not hither, ne'er shall know
How beautiful the world below!
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
The brook adown the rocky steeps.
Farewell, thou desolate domain!
Hope, panting to the cultured plain,
Carols like a shepherd boy.
And who is she? Can that be Joy?
Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,
Smoothly skims the meadows wide;
While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,
To hill and vale proclaims aloud,
Whate'er the weak may dread, the wicked dare,
Thy lot, O man, is good—thy portion fair!"

At no great distance from Hay, in Radnorshire, is a place called The Rock and Black Water. A slender cataract falls a considerable depth into a dark looking hole, which, according to tradition, has no bottom. The water from the dark hole runs away between the large straggling stones lying in the rift, whose rocky and perpendicular sides mount upwards to an amazing height. Fearful relations are told of the dark basin into which the water falls.

"What time the timid traveller hears,
His cheek is seen to change;
And breathlessly he doubts and fears
A tale so wild and strange!"

The rocks at the base of the cliffs shelve one over another down towards the gloomy hole; and being covered with green slime, left on them by the current after the rainy seasons, they are slippery as glass. Here, then, is another place of temptation to the lover of danger; and he who has courage to approach nearest to the shadowy abyss, if he escape without accident, prides himself on his achievement. Sometimes, however, a reckless visitor loses his footing in an instant, and slides from one shelving rock to another, into the hole, a disaster which is attended with the most imminent peril.

At Symond's Yat, in Monmouthshire, which Fosbroke says is two thousand feet high, the scenery is arresting beyond description. The perpendicular cliffs, bold and majestic, the amphitheatre of hanging woods, the wild and romantic rocks, the huge fragments of stone in the bed of the river, and the flowing stream gliding through the whole, form a striking picture. On the very brow of Symond's Yat grows a stunted tree, which overlooks and leans over the perpendicular depth. Lying along on the branches of this tree, sometimes may be seen a daring and imprudent visitor, gazing with awe on the fearful void beneath him.

Such are a few of the many interesting places of similar character which not only yield delight to the lovers of olden ruins and natural scenery, but also awake the ardour and allure the feet of youthful indiscretion to seek situations of danger. Can we too strongly reprove the indulgence of that silly pride and censurable vanity, which to purchase a worthless reputation for useless daring, would run the risk of rushing uncalled into an eternal world? Reflect, ye reckless, on your real danger; think, ye thoughtless, on the possible consequences of your foolish temerity, that ye may repress what is not to be justified, and gratefully partake, without sinful rashness, of the enjoyments which are scattered in your paths.

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OLD HUMPHREY ON BEING TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

Not five minutes have passed since the double rap of the postman rang in my ears. The man of many messages has brought, among other communications, a request for a paper "forthwith from Old Humphrey, for the number of the *Visitor* already in the hands of the printer." Now it happens, although I have a score or two of papers on different heads partly written, that not one among them is on a subject which suits my present mood of mind, so that the request altogether takes me by surprise. It would be idle, in two senses, to spend a moment in useless regrets. To the printer the Magazine is gone, and to the Magazine a paper from Old Humphrey must go also; so that, you see, the subject chosen by me, "on being taken by surprise," is a most appropriate one.

Reason have I to cry out for Speed with his flying finger, Wit with his ready tongue, Fancy with her creative power, and Wisdom with his learned stores;—and if I had any expectation of their obeying my call, with a voice like that of a town-crier would I summon them to my assistance. As it is, I must proceed without such an invocation.

How natural it is, when we are in need, to look around us for help. Had I a good friend at my elbow who is now among the buttercups, seeking that health which I hope he will abundantly find, my difficulty would vanish, for he would soon touch some chord that would make my pulse throb, and set me scribbling away in right earnest. Some absorbing subject, some pithy sentence, compressing much meaning in little space, or some striking lesson, not hitherto sufficiently estimated, would be set before me, to excite my fancy, quicken my sluggish faculties, and animate my heart.

> How subtle are the viewless links that bind,
> Inform, affect, and agitate the mind!
> A word will kindle or repress desire;
> A mental spark will set the soul on fire.

I have a talented friend, whose epistolary communications are at times such a delightful confusion of sudden thoughts, happy phrases, humorous suggestions, classic allusions, Scripture texts, rushes of feeling, proud imaginings, child-like simplicity, and various other disjointed qualities and qualifications, that reading them is like roaming, not in a garden where the beds are laid out with monotonous regularity, but in a patch of broken ground with a brook at the bottom, and a tangled hedge and ditch, gorgeous with plants and wild flowers, where you may at once enjoy separately, severally, collectively, and generally, bees and brambles, knolls, moss and heath flowers, furze bushes and broom in all their glory, butterflies and blue skies, blackberries and sunshine, thistles and shaggy donkeys, warbling birds, balmy breezes, and grateful scents. Had I one of his epistles at hand, long enough for a paper, it might serve me in good stead; but this not being the case, and being left completely to my own resources, I will see what I can say on being taken by surprise.

The first thought that strikes me is this. There will come a time when the *Visitor* will be published without containing a paper from Old Humphrey. For years that useful publication has made room for my lucubrations; yet will it, in all probability, some day go forth on its Christian errand without my homely name appearing in its pages.

> This prosy, prating pen of mine,
> Must soon be cast away;
> And this warm heart and active hand
> Become as cold as clay.

The weighty consideration that this involves should not be lost sight of by me. It should induce me, first, to resolve that, while mercifully permitted to use my pen, no idle and worthless expression shall fall from it; and secondly, to take care that when called upon to lay it down, I may not be taken by surprise.

A week or two ago I was listening to Dr. Wolff, who went to Bokhara to rescue, if possible, from captivity and a cruel death two British officers. Honour be his on earth, and happiness in heaven, who jeopardises his life, whether successful or not, in an errand of humanity! I was listening to the Doctor's vivid description of Aleppo. There were the people, gay and light-hearted, dressed in all the bravery of their many-coloured flowing robes, sitting and walking, and exulting and singing on the tops of their flat-roofed houses; when suddenly the earthquake came upon them, changing their laughter into mourning, and their joyous songs into bitter lamentations. Multitudes were overwhelmed with sudden destruction; alive they went down into the pit, or were crushed by the falling ruins. Try for a moment to realize this fearful scene! The people of Aleppo were, indeed, taken by surprise!

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This subject of being taken by surprise seems, as a coming tempest, to grow while I gaze upon it. Look at London as it was some two centuries ago, in health, peace, and prosperity. The south side of Cheapside, between Bread-street and Friday-street, then called Goldsmiths'-row, glittered bright with the precious metals; so that if the street was not paved with gold, the shops blazed with its abundance. A range of proud palaces then occupied the south of the Strand, connecting the city with Westminster; and those goodly mansions bore the names of the high and mighty nobles who inhabited them — Norfolk, Essex, and Arundel, Exeter, Worcester, and Salisbury, Howard, Hungerford, York, and Northumberland. London was healthy, and wealthy, and proud; but her health was to be abated, her wealth to be diminished, and her pride to be humbled. The plague came upon her, leaping over her gates, entering the portals of her palaces, and the doors and windows of her habitations; so that the dead became too numerous to receive the rites of sepulture. Men went about with carts, ringing a bell, and crying out dolefully, "Bring out your dead." Large pits were dug in the suburbs of the city as promiscuous graves. Grass grew in the very Royal Exchange, and Whitechapel was as a green field. In six months a hundred and sixty thousand human beings were swept away by the pestilence. Well may we say that the people were taken by surprise!

"Mute was the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunts of men: the sullen door
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society:
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,
Savaged by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black despair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death."

What a sudden affair was the great fire of London! It broke out at midnight, coming at once on the prayerful and prayerless, the godly and godless, putting them to sudden flight, and devouring their habitations. On came the roaring flame—house after house, church after church, and street after street, falling before it. It was as though the day of judgment had arrived, and angels of destruction were commissioned to wrap the doomed city in remediless ruin; clouds of smoke, sheets of fire, and rushing flames prevailed on every hand. London bowed down before the all-devouring fire, as before an idol. The effigied kings at the Royal Exchange broke their sceptres, and leaped from their pedestals, prostrating themselves in the dust; and towers and spires humbled themselves to the ground. The rich were suddenly made poor; the poor were deprived of their all. The householder became houseless, and hundreds leaped from their feather beds, to sleep, if sleep they could, on the bare ground. Confusion was abroad; and fear and horror, and cries and shrieks, and loud lamentations, added to the general consternation. Churches by scores, streets by hundreds, and houses by thousands and thousands, were consumed by the fiery scourge, that went about like a raging demon, seeking what it might devour. London was asleep, but it was awakened!—it was tranquil, but it was agitated with terror!—it feared no evil, but it was taken by surprise!

You have read, no doubt, of the frightful accident which took place so recently at Yarmouth. A clown from a company of equestrians undertook to proceed up the river Bure, a certain distance, in a washing tub, drawn by four geese, elegantly harnessed and caparisoned. To get a peep at this trumpery spectacle, many of the people of Yarmouth rushed to the suspension-bridge, which, not being able to sustain the unusual weight pressing unequally upon it, gave way. The suspending chains snapped, one after another, and crash came down the bridge into the water, where nearly a hundred human beings, most of them in the bloom of childhood and youth, found an instantaneous death. The suddenness, as well as the destructive havoc, of the dreadful calamity smote the heart of every spectator with horror. Fear stood still with blanched cheek! Amazement held up her hands! Terror shrieked aloud! and Rumour, with her hundred tongues, hasted abroad to magnify the catastrophe, and multiply the number of the victims it had destroyed. This was indeed to be taken by surprise! To pass, as it were, in a moment from pleasure to pain, from ease to agony, from life to death, from time to eternity!

The consideration of these greater calamities may be made useful, by leading us to reflect on our own individual

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perils. Every hour, ay, every moment, we are surrounded with danger; temptation may creep upon us, and calamity may leap upon us. Sin may waylay us in our path when abroad, and sorrow may, unknown to us, be awaiting our homeward return. How know we but sickness or death may be at the door? Surely, then, we should be prayerful and watchful. A worthy friend of mine, a Christian minister, writes me these beautiful and appropriate expressions in contemplating his retiring from the field of his labours:—

"How I long, or, as poets write, 'sigh' for the quietude of the country! There should be an interval, some time, between fighting and dying!—a time of pause, of review, of revision, which is more than review, of prayer, and of holy aspiration! Well, 'there remaineth a rest to the people of God.' Now, this interval, this pause for review, revision, prayer, and holy aspiration is very desirable for us all; and well is it for us, if our hearts yearn for it; but well it will be, also, to remember that we cannot calculate upon it. No, no! To-morrow may not be ours. 'To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts!' Need have we, among many prayers, to put up one to the Father of mercies that neither sin nor sorrow, sickness nor death, may take us by surprise."

But while this prayer is zealously preferred, we should be the willing agents, in Holy hands, for its fulfilment, by fostering in our hearts a higher estimate of eternal things, and a stronger confidence in our heavenly Father. If we would not be taken by surprise, we must not be found slumbering at our post. To sleep at his post is to a soldier a very serious thing, as will be seen by the following words in the articles of war:—"Any officer or soldier who shall be found sleeping on his post, or shall leave it before regularly relieved, shall, if an officer, suffer death, or such other punishment as by a general court-martial shall be awarded; and, if a soldier, shall suffer death, transportation, or such other punishment as by a general court-martial shall be awarded." A Christian soldier, whose weapons are love, and whose banner is that of the cross, may profit by this quotation, and resolve, in the strength of the Captain of his salvation, whatever may be his duties and his hardships, never to give way to lethargy—never to be taken by surprise.

I hardly need ask you, reader, if you are ever taken by surprise? because in one case or other—in great things or in little things—this must of necessity be the case; but depend upon it, that to you, and to me also, an humble, watchful, prayerful, grateful, and trustful spirit will ever be the best protection against unlooked-for occurrences, unexpected calamities, and sudden surprises. We are all liable to lose, in a moment, our earthly possessions; but the loss of property, health, and life, may well be borne by him who has laid up treasure in heaven, and who looks forward to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Thus have I done my best, on the spur of the moment, to fling together a few suggestions, likely, I hope, to prove profitable; and if you, on your part, will promise to endeavour to turn them to account, I, on mine, will undertake never again, if I can possibly avoid it, when a paper is requested from me for the pages of the *Visitor*, to be taken by surprise.

THE SAVIOUR.

The Rev. Watts Wilkinson says, in a letter to a friend,—On what topic shall I enter? What topic more pleasing to a Christian than "Jesus Christ and him crucified?" St. Paul, in the course of his acquaintance with the Corinthians, determined to know this among them, and nothing else save this. They who are most of the same mind, most resemble this great apostle. Jesus is a name, I know, that is precious unto you, because, as I firmly believe, God has favoured you with a sense of sin: all who know what sin really is, feel their need of a Redeemer. The blessed name, Jesus, means a Saviour; as such, he must be precious unto you. I have another reason: I hope you are one of those who have fled for refuge unto him, and am sure that unto those who believe in him he is precious, with emphasis—precious, infinitely so, beyond the utmost possible expression. I think I hear you question whether you really love him? You must excuse me if I differ from you—if I determine not to credit your suspicions, until warranted by your conduct, which I hope and trust I never shall be. Does not your heart recoil at the very thought, and say secretly, God forbid you ever should? This is an evidence that you do love him. You are so condescend-

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ing as frequently to solicit my advice. I hope I am not arrogant; I know you will not think me so, if I give it—it is, Live on Christ for all you want. It is here, I think, you fail: your uncomfortable frames, I apprehend, proceed from a secret wish unmortified, to find something in yourself to admire, if not in a measure to confide in. If you were but more dead to the world, more frequent and fervent in prayer, you think you should feel greater confidence; whereas you will never enjoy solid and permanent comfort until you come simply to Christ as a guilty sinner, and live upon him as a helpless sinner. You must come to him, not only for pardon and justification, but for grace to die unto the world, and to be conformed unto his will. And remember, your sanctification is not the ground of your acceptance, but the evidence: you are not accepted in Christ because you are holy, but you must become so, in some measure, because you are his. . . So long as you strive in your own strength to do what is right, or look to your own attainments for consolation, you must be uncomfortable. Your own strength will prove weakness, ever disappointing your expectations, and your own attainments, too small at the greatest. You must desire to consecrate yourself to the glory of such a compassionate Redeemer; but you cannot do this without his grace. Live by faith upon him for it, and you shall find that grace sufficient for you, and shall know, by happy experience, that his strength is made perfect in your weakness; and so be brought, in a degree, to adopt the language of the great apostle, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me; for when I am weak then am I strong;" and so go on your way rejoicing. Remember those texts, think of them, pray over them—John i. 16; Habak. ii. 4; Rom. i. 17; Gal. iii. 11; Heb. x. 38; and St. Paul's description of his own experience in the latter part of his second chapter to the Galatians. Other Christians experience as great perplexities as yourself: how do they gain the victory, and obtain courage to proceed? If I may be so bold as to answer for one—and few know much more of discouragements than I do—I am happy only so long as I lie prostrate at the feet of Jesus, and by faith contemplate him hanging on the cross; while this is my language, "Lord, I am guilty, thou art righteous; I am a sinner, thou a Saviour; I am weak, thou art strong; I am nothing, thou art all-sufficient! Oh, save me from the guilt and power of sin!" Here I am constrained to live every day. I can find no comfort, nor have I any hope, but as I lie still at his feet, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" If he is pleased to smile in the dark hour of death, how light will it be! If not, here I still must lie, for I have no other hope.

EXPOSURE OF ROMISH MISREPRESENTATIONS.—No. III.

14. The name of the duke of Alva is connected with bloodthirsty vengeance and cruelty of the most appalling character. The wretch boasted, that during the war in the Low Countries, he had delivered 18,000 persons to the executioner, besides those who had perished in the field of battle. Wherever he went, terror marched before him, and desolation followed his steps. But he was a good Papist, and the victims of his barbarity were godless heretics. This redeems him from censure, in the eyes of some. Dr. Lingard can sketch the history of the revolution in the Low Countries, without once adverting to the abominations which have consigned their author to infamy; and Dr. Milner, while he affects to condemn and execrate "the sanguinary vengeance of the Spanish governor," seeks to extenuate his guilt by referring to the "provocations" he had received from the "seditious" Protestants; labours to make it appear that his violences were reprisals for deeds of a similar kind; and quotes a "celebrated biographer," who says that Vandermerk, one of the generals in the service of the prince of Orange, "slaughtered more unoffending Catholic priests and peasants in the year 1572, than Alva executed Protestants during his whole government."* The intent of this falsehood is to persuade us that Alva was a slandered man, and that Protestantism is more barbarous than Popery.

These are positions too monstrous to require exposure and refutation. No well-informed person has any doubt on the subject, nor would it have been introduced in this place but for the pertinacity with which such statements are still brought before the public. Let it be understood, then, that the insurrection in

* Tracts of the Catholic Institute, No. 13, p. 5.

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the Low Countries, which were at that time in the possession of Spain, was caused by the tyranny and extortion of the government, by which the unhappy people had been for years most grievously oppressed. They did not resist till they were stung to madness by their wrongs. The rising was not an exclusively Protestant movement, though the deliverance of the Protestants from persecution was one of its objects. All classes and persuasions united in resolving to shake off the Spanish yoke, and after many a hard struggle succeeded in the attempt. It is not to be denied that, on some occasions, the victorious soldiery copied the example of their popish predecessors, and massacred unoffending persons. But that such actions were approved by the leaders of the enterprise is notoriously false. As soon as the prince of Orange was informed of the excesses of Vandermerk, he ordered him to be dismissed from the service, nor could he ever appear again in the country which he had polluted with his deeds. His agent, a man who seems to have taken pleasure in works of blood, was delivered up to the vengeance of the law, and publicly executed.

Brandt has some sensible remarks on this subject. He says:—"Four things are to be observed. (1.) The Protestants were not the aggressors. It is certain that the [Roman] Catholics began by treating the reformed in a most barbarous manner: they hanged them, beheaded them, drowned them, buried them alive, burned them. (2.) For one [Roman] Catholic put to death by Protestants, hundreds, or rather thousands of Protestants were slain by [Roman] Catholics. (3.) The cruelties exercised among the Protestants resulted from the brutality and fury of the soldiers; the magistrates and divines had nothing to do with them. Not so with the cruelties of the [Roman] Catholics: the magistrates and the clergy were the authors of those cruelties. (4.) The Protestant magistrates, so far from approving the violence of the soldiers, did all they could to repress it, and even punished with death several persons, simply for having killed [Roman] Catholics."* To this it may be added, that persecution is the cherished child of Popery; but whenever Protestants have availed themselves of the dark alliance, it has been in opposition to their avowed principles. Whether adopted by Papists or Protestants, it is an impious thing—the first-born of hell.

15. Romanists are justly charged with intolerance, in treating all persons as heretics who differ from themselves, and invoking the aid of the civil power, whenever practicable, to put down alleged heresy. But "we know of no such doctrine," observes a writer in the Dublin Review; "we repudiate it as a calumny of the most malignant description." Dr. Kelly, then titular archbishop of Armagh, gravely asserted before a committee of the House of Commons, that "in order to constitute a heretic, contumacy in error concerning matters of faith is necessary. By contumacy," he added, "I mean a refusal on the part of an individual to embrace doctrines necessary to salvation, after having had a sufficient opportunity of being convinced of their truth." And "how are we to know," it is asked, "who is, or who is not, contumacious? Who of us has the power to dive into the heart of his fellow-man, to read his thoughts, to discover whether, if we sought and found what we believe to be the truth, he would obstinately reject it? Without this power, which belongs to God alone, no man who is not rendered vicious by an extraordinary degree of presumption, can venture to say of another, 'That man is a heretic.'"* All this sounds very charitable and kind. We have been mistaken, no doubt. The awful word "heretic" was never meant to apply to us. True, we reject the novelties of Rome, and brand the whole system as anti-Christian. But "who has the power to dive into the heart of his fellow-man?"

It seems a pity to unmask this apparent charity. Yet we must not be deceived by fair words. Nor can we allow modern Papists to substitute their own individual opinions or interpretations for the published doctrines of their church. "A person is not to be called a heretic," say the compilers of the Catechism of the Council of Trent, "so soon as he errs in matters of faith," well knowing that if this were done, many would bear the name who are still permitted to retain their communion: "then only is he to be so called, when, in defiance of the authority of the church, he maintains impious opinions with unyielding

* Histoire Abregée de la Reformation des Pais Bas, i. 211.

* Dublin Review, No. 2, p. 506.

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pertinacity."* But is not every Protestant in this predicament? The fact of his Protestantism stamps him at once as a heretic. These nice distinctions are never thought of at Rome. The "holy apostolic church" does not wait to inquire whether there is "contumacy" or not. The publication or profession of opinions adverse to her decrees, is sufficient to call down her vengeance. More than six hundred years ago she denounced all heretics in solemn council,† and doomed them to extermination. She has never altered. All her sons declare their adherence to the decrees of the general councils, among which that just mentioned is one, and uniformly regard as heretics all who bear the Protestant name. Her "Index Expurgatorius" expressly condemns as "heretics of the first class" all our best writers. Her fires would consume them still, if she dared to light the flames again. To affirm that the denouncement of destruction to heretics is only "a species of admonition, which, even if he wished it," the Papist "could not, consistently with his religion, carry into effect,"‡ is to fly in the face of all authority, and utter deliberate falsehood. At best it is a miserable subterfuge, intended to hide the naked, hideous fact. Meanwhile, since they cannot just now burn us, they are content with adjudging us to perdition. The little child is instructed to believe that we wretched Protestants have nothing but misery before us. We are infallibly destined to "hell for all eternity."§ And then, when we charge them with a persecuting spirit, they turn round and exclaim, "Oh, but we only refer to the contumacious. And how can we determine who the heretic is?" Out upon such hypocrisy!

16. Speaking of the "extension of printing," a writer asks: "Was not its utility utterly neutralized, or rather, was it not rendered pernicious, by the censorship of the press, which existed by statute or prerogative from the time of Henry VIII. till after the revolution, and was exercised with a strictness and severity quite in character with the principles of the Established Church?"‖ It is not our present business to pass judgment on the policy of an age which was just emerging from the midnight darkness of Popery. The spirit of the old system remained long after its forms had been abolished. Popish habits retained their hold upon men who had abjured Popish doctrines; nor is this surprising, since the love of power is congenial to our depraved hearts, and its wanton exercise has peculiarly distinguished ecclesiastical affairs. But to the question before us. The incorrectness, to say the least, of the statement just quoted, is easily shown.

(1.) During the period under notice, that is, from A.D. 1526, when Tyndall's translation of the New Testament was published, to A.D. 1688, the era of the revolution, the following English authors flourished, and their works were freely circulated, notwithstanding the "censorship of the press," to the great advantage of the community:—Cranmer, Latimer, Hooper, Ridley, Jewell, Foxe, Leland, Ascham, sir Philip Sydney, Hooker, Shakspeare, Spenser, Camden, Gataker, Harvey, lord Bacon, Chillingworth, Lightfoot, Mede, Usher, Jeremy Taylor, Ainsworth, bishop Hall, Cave, Walton, Prideaux, Milton, sir Thomas Browne, Bunyan, Owen, Baxter, Howe, Stillingfleet, bishop Beveridge, Charnock, Flavel, Pool, Locke, Algernon Sydney, Wilkins, Barrow, South, Tillotson, Ray, Selden, Boyle, and many others. These works still exist, and speak for themselves.

(2.) During the same period, the Index of Prohibited Books was repeatedly published at Rome. The edition issued by command of Pope Innocent XI., in 1681, is now before the writer. It contains the names of the following authors, the perusal of whose works, in whole or in part, is expressly forbidden to all members of the Romish church:—Lord Bacon, Bale, Beza, Walton, Robert Stephens, Turretin, Bucer, Buchanan, Bullinger, Buxtorf, Calvin, Cartwright, Castalio, Chemnitz, Coverdale, Copernicus, Casaubon, Cranmer, Daille, Erasmus, Grindal, Perkins, Guicciardini, Grotius, Farel, Tyndall, Whitaker, Heidegger, Savonarola, Hospinian, Hottinger, Huss, De Thou, Usher, bishop Hall, Tremellius, Polydore Virgil, Bradford, Brentius, John Foxe, Hooper, Jewell, Knox, Ecolampadius, Sleidan, Wiclif, Scapula, Scaliger, Justus Jonas, Latimer, Luther, Melancthon, Melchior Adam, Meno Simon, De Mournay, Sarpi, Jerome of Prague, sir Thomas Browne, Claude, Sanderson, Henry Stephens, Zuingle, Vossius. And it prohibits

* Catechism of the Council of Trent, translated by the Rev. J. Donovan, p. 91.

† The General Council of Lateran, A.D. 1215.

‡ Dublin Review, *ut sup.* p. 507.

§ Abstract of the Douay Catechism, p. 71.

‖ Dublin Review, No. 18, p. 406.

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the perusal of all versions of the Holy Scriptures made by alleged heretics, and of all notes and commentaries on the Scriptures written by them; of all their catechisms and confessions of faith; and of all books, by whomsoever written, whether Papists or Protestants, teaching the motion of the earth round the sun.

The reader will now be enabled to decide which is most "pernicious:" the censorship of the press, during the existence of which the writers first mentioned conferred benefits so great and manifest upon their country; or the Romish Index, in whose pages they and very many more are proscribed, and whose fatal restrictions continue to deprive the members of the papal community of the advantages they might derive from an acquaintance with such valuable productions. They suffer themselves to be frightened by the bugbear of imagined heresy. It is hard to say whether such submission to priestly rule deserves pity or contempt.

17. Romish writers persist in affirming that the Papists executed in queen Elizabeth's reign suffered solely for their religion, and that therefore those executions were so many acts of persecution for conscience' sake.* A more flagrant perversion of historical truth cannot be imagined. It is a fact, which no impartial person thinks of denying, that in those unhappy times Popery and treason were fast linked together. All ecclesiastics, from the man who occupied the papal throne, to the lowest ranks of the priesthood, were sworn foes to Elizabeth. Her deposition and murder were the objects of their earnest desire and constant endeavour, being commanded by a papal bull, recognised by every Romanist as an authority not to be questioned. The Seminary priests in particular, and the Jesuits, vied with each other in malice, and exerted all their influence to stir up the laity to deeds of treason and blood. The statutes by which their crimes were punished were severe, it is confessed, but necessary. Every one of them might have been entitled, "An act for the protection of the queen's person, and the preservation of her life."†

This disclaimer of treason is modern policy. The parties immediately concerned did not venture to put it forth. At the Hampton Court Conference, in 1603, when Dr. Reynolds applied for the suppression or restraint of unlawful and seditious books, reasons were given for permitting their circulation; and, among others, the lord treasurer remarked that the books had this use, "namely, that now by the testimony of those priests themselves, her late majesty and the state were cleared of the imputation of putting Papists to death for conscience only, seeing in those books they themselves confess that they were executed for treason."*

The reformation from Popery is one of those events which cannot fail to be contemplated by the Christian with deep interest and fervent gratitude. God did then evidently interpose on behalf of the long-oppressed church of Christ. The appearance of gifted men, eminently qualified for the great work, in different parts of Europe, and at the same time, together with the success which attended their labours, notwithstanding the dreadful persecutions to which they were exposed, strikingly displayed the power and goodness of that great Being who is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working." Long had he heard the cries of the "souls under the altar," pleading for the cause of truth. At length he arose in his might and in his mercy, to vindicate the honour of his word, and restore his worship to its first purity. The results far exceeded the hopes of the pious, while unutterable dismay seized "the armies of the aliens."

It is of great importance to distinguish between the religious and the political aspects of the Reformation. In its origin and progress, so far as regarded itself, it was wholly a religious movement. It was a great conflict between truth and error, between carnality and spiritual-mindedness—a glorious revival of religion. If some of the royal and noble personages by whom it was befriended deemed it right and necessary to take up arms in defence of the cause, and to give it the support of worldly policy, so that

* Dr. Lingard's History, viii. 290, 295, etc.

† "To be at that time a Catholic, and to think Elizabeth an usurper, and Mary the rightful queen, and to desire to have a Catholic sovereign on the throne of England, were inseparable circumstances. There was not perhaps one member of the Romish church in Europe who had other sentiments. Their pope and hierarchy in all its branches held and taught unvaryingly such opinions. That it would be meritorious to depose Elizabeth, and that it was meritorious to conspire and to exert themselves to do so, became a regular inference from these opinions in the Romish church, and was zealously inculcated by its priesthood and agents on all their adherents; nor did such tuition fall at that time on averted ears."—Sharon Turner's "Modern History of England," iv. 342.

* Sharon Turner, *ut sup.* i. Preface, xii.

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Protestantism and Popery became the rallying points for hostile parties; that result, and any political consequences, are not to be regarded as an effect of the religious principles of the Reformation, which, like those of the New Testament, are principles of peace and holiness. Assuredly, Papists have no right to criminate the Reformation on this account, since they have never scrupled to employ violent measures for the accomplishment of the purposes of Rome, and have even inculcated the use of fire and sword for the suppression of what they call heresy, as a solemn and meritorious duty.

The truths for which the Reformers contended demand our most zealous support. Those holy men pleaded for Christ; for the honour of his finished work, which Popery had thrown into the shade; and for his supremacy in the church, which had been for ages practically denied. Among the "forgotten truths" which they brought to light, the doctrine of justification by faith held the first place, and was ever associated in their minds with scriptural views of the necessity and fruits of the Holy Spirit's influence. They taught the people, that without engagedness of heart in the service of God, all outward acts of worship are unacceptable and profitless. They denounced the manifold inventions of superstition, as opposed to the simplicity of the New Testament ritual, and tending to divert the mind from the contemplation of truth, and to delude men into a belief of their worthiness in the sight of God. They affirmed the entire sufficiency of Scripture, as the rule of faith and practice, boldly asserting the right of private judgment, unshackled by deference to fathers or councils. They directed their keenest shafts against the idolatry of the popish system, exposing in strains of irresistible argument, or powerful satire, the folly and impiety of saint-worship, and the vanity of the confidence placed in saintly intercession. They taught men to present their prayers and praises to God, through the Lord Jesus Christ, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, in full assurance of obtaining the blessings implored.

Truth is not local or temporary. Apostolic principles cannot become obsolete. The way in which we ought to "walk and please God," is the same as was prescribed to the first churches. Our souls must be sustained in duty or in trial, by the truths and promises which comforted the Christians of those times. Like them, we must "live by the faith of the Son of God," Gal. ii. 20; we must "worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh," Phil. iii. 3; as risen with our victorious Lord, we must "seek those things which are above," Col. iii. 1. In order to all this, there must be diligent study of the Scriptures, careful comparison of their diversified yet harmonious statements, and earnest prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, that we may not only "read," but "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the words of the Lord, and experience their blessed effects. These are privileges to be enjoyed by all believers, without distinction, as well as duties to be performed by them. No system can be scriptural which interferes with the enjoyment of the privilege, or discourages the discharge of the duty. Popery does both. It robs the Christian of his freedom, and Christ of his glory. Englishmen are mercifully delivered from the mental and corporeal tyranny and bondage of Popery. May we be also preserved from all views and practices which have a popish tendency! "To the law and to the testimony." "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God," Isa. viii. 20; 1 John iv. 1.—*The Reformation in Europe, published by the Religious Tract Society.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"They that depart from me shall be written in the earth."—Jer. xvii. 13.

Peter Della Valle observed a method of writing short-lived memorandums in India, which he thus describes:—"I beheld children writing their lessons with their fingers on the ground, the pavement being for that purpose strewed all over with very fine sand. When the pavement was full, they put the writing out, and, if need were, strewed new sand from a little heap they had before them, wherewith to write farther." One would be tempted to think, says Mr. Harmer, (vol. ii. p. 168, note,) the prophet Jeremiah had this way of writing in view, when he says of them that depart from God, they "shall be written in the earth." Certainly it means, in general, soon to be blotted out and forgotten, as is apparent from Ps. lxix. 28; Ezek. xiii. 9.

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Margate.

THE OCEAN.

Great Ocean, with its everlasting voice,
As in perpetual jubilee, proclaims
The wonders of the Almighty.—SOUTHEY.

THE ocean forms the grand receptacle of all the surplus waters of the globe, the basin into which the greater number of rivers disembogue their liquid contents; the reservoir where they are held in store, ready to be again drawn off by the process of evaporation, when they are again required to perform their part in administering to the nourishment and refreshment of organized beings, or of effecting changes in the other departments of the physical world.

The area covered by the waters of the ocean is very great. In the present state of our knowledge, it is not possible precisely to determine its extent; but, as we have before seen, according to the nearest estimate that can be formed of the surface occupied by continents and islands, it is supposed that not less than three fourths of the globe are covered by the waters of the ocean. This difference in the relative amount of land and water is remarkable. But "who will venture to assert," observes Dr. Prout, "that the distribution of land and sea, as they now exist, though apparently so disproportionate, is not actually necessary, as the world is at present constituted. Let us conceive what would happen from the simple inversion of the quantities of dry land and sea as they now exist. In such a case, there would not be enough of water to preserve the surface of the land in a moist state, and the greater part would be in the situation of the deserts of Africa, and totally unfitted for the habitation of human beings."

The depth of the ocean is a subject on which very little has hitherto been satisfactorily determined. That it varies greatly, there can be no question; for wherever its bed has been reached by the sounding line, it has presented inequali-

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ties similar to those occurring on the surface of the dry land. Its mean or average depth is supposed not to exceed the mean height of the continents and islands above its level. Generally speaking, the greatest depths appear to occur in the broad sea, and the more shallow parts in channels and straits, or near islands. The mean depth of the sea round the coasts of England has been supposed not to exceed 120 feet; and on those of Scotland to be about 360 feet; whilst on the western coasts of Ireland it is considered to be about 2,000 feet. In the North Atlantic Ocean, Mr. Scoresby sounded to the depth of 7200 feet, without the lead touching the ground; and in a recent expedition sent out by the French government, soundings were made in the Austral or Southern Ocean, at the distance of about 300 miles from Cape Horn, when, although 2500 fathoms of line were let down, the lead did not reach the bottom.

The temperature of the deep sea appears generally to follow the mean temperature of the climate in which it is situated, but it is much less variable than that of the superincumbent air; and the latter is much less subject to variations, than air over the surface of land. Thus, in equatorial regions, the difference in the temperature of the air near the surface of the sea, by day and night, does not appear to exceed three or four degrees; whilst on land it amounts to nine or ten degrees. And though the diurnal range of temperature near the surface of the ocean is rather greater in temperate climates, it is by no means equal to that on land. Thus in the parallel of Paris, the range of the thermometer, in the air over the ocean's surface, amounts only to five or six degrees, whilst at Paris it often amounts to thirty or forty degrees. In warm climates, the temperature of the deep sea diminishes with the depth below the surface.

The waters of the ocean are, as is well known, not pure, but hold in solution a variety of saline matter, amongst which by far the most abundant is chloride of sodium, or common salt, which in general constitutes above two thirds of the whole saline ingredients. Thus, according to a recent analysis made by Dr. Schweitzer, 1,000 grains of sea water taken from the British Channel, near Brighton, contained twenty-seven grains of chloride of sodium, and not much more than eight grains of other saline matter; the whole *anhydrous* (or *not-watery*) ingredients amounting to rather more than thirty-five grains in the 1000 grains of sea-water. The specific gravity at 60° Fahrenheit, (pure water being 1.000,) was 1.027. The quantity of saline ingredients contained in sea-water is, however, found to vary in different localities. Thus, according to Lenz, who accompanied Kotzebue in his voyage round the world, the Atlantic Ocean is salter than the Southern Ocean. In the Atlantic Ocean, again, the western portion has been found to be more salt than the eastern; whilst no variation in the saltness of the water has been observed in any part of the Pacific Ocean. It appears, however, a general rule, that in high northern and southern latitudes, the quantity of saline ingredients is less than in warmer latitudes; probably owing to the greater amount of evaporation in the latter localities. A series of interesting experiments were made on this subject by the late Dr. Marcet, who procured for this purpose above seventy specimens of sea-water from different parts of the world, some of which were raised from great depths. From these observations, Dr. Marcet came to the conclusion, that the sea is not salter at greater depths than near the surface; but that it generally contains more saline matter where the water is deepest and most remote from land, probably owing to its not being subject to the influx of fresh water carried down into it by the rivers which enter the ocean.

The saline contents of the ocean are of very great importance in the economy of nature. The purer water is, the more rapidly does it pass off in vapour; and it may be questioned whether, if the ocean were composed of fresh water, the mass of waters could be maintained in its present condition, owing to the greater rapidity with which the process of evaporation would be carried on. And thus, as has been well observed by Dr. Prout, "there is reason to believe that the saline matter contained in the ocean contributes in no small degree to the stability of the water; and that an ocean of fresh water would undergo changes which would probably render it incompatible with animal life. The waters of such an ocean might even be decomposed, so as seriously to interfere with the other arrangements of nature."

We have seen that the saline matter contained in sea water affects its specific gravity: this also is not without its utility both in the economy of nature, and also

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to man. In illustration of its importance in the natural world, we may remark, that the greater degree of buoyancy thus acquired by the water enables it to bear substances on or near its surface, which in fresh water would probably sink to the bottom. And it is by this means that hard seeds, such as those of the cocoa-nut and pandanus, are borne to the newly-formed coral islands of the Pacific Ocean, there to perform the important office of colonizing these islands with valuable vegetable productions, and thus adapting them for the habitation of man. It is also owing to the same greater degree of buoyancy possessed by the waters of the ocean, that they are better fitted for the purposes of navigation, on account of their specific gravity being thus greater in proportion to that of the materials used in the construction of ships.

The saline contents of the sea water of the British Channel, according to Dr. Schweitzer, consist of:—

	Grains.
Water . . .	964.744
Chloride of Sodium .	27.060
Chloride of Potassium .	0.765
Chloride of Magnesia .	3.667
Bromide of Magnesia .	0.030
Sulphate of Magnesia .	2.295
Sulphate of Lime .	1.406
Carbonate of Lime .	0.033
	1000.000

—*Miss Zornlin.*

THE SERMON.

The sermon was concluded, the blessing was pronounced, the church-doors were thrown open, and the congregation dispersed themselves in various directions towards their several homes. Here a group of noisy children played about around the graves; here a more orderly little pair of Sunday scholars walked quietly hand in hand, with their Bibles under their arm; here a gaudily dressed group were exchanging compliments; here a chubby boy hurried down the avenue of elms, big with thoughts of pudding and baked potatoes; here a burly squire coldly acknowledged the respectful bows of the villagers; and here a decrepit old woman, unnoticed, hobbled along by the help of her stout stick towards her humble cottage.

"A fine sermon that," said Roger the ploughman to himself, as he stepped out of the church porch. "A wonderful man that parson of ours is, sure enough; how noble he looks in his black gown! He is none of your dronish mumblers, who preach a congregation to sleep. What a many books he must have read! And what fine hard words he makes use of, too; I can't think where he learned them, or how he can remember them all. And then he has nothing but his Bible, no notes, nothing to trust to but his memory, and yet he keeps talking on, as if he did not know how to leave off, and is never at a loss for a word. Well, for my part, I am no scholar, but I suppose all he says is true, for he must have read a power of books, and it is not for poor men such as myself to trouble our heads much about such things. We have enough to do to work for our daily bread, and we cannot do better than leave our parson, who has plenty of time, to think and study for us. Preaching is his business, as ploughing is mine; so every man to his trade."

"Well," said Miss Burton, as she walked through the churchyard arm-in-arm with a friend, "what a sermon! I would not have been the Russells for a trifle. I wonder what they must have thought and felt while the vicar was rebuking pride and vanity in such burning language. Whether any one has told him anything about them I don't know; but I am sure he must have had his eye upon them, his remarks were so appropriate to them. I have no patience with such pride, dressing in silk and satin, bedizened with watches and chains, while they can scarcely pay their way. It was but a few years ago that I recollect them, dirty, slatternly girls, whom everybody despised; and now they toss their heads, and strut about as if the earth were not good enough to walk upon. Oh, I detest pride beyond all things—and in such people, too! But it is just the way of the world: those are proudest who have least to be proud of. The vicar, however, has read them a good lesson to-day, and I hope they will profit by it, and behave themselves in a manner more befitting their condition. For my part, I could think of nothing else during the sermon but the insufferable pride and vanity of those beggarly girls, and I am not a little pleased that the vicar spoke out so plainly."

"Ha! ha!" said young squire Jones, as he gaily skipped down the churchyard, and twirled his riding-whip in his hand,

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"a pretty Methodist sermon, truly! All very well for old women, and people who are too old to enjoy the world; but I am not going to mope myself to death with religion and such stuff. I would not have wasted my time here to-day, but my aunt must be considered; 'twill never do to offend the old girl. But she cannot live long; and when I come into my fortune, I'll show them I am made of very different stuff. A short life and a merry one, say I; and those who choose religion—why, I wish them joy of their choice. I wonder what people were sent into this world for, but to enjoy themselves and be happy. Pride, indeed! As if there was any harm in wearing a good coat and living respectably. I suppose the parson would have us shut ourselves up from the world, and be always praying and reading the Bible. He forgets that he was once young himself; but now that he can no longer enjoy the pleasures of the world himself, he would sourly prohibit them from those who are young. I wonder what but religion drove young Philips mad the other day; before he turned methodistical he was happy enough, but good-by to pleasure when people make so much fuss about religion. But yonder is Harry Wild; I must make haste and overtake him, to arrange for the races to-morrow." With these words the young 'squire quickened his pace down the avenue, and in a few moments every thought of the sermon had faded from his mind.

"Well," said farmer Hobbs to himself, as he threaded his way among the graves, "that is what I call a good sermon—very good; and I do believe our vicar is a very good sort of man, a little too strict, perhaps, but an honest and well-meaning man, after all. But," said the farmer, scratching his head, "what to do as to purchasing that lot of sheep sadly puzzles me. It has been running in my head all church time. If the steward would take half-a-crown a head less for them I think it would be a good speculation; but so dear as sheep are at present, I should never make my money of them if I were to give any more. Well, I must hurry home to dinner; and I will ride over this afternoon and see if the steward will take anything less, and if we can come to terms I will secure them. I suppose our vicar would call me to account for doing this sort of work on a Sunday, but one must live; and if I never do anything worse than make a bargain on a Sunday I shall not have much to answer for." Absorbed in these calculations, farmer Hobbs slowly wended his way through the churchyard, and the sermon was thought of no more.

"Not a bad sermon that," said Dr. Bowles to a friend, as they walked together through the churchyard. "But do you not think our vicar is too monotonous in his delivery? His sermon was well written, the words judiciously chosen, the subject cleverly divided, and the illustrations ingenious; but, after all, it was spoiled by his bad reading. It is a pity but some one would give him a hint to take more pains in this particular; a few lessons in elocution would do him a world of service. Talking of elocution, what a fine delivery that minister had who came down here from London the other day! That is the style for me; I shall never forget how distinctly he read the commandments. And then, in his sermon, how judiciously he altered his voice as occasion required. Now he was all pathos and tenderness, now all fire and energy; now he entreated and persuaded in a manner the most irresistible, now he warned and threatened with a look and tone that impressed even the most inattentive. I have nothing to say against our vicar's doctrine; and as to his private life, every one knows he is a good man; but his manner of delivery is certainly susceptible of great improvement." The doctor's companion fully coincided in these sentiments; and other topics of conversation arising, the sermon was quickly forgotten.

"Ah," said old James the shepherd thoughtfully to himself, as he walked with tottering steps through the churchyard, "that was a good sermon, and God grant that I may be the better for it. There is far too much of pride and vanity in all of us, in the poor as well as the rich, in the old as well as the young. But whatever there may be in others, let me search out the depths of selfishness and pride in my own heart, humble myself before God, and earnestly endeavour, by his blessing, to put away all that is evil and attain to all that is good. Here is a profitable subject for meditation, and I will bid all other thoughts depart a-while, that I may give my individual attention to it. I will watch in the ensuing week the state of my heart with increased vigilance; I will try to hush every feeling of pride and ambition, and humbly endeavour that nothing in my thoughts or my conduct

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shall be in opposition to God's holy will. May God forgive me that in time past I have fallen so far short of my duty, and dishonoured that gospel in which I believe, and grieved that God in whom I trust. Well for us, even the best of us, is it that we are not to be justified by our works, but that there is a Saviour who can cleanse us from our sins, through whom we may have forgiveness for the past, strength for the future, peace of conscience on earth, and a crown of glory in heaven. To his mercy and grace I commit myself, and by the aid of the Holy Spirit I will endeavour to think deeply of these things to-day, so that the sacred hours of this sabbath may help me to discharge better my duties to God and man during the week, and fit me better for the great sabbath of eternity."

Happy old James! He listened not to the truth with an eye to other people, but to the improvement of his own heart. He heard not with "itching ears," with a disposition to criticise the manner and style of the speaker, but with the solemn feeling becoming one who was listening to the message of God. He heard not to go away with a jest and a sneer, but with a deep and abiding reverence for that truth which he felt was able to guide and support him in this world and prepare him for another, and which was worthy of the most serious and earnest attention he could bestow upon it. He heard not to forget and to plunge immediately into the calculations and cares of the world; but he retired from the hearing of God's will to think and examine and pray, so that he might add to the privilege and responsibility of the hearer the blessedness of the doer. Happy old James! no wonder that while many profited but little from the sermon, and very few so much as they might have done, he grew from strength to strength, from grace to grace: the truth to which he gave such earnest attention cheered, guided, and blessed him; the light of God's countenance shone upon his path; and a well-grounded hope of glory, through the merits of Jesus Christ, filled his heart with joy unspeakable.

S. W. P.

THE PEKING GAZETTE.

This term custom has applied to certain documents which are brought from Peking, and whereof copies may be had for three dollars per month. They are, in fact, nothing more or less than so many notifications issued by the imperial majesty of China, for the guidance of his subjects from time to time. Orders to particular persons, commissions, judicial decisions upon appeals, and answers to all memorials presented to him, with the memorials themselves, make up the principal items.

They indicate a peculiar love of order and regularity. If an appeal is made in case of law, the emperor refers to the proper board, and directs them to report to him, or otherwise to decide according to law. If the case be destitute of clearness, he orders further inquiries to be made, with a threat that he will degrade some of the persons concerned unless they find out the truth. If he learns that the public works, such as mines, the embanking of the Yellow River, need more attention, he offers rewards and honours to all who will deserve them. If matters of difficulty occur in any province, he directs some of the most trusty persons to inquire into them, and report accordingly. Or if calamities assail, and the people are distressed, he disdains not to interpose, and to order that the burdens of land-tax should be lightened; or, when necessary, that their allowances or rations should be given out of the provincial treasury. In all things he shows a willingness to govern well, to punish the ill, and reward the good.

I have not looked over those records which preceded the war, from whence so many amusing, bombastic things were taken, and therefore cannot speak positively about them; but I have a shrewd suspicion, that they owed not a little of their drollery to the hand of the translator. Be that as it may, those which lie scattered before me have little to offend our taste or provoke our smile. On the contrary, I confess myself instructed in most instances; and should I not instruct the reader of your periodical, I must not plead the want of means, but the want of ability to choose properly.

It appears that on the fifth day of the tenth month of the last Chinese year, November the 1st, that the board of magistracy presented an address to the emperor, begging his highness would be pleased to examine and decide respecting a notification that had been issued from the court on the day specified, touching a memorial presented by Leang-

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go-han, setting forth that he had apprehended certain heretics, with a prayer that all the officers who had neglected to inquire into this matter may be pardoned; adding, that this case had great merit in it with respect to those who had embraced an erroneous religion, inasmuch as the said prefects and district magistrates, uniting their strength with the military, had apprehended the offenders at different times, which offenders, amounting to more than one hundred and ten, had upon receiving notice repented; and therefore all the officers who had served in succession, both civil and military, and had been negligent of their duty in not inquiring into this matter, should enjoy the imperial clemency and be pardoned. The same memorial prays that a youth, who had accused himself, should receive the ninth degree of merit. To this the imperial answer is—Direct the board to decide and report. In conformity with this decree, a memorandum was delivered to the board, to which the lieutenant-governor before mentioned, on being called upon, reported that the youth, though he had embraced a different religion, had recanted; and to show the sincerity of his repentance, had assisted the officers in the apprehension of the other heretics, by handing in a list of their names; the board, therefore, commended his conduct as highly worthy of encouragement, and prayed that he might be honoured with the ninth order of merit as an encouragement to repentance. In consequence of the imperial pleasure having affirmed this decision of the board, we have set ourselves to inquire what encouragement there should be offered to those who hereafter may have repented, without swerving from our duty, and have submitted the question to the board of punishments, which have replied that in dealing with heretics who have followed a different master, they intend taking this course, namely, that if they, the said heretics, repent and go to a magistrate and make a declaration to that effect, their offence shall be pardoned. We, the members of this board of magistracy, think, in reference to the young man who accused himself, that it is in conformity with law and precedent to pardon his offence; and, agreeably to the request of the aforesaid lieutenant-governor, we recommend that he should be honoured with the ninth order of merit, and do not deem it necessary to deliberate further about the question, but pray that the imperial pleasure may be recorded, which was done accordingly.

There are two or three things worthy of note in this case. The first is, the absence of all threatening and condemnatory language. The translator has introduced the word heretic for the sake of clearness and brevity; but the original scarcely warrants the use of so harsh a term. Secondly, a determination to pardon all who recant, and to reward any who shall prevail upon others to do so. This determination in practice, we suspect, amounts just to this—that any Roman Catholic who has got a ductile conscience may go to a magistrate, and, presenting a list of his friends, who are also Roman Catholics, with a declaration that they have repented, will obtain a pardon for them and a brass button for himself. Thirdly, the negligent magistrates, instead of being degraded, as is the usual practice, obtain a full remission, with a hint as to the way in which they may escape censure at any future day. Nothing more is necessary, then, for them, when they have to screen themselves and their friends, than to bring a few persons forward willing to accuse themselves of an offence; which the boards of magistracy and criminal jurisprudence have decreed, after solemn deliberation, with the imperial sanction, may always be atoned for by repentance.

It is premature to speculate as to what these proceedings may forebode; but we shall not be disappointed if they form the first link in a chain which is to end in the abolition of all persecution for conscience sake in China. The emperor may not go so far as to repeal existing statutes, but he can adopt different courses to render them ineffective; and thus tacitly make known his pleasure, without doing aught to call in question the wisdom of his progenitors.

YOUR CHINESE CORRESPONDENT.

VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

No. II.

A FINE specimen of the formidable Cape buffalo in the Zoological Gardens cannot but attract notice. This ferocious animal inhabits South Africa, generally in herds, but sometimes a single bull is found dwelling alone. These single males are extremely fierce, and instantly attack

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any person in sight; but the herds will often permit the hunter to approach within gunshot range. The Cape buffalo, however, is not to be encountered without caution; for though the herd on the report of the musket take to flight, tearing their way through dense thickets and up the mountain sides, yet a wounded individual generally rushes on his assailant, whose life is then in imminent danger. Of the ferocity of the solitary males, Thunberg, the botanist, gives a striking picture in his Travels. Thunberg, with Auge the gardener, and a sergeant, were in company; the former was botanizing at leisure in a thick wood at a short distance behind his companions, when Auge, who proceeded first, suddenly came upon a huge male buffalo, lying down alone in a small bare spot surrounded with bushes. In an instant the beast started up, and with a terrific roar rushed upon the luckless gardener, who, being mounted, turned his horse short round, and took refuge behind a tree so as partly to conceal himself. At that moment the sergeant, who followed, caught the eye of the raging beast, which rushed at him, and gored the horse on which he was riding in the belly with such force as to throw the poor animal on its back, with its legs upwards and its entrails hanging out, and in this state it lived in agony for nearly half an hour. Onwards rushed the bull; and the two men, rendered speechless by terror, climbed up into a tree for safety. In the mean time Thunberg, who was thinking of his plants, little dreamed of what was going on so near him, for the thickness of the wood prevented his seeing; and excepting the rustling of the branches against his saddle and about his ears as he almost forced his way through the narrow pass of the dense wood, he heard no other noise.

It happened that the sergeant had brought another horse, besides the one he rode, and which was killed. This second horse now unfortunately caught the buffalo's sight. With such impetuous force did the latter make his fresh attack, as to drive his horns into the horse's chest and out again through the saddle, raising him up and throwing him to the ground with such violence that all the bones of his body were broken;—his death was instantaneous. At this critical juncture Thunberg emerged from the wood to the edge of the open space, and beheld the horrid scene. So thick was the wood, that he had no room to turn round his horse, nor to get to one side; consequently he was obliged to climb into a tree for refuge, and abandon his horse to its fate. But the buffalo had now either exhausted his fury, or, what is more probable, did not distinctly see the traveller's horse, but turned abruptly round and went off. The danger being over, Thunberg ventured forth, and found his companions half dead with fear; indeed the poor gardener was so agitated, that he could hardly speak for some days after, nor were the surviving horses less terrified; they stood shivering with fear, and unable to make their escape. Sparrman and other travellers relate most fearful adventures with this formidable animal. Though the Cape buffalo is massive, and clumsy in its proportions, it is more active than could be expected, and rushes along with considerable rapidity. The individual in the Zoological Gardens easily clears a breast-work of about five feet in height, which separates its apartment from the adjacent court-yard or railed enclosure.

It has been observed, that the ears of the Cape buffalo are generally more or less torn, either from wounds received while fighting with each other, or from forcing their way through dense thickets, where they are caught by the spines and thorns. To such accidents, from their size and slouching carriage, they are peculiarly exposed, notwithstanding the protection of the horns. These latter form at their base a thick, solid, rough mass, covering the top of the forehead, from which they bend downwards and outwards, and then suddenly curve up; the points are extremely sharp. The skin of this animal is extremely thick, and nearly destitute of hair, and the animal is very fond of wallowing in the mire and of cooling itself in the water; and will pass hours during the heat of the day half immersed in the oozy swamp. This habit is common to all the buffaloes. The Cape buffalo, notwithstanding its vast power and ferocity, often falls a prey to the lion; not, however, without tremendous resistance, and not unfrequently the lion himself perishes in the conflict; indeed, instances occur in which the carcass of a lion, gored and trampled upon by a herd of buffaloes, who had come to the rescue of an attacked companion, is found near their haunts.

Another animal of the buffalo tribe worth notice is the Manilla buffalo. This animal is much smaller than the ordinary

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buffalo, is used as a beast of draught and burden in Italy and India, and is, perhaps, a distinct species. It is domesticated in Manilla, but, like the ordinary buffalo, is savage and intractable.

The domestic buffalo is originally from India and the Indian islands, but has spread into China and Northern Africa, and also into Turkey, Greece, Italy, and Spain.

In India, where the wild buffalo exists in the wooded swamps, the domestic race is much employed; and in some districts great numbers are kept. Dillon says, that in Malabar, "herds may be seen, as of common cows, and they afford milk, which serves to make butter and cheese; their flesh is good, though less delicate than that of the ox; the animal swims well, and traverses the broadest rivers. Besides the tame ones there are wild buffaloes, which are extremely dangerous, tearing men to pieces, or crushing them with a single blow of the head; they are less to be dreaded in the woods than elsewhere, because their horns often catch in the branches and give time for the persons pursued to escape by flight. The skin of these animals serves for an infinity of purposes, and even cruses are made of them for holding water or liquors. The animals on the coast of Malabar are almost all wild, and strangers are not prevented hunting them for their flesh." In Ceylon there are wild buffaloes, and it not unfrequently happens that the herds of domesticated buffaloes are joined by wild individuals, which the natives endeavour to entrap or destroy. In Java and Sumatra buffaloes exist, both wild and domesticated. In the latter island, according to Marsden, there are two races of buffalo or *carbow*—a white and a black; both are employed in labour, and are slow, but steady and patient. The natives will not eat the flesh of the white buffalo, which they regard as very unwholesome; and Mr. Marsden supposes that this whiteness of the skin is the result of disease.

In China and Cochin-China the buffalo is employed in agricultural labour, and the natives convert its thick hard skin into shields. In Egypt the buffalo is extensively employed, and exists wild in the forests of Abyssinia, where it is hunted, and its skin manufactured into shields. But besides the common buffalo there are three other species in Northern Africa, described by Captain Lyon as tenanting the mountains of Wadan in great numbers. The first he describes is the Wadan, from which the mountain is named; it is about the size of an ass, with a very large head and horns; the general colour is reddish, and the hair is short, excepting on the shoulders, where large bunches hang, from eighteen inches to two feet in length. It is savage. The second he calls Bogra-el-weish; it is about as large as an ordinary ox, of a red colour, sluggish, and with large horns. The third is of a white colour, and lighter made than the others, and is active, swift, and very shy.

In Italy, the common buffalo is extensively employed as a beast of draught and burden; it is to be seen in a half-wild state in the Pontine marshes, and the pestilential Maremme of Rome and Tuscany, as well as in the swamps of Calabria, Apulia, etc.; and wherever they are abundant in large herds, roaming at will, there is the malaria. In these localities, where, with the exception of the wild boar, few other living beings exist, the buffalo revels in his pestilential home of swamp and dense brushwood; and often, in traversing the narrow path through these Italian jungles, is the traveller startled by the sudden appearance of the black buffalo, with his fiery red eyes, and muzzle thrust forward, obstructing his path. His snorting grunt is a sufficient warning; still, excepting at certain times of the year, (unless any attempt be made to drive the beast away, or a red cloak or handkerchief be displayed,) he seldom rushes to the attack, though it is always prudent to retreat. The only man who can manage these half-wild buffaloes are the buffalari.

These men are mounted on horses, and carry a long goad like a lance, and a *couteau de chasse*, as well as a pistol. Annually, at the end of May, to the great fair at Foggia, in the Apulian plain, droves of these unreclaimed buffaloes are driven by the buffalari, and are inclosed in a large square; while the town is perfumed with the odour of musk, which the animal naturally exhales. To go amidst this herd of ferocious animals is no trifling affair; and though the buffalari exert themselves to the utmost, terrible accidents often happen, and an infuriated animal will frequently break away, and tear madly down the streets, and is sure to cause the loss of life. If they fix upon any one, they follow with the utmost pertinacity; and should they overtake the unfortunate object of their vengeance, they strike him down with their forehead, trample upon him, kneel

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upon and knead him, and never cease till his life be extinguished.

When reclaimed, they remain gloomy, sullen, and malicious animals; and when ill-treated, have been known to turn upon their unfeeling driver, and crush him to death. They are, however, patient and enduring, and from their prodigious strength are capable of dragging the heaviest *carros* through swamps and marshes, working up to the middle in mud, where horses, mules, or oxen would be utterly useless. Providence has created the buffalo for the districts in which, when tamed, its strength renders it most valuable. It thrives only amidst sultry swamps; and the heavy roads of such districts demand such a powerful beast of draught.

The flesh of the buffalo is eaten only by the humbler classes. It is coarse and tough, but the hide, hoofs, and horns are valuable. The milk of the female buffalo is very rich, and in Italy various delicious preparations are made from it, besides several sorts of cheese, which have high reputation.

We began the present series of papers with some reflections on the Roman amphitheatre, and we may state that Rome has yet her amphitheatre and her modern circuses. In these the bull and the buffalo are baited with fierce Corsican bull-dogs, and tormented by men; but they are far less sanguinary than the bull fights of Spain, inasmuch as neither bull nor buffalo is killed. Still they are barbarous and revolting. Yet females frequent them, and enjoy the diversion.

The buffalo is lower in stature than the ox, but far more heavy, massive, and powerful. The limbs are short, thick, and solid; the head is ponderous; the eye scowling and fierce; the horns lean back in such a manner that the points cannot be used for goring, but they serve to protect the head and neck as the animal forces its way through the dense thickets; the skin is black, nearly naked, and very thick and tough; the dewlap is small; the few hairs on the body are black and wiry. The buffalo delights to wallow in the mire of swamps, and during the heat of the day will lie immersed with its head just elevated above the surface of the ooze. Coarse aquatic plants, and the leaves of such brushes as grow in its favourite haunts, constitute its principal food. In seasons of drought, when the morasses are dried and the mud baked, great mortality often occurs among these animals, which is only checked by the recurrence of heavy rains. W. M.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

One sultry afternoon, in the summer of 18—, I entered the back parlour of a shopkeeper named B—, for the purpose of inquiring after the health of one of his family. As I passed through his shop, I observed a lady waiting to be attended to, but whose attempts to make known her presence appeared to be utterly disregarded. I was therefore the more astonished to find B— engaged with the newspaper, by which he was so greatly interested as to neglect the summons to the counter, and even when entreated to be prompt, was so regardless as to linger to finish the paragraph he was reading: at last, he threw down the paper, and with a careless air went into the shop, but it was too late; the lady was at that instant leaving, and did not return again.

As I was so circumstanced with regard to B— as to render it not unsuitable, I ventured to reprove him. He confessed that my censure was perfectly correct, and that he was greatly to blame. As he acknowledged his fault, I trusted it would never recur again. I determined, however, to watch his conduct, and as a faithful friend to warn him, when I saw occasion, of the danger of delay. Morning after morning I found his shop unopened at a very late hour; but expostulation produced no effect. On one occasion, he bitterly reproached himself in my presence for having lost through delay the opportunity of making a valuable purchase of goods to stock his shop. "The articles were reserved for me till the appointed time," said he: "I was but an hour too late; but another had then obtained the bargain."

A highly respectable family came to reside in the neighbourhood, and B— was recommended to endeavour to obtain their custom; he purposed to do so, but with his usual delay he put off calling to solicit their favours, allowing one trifle after another to interfere with his duty. At last he hurried to their house, but found he was too late. "I am really sorry, Mr. B—," said the lady of the house, "for your disappointment; had you applied directly we came, I should have been happy to have dealt with you; but L—" (mentioning a rival tradesman's name) "left his card directly we

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hired this house, and at the moment of our arrival he was at hand to request our custom. We have promised it, and of course feel bound to deal with him as long as he serves us well."

Chagrined and disappointed, B— returned to his meek wife and numerous children. He looked upon them with remorse for his own conduct. I happened to call upon him at the time, and endeavoured to enforce the lesson his own conscience suggested; but, alas! it produced no abiding effect. I could detail numerous instances of the evil resulting from his dilatory humour, which, gradually increasing, so far injured his business that ruin seemed inevitable: his customers became dissatisfied and few in number; his shop was the picture of neglect; his wife grew pale, and looked anxious; and while with less and less energy he was intending and purposing, but never beginning in good earnest to amend his course, an incorrigible supineness began to overwhelm him, he sunk into despair, and gave up all for lost. B— might now be seen lounging idly over some frivolous book, or standing at his shop-door with his hands in his pockets, looking vacantly at the passers-by.

"How very nicely they are preparing that shop opposite to us, which has been unlet so long," said his wife to B— one afternoon, as they were watching the busy workmen repairing and painting the house in question. "Ah! Mary," replied B—, "for some more fortunate tradesman than myself, and who will never have the misery of seeing his wife and children as poor as mine are now."

"Oh, say not so, my husband," replied the kind wife: "business will revive again, I trust; trade fluctuates with all; and I hope for better times. Surely Providence will supply our wants, if we trust. Come, cheer up! I will economise in every possible way, and who knows but God may bless us yet with prosperity?"

Poor Mary! she was a gentle creature. To blame her husband for his want of success would never have entered her head, had she even discovered that it was owing to his own ill-conduct; she, therefore, as is too often the case, laid their misfortunes upon God's providence, while common sense pointed to the dilatory disposition of B— as the cause. God does not promise to bless the indolent. "Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds," Prov. xxvii. 23. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," Prov. x. 4.

The next morning, the name of K— was finished in bright gold letters on the door of the opposite shop; a moderate stock of goods arrived; and presently an active, healthy-looking young man was seen, all energy and vigour in his exertions, unpacking and arranging. Meanwhile, under the hands of a busy housewife, a neat simple drapery was soon observable through the spotless panes of the parlour and chamber windows, and the house in a short time bore the appearance of being inhabited by industrious and active occupants.

B— and his wife watched all that went forward, and could not help feeling more desolate by comparing the lot of the newcomers with their own. Rendered restless of late during the night by the unhappiness of the day, he would often rise from his bed and gaze out of the window at an early hour, meditating upon his misfortunes, as he termed them. One morning, soon after K—'s settlement in the opposite shop, B—, in a most melancholy mood, wondering how it was that K—, whose numerous customers he had noticed, should succeed so well, sauntered to his window just after daybreak, when to his surprise he observed K—'s shop already opened, and also saw him assiduously employed in preparing for the business of the day.

The force of this example struck conviction to the heart of B—. No voice had reproved him, no offended customer had stung his ears with the sentence, "I will deal with you no more;" but the sight of K—, so busy and so happy in his active path of duty, roused him, as with a blow, from his apathy.

B— continued to watch, and discovered that the wife of K— was also, at this early hour, busily engaged in domestic concerns. Presently he saw their comfortable and plentiful breakfast spread, and, as the parlour window stood open, he could see the little children seated in order round the table, lifting their tiny hands, while the eldest asked a blessing on their food. The husband and wife appeared to B— to enjoy their conversation; for they smiled and seemed interested, as their lips moved. The party now broke up, the children to play before their school hour arrived, the mother to attend to her household affairs, and K— to commence an early day behind his counter.

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B— turned now to the scene within his own house. It was not yet near his usual time of creeping down to open the shop; his poor Mary was still in a disturbed and restless sleep: but the striking example he had seen impelled him to take down his shutters, and, though his shop presented an accumulation of litter and dirt, the sight of which had well nigh brought on a fresh fit of despair, he began to arrange matters. A view of his scanty stock of goods again made his heart sink; but the thought of K— opposite roused him again; and he set out a store of articles for sale which to behold would have made an illnatured enemy laugh, but a sympathising friend grieve to the heart.

Returning to his shop, after their miserable breakfast was over, B— glanced at the opposite house, and he saw K— busily engaged with his ledger and day-book. Impelled by the same strange force which had made him rise, and open and arrange his shop, he reached down his own accounts. Alas! they presented a maze of confusion; yet he set himself to work, and after some hours felt encouraged at the progress he had made. Mary, meanwhile, was in silent astonishment at the unlooked-for change; but thinking that she saw a more happy expression in her husband's countenance than usual, she said to herself, "I am sure I will try to make all as pleasant as possible to him, and perhaps he may shake off this despondency of mind."

She watched, and found he was evidently interested in his employment, and the force of his example roused her in turn to an energy she had seldom felt of late. She entered with unwonted alacrity into the routine of her domestic duties, set everything in tolerable order, made the small fire burn brightly, and though but a morsel of meat could be procured, she took pains to turn it to the best advantage, and prepare a palatable addition to the potatoes which necessarily formed the main part of their dinner. Having taken care that the children should present a neat and cleanly appearance before seating them round the table, she called her husband to his meal.

Astonished in his turn at the change since breakfast, for it had been a longer morning than usual, he gazed upon Mary with glistening eyes; she looked up through a shower of tears, and was amply rewarded by his pleasure and satisfaction. The little ones even seemed to participate in their joy.

Day after day was B— stimulated by the example of his industrious neighbour to attend to his duties, till by degrees his shop wore a completely altered appearance. Persons who were willing to serve him, but had been driven away by the neglect of their orders and the dirty appearance of things, began to return and deal with him again; and as the example of K—, with whom he had now formed an intimacy, was constantly before him, he was urged by his conduct to persevere with diligence. In due time, he regained his old customers, acquired others, and secured them by civility, punctuality, and despatch.

"I hear that squire —— has taken the large white house at the end of the green," said K—, as he looked in upon B—, in passing. "I am going to solicit his custom; had you not better come with me? you may perhaps succeed for yourself." B— was about to make an excuse from habit, but the prompt manner of K— silenced him, and in a moment he rose and followed the example of the other. The customer was obtained by each. K— had only to go home and execute with ease the order he had procured; but poor B— was under the necessity of contriving, and taking much pains, to accomplish that which he had received: his stock, it is true, had improved since his late attention to business, but still it was far from sufficient. Greatly encouraged, however, by the prospect of eventual success, B— struggled manfully and perseveringly with his difficulties; nor was his wife less emulous of taking advantage of the saving plans and good contrivances of Mrs. K— in her domestic concerns.

K— was a man of sincere piety: he set the fear of God before him in all his ways; night and morning found him not only in his closet but at the family altar, humbly confessing his sins and the sins of his household, praying for saving faith in Christ, and entreating for grace to enable them so to discharge their daily duties as to prove that their principles were those taught by the Scriptures; and here again his bright example proved, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, the means of leading B— to return to the long-neglected throne of grace.

A few years only elapsed from the time when B— gazed mournfully on the re-fitting of the opposite shop, an almost ruined man, whom neither the severe school of experience, nor the wholesome

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reproofs of his friends, could reclaim from his inveterate habit of procrastination, to a period when the force of example, under the blessing of God, had rooted the evil from his conduct, raised him from despair, retrieved his ruined circumstances, and led him back to the feet of the Saviour.

May not all grades of society learn something from this narrative?

M. J. M.

THE JESUITS; AND THEIR ACTIVITY IN OXFORD, IN THE YEAR 1833.

NEVER, perhaps, was a more subtile device planned and executed by "the rulers of the darkness of this world," than the establishment of the society of the Jesuits at that particular juncture when the light of the Reformation had begun to render visible the midnight darkness of Europe, framed as it was for the specific purpose, which it has ever since kept in view, of accomplishing, by secret intrigue, what open warfare might fail to effect, in opposition to the cause of Him, whose sacred name it so unblushingly and blasphemously assumes. Exempted even from the performance of ordinary religious duties—pledged to no monastic seclusion, and required to practise no austerities, the members of this order are bid to attend to all the transactions of the world, that they may turn them to some profitable account, to mix with society at large, to study in particular the dispositions of persons in official situations and high rank, and to cultivate their friendship. Their organization is complete. The general of the order is absolute master and lord, his will is law, and his commands must be obeyed without the slightest hesitation. By the well-contrived arrangement of its members, he is acquainted with the whole, and able to assign to each individual that employment which he judges to be best suited to his talents and opportunities. Besides which, although released from ordinary ecclesiastical jurisdiction, they are required, in addition to the usual monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, to take a fourth, by which they place themselves at the disposal of the Pope; to go anywhere he may send them, at whatever risk and expense, and at a minute's warning. Thus constituted and directed, their whole policy is well known to be based upon the assumption that "the end sanctifies the means." Promises may be broken by them, and oaths cancelled, if the party who has taken them has but made a mental reservation as to a different purpose from that which his words express; principles and character may be concealed, if advantage may be gained thereby; nay, the most abominable crimes, such as murder and assassination, have been declared venial and meritorious in certain cases. What elements of evil are here combined! Roman Catholic countries have ever found it necessary at different times to rid themselves of their machinations. Portugal did so in the year 1759, and even Spain itself, only a few years after. In 1764, they were driven out of France. In 1775, the then reigning pontiff, Clement VII., abolished the society, after a long and careful inquiry, in which it was incontestibly proved to be destructive of good order and morals. And it is a curious fact, that in the latter end of the year 1814, when Pope Pius VII., sagacious enough to perceive that the papacy had gained nothing, but had lost much, by their extinction, took advantage of the circumstances of the times to revive the order, "two Protestant diplomatists were conversing with the prime minister of a Roman Catholic country, himself a Roman Catholic, and this distinguished individual asked one of them, then on his way to take part in the approaching congress, 'what was likely to be done there respecting the Jesuits?' 'The Jesuits!' replied the Protestant, as much astonished as if he had been asked the question respecting the priests of the Dalai Lama, 'the Jesuits!' 'Ay, the Jesuits,' replied the Romanist. 'I give you full assurance, that if due measures of precaution are not taken at Vienna respecting them, within twenty years they will convulse Europe."* Such was the opinion of a well-informed Romanist, who, during a long official life, had closely watched their manœuvres when they were supposed to be extinct. From that time to the present, we may be well assured no expedient has been left untried by these crafty emissaries, whether in Europe or in England, or in our colonies, whereby any vantage-ground might be gained, to give "strength and power to the beast."

Is it then too much to imagine that the well-known "Tractarian movement," as it is termed, of the present day, may be attributed, at least in part, to the insidious, but restless underworking of Jesuitical sophistry and intrigue? It is a circumstance worth referring to, that in the

* Quarterly Review, No. cxxv., p. 68.

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year 1833, prior to the first indication of this movement, and before a single Oxford tract had issued from the press, a pamphlet was published, although as far as we are aware, it did not meet with much attention, by the Rev. P. Maurice, chaplain of New College, entitled, "Popery in Oxford," and the object of which was to sound an alarm as to the manœuvres of Romanists, and of the Jesuits in particular, at that time. He states that the Roman Catholic population of Oxford had greatly increased, and that, contrary to the general prohibition with respect to entering places where heretics assemble, Romanists were allowed, and might be seen to frequent, either regularly or occasionally, every church in Oxford, in order to make the more ignorant Protestants imagine that there is no great difference between the two religions. Such was obviously the policy best adapted to the time. He adds: "The priest, who is a Jesuite, is very active in his avocations, though he has the prudence to confine his personal labours in proselyting to the neighbourhood in which he resides."—"The priest's manner in his public preaching is in the highest degree animated and energetic, with all the semblance of real piety and sincerity; in a word, what many would term methodistical; and, indeed, I fear, were a similar question put to the Romish priest, which was addressed by a bishop of Rochester to a late celebrated stage-player, 'Why do we proclaim the most awful truths without making any impression on the people; while you, by your fictions, attract the greatest sympathy in your hearers? we might expect a similar reply. 'The reason is this: We speak fiction as if it were truth; you speak truth as if it were fiction.' The substance of the discourses of the Oxford priest is equally calculated to seduce the unwary. I was told by a person who heard a discourse there lately, that the total corruption of the human heart, and the absolute necessity of a change by God's Holy Spirit, was insisted on, in terms that could scarcely proceed from the lips of the most serious Arminian. Among others, this illustration was employed. It would be as unreasonable to go into a grave-yard, and expect to see a corpse arise of its own accord, as to see any dead sinner turning in his own strength to God. (We would not wish for a more apt illustration of the ninth and tenth articles of the Church of England.) Again, the necessity of the merits and blood of Christ was equally strongly and clearly insisted on: also sanctification by the work of the Holy Ghost, etc. All this was, however, at the conclusion, richly seasoned with the most absurd superstitions."—"There are emissaries sanctioned and encouraged by him in the work of proselyting for many miles round Oxford, for the purpose of beguiling the poor unstable cottagers to embrace their soul-destroying system: they go amongst them, exercising their worldly callings, as hawkers, tea-dealers, etc., and are furnished with concise compendiums of controversy, which comprise the most ingenious arguments against Protestantism." Mr. Maurice adds: "That Roman Catholicism is looked upon as a harmless thing by some of the members of the university is much to be feared, from the report that is afloat of the activity of some of them in canvassing for a Roman Catholic candidate." That Jesuits were actively engaged in effecting a very similar "movement" in the reign of Charles the First, whilst some of them were at the same time enrolled in the parliamentary army, professing opinions as diametrically opposed to Romanism as any of those who followed its standards, in order to gain information, and turn it to account—all this is matter of history. How readily, then, may we imagine that these "deceitful workers," by associating under various guises with the more influential members of the university, or with unsuspecting youths among the juniors, and paying the utmost deference, probably, at first to their Protestant views and associations, might have it in their power to establish the foundation of that thoroughly-wrought and deep-laid system which has become more and more fully developed within the last ten years. It is well to know where lies the strength of our enemies. "The spirit of Ignatius Loyola," says Mr. Newman, "only grows more vital every day."* There can be no question that a multitude of Jesuits are at this moment busily at work in Great Britain and her dependencies, and their success may probably be far greater than our fears lead us to apprehend. But, blessed be God, we have every reason to hope that the triumph will be of brief duration. These are they that "make

* "The spirit St. Ignatius Loyola left on earth only grows more vital every day, because truth is on its side, and noble mindedness, and heavenly principle, and marvellous sanctity."—*Newman's Lives of the Saints*, p. 149, 150. This is speaking out.

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war with the Lamb," but "the Lamb shall overcome them; for he is Lord of lords, and King of kings: and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful," Rev. xvii. 14.

A VISIT TO HANWELL ASYLUM.

No. II.

My last paper on Hanwell Asylum referred to that portion in which females are confined. This, however, is only one side of the picture. No sooner had my guide led me through this section of the building than she conducted me to another, in which are those of the opposite sex, and where she provided me with another guide. As she left me I could not help praying inwardly, that if the rod of affliction should ever be her portion, she might find a friend who would requite her for her kindness to the unhappy daughters of misery among whom she is placed.

The wards on this side of the building are threefold: the refractory ward, the epileptic ward, and those which answer to that in which poor Mary is confined. A feeling of horror mingled with fear stole over my frame as I passed through the former, and I hastened to escape from the din of the confused noises which rang through every part. Not such were my feelings in the epileptic ward. Here was food for contemplation. On entering the door, my attention was first attracted towards a group in a recess, one of whom was playing the flute not inharmoniously, while a second was dancing to its sound with all a madman's energy. As I was ruminating on this scene, I fixed my eyes upon a poor creature, who sat with all the calm dignity of a Turkish bashaw, puffing away at a pipe, the contents of which had long since ceased to send forth "the curling smoke." Near him stood a youth, who seemed to fancy that he had a very large and attentive auditory before him, although his eyes were fixed upon the bare walls. He was making an oration on political subjects, and I thought it would be happy if politicians always harangued thus innocently. I was still listening to this harmless demagogue, when the performer at the end of the room came up panting for breath, asking me for my applause, adding, "You see I can foot it well still." I could not refuse the windy honour he requested, and he repaid me for it with such a grasp of the hand as I have no wish that every friend should give me. As I turned from him, I thought that this poor madman resembled the giddy world at large. How anxious is man to gain the applause of his fellow-man—how regardless is he of the "honour that cometh from God only!" He will stretch every nerve, like this poor madman, so that he may gulp the windy diet on which his heart is set; forgetful that a day is coming when the loudest round of applause with which his ears have ever been greeted will appear to him less than nothing, and lighter than vanity itself.

It may be that popular applause, or the desire for it, created "the king," whom I encountered on leaving the epileptic ward. The king, as old John imagines himself to be, stood with all the dignity of majesty at a window, and not knowing his exalted station I greeted him with a familiar nod. I never met with such a repulse before. Old John drew himself up to the full height of his stature, and returned my familiarity with such a look of scorn as will teach me better manners if ever I should encounter his majesty again.

How strongly did the urbanity of the poor mad philosopher contrast with the haughty air of this mock monarch! "This, sir," said my guide, "is the room in which Chiswick lives; perhaps you would like to see it." I had no time for reply, for as he said the words he tapped at the door, and a tall, gentlemanly man came out, with his hand extended to welcome me into his studio.

The walls of poor Chiswick's room are covered with figures that would puzzle the brains of the most skilful antiquary. Mine, at least, would have been sadly puzzled had he not entered into an explanation of his symbolical paintings. It would require much space to recount all his explanations, and a few, therefore, must suffice. "You see these three figures," said he; "they are Pusey, Ward, and Newman." Below them is this sentence: "The retrograde movement; in the nineteenth century we are going back to Popery." There is method in his madness, thought I, and was about to say that there was unfortunately too much truth in his symbol, when he drew my attention to "one of the strangest metamorphoses that could be imagined." So saying, poor Chiswick placed his hand on the lower part of a figure painted black, and then continued, "Now, you

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see this upper part exactly resembles a sweep with a club foot. He is bending forward and reading a letter—a love-letter, we will say. Well, if I take my hand away, this sweep will form the head of a lady." And so in truth it did; there stood before my face the figure of a lady, and I praised his ingenuity in having produced so strange a metamorphosis, one which, though strange, was yet more natural than any which could be found in the pages of Ovid. "But the grand attraction of my room," continued poor Chiswick, as he turned round, "is this boa constrictor, which you see extends its length over two sides of it. You will observe that near its head are these words: 'It is unfortunate that no class of society, however enlightened, is wholly free from superstition.' Now if you turn to the tail of the serpent you will see within its coil the figure of a globe, certain marks in which represent superstition, and which will one day be destroyed by the boa constrictor." I could not discover poor Chiswick's real meaning in this representation, for his ideas seem to have become confused, so that he could not fully explain himself. He appears to have been aware of his wanderings, for at this point he led me to the door-post of his room, remarking that he had forgotten to tell me what was his true character. "Who I am," he observed, "no one knows; it is a secret; but I am not a madman. This you will see written on my door-post. You there read, 'This is Chiswick's room, who is no madman. No, dear visitor, he is a philosopher, who is able and willing to teach mankind.'" Following out the idea of his being a philosopher, he then continued, that his study contained some fine lessons for statesmen, and suggested that Sir Robert Peel might derive many a lesson from the walls of his apartment. I could not gainsay his assertions; for from the little that I saw of it I felt that I could gather more from the vagaries of his genius run mad in one day, than I could learn in a whole year from the mystic cells devised by the genius of the wise men of Egypt. Hence when he said that he should not long remain there, and that he hoped his room would be preserved, not merely to satisfy idle curiosity, but to convey instruction to mankind, I could not help expressing a similar hope. Chiswick's room, indeed, affords many a lesson to his more sober-minded species; to men who pride themselves on their wisdom and their knowledge. The theologian may there learn the folly of indulging in idle and vain speculations; the philosopher, that all his wisdom can in a moment, if God pleases, be turned into foolishness; and the statesman, that his counsels may be, notwithstanding their wisdom, defeated. Above all, the visitors to Chiswick's room may learn how frail a thing man is when God lays his hand upon him.

"'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes;
Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony disposed aright;
The screws reversed, (a task which, if he please,
God in a moment executes with ease,)
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use."
COWPER.

How many immured within the walls of this asylum have learned this truth by sad experience! Tongues that could argue, could jest, could join in song, could give advice, could censure, could commend—in a word, could perform all the functions for which they were created, are mute and silent as the lips of statues; and arms once busied in the arts of industry hang idly down, forgetting the end for which they were formed by a beneficent Creator. A sad truth it is, that, in many instances, this calamity has been induced by intemperate habits. Here are lodged many a victim of dram-drinking; many who have destroyed their reasoning faculties by their morning, noon, and nightly visits to the gin-palaces of the metropolis, and whose fate reads a powerful lesson to all to beware of strong drink. It is sad, indeed, when man destroys that which God creates for his comfort and his well-being on earth; when he robs himself of the chief glory of his being. It is a suicidal act of the deepest dye. But this consideration renders the institution in which these poor self-destroyers are confined more noble in the sight of the Christian philanthropist. Time has been when these sentiments concerning the poor maniac were strictly founded in truth.

"This is a sight for Pity to peruse,
'Till she resemble faintly what she views;
'Till sympathy contract a kindred pain,
Pierced with the woes that she laments in vain.
This, of all maladies that man infest,
Claims most compassion, and receives the least:
Job felt it, when he groan'd beneath the rod
And the barb'd arrows of a frowning God;
And such emollients as his friends could spare,
Friends, such as his, for modern Jobs prepare;
Bless'd, rather cursed, with hearts that never feel,
Kept snug in caskets of close-hammer'd steel;
With mouths made only to grin wide and eat,
And minds that deem derided pain a treat;

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With limbs of British oak, and nerves of wire,
And wit, that puppet-prompters might inspire,
Their sovereign nostrum is a clumsy joke
On pangs enforced with God's severest stroke."
COWPER.

Influenced, however, by the benign spirit of the gospel, man has at length learned to treat the poor maniac as a fellow-man—as a brother of humanity. It is cheering to the heart to observe, as one passes through this asylum, the spirit of kindness diffused through every part. Is an inmate violent in his habits, he is effectually shielded from all harm to his person by being lodged in a soft padded room; does he show signs of returning reason, he is supplied with everything which can conduce to the full restoration of his reasoning faculties. Amusements are provided to divert the mind's sad melancholy; and gentleness is used to disarm the unconscious rage of the refractory. I left its walls with a deep conviction that such institutions as these reflect greater honour upon England, than the pyramids upon ancient Egypt, the temples upon Greece, or the triumphal arches upon old Rome. May their walls never decay! May Christian philanthropy ever keep pace with the frightful ravages of human misery. F.

MECHANICAL FORCE OF THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA.

WHEN it is considered that the water-power of the cataract of Niagara is unceasing by night as by day, and that the power for practical purposes in Great Britain is only applied, on an average, about eleven hours per day during six days of the week, it may be assumed that the motive power of Niagara Falls is at least forty-fold of the aggregate of all the water and steam power employed in Great Britain, and probably equal to the aggregate of all the motive power employed for mechanical purposes on this earth. The surface of Lake Erie is found to be 331 feet above the surface of Lake Ontario, and 565 feet above that of the ocean. The descent of the waters of Niagara River, in the few miles of distance between Black Rock and Queenston, is about 171 feet, exclusive of the grand cataract itself, forming a succession of rapids which, in some places, present to view the sublime spectacle of the agitated surface of the ocean in a storm; and these rapids continue to occur during the subsequent descent of the river St. Lawrence, from the level of Lake Ontario to that of the sea, making, in the aggregate, above three-fold of the waterfall of the grand cataract, and consequently one hundred and twenty-fold of all the physical power derived from the use of all the waterfalls and steam-engines employed, as above stated, in Great Britain, omitting to take into account the several huge rivers that are tributaries of the St. Lawrence. Such, and on so great a scale, are the ordinary operations of the impulses of physical power employed in the "mechanics of nature" in governing the movements of the waters of a single river, exceeding manifold the portion of physical forces rendered available and employed by all the inhabitants of the earth as a motive power in the "mechanics of the arts."—*American Journal of Science and Art.*

MOUNTAIN BIRDS AND QUADRUPEDS.

A TRAVELLER says:—"Observing a number of those very beautiful and curious birds, the Ibiscalva, flying about the clefts of the mountain, and to all appearance engaged in building their nests, I ascended, as far as I could advance, and endeavoured to conceal myself from their view, but without success, as they kept flying at a considerable height round the peak, watching all my movements, as if aware of being above the reach of powder and shot. While I was here, two young dasses, or rock rabbits, fell from a projecting crag, which I caught alive and kept for several weeks. This little animal, the hyrax, is generally supposed to be the coney of Scripture, and abounds in all the rocky and mountainous parts of this country: from the nature of its internal formation, it is classed in the order of Pachydermata. Although, to a superficial observer, there appears not the slightest resemblance between the little hyrax (or daman) with its skin of soft fur, and the huge and naked rhinoceros, yet the classification of animals being founded upon the affinities of internal structure, zoologists have placed it in order close to that ponderous animal, with which it agrees in dentition, the character of the stomach, and alimentary canal. Hence, Baron Cuvier has termed it a "rhinoceros in miniature." It is an extremely quick and active little animal, skipping along the shelving ledges of the overhanging cliffs, and darting with incredible swiftness into the holes and crevices of the rocks, by which it frequently eludes the grasp of its pursuers.

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The Mer de Glace.

THE MER DE GLACE.

The valley of Chamouni is one of the most remarkable spots in Europe, exhibiting most fully all the features of wild and Alpine grandeur. It forms a narrow dell, through which the Aveyron dashes its impetuous waves, and above which rises Mont Blanc with its train of attendant mountains. The first object of the traveller is to ascend Montanvert, where he is on the borders of the Mer de Glace, the sea of ice, spreading from this point for many leagues, like the waves of a stormy ocean arrested and frozen in a moment. It is a mile and a half in breadth. The surface, discoloured by the falling of the dirt from the adjacent heights, appears like a snow drift that has lasted the winter. The crevices in the ice are three or four feet wide at the surface, and narrow as they descend; and looking down, the ice appears of a greenish hue, transparent, and very beautiful. The crevices have been measured to a depth of three hundred and fifty feet. They are passed over by the aid of an Alpine staff, shod with iron.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE II.

Peace having afforded some leisure to attend to home concerns, a bill was passed in 1751, to adopt the Gregorian computation of time, thus making all future dates in England harmonise with those of the rest of Europe. This obviated a great inconvenience. It was accomplished by calling the day after September 2nd, 1752, the 14th, and directing that in future, the year should begin on January 1st, instead of March 25th. Strange to say, it was opposed by many on the pretext, or plea, that it was departing from the established

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order of things: it was even made use of at elections, "Give us our eleven days" was the cry, as though eleven days had actually been subtracted from the life of every inhabitant of Britain! This difference had gradually risen from the addition of a day, the 29th of February, every fourth year, being rather too much; the recurrence of the error is prevented by not intercalating that day in the last year of every century.

Another laudable measure was to apply the rents of the estates of Scotland, forfeited by the late rebellion, for the internal improvement of that country. The duke of Cumberland was still desirous to treat the Scottish nation with severity, but those in power, and even the king, saw that it was easier to appease by kind and equal dealings, than by harshness and tyranny.

The arrangements of the public debt were rendered more simple, and the journals of the two houses of parliament were printed for the information of the nation: the latter was an important step towards the fuller diffusion of the knowledge of public proceedings. The king and his minister still continued their paltry negotiations on the continent, which produced no result to England, except the expenditure of vast sums, a fourth of which, if applied to the diffusion of education, and public objects at home, would have caused the nation to advance with much more rapidity. The nation, however, was rapidly progressing; though the proceedings of the government cannot obtain much praise from an impartial writer of history, yet they were not acts for positive evil, like those of the Stuarts, or based upon selfish views for the gratification of the rulers. Though in many cases they impeded rather than promoted the general welfare, they were not opposed thereto. Two of the great statesmen of this period, Walpole and Bolingbroke, died this year, but each had previously been laid aside from active interference in politics, though the latter continued to bestir himself as a counsellor for evil to the last. He is truly characterised as destitute of integrity, ambitious, envious, resentful, immoral, living and dying an infidel.

The education of the young prince became an object of general interest, which was fully justified by the position of his family. Walpole, in 1752, describes the tutors at Kew as split into factions. The bishop of Norwich and lord Harcourt, the superiors, being openly at war with Stone and Scott, the actual preceptors, who were countenanced by the princess and her advisers, Cresset, and Murray, afterwards lord Mansfield, although they were notoriously of jacobite or arbitrary principles, and placed in their pupil's hands works expressly written to justify the exiled family. The king, not willing to enter into discussions, the real importance of which he could not appreciate, allowed Harcourt and the bishop to resign; they were succeeded by the bishop of Peterborough and earl Waldegrave. The latter was a descendant of James II., but the earl's father had become a Protestant, and the son was a man of unimpeachable honour and veracity. The earl has left an interesting memoir of those times. He describes his royal pupil in these terms, "I found his royal highness uncommonly full of princely prejudice, contracted in the nursery, and improved by the society of bedchamber women, and pages of the back stairs. As a right system of education seemed quite impracticable, the best which could be hoped for was to give him true notions of common things; to instruct him by conversation, rather than by books; and sometimes under the disguise of amusement, to entice him to the pursuit of more serious studies." Prince George was indolent and comparatively uninstructed: this strengthened his mother's control over him, but it also tended to keep him from bad society. The young people of rank of that day were, for the most part, ill-educated and vicious. The principles of morality thus early confirmed in the mind of the prince, were ultimately a national blessing, though his narrow views and prejudices were injurious. The circumstances connected with the preceptors of the prince came under parliamentary notice, on an allegation that Stone and Murray had in former years repeatedly drunk the healths of the pretender. This they positively denied, and the charge was dropped.

In 1753, two other matters engaged public attention, the one of least importance, as usual, most agitated the nation. This was a bill for naturalizing the Jews. Religious matters being mixed up with this question, the bill did not pass without much debate, and the measure was so decidedly unpopular, that in the following year the law was repealed. In this as in many other matters, religion was not really the question, so much as private interest. The traders and merchants

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were fearful of the influence and success of the Jews in commercial and money matters, and the clergy strongly censured the measure from the pulpits. Lord Temple withstood this clamour; he did not hesitate to say that the daily papers had got up the storm; a testimony that the newspaper press had begun to be of considerable influence.

The other measure was the marriage act. Hitherto, provided the ceremony was performed by a clergyman, it was valid, without any regulation as to place or time, or any public notice, or license, or the consent of parents being necessary. Some wretched and degraded clergymen obtained a living, by marrying all who presented themselves. The side of Fleet ditch was lined with offices or booths, where such characters, described by Pennant as squalid, profligate figures, clad in tattered night gowns, perhaps their faces fiery with drunkenness, were ready to perform the ceremony for a dram, or the price of one. Such individuals were at call for ceremonies more privately performed; where a female, or perhaps even a young man of property, was frightened or enticed into some forced or improper union. By the new law, banns became indispensable, or a regularly obtained license, with the consent of parents; the solemnization also must be in a church, at fixed hours, unless a special license was obtained. The bill was introduced by the lord chancellor Hardwicke, who is charged with having had private ends in view, and it was generally regarded as a measure designed by the higher classes to serve their own interests. Still the evils it swept away had been generally felt, and though unpopular, and increasingly complained of, it was borne with, as having removed much that was worse. The anomaly of marriages being valid, though only founded on the contract of the parties, if made beyond the boundaries of England, tended probably to keep out of sight the unequal pressure of this law upon the lower ranks, to whom a journey beyond those limits was impracticable, while they might, from conscientious or other motives, feel the unequal operation of the act. The provisions of this law, most justly complained of as hardships, have of late years been altered.

Other measures of this session were an attempt to procure a registration of the population, which was rejected by the absurd prejudices of those who are always against alterations of any kind. The cruel and dishonest practices of wreckers were restrained; the British Museum was established, by the purchase of the library and collection of Sir Hans Sloane; and a large sum was voted to Harrison, for his improved watches or chronometers, which it was now seen were the best instruments to ascertain the longitude of ships at sea. To such accuracy have these instruments, and the calculations deduced from them, been brought, that the place of ships now can be told to a mile, after being months at sea;—whereas in lord Anson's voyage, his ship was found to be 500 miles from the spot he supposed, in a few weeks after passing Cape Horn. A less laudable proceeding in 1753, was the execution of Dr. Cameron, who had been attainted after the rebellion of 1745. He then escaped to France, but returning to Scotland this year, he was apprehended, sent to London, and executed without farther trial, as being condemned by law. This was much regretted on account of the time that had elapsed, and because Cameron had attended his brother to the field, rather in his medical, than in a military capacity.

In March, 1754, Pelham, the prime minister, died. His brother and associate, the duke of Newcastle, took advantage of the king's personal dislike to Pitt and Fox, whose abilities were generally recognised, and assumed the administration. At the opening of parliament, in November, 1753, the king noticed that the horrid crimes of robbery and murder had increased rather than diminished. Some improvement in the state of things, and even in morals, was shown by the mortality of the metropolis, which, in that year, was reported as only 19,276 burials, whereas, in 1741, it had been 32,169,—this number however was above the usual average. The following year began with a hard frost.

Before the commencement of 1755, it was evident, that another war was at hand, but the attention of parliament was not called to the subject, till March in that year. A fleet, under Boscawen, was then sent to the entrance of the Canadian river, St. Lawrence, with orders to intercept a French fleet, but the latter passed the English admiral in a fog, though two of the French vessels were discovered and taken.

War was soon declared. The English squadrons were numerous and successful, by the close of the year, more than 300 French merchantmen and 8000 seamen

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were brought into the English ports, which caused much distress in France. Hostilities were general between the English and French settlements in America, with various success. General Braddock was slain, and his army defeated, the French being assisted by the Indians, who committed cruel ravages on the frontiers of the English colonies. Campbell describes the state of Wyoming, a settlement in Pennsylvania,

"When where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes
gloom'd."

George II., of course, feared for Hanover, and gave large sums to German princes for their aid. Amongst others, the king of Prussia was induced to support England. Louis XV. then turned round, and made a treaty with Austria against Prussia. Political strife again agitated the English counsels. Fox was prevailed upon to desert Pitt: Lord Waldegrave has left an account of the negotiations; how he was employed because Fox was warm and Newcastle was shuffling; and relates how he frightened them into agreement. The full accounts that remain of the political intrigues of the last century have left instructive lessons. Doubtless, similar scenes were exhibited in former times, but they were very imperfectly recorded, and there was not the same opportunity for such open displays of intrigue. Politicians have been much the same in every age. It is therefore well that we have accounts of later periods, sufficient to show the proneness to selfishness in almost all whose ambition leads them to seek to rule. Examples are thus left to warn us not to put "trust in princes, nor in any child of man; for there is no help in them."

Pitt being refused one of the higher offices of state, determined to oppose the minister, though he held a valuable office, that of paymaster to the forces. With the support of Legge, then chancellor of the exchequer, he refused to pay 100,000*l.* on account of a Prussian subsidy. He was justified in so refusing, as the treaty was not yet sanctioned by parliament. When the session began, in November, Pitt censured the treaties as absurd, and intended to exalt Hanover at the expense of England. He was of course outvoted, and it was evident that a change must take place. A week afterwards, Pitt and Legge were displaced. Newcastle relied much on Fox, but it was seen that his administration was weakened. Pitt and his friends then placed themselves in communication with the princess dowager, who was at that time opposing a marriage for her son which the king had planned; a coolness was already begun between the monarch and his successor. At this time, Lord Bute had such an ascendency at the court of the princess, that evil reports upon the subject, were generally in circulation. The opposition eagerly availed themselves of these family differences.

Lisbon was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in November, 1755, which gave an opportunity for the English to show kindly feelings towards a nation, long their faithful ally. Large supplies of provisions, with other necessaries for the surviving inhabitants, were sent.

The disadvantages of a state of war are shown by the decrease of goods exported, when compared with the preceding season of peace. In those years, the average of exports amounted to 600,000 tons; in 1755—57, only to 524,000. From the commencement of this war to June, 1760, the French had taken 2539 British vessels, but had only lost 944 of their own. It must be remembered that the number of French merchant vessels was much less than that of the English, but it shows the evils of hostilities, and although a nation may have its ships of war destroyed, it can still inflict severe losses on its opponent.

Large supplies were voted for the year 1756. An invasion from France was expected; 8000 Hanoverians were brought over to assist in protecting England, but the speaker, at the close of the session, in his address to the throne, expressed the national unwillingness to the bringing in of foreign troops. During this summer, there were riots in several parts of the country, occasioned chiefly by the high prices of provisions.

On the continent, the French and Austrians obtained the aid of Russia against Prussia. In the Mediterranean, the English naval power suffered a temporary disgrace. Admiral Byng had been sent to relieve Minorca, with an insufficient force; he gave contradictory orders, which prevented a close action, and obliged West, the second in command, to retire when he had begun to fight. The French then withdrew, having reinforced their army, and claimed the victory. Despairing of success, Byng retired without attempting to relieve the garrison of Fort St. Philip, as he might have done.

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General Blakeney, though thus deserted, did not surrender till six weeks afterwards. Byng was superseded, and brought back to England under arrest. On his arrival he found the nation enraged against him. In his defence, he endeavoured to throw the blame upon the ministers, while they encouraged the popular outcry, in order to screen themselves.

Fox resigned, to avoid being left to bear the brunt of the attacks from Pitt, and the opposition in the House of Commons. Newcastle then found himself so weak that he resigned also. After various negotiations, the duke of Devonshire became the nominal premier, while Pitt with Legge regained office and the principal power. One of Pitt's first measures was to give a large subsidy to Prussia; he felt that it was important to sustain and use the power of Frederick.

The trial of Byng ended on January 28th, 1757. He anticipated an acquittal, and designed to attack his enemies in return. But after a trial that lasted a month, the court-martial found that he had not done his utmost to take, seize, and destroy the ships of the king of France, nor to relieve Fort St. Philip. He therefore was liable to the penalty of death, enacted by a law passed a few years previously, but was recommended to mercy, as not having misconducted himself from cowardice or disaffection. It is evident that when the unhappily proud and harsh man had been humbled by this sentence, the penalty of death might have been spared; but party clamour prevailed, and the national pride also had been wounded by his weakness and incapacity. The ministers did not desire he should suffer, but were unwilling to incur unpopularity for him; therefore, all that they did was to cause the sentence to be referred to the twelve judges, and they, looking at the legal question only, could not say but that, as the law stood, neglect was to be punished by death, equally with cowardice or disaffection. Fox endeavoured to represent the ministers as too lenient, which was met by a message from the king, stating his determination to let the law take its course, for the sake of justice and discipline. When all hope had expired, Byng met his fate with courage and coolness. On March 14th, he was shot at Spithead. It is now generally allowed that he fell a victim to popular outcry and party spirit, though his conduct as a commander deserved a heavy but a less severe censure.

FLOWER-GARDENS OF KASHMIR.

An important use made of the abundant water surface of Kashmir, in northern India, is the formation of floating gardens. Various aquatic plants spring from the bottom of the lakes, as water-lilies, confervæ, sedges, and reeds; and, as the boats which traverse these waters take, generally, the shortest lines they can pursue to the place of their destination, the lakes are in some parts cut, as it were, into avenues amongst the plants, which, in shallows, are separated by beds of sedges and of reeds. In the latter places, the neighbouring farmer attempts to establish his cucumber and melon floats, by cutting off the roots of the aquatic plants just mentioned about two feet under the water, so that they completely lose all connexion with the bottom of the lake, but retain their former situation in respect to each other. When thus detached from the soil, they are pressed into beds of about two yards in breadth, and of an indefinite length. The heads of the sedges, reeds, and other plants of the float, are now cut off, and laid upon its surface, and covered with a thin coat of mud, which, at first intercepted in its descent, gradually sinks into the mass of matted roots. The bed floats, but is kept in its place by a stake of willow driven through it at each end, which admits of its rising or falling in accommodation to the rise or fall of the water. By means of a long pole thrust amongst the weeds at the bottom of the lake, from the side of the boat, and turned round several times in the same direction, a quantity of confervæ and other plants is torn off from the bottom, where the weeds are twisted into conical mounds, about two feet in diameter at their base, and of the same height, terminating at the top in a hollow, which is filled with fresh, soft mud, drawn from the bottom of the lake, to which sometimes wood-ashes are added, though much more frequently omitted. The farmer has in preparation a large number of cucumber and melon plants, which have been raised under mats, and of these, when they have four leaves, he places three plants in the basin of every cone or mound, of which a double row runs along the edges of every bed, at about two feet distance from each other. No further care is necessary, except that of collecting the fruit; and the expense of preparing the platforms and cones is confined to the value of the labour

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is altogether trifling, as the work is very soon done. Perhaps a more economical method of raising cucumbers cannot be devised; and though the narrow beds are ordinarily almost in contact by their sides, yet by their flexible nature, they are so separable that a small boat may be readily pushed between the lines without injuring their structure; and, for the most part, they will bear a man's weight, but, generally, the fruit is picked off from the boat. I traversed a tract of about fifty acres of these floating gardens of cucumbers and melons, and saw not above a dozen unhealthy plants; nor have I seen, in the cucumber and melon grounds in the vicinity of very populous cities in Europe, or in Asia, so large an expanse of plant in a state equally healthy, though, it must be observed, without running into luxuriance of growth. This condition indicated the situation to be congenial to the constitution of the cucumber, of which, however, a more substantial proof was found set near the crown, which certainly exceeded what I have before witnessed in the usual modes of cultivating this vegetable. It has been noticed that the top of each mound is formed into a cup or hollow, which is surrounded by a circle or belt of weed. This prevents the male dust from being dissipated, and causes the fecundating process to be as complete as can be wished.—*Moorhouse and Trebeck's Travels.*

CONFIDENCE IN GOD UNDER CALAMITIES.

"ALTHOUGH the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Such was the beautiful expression of faith in God that was uttered by the prophet Habakkuk, in the contemplation of the calamities that were about to overwhelm the land of Judea, on account of the guilt of its inhabitants. He felt as a man, and an Israelite; yet like his great progenitor, when he was commanded to offer up Isaac, he bowed to the Divine will without a murmur. And more than that, in the above sublime declaration of his faith, he rises superior to all earthly ills, and makes them, as it were, subservient to its increase. Like one who has ascended above the regions of the clouds, and beholds them broken and scattered at his feet, while on his head rests the calm glad sunshine, bathing him in a flood of radiance; so the prophet sat in the midst of light and glory, beholding with the eye of faith the unclouded and smiling face of God looking down upon him; although beneath him were darkness, confusion, desolation, and dismay. He sees that all worldly supports and comforts may fail, but an unchanging God will ever be his friend. And that confidence may the believer cherish now, for "He is the same" to his people in all generations.

No one can have passed many years upon earth without observing the continual alternations that take place in the worldly circumstances of men. At one time they are in the enjoyment of all that "heart could wish," at another deprived of many things that minister to their luxury, and even comfort. Hence the many inculcations of the word of God not to set our "affection on things on the earth," to be "careful for nothing," to "take no thought for the morrow." He whose hopes and happiness are based on the existence and continuance of that which is earthly, and which has, necessarily, uncertainty allied to it, will find his peace and enjoyment perpetually interfered with by untoward and unexpected events.

It may be that our worldly possessions will be lost, "for riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven," Prov. xxiii. 5. Calamities may occur, equally disastrous and desolating with those over which the prophet mourned, although arising from other causes. Health may fail—friends forsake us or die. A generation may rise up that knows us not. Our lot may be cast among strangers, and in a strange land. Hearts that beat with tenderness towards us may be far away, and cold looks and lovingless eyes may be turned on us. If there be none other to whom we can fly, sad and desolate must be the lonely heart. Woe to him that rests on creature comforts! "Woe to him that is alone!"

Some, for conscience' sake and for Christ's, are called to suffer much. This was pre-eminently the case in the early days of Christianity, yet men "took joyfully the spoiling of" their "goods, knowing in" themselves that they had in "heaven a better and an enduring substance," Heb. x. 34. For them, often, the fig-tree did not blossom, nor the trees yield their

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fruit. The damp cave and the dark den were their resting-place, the mountain solitude their temple and their home. And even now the race of Christian confessors and martyrs is not extinct. Those who "suffer for righteousness' sake" are still to be found.

Some or all of these calamities may befall every one. There is no guarantee against them. No one with truth can say, "I shall not be moved, for I shall never be in adversity;" for "man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." They will be endured by different minds, with varying amounts of patience, resignation, and reliance on God. He whose whole fortune is embarked in one vessel loses all if she be lost, and helpless poverty will be the result. He, however, who has something to fly to for assistance or consolation in the time of adversity, is able to endure calamities. This is the Christian's lot. Whatever temporal evils afflict him, he yet has the smile and blessing of God, and his unshaken confidence in him enables him to say with holy Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Now in vain shall we look for an exemplification of this spirit of mingled submission and confidence but among those who are "the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." And it is seen among them, because he is their portion, their all in all. They receive with gladness all the good things he is pleased to bestow, but regard these as infinitely inferior to the inestimable gift they possess in his favour.

Such language as that used by Habakkuk is appropriated by the Christian, because in God he has an inexhaustible spring of blessedness and peace, which compensates for the absence of all earthly good. He "joys in God" for his intrinsic excellences, and for his dealings with men. One of these perfections has been already mentioned—the unchangeableness of Jehovah. The child of God, bereft of that which the world esteems, will be regarded by his heavenly Father as kindly as if he possessed it, and probably even more, because it is withdrawn. How soothing and delightful, for a man of ardent piety, from whom the world averts its face, because in its estimation he is less respected on account of having less of its glittering gold, to know that God judges not according to the outward appearance, and that his poverty shall not prevent the showers of Divine grace from still descending copiously upon his soul! He shall still enjoy the presence of his God. "He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Very different are his ways from those of the world. When man looks on most coldly, God looks most graciously; when the world would shun our society, God invites us to him. "Call upon me in the day of trouble," he cries; "I will deliver thee." He is a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, where the weary in spirit may calmly repose. It is under circumstances of a sorrowful character that the exceeding riches of the Divine goodness are most illustriously displayed. Hence the believer "glories in tribulations also," because then the love of God is often shed abroad with a richer fragrance in his heart. At all times the friendship, and immediate manifestations of God's regard, are productive of the most intense satisfaction. "In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Amid the blooming scenes of immortality this is the source of the purest bliss. The absence of God would make of heaven a hell. The mind of the Christian enjoys a hallowed repose, if he can say, "This I know, God is for me." And when troubles come, he can ask, with a holy triumph, "If God be for me, who can be against me?" There is then an invisible shield thrown around him; fears are hushed; a spring of enjoyment is opened that flows through the soul; God is beheld as a merciful father soothing his children with delightful assurances: "Fear not, for I am with thee. All things work together for good to them that love God." Then "his soul is even as a weaned child."

Now it is the case with many of God's people not to lose, but not even to possess, much of this world's goods; and yet sorrow dwells not in their hearts. They know an infinitely wise God appoints to men their lot, and that the majority of his servants are among the poor of the earth. Doubtless this absence of many worldly comforts constrains them to look the more to Heaven, and teaches them the higher to value the Divine favour. When earthly springs of enjoyment are dry, the fountain of life, ever full and ever flowing, is the more prized. Does not this prove that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth?"

But the joy of the Christian arises in an eminent degree from the fact, that

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Jehovah sustains a peculiar relation towards him, as the God of his salvation. By him his soul is freed from the curse and dominion of sin, and he is enabled to anticipate an entrance upon a glorious and more perfect state of being. By the scheme of redemption God is seen "reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." This leads the Christian, with a holy exultation, to exclaim, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time," 1 Pet. i. 3—5. If we are able to joy in God as the God of our salvation, we need not fear the absence of any good thing. For thus reasons an apostle: "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

How admirable the provision made for adversity by the religion of Christ! Trials will come; but how cheering to know well how to bear them! Not with a stoical indifference, but with the calmness of one whose faith in the providence of God enables him to believe that a sparrow does not fall to the ground without his heavenly Father's knowledge. So if dark clouds do envelope him, he encourages and rouses his drooping spirit: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul; and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God." Thus did the apostles rise above the floods of sorrow in which they were engulfed: "troubled on every side, yet not distressed;—perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed," 2 Cor. iv. 8, 9. God was with them; and "when he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

Christians should ever strive to exercise this lively faith in circumstances of adversity. It honours God; while the want of it greatly dishonours him, as well as interferes with their own happiness. Many, like Jacob, think all these things are against them; and then assuredly their soul must be cast down within them. But they have every reason to trust in God, for "He is faithful that promised."

How rich the poorest Christian! When all earthly good is withdrawn, he has a pearl of great price still in his possession. He may dwell in poverty, but holy angels minister unto him. He may be in the depths of affliction, but faith lights up the eye, and a gleam of heaven's own glory falls upon his soul, as he exclaims, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." When heart and flesh fail, God is the strength of the heart and his portion for ever. He may be bereft of earthly friends; but although father and mother forsake him, the Lord will take him up. He may be reproached for the name of Christ, but the word of truth declares, "Happy are ye; for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you," 1 Pet. iv. 14. Oh, it is a sight deserving the notice of angels, when weak human nature, sustained by Divine grace, is seen struggling manfully against the suggestions of Satan, and the fears and doubts and unbelief which are so busy when trial comes; when, like the apostle, one can say, "None of these things move me.—I know whom I have believed."

Some who read this paper may sigh with the painful consciousness, that they are destitute of this confidence in God, because there is not the relationship with him which the Christian sustains as a believer in Christ. Without this, he could no more bear the sorrow of life than you. This it is that explains that holy defiance of all that man can do unto him; and that enables him to exult amidst privations, at the bare mention of which you stand appalled. Deprive you of earthly possessions and friends, and you have nothing left. Your affections are fixed upon them. Your peace departs with them. You feel this most deeply. "What will ye do in the day of visitation?" Be instructed. Flee, as a guilty sinner, to the shadow of the cross, and seek the pardon Christ waits to bestow. Cry to the Holy One, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Enter into that relationship with him which he waits to recognise; and which will ensure grace for every time of need, and provision for every want. Let your confusion and anxiety and terror in past troubles, when you had no one to whom you could look with confidence, for sympathy and succour, teach you the necessity for choosing God as your portion, that you may be able to

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meet coming and greater trials, some of which may be even now looming in the distance, awaking the deep-rooted fears of your soul. "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how wilt thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" Jer. xii. 5. T. A.

THE OLD HAWTHORN TREE.

Rural objects and rural scenery, ever agreeable, are sometimes sketched by the pen with peculiar fidelity, vividness, and force. The sketch of the Old Hawthorn Tree, given below, from Martingale's "English Country Life," is an effective instance of this kind:—

"Nor the less striking component part of the scene is the old hawthorn tree, venerable, if ages could make it so, yet youthful and beautiful withal. With the prevalence, indeed, of all changes—amid the dismemberment and the separation of family and of kindred, the fearful strife of revolution, the maddening whirl of self-interest, the havoc of death, and the engulfing influence of wealth, turned in a particular and perhaps unexpected direction, involving the extinction of many a cherished name and honoured race,—the ancient thorn tree stands the same unchanged type of all times—the picture and the pattern of faith, and truth, and constancy. If the youth, full of that high hope and enthusiasm, which belong alone to youth before the veil is stripped off from the objects of his idolatry, and, bent on foreign adventure, leaves the home of his childhood—the hall, the grange, or the parsonage—and throwing his strength away in the accumulation of wealth, the love of which is the root of all evil, returns to the spot of his boyhood, with the sleet of winter around his brow, what changes meet his eye! His parents have gone down to the cold, cold grave; they are sleeping the sleep of death. His friends, the companions of his school-days, are spread over the whole wide earth. He has forgotten some of their Christian names. His sisters, who

> 'Grew together,
> Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
> But yet an union in partition;'

Oh! Time has written his wrinkles on their once fair and beautiful brows. All the old familiar faces are gone. His old nurse has been dead many a long, long year. Property has changed its ownership. He is surrounded by strange people. The axe has been laid at the root here; dilapidation has done its worst there. Roads have been changed; the ancient footpath has been stopped up; new and strange buildings have been erected. The old horse-chesnut has gone, and the old far-spreading elm, whose giant arms once overshadowed the grass, both of which have heard his joyous, his heartfelt shout a thousand times, is blighted by age. He is a stranger in his own birthplace. And if, amid all, there be one object which still remains unchanged, and to which, in its unchangeableness, he still, with the love of long years, fondly clings, it is the old hawthorn tree in the old green lane. It still puts on the same summer robe, expands the same white sheet of blossoms, and freights the breeze with the same delicious fragrance as when he was a boy; and it becomes, as it were, a part of his own existence, as it is of the scene of which it is the indelible mark, and the most striking, because the most faithful, the most enduring ornament."

OLD HUMPHREY ON GOOD AND BAD MATCHES.

Some persons will suppose, from my title, that I am about to give a lecture on unsuitable marriages; others may imagine that my matches will be either lucifer, brimstone, or magic congreve; while it is possible that, knowing me to be a little excursive, a third party may expect from me a few remarks on the matches of running-horses at Ascot, Epsom, and Newmarket, or on those of sailing yachts on the river Thames. A few words will do away with every ambiguity, and render my subject clear and intelligible.

Such of my readers as are acquainted with London, know very well that there is, in Ludgate-hill, a draper's shop, of an imposing appearance, with a very high door, reaching up to the height of two stories. Having met with attention there, and good articles, now and then I have stepped in with a friend to become a purchaser. While there this morning, a lady, who was sitting at the counter ordering silks, satins, and other things, made use of the expressions, "That is a bad match." "Oh, that is no match at all!" "Do you think this will match?" and, "That is a very good match indeed." There was enough in these expressions to

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catch my attention. I came away, turning them over in my mind, and here am I, seated at my study table, writing this article on Good and Bad Matches.

A week ago I saw, in a party, two sisters, whose dresses showed great taste. They seemed to be perfect in fit, form, and the harmony of their colours. The conduct of the sisters was in keeping with their clothes: mien, manner, and behaviour; all was ladylike. The dresses and the wearers were an excellent match.

Well do I remember seeing a stranger, who seemed to have a decent black coat on his back, go suddenly into the sunshine, when it appeared that his coat was made of two kinds of cloth, very ill matched, for the body of the coat was of jet black, and the sleeves of blue-black, the latter, in the sun, having a purple hue. The stranger was a perfect fright. Thus it is with many; they are not what they appear to be, and they can no more bear the light of truth, than the black coat could bear the sunshine.

A man with a new hat, and a pair of shoes out at the toes, a gold chain round his neck, and no gloves on his fingers, would be out of order; his gloveless hands and shattered shoes would be a sad match to his new hat and gold chain. In like manner, for one to be very poor, and exceedingly proud; very rich, and extremely parsimonious; must be out of order too, for parsimony and riches, poverty and pride, are unquestionably bad matches. I do not point out these things by way of information, for every body knows them, but merely to make myself clearly understood.

The more I reflect on this subject, the more interesting it seems to become. It is as though I were looking through a multiplying glass, for it presents itself in such numberless forms. Good matches there are, nay, excellent, but oh, what a number of bad matches are to be seen! What a strange, unsuitable mixture of wisdom and folly; prudence and recklessness; giving and gambling; propriety and prize-fighting; learning and levity; profession of piety and polka-dancing, there is in the world!

Let us try to put the subject in a yet stronger point of view. Who would eat ices at the poles, or drink spirits at the tropics; wrap himself up in a shaggy great coat in summer, and dress in nankeen during the winter; take coals to Newcastle to sell, or build a house for fresh air in St. Giles's; use water to trim a lamp, or oil to extinguish a fire; walk in the fields when the storm was abroad, and remain in doors when the sun was in the sky? These things would be out of the question; but are there none as strange as these that we perform? We see the mistakes and bad matches of others, are we equally lynx-eyed with regard to our own?

We think it odd that in Paris they should have masses in the morning, and masquerades at night; but do we never go to Divine worship in a light-hearted, merry-making spirit, and return home from the house of God, talking of sticks and straws, or of things equally unimportant? We regret that heathens should bow down to stocks and stones, and worship what is made by men's hands; but have we no idols to whom our desires cling, and to whom we devote more time than we give to our heavenly Father? Let us be honest to ourselves, let us come home to our own hearts, and let our good and bad matches be more narrowly inspected than they have been.

I could not but observe that the lady, whose exclamations in the draper's shop supplied me with the title of this paper, did her best, not to hide, but to discover, the bad matches before her. She turned them to the light, and examined them again and again. Now I fear that many of us are apt to reverse this practice, and to do our best, where we discover a bad match in ourselves, to hide, and not to make it appear.

None of my readers will call in question the propriety of the remark, that the profession and practice of benevolent and Christian people should agree, they should match in all things; how is it then that they do not? As philanthropists, we profess to have an interest in the welfare of the world. Is this interest manifested according to our ability? Every philanthropist must abhor cruelty and oppression; but does every one who can afford it, support the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and do his utmost to put an end to the slave-trade? I am afraid not! I am fearful that these things are much lost sight of amongst us.

As philanthropists, we should desire the relief of the distressed, and the well-being of the defenceless; but do all to whom God has given the means, support the Humane Society, the Refuge for the Destitute, The Servants' Home, the Blind Asylum, institutions for the Deaf

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and Dumb, for Widows and Orphans, for Soldiers and Sailors, or hospitals and dispensaries? If not, things are other than they ought to be. There is no good match between the professed and the practised philanthropy.

As Christians, we profess to desire the wide spread of the gospel of the Redeemer; but do Christians, to the extent of a tithe of their means and profession, support Sunday and other schools; or the Bible, or Religious Tract Society; or Missionary Institutions; or Societies for the Conversion of the Jews, or Propagation of the Gospel? What can you and I answer to these questions?

An attempt is being made to obtain for young men occupied in drapers' shops the advantage of leaving business earlier at night than they now do, with the avowed object of affording them an opportunity of improving their minds, and heartily do I hope it will succeed; but though I thus speak, by no means do I consider that the mere act of closing drapers' shops early, must of necessity be a good. Whether the measure will do good or evil, depends not on the time obtained by the parties concerned, but on the purposes to which it will be devoted. Though this truth is too self-evident to require illustration, yet an example may set it in a more striking point of view.

I have been told, that lately two young men, in the employ of a tradesman favourable to the plan of which I have spoken, were allowed to leave business early, but instead of turning their advantage to the improvement of their minds, they repaired to a place of public amusement, and remained out till it was too late to return home with the hope of admittance. Other scenes of gaiety were then sought, and intoxication followed. After this they engaged in a brawl, went to an early coffee-house, and, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, with dirty clothes and disfigured faces, staggered to their employment, from which they soon obtained a final dismissal. To say the least of this affair, late hours, intoxication, midnight brawling, and dismissal, without a character, are but a bad match to mental improvement.

But do I advance this example to shew the bad effects of young men having time at their own disposal? Certainly not. I do it rather to set forth the lamentable consequences of their making a bad use of time, and to urge them to act with good faith, really devoting their leisure hours to the object they profess to have in view, the improvement of their minds. One bad example, like that I have mentioned, will do no little mischief. A deserving class ought not to suffer for the misconduct of a few individuals; but when public opinion holds the balance, a feather sometimes turns the scale.

Young men! whether you obtain the advantage you are seeking for, or not, learn to look on your employer's interest as your own. Be diligent, be respectful, be faithful, for without diligence, respect, and fidelity, you cannot do your duty. Employers! have an eye to the comfort and happiness of those who serve you. Be kind to them, and courteous, and take an interest in their welfare, for unless you are kind and courteous, and do feel interested in their well-being, you will neither bind them to you, nor do what you ought to perform. Good masters and bad servants, and good servants and bad masters, are among the very worst matches in the world.

When Cain rose up against Abel, his brother, and slew him; when the children of Israel made the molten calf; when Korah, Dathan, and Abiram rebelled against Moses; when Judas betrayed his Master; and when Ananias and Sapphira kept back part of the price of the possession they had sold, and lied to hide what they had done; how ill did their actions match with their duty! and what a price did they pay for their transgression! Were history sacred and profane to be searched, for instances of disagreement, and want of consistency and harmony; or, in other words, for the bad matches it contains, the exhibition would affright us. A smooth tongue and a deceitful bosom; an erring heart and an unforgiving spirit; promised bread and a given stone; a smile and a dagger; a kiss and a stab under the fifth rib, have too often gone together.

At this period of my reflections, a hasty glance at my past life presents so many bad matches to my view, that, had I availed myself of no other, they would abundantly supply me with ample materials to illustrate my present remarks. Indeed I am by no means certain that this ill-concocted and unharmonious chapter now occupying my pen will not be considered by some as one of my most striking examples. I will here, then, leave the subject to your consideration, only just reminding you that there are not only good and bad matches in dress,

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but also in language, manners, morals, politics, philanthropy, and religion.

AN INDEPENDENT GENTLEMAN.

Reader! permit me to introduce you to a neighbour of mine—an independent gentleman. He does not live in that smart house that has just been done up in such a tasty manner, with flock papers and gold cornices, and an iron railing placed along the meadow of the opposite neighbour, to look as if it formed part of the grounds. No; *that* house is occupied by a nobleman's bailiff. Nor does the independent gentleman drive that dashing phaeton and pair that rattles by night and morning. No; that is hired by a tradesman in the neighbouring town, who brings his family into the country, that his own apartments may be let to lodgers for the season. Neither is it that dandy youth who goes by, shaking his perfumed silk handkerchief, and smoking his cigar, or lounging at the door of the grocer's shop, as if he had no better employment than to stare at everybody who goes in there. No; he is altogether dependent upon others for the means of supplying an idle life, and indulging in expensive gratifications. Nor yet is it the rich old miser, whose very wealth loads him with a burden of cares and anxieties about building larger barns, and securing safe investments, and heaping up riches which he knows not who shall gather.

Yonder comes the independent gentleman, dressed in a plain gaberdine, grey worsted stockings, and thick-nailed shoes. He has a little child in his arms; and another trots beside him, clinging to his skirt, and looking up in his face with an expression of affectionate confidence. And here comes his wife to meet him—a plain old woman in a dark blue gown, a red cloak, and a black bonnet. They seem glad to see each other, though they have not been separated half an hour. Kind-hearted old pair! they so often recall to mind the poet's pleasing description of long-enduring conjugal affection in humble life, that, while ignorant of the real name of my neighbours, I almost instinctively attached to them the cognomen of John and Dame Anderson; and have more than once caught myself saying, "Good morning, Mr. Anderson:" so John Anderson we will take the liberty of calling him in this sketch; for should it chance to meet his eye, his modesty might be offended by seeing his own portrait with his own name affixed to it.

John Anderson, then, was for many years employed on a farm in a distant part of the country. He was reckoned a clever man at every kind of farming business, and was highly valued by his master as an experienced, confidential, and faithful servant. His wife, a careful, industrious body, was the daughter of a little farmer, that is, (or rather *was*, for the race is almost extinct,) a man possessing a few acres of land of his own, cultivated almost entirely by himself and his sons; his wife and daughters managing—in addition to the usual domestic matters of families in general—the dairy, poultry, pigs, bees, etc., and keeping market with the various produce. John had saved money before he was married; and his wife's father was able to give his daughter a little portion; so they began life comfortably. They had some other advantages, which they failed not to improve. John was a sort of foreman, or bailiff, to his master, who placed him in a cottage, rent free. He also had manure for his garden and grazing for two cows and a few sheep. All these were, in various ways, a source of profit; and as both John and his wife worked hard and lived frugally, they were still adding to their store, and becoming, for their line in life, "substantial people."

It is a pleasant, but not a very common sight, to see people increasing in worldly prosperity and not becoming proud, grasping, or self-indulgent. He who knows what man is, has given many cautions to prosperous people against suffering their hearts to be lifted up with pride, or hardened by covetousness and selfishness, or sunk in forgetfulness of God: Deut. viii. 11; xv. 7—11; Psa. lxii. 10; Hab. i. 16; Luke xii. 15—21; James v. 1—5. Hence it is plain that prosperity has its snares and dangers; and a prosperous labourer, with his cow and sheep and pigs, and a few pounds in the savings-bank, is exposed to them, on a small scale, as well as the rich landowner or manufacturer or merchant, with his extensive estates or mills and traffic, and accumulated thousands, on a larger one. In either case, the danger consists in worldly possessions and projects taking an improper hold on the heart; and where the danger is escaped, it is generally an indication of the heart being renewed by Divine grace; the affections set on better things above; and the con-

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duct regulated by the precepts of God's holy word. There is reason to hope it is so in the case of Anderson and his wife.

John had been employed, man and boy, for more than forty years on one farm; and for more than thirty years he and his dame had occupied the pretty cottage with the woodbine porch which everybody, as they went by, stopped to admire; and most passengers, as the road was not much frequented, were presented with a bunch of the fragrant flowers; for both husband and wife agreed that it was a very pleasant thing to please other people as well as themselves. More than once, in return for their civility, they had been presented with a nice little book, which afforded them both entertainment and instruction, and was valued as the gift of a stranger. Not but what they had a pretty good library of their own purchasing; for both John and his wife liked to employ part of their leisure time in instructive reading: and they often bought a good book with the remark, that this was not throwing money away, for there it would be, to do good to their children when they were dead and gone. Still they were pleased when a book came into their possession unexpectedly, and would often speak together of the circumstance. It is a pity that travellers should ever forget to furnish themselves with a few good little books or tracts to give to persons with whom they may fall into conversation by the way. A book so given is almost sure to be taken notice of and read; and there have been many happy instances of good resulting from them under the Divine blessing. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good," Isa. xxxii. 20; Eccles. xi. 6.

But whither have we been carried by Mrs. Anderson's bunch of honeysuckles, and the stranger's good little book? The inhabitants of the cottage had known few changes; their family consisted of only two daughters, whom they trained up in good ways and habits like their own, and taught them—what too many young people never are taught—the secret of being contented and happy at home. The only changes they knew or desired, were an occasional visit to the aged parents of their mother, and taking turns to accompany one or both of their parents to the neighbouring market town when they had stock to dispose of, or dairy utensils to purchase. It is probable that a thought of leaving their cottage-home had never entered the minds of any of the family: but here we have no continuing abode; we are often taught this by painful circumstances, and, sometimes, by pleasing ones. It is well when the vicissitudes we experience, of whatever kind, become the means of leading us to seek "a city out of sight"—a portion in a better, purer world.

The first change experienced in the family was occasioned by the death of Mrs. Anderson's mother. During the illness of the old lady, her eldest grand-daughter, now grown up to womanhood, went to wait upon her; and after her death, remained with her grandfather to keep his house and minister to the comfort of his declining days. His life was prolonged several years, during which time his grand-daughter became the wife of a steady young man who worked on the farm. They continued to reside in the house. On the death of the old man, the farm became the property of Mrs. Anderson, his only surviving child. About the same time died the old master of John Anderson. "New lords, new laws," says the proverb; and the change of proprietorship in the estate introduced many other changes which were not agreeable to an old and faithful servant. It was not without a struggle that John and his wife resolved to quit their pretty cottage and flourishing garden, where they had known so many years of happiness. But one class of circumstances unsettled them there; and another, put it in their power to choose for themselves; so, after deliberation, John signified to his new master his intention to quit his service. The next consultation was as to where they should next settle themselves; and their consultations were not selfish. It was generally expected that they would remove to the farm; but "No," said they; "Richard and Hannah managed it well in their grandfather's time, and we will not turn them out of it now. We have had our day, and let the young people have theirs. The rent of the farm, and the interest of the money we have been all these years saving, is as much as we shall want for ourselves, so we will try and help them forward as well." John was, at this time, sixty years of age, and his wife several years older. Their younger daughter was about to be

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married to a rope-weaver and collar-maker—a trade for which a good opening presented itself in our village; but there was no suitable house to be let. This difficulty was met by the purchase of a bit of land, on which a neat dwelling was erected, where the elder and the younger couple took up their abode together, and have ever since lived in harmony by no means common to families so constituted.

Behold, then, John Anderson, a retired and—according to the common acceptation of the term—an independent gentleman; one who "lives upon his means." There are, however, two or three more things needed, justly to entitle any one to claim the character; and in neither of them is John Anderson deficient. One is, ability to help himself. The person who has no notion and activity to help himself in common things, lives in a state of disgraceful dependence. He is dependent both on the possession of money, and the presence of persons able and willing to serve him for the sake of his money. Let him be deprived of his money, or banish him to an uninhabited land where money is of no avail, and he must either perish for want of the help of others, or learn the new lesson of helping himself. John Anderson need not do either. There is scarcely a want arising, for personal comfort or family convenience, which John is at a loss to supply. He does not answer the description of the saying, "Jack of all trades, and master of none;" for he is so completely master of his own, that the most experienced farmers, in cases of difficulty, are glad to seek his advice. But he has also sufficient knowledge of other trades to make himself generally useful. He may be seen putting up a shelf or a closet; painting or colouring a room; thatching a summer-house; making a hot-bed; training a vine; sharpening his tools at the smith's grindstone—with more notion and aptitude than many a man who has been brought up to the several trades. It may be supposed that the home of such a man is replete with comforts and conveniences; and it is certainly one great step to independence, especially in a country village, to have acquired the habit, when anything is wanted, instead of saying, "I wonder who can be got to do it for me," to set about handily and do it one's self.

A second requisite to independence is a spirit of contentment. John Anderson is reckoned, for his line of life, a rich man; but it would only be for him to aspire to a style of living a little above his means, and he would at once become poor and dependent. The true secret of being rich is to be contented with such things as we have, and to learn to "cut the coat according to the cloth." John's wants are moderate, and therefore he has enough and to spare. Many a man with twice John's property, fancies he must have things as stylish and costly as his neighbour, whose income is a little above his own; and he is, in consequence, more poor and dependent than a day-labourer who keeps his desires and expenses within proper bounds.

One thing more wanted, is a spirit of courtesy. A churl, let him be ever so rich, and ever so learned, cannot be an independent *gentle*man; he cannot, indeed, be independent; for his rudeness and insolence to others rouse their enmity and resentment, and provoke them to inflict on him many vexatious mortifications; or, if not, he inflicts them on himself. Honest John possesses the true spirit of courtesy in no common degree; and, hence, he is subject to no such inflictions. He is everybody's friend, and no one is likely to be his enemy. Gentleman as he is, there is not a person in the village more constantly employed. His own daily work seems to be in keeping the house and garden in good repair and order; assisting his son-in-law in the rope-walk; brewing; performing any little service that is wanted at home; or taking out his grandchildren. But, while thus engaged, he seems almost instinctively to know if there is a possibility of his being useful to a neighbour. If a wagon loaded with coals or wood is seen to enter the village, its destination is ascertained, and if it be a house where no man-servant is kept, before the inmates can have had time to feel their need of assistance, John Anderson is quietly busy, helping to unload and stack the goods, perhaps asking some one of the family to "be so kind as to lend him a broom, for the yard, or the coal-house, wants sweeping up." In our village, a pump is a rare accommodation; most of the houses are supplied with water by means of draw-wells; some have not even this, but their owners are obliged to fetch every drop of water from a neighbour's. If a female is seen drawing water, or carrying a pail, it seems as if John was instinctively attracted to the spot. He says nothing, but takes hold of the pail or the windlass as if it was his own proper

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charge. When thanked for his help, his answer is, "You are very welcome; I'll draw, or I'll fetch you a pail of water at any time with the greatest pleasure, or half a dozen if you need them."

"Our yew tree wants cutting; it will hinder the ripening of the morello cherries." How the whisper got round nobody can tell; but early next morning, the clipping of the shears is heard, and John Anderson is seen hard at work. Having finished the job in a masterly style, he would slip away without speaking to any of the family, but that he deems it necessary to beg that the cuttings may not be scattered about while they are green, as they would be injurious to any cattle who might get at them. Let them be where they are a few days, and, when all danger is gone by, he will come and place them on the wood stack.

One of the neighbours sometimes lets out a horse and gig. Having occasion to go to a neighbouring town, the vehicle was applied for. "Yes, you can have the horse and gig," was the reply of the mistress, "but there is nobody at home to drive it." Scarcely could the difficulty be announced before John appeared in his best coat, ready to take the reins. In reply to the expressions of surprise and gratitude for the unsolicited and unexpected act of kindness, John simply said, "I am very happy to serve you. It would have been a pity for them to lose the hire of the gig, and for you to be put out of your journey, when it was in my power to help you." In a word, John seems to live to do acts of kindness; and no sooner are they done than he disappears as quietly as he appeared, scarcely ever giving an opportunity to offer refreshment or even to express thanks. His reward and pleasure flow from the indulgence of a kind disposition. It may fairly be concluded that John would fully understand, and sympathize with, that disquietude which led an emperor to exclaim, "I have lost a day," at the close of one in which he had not done good to any one.

It is pleasing to add that John does not appear to have fallen into the ruinous mistake that acts of kindness to fellow-creatures can do away the obligations of obedience to the Creator, or make atonement for sin. He feelingly acknowledges himself "an unprofitable servant," "a guilty sinner," in himself lost, and perishing, and helpless; but thankfully embracing the gift of God's unspeakable love to a ruined world, relying on Him who is "able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him," and "looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life," John iii. 16; Heb. vii. 25; Jude 21. C.

THE CHANGE; OR, PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

All things are ever changing beneath the sun. Time advances, and man must move with it. We must float with the tide, there is no anchorage in the ocean of life. Our position is daily altering for worse or for better, and our Almighty Maker alone is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." The knowledge of our ever-changing condition should teach us time's value, and a true estimate of the worth of the passing hour, which remorse cannot recall and repentance sighs after in vain. Among other changes, that which takes place in the character of men is not the least observable. Oh, what a curse is worldly prosperity to some! Oh, what a blessing is sanctified adversity to others!

John Burley was a prosperous tradesman in a small town, occupying large premises in the principal street. John Burley knew everybody, and everybody knew John Burley. If John had not sold excellent articles, little money would have passed over his shop counter.

Customers who called a second time, did not expect civility, the quality of the goods they purchased alone made them frequent the shop. Surly John never praised the articles he sold, but told people to leave them if they did not like them, and get better where they could.

John Burley was a big, broad-shouldered man, with a thundering voice, and with piercing black eyes, that seemed, as they say, to look one through; he had become rich, and cared for no man. He gave way to his unbridled temper without restraint, and only served in his shop because he knew of no better way of occupying his time. He often took offence where it was not intended, and when he was opposed in earnest, his fury knew no bounds. On one occasion he pounced upon a saucy customer, and after a sharp struggle, sent him staggering from his shop door into the street, where the man was nearly run over by a passing carriage. John Burley might have been tried for manslaughter, and this narrow escape made him a little wary, so that

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he abstained in future from personal violence, though he still remained turbulent, overbearing, and fond of strife.

Silvester Smith, who kept a small shop on the other side of the street, witnessed the struggle between John and his customer, and held up his hands in astonishment, declaring that his neighbour ought to be made an example of, if it were only to teach shopkeepers civility.

It was quite a picture to see bluff and independent John Burley on one side of the street, and bowing and scraping Silvester Smith on the other, for hardly could a greater contrast be presented to the eye. Burley was a brute in the opinion of Smith, and Smith was a fawning sycophant in the estimation of Burley. But different as John Burley and Silvester Smith seemed to be, they were more alike than people were aware of, for both were selfish and sought their own ends, caring little for the welfare of others.

Oh! how complaisant to his customers was Silvester Smith. If they complained of any bodily ailment, or told him any of their troubles, he seemed to suffer, as if their sorrows were his own; his very voice was soothing as he praised their patience in enduring calamity, and bade them hope for better things. He could stoop to the proud, flatter the vain, and be merry with the light-hearted. Things went on thus smoothly for a time, everybody saying that Silvester Smith was a lamb, and that John Burley was a lion.

By little and little, however, Silvester Smith increased his trade, pulled down his small house, built up a larger, and became rich. By degrees, too, he left off his meekness and civility, and became proud and domineering. His wealth made him wilful; indulgence rendered him the victim of disease; and the gout added to his impatient propensities until he became more peevish, quarrelsome, and morose, than even Burley, his boisterous neighbour. Silvester the lamb, was changed into Silvester the lion.

But while these changes were taking place in Smith, John Burley, also, became altered in character. The man who seeks strife will soon find it, and John Burley met a stranger in a coffee-room who was as fond of quarrelling as himself. They first contradicted and afterwards abused each other, until from words they came to blows, and Burley suffered such injuries from a heavy fall, that he was confined for many months to his bedchamber. In these few months his business declined, and an unexpected and extensive loss greatly crippled his resources, so that he was afflicted in body, fearful of poverty, and not unapprehensive of death.

It is not, however, bodily affliction, disappointment, losses, or the fear of death that can change the heart of man. The hard heart of Pharaoh was not melted by all the plagues of Egypt. But when it pleases our heavenly Father, it is an easy thing with him to sanctify affliction, and make it the means of lasting good. As "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," so his holy influences affect the hearts of his creatures, turning them "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." It pleased God on the bed of his affliction to visit John Burley, to convince his understanding and to change his heart, so that when he recovered, and again appeared in public, he was in every sense of the saying, "a different man."

He now sought not his own welfare alone, but was active for the good of those around him. The timid no longer trembled in his presence, but met with kindness and encouragement. He became forbearing, considerate, and charitable; gentle in his manners, and unwearied in well-doing; enduring injuries with patience, and uniting diligence in business with fervour of spirit serving the Lord. Thus the turbulent lover of mammon was turned into a meek-minded servant of the Redeemer, and the lion changed into a lamb.

John Burley, compared with what he had been, was poor; but his heart was lighter, and his hope brighter. Silvester Smith had added greatly to his wealth, but he was a stranger to ease, to comfort, and to peace. "Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith," Prov. xv. 16.

The worldly man cheats himself of happiness and repose, the loss of health makes him miserable, and pain tempts him to repine; while the Christian remains tranquil in sickness and in sorrow; "rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer." Worldly reverses often alter for the worse worldly men, who are ever varying and uncertain in their thoughts; but losses render the believer more earnest in prayer, and the gifts of God increase the fervency of his praise. Oh! what a curse is worldly prosperity to some! Oh! what a blessing is sanctified adversity to others.

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SKETCHES OF THE WALDENSES.

No. I.

Most readers of the *Visitor* have heard of the Vaudois, or Waldenses, who inhabit the valleys of Piedmont, a country which derives its name from its situation at the foot of the Alps, the highest mountains of Europe. Many works have been written by their own countrymen, and also by foreigners, giving accounts of their history in former times, and of their present characters and habits. One of these has been prepared by a Vaudois pastor, Alexis Muston, from which the following remarks are extracted:—

"How many remembrances arise to the mind on climbing one of these lofty hills! They have a stern and frowning aspect in winter, it is true, but no prospect can be finer in spring, when the mild sun diffuses its light and life, and the air is filled with sweet and balmy breezes. The vigorous and manly inhabitants of this district seem to derive their character from the nature of the soil. They are chiefly employed in rural labours. In all pastoral countries the sound of singing is often heard, but here the songs are chiefly psalms, when the united voices of some young girls returning from their religious services strike your ear, as you rest in some shady glen, or on the slope of a rocky eminence. All around is now calm and tranquil; but there have been times when the blood of these simple peasants has stained their fields, their hills, their dwellings—times of persecution and slaughter. Call to mind their courage and fortitude; first, in the cause of God; next, for those whom they loved. Their simple language has never been used to express corrupt or unworthy emotions; but they were well informed before the literature of other lands had arisen from the darkness and depravity of the middle ages. Thus our ancestors, however falsely accused, have left us a simple and blameless character, and a soil enriched by the memory of their lives and deaths.

"Secluded from the world, by their situation and their religious belief, they were the subjects of strange reports and ridiculous accusations. A sort of infernal darkness, a mysterious cloud, rested upon these lands, which were shut out from others by an awful barrier of rocks. Yet they were, even then, a hidden paradise, a loving family of Christian brethren; their hymns of praise resounded to heaven; their mild manners and scriptural faith banished from their humble dwellings the notes of discord. Their retired habits had a favourable influence on their relative characters. Their dialect distinguished them wherever they went; and when conversing on the state of their churches, or on whatever they most prized, they seemed only a set of humble labourers, talking of their family concerns. Their pastors were commonly termed their barbs, or uncles, perhaps from fear of marking them out for persecution in times of danger.

"It is indeed remarkable, that they were preserved from those tendencies to mysticism and false notions of spirituality which then generally prevailed. Their very enemies have taken care to preserve the record of their existence. Scarcely a spot can be traced among these mountains, but it has been the scene of some atrocity; and fancy still seems to hear the sighs and groans of the martyrs, in the sound of the mountain breezes. Oh! if there were monuments to faith and piety, like what the world erects to its own heroes, you would at every instant stumble on some venerable ruin, like the antiquaries in Greece.

"But the heroes of Athens were fabulous; while here every event has a reality, an influence that is felt even now. Historical allusions are clothed with pomp and ceremony, but the relics of the fine arts are scattered and distributed, as the prey of strangers from distant lands; so transitory are all the glories of this world. Yet the triumphs of the martyrs are permanent. The gospel is not changed: in Europe or Asia, in the north or in the south, wherever it appears, it regenerates the world. The ashes of its confessors form an imperishable monument, untouched by the course of ages or their revolutions.

"The Beghards, the Cathari, the Paterini, and other names, formerly given to celebrated religious sects, are now almost forgotten. The dwellers in the Alps, the first race on record, who protested against the corruptions of Christianity, still continue the same. There are many places in their vicinity, which, in their Arabic or Latin names, present the traces of foreign usurpations, Almanzor, Villar, etc.

"How different must these scenes have appeared when Italy was still shaded by extensive woods, when the Black Forest of Germany reached from Savoy to the Baltic Sea, and sheltered the hardy Ger-

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man barbarians whom Tacitus describes. Now Germany is civilized, and Piedmont is a plentiful dairy; where the curling tendrils of the vine bend over the plantations of wheat and maize. But the primitive and patriarchal manners of the people are still unchanged. Friends never visit each other, at least among the scattered agriculturists, without some rural presents—pigeons, milk, figs, or grapes, which are freely and unostentatiously given and accepted. Should any difference arise, it is settled by some respectable elderly man, whose decision is universally heeded, while a stranger might fancy himself among the heroes commemorated by Homer. Looking at the scenes of more active life among the goatherds, labourers, or chamois-hunters, or the spinsters and shepherdesses, we are led to think of David, Rachel, Sarah, or Miriam; and the whole Bible seems to be brought before us."

The learned English traveller, Dr. Gilly, says with reference to M. Muston, the author from whose work the above extract is taken:—"Some of my countrymen have judged a little too harshly of the pastor of Bobi, and others of his sacred profession, who seem to take pleasure in contemplating the warlike character of the Vaudois of former times, and in recounting their achievements. His feelings are those of the chroniclers of Israel, who penned the narratives, and kept up the recollection of the mighty deeds done by David, or Gideon, or Joshua. The hand of the Lord has also been with the Vaudois; and so long as the present generation give God the praise for the victories obtained by their forefathers, we cannot require them to be silent upon subjects of such deep concern.

"Whatever pleasure M. Muston may find in describing 'how fields were won,' there is an enjoyment of another kind in which he indulges largely; that of watching over his people with a parent's eye. Few parish ministers know more of their flock than he does, or are more beloved."

The same writer thus describes his first interview with M. Muston. "We found the present pastor of Bobi in his church, engaged in giving instruction to his young flock—fifty-six boys and thirty-two girls. He had almost finished when we entered, and was then occupied in delivering the customary address which follows the catechism. He did it with much judgment and considerable effect; and as I noticed his earnest manner and paternal anxiety to impress on his youthful hearers the importance of what he had been explaining, I could not but feel pain under the recollection of the imperfect mode under which we too commonly discharge this duty in England.

"The church of Bobi is an old building, large, cold, and undecorated. Opposite to the pulpit was an inscription, expressive of the moderation, charity, piety, and loyalty of the oppressed and slandered Vaudois. 'Honour all men; love the brotherhood; fear God; honour the king.'

"As soon as we left the church, M. Muston accosted us in that frank and unreserved tone, which distinguishes these kind-hearted people, and gave us a cordial invitation to his house, where we were introduced to his wife and young family. There was no fire when we first went in; but he saw that we were shivering with cold, and a blazing hearth was soon ready to comfort us. The apartment was spacious, and more comfortably furnished than any we had yet seen. It had the unusual luxury of a sofa and stuffed chairs; and the walls, or rather wainscoting, of walnut-wood, were hung with drawings from M. Muston's own pencil. They were principally sketches of scenery in Switzerland.

"The manners of the pastor of Bobi were simple and agreeable, and had all that warmth and openness which make the stranger feel at home; they were those of the plain good man, whose wish seemed to be, to live and die among his own people. He insisted upon our partaking of his family dinner, and his kind-hearted wife busied herself to prepare the repast; while he himself answered all our questions, interrogated us in his turn, and appeared as contented and happy as if he were in undisturbed possession of the whole valley, where he is but the minister of a single parish.

"At last the cloth was laid, the table prepared, and the banquet spread; and never did a party sit down with better appetite to a meal, or with a warmer welcome. It was all the produce of the presbytery, or the presbyter's land. He has his little vineyard, and garden, and orchard; he has his pasture for his cows and goats, a moderate extent of arable ground, and a stream of water to irrigate them. From this snug farm the bread was home-baked, the butter and cheese home-made, and the wine home-pressed. The sausages were of pork fatted in his own sty, and

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the filberts, chestnuts, and white pippins were gathered from his own trees. Nor did he omit to tell us that his wife had prepared the sausages, the apple fritters, and the baked pears. In truth, they did credit to her housewifery, and it was impossible to sit down to a dinner which we could have enjoyed more than this pastoral feast.

"Clean table linen is an article as abundant, perhaps, in these Alpine retirements, as in the most frequented villages of England; but the knives and forks were of the coarsest workmanship, the spoons were of iron, and the plates of very ordinary ware."

Such was the reception given to a traveller in the year 1823. It is needless to observe, that though the general character of the Waldenses has been the same from a very early period, the details of their circumstances have varied. They did not always sit in peace under their own vines and fig-trees.

Muston truly writes:—"If every nation is destined to accomplish some providential purpose, unquestionably the Waldenses have been the means of preserving the doctrines of the gospel in their primitive simplicity. Politically considered, they are nothing; in a religious point of view, the history of their churches is every way important; they were the first to protest, in the spirit of Scripture, against the cloak which some professors assumed; they were doubtless designed to preserve the germ of another spring, through the winter of the middle ages; like the leaven hid in three measures of meal, or the precious seed set aside by the husbandman to produce a future harvest. In our day history is beginning to take its proper place, which, perhaps, it has never yet filled; the more correctly we consider the course of worldly events, the more we shall see that nothing happens in vain. It is only when looking up to God that the historian can give a reason for the tumults here below. He that is spiritual judgeth all things; and history, like the prophets of old, serves to prepare the way of the Lord in the desert, and remove the stones which fill up the highway."

Romish writers are unwilling to admit the antiquity of the Waldensian church, which would go far to contradict the doctrine of the papal supremacy, and therefore they have endeavoured to prove that the origin of these Christians is traced to the eleventh or twelfth century. It must be regretted that some Protestant historians have adopted the same theory, and have spoken of the Waldenses as a sect arising in those times, rather than as a body of Christians who were enabled to keep unspotted from the world, even from the times of the apostles, or their immediate followers. This has been shown by the researches of many eminent minds; among others, the works of Allix may be cited, which describe the Waldenses and Albigenses as two distinct races of Christians; the one in Piedmont, the other in Narbonese Gaul. Their early existence is asserted even by their enemies. "The city of Thoulouse, or rather Dolose," says one of these, "it is affirmed, has NEVER been clear of this detestable pestilence, this poisonous heresy, which has emitted the venom of superstitious infidelity from father to son." The context shows what heresy was intended, it was rejection of the unscriptural dogmas of the church of Rome.

Traces still exist of the Roman road which crossed the Cottian Alps, and extended from Milan to Boulogne, being the usual thoroughfare by which the Roman legions travelled from Italy to Gaul and Britain. While tracing their progress, in the course of history, let it be remembered, that the same road was probably the means of conveying many who brought good tidings and published the gospel of peace to the dwellers on the mountains and elsewhere. The famous city of Lyons, in the south of France, contained a community of Christians as early as the second or third century, and their bishop was Irenæus, the pupil of Polycarp, himself the pastor of the church at Smyrna, and the disciple of St. John. It is not improbable that he was the instrument of converting the simple mountaineers from paganism. Tradition, however, speaks of St. Paul as having travelled in this direction towards Spain, preaching to the inhabitants. Other authors suppose that these hills were first peopled by some of the early refugees from persecution under the heathen Roman emperors; and their rocky situation, so difficult of access, gives ground for this idea.

All this may be conjecture, but as early as the fourth century more certain information is given. At that period, the famous Ambrose was bishop of Milan. Already the clergy of France and Italy took a prominent part in the religious questions then agitated, and several

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among them condemned the practice of giving honour to images, and to the authority of men rather than to God alone. To give a mere statement of names and opinions would be uninteresting, and a full account must be sought for in larger works; but one character is deserving of special notice. This was Vigilantius, a native of these parts, who opposed the erroneous system of will-worship and human observances, which was rapidly gaining ground in the east under the influence of Jerome and other mistaken professors of Christianity. These condemned Vigilantius with much asperity, and he saw much in them which greatly disappointed him; but returning to the region of the Alps, he found a body of Christians like-minded with himself, and with these he gladly united, and laboured.

The history of the Paulicians is another link uniting the eastern and western churches. Their name was derived, some say, from an individual, called Paul of Samosata, but there seems better ground for believing that they chose it in remembrance of the great apostle of the Gentiles; at least, it is certain that this sect were remarkable for their high value for the Sacred Scriptures, and for their consistent lives. Yet they have been accused of holding the unscriptural errors of the Manichees, a sort of heresy very common in the early churches, but which it is needless here to particularize. Rather let it be supposed, that the Paulicians were converted Manichees, who renounced those falsehoods, and differed from the church of Rome only where her practices are plainly repugnant to the word of God. For the tree is known by its fruits, and those who hold corrupt doctrines are usually found wanting in patience, sobriety, and self-denial. Not so the Paulicians; they were remarkable for these virtues, and this their very enemies have allowed, at the time when they were accused of witchcraft, child murder, and the blackest crimes. Moreover, they strongly denied the false accusations of their enemies, which resembled those brought forward by the ancient heathens against the primitive church.

The leader of the Paulicians was one Constantine, a native of Armenia, who appears to have lived about the middle of the seventh century, and is said to have been converted by reading two manuscript volumes, which were given him by a deacon, whom he had hospitably entertained; the one containing the four gospels, the other the fourteen epistles of Paul. Having read these books, he and others became acquainted with the truths long hid from them, and endeavoured to collect a small community who should be guided in all things by the word of God. They were soon persecuted, and Constantine, who had taken the name of Sylvanus, was stoned to death; but Simeon, a furious persecutor, soon became a convert, and was himself the second leader of the little church. After suffering continual opposition from the Greek emperors, they retreated westward, till meeting with enemies in Thrace and Bulgaria, they at length found shelter in the regions of Italy, France, and Germany, and thus they gradually formed that little body, respecting whom it might be said that they were indeed members of the true church, built on the rock Christ, against which the gates of hell should not prevail.

CHATSWORTH AND HADDON HALL.

I 've heard the humid skies did ever weep
In merry England, and a blink of joy
From their blue eyes was like a pearl of price.
Mine own indeed are sunnier, yet at times
There comes a day so exquisitely fair,
That with its radiance and its rarity
It makes the senses giddy.
Such an one
Illumined Chatsworth, when we saw it first,
Set like a gem against the hanging woods
That form'd its background. Herds of graceful deer,
Pamper'd, perchance, until they half forget
Their native fleetness, o'er the ample parks
Roam'd at their pleasure. From the tower that crests
The eastern hill, a floating banner sway'd
With the light breezes, while a drooping ash,
Of foliage rich, stood lonely near the gates,
Like the presiding genius of the place,
Unique and beautiful. Their silver jet
The sparkling fountains o'er the freshen'd lawns
Threw fitfully, and gleaming here and there,
The tenant-statues with their marble life
Peopled the shades.
But wondering most we mark'd
A princely labyrinth of plants and flowers,
All palace-lodged, and breathing forth their sweets
On an undying summer's balmy breast.
And well might wealth expend itself for you,
Flowers, glorious flowers! that dwelt in Eden's bound,
Yet sinned not, fell not, and whose silent speech
Is of a better paradise, where ye,
Catching the essence of the deathless soul,
Shall never fade.
Throughout the noble pile,
Pictures and spars and vases, and the show
Of alabaster, porphyry, and gold,
Blend with a lavishness, that ne'er offends
The eye of taste. Had I the skill to tell
Featly of halls, that, like Arabia's dream,
O'erflow with all that fancy can devise
To strike, to charm, to dazzle, and delight,
Here were full scope. But I have dwelt too long
Within a simple forest-land, to know
The fitting terms for such magnificence.
So, from the painted ceilings, and the light

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Of costly mirrors 't was relief to seek
The shaded gallery of sculptured forms,
And taste the luxury of musing thought.
Spin on, most beautiful.
There 's none to mock
Thy humble labours here. Gay Cupid clasps
The unscathed butterfly, sweet Hebe smiles,
Latona, 'mid her children, cries to Jove,
Achilles mourns his wound, Endymion sleeps,
The mother of Napoleon wears the grace
Canova gave, and proud Borghesa rears
Her head in majesty, yet none despise
Thy lowly toil.
Even thus it was of old,
That woman's hand, amid the elements
Of patient industry and household good,
Reproachless wrought, twining the slender thread
From the slight distaff, or in skilful loom
Weaving rich tissues, or with varied tints
Of bright embroidery, pleased to decorate
The mantle of her lord. And it was well;
For in such shelter'd and congenial sphere
Content with Duty dwelt.
Yet few there were,
Sweet Filatrice, who in their homely task
Found such retreat, or such good company,
To elevate their toils. And we, who roam
'Mid all this grand enchantment, proud saloon,
And solemn chapel, with its voice of God,
Or lose ourselves amid the wildering maze
Of plants and buds and blossoms, uttering forth
Mute eloquence to Him, are pleased to lay
Our slight memorial at thy snowy feet.
Next, on to Haddon Hall. The postern low,
And threshold, worn with tread of many feet,
Receive us silently. How grim and grey
Yon tall, steep fortalice above us towers!
Its narrow apertures, like arrow-slits,
Jealous of heaven's sweet air, its dreary rooms
Floored with rough stones, its uncouth passages
Cut in thick walls, bespeak those iron times
Of despotism, when o'er the mountain-surge
Rode the fierce sea-king, and the robber hedged
The chieftain in his moat.
A freer style
Of architecture clearly, as a chart,
Defines the isthmus of that middle state,
After the Conquest, when the Saxon kernes
With their elf-locks receded. Coarsely mix'd
Norman with Gothic, stretch the low-brow'd halls,
Their open rafters brown with curling smoke.
Hearth-stone and larder, as for giant race,
Tell of rude, festal doings, when in state
The stalwart baron, seated on the dais,
Serf and retainer lowlier ranged around,
Gave hospitality at Christmas-tide—
The roasted ox, the boar, with holly crown'd,
And mighty venison pasty, proudly borne
'Tween a stout brace of ancient serving men.
The elements of rude and gentle times
Were ill-concocted then, and struggling held
Each other in suspension, or prevailed
Alternately. "Barbaric pearl and gold"
Were roughly set; and cumbrous arras hid
The iron-hasped and loosely-bolted doors.
Broad-branching antlers of the stag were then
The choicest pictures, and the power to quaff
Immense potations from the wassail-bowl
Envied accomplishment.
But Haddon tells
Still of another age, and suits itself
To their more courtly manners. Carvings rich,
And gilded cornices, and chambers hung
With tapestry of France, and shapely grate
Instead of chimney huge, and fair recess
Of oriel window, mark the advancing steps
Of comfort and refinement.
Here moved on,
In stately minuet, lords with doublet slash'd,
And ladies rustling in the stiff brocade;
And there the deep-mouth'd hounds the chase pursued;
The maiden ruling well her palfrey white,
With knight and squire attendant.
Hear we not
Even now their prancing steeds?
'Tis passing strange!
Dwell life and death in loving company?
Why bloom those flowers, with none to inhale their sweets?
Who trim yon beds so neatly; and remove
Each wither'd leaf; and keep each straggling bough
In beautiful obedience?
—Come they back,
They of the bygone days, when none are near,
And with their spirit-eyes inspect the flowers
That once they loved? Toil they in shadowy ranks
'Mid these deserted bowers, then flit away?

They seem but just to have set the goblet down,
As for a moment, yet return no more.
The chair, the board, the couch of state are here,
And we the intrusive step are fain to check,
As though we press'd upon their privacy.
Whose privacy? The dead? A riddle all!
And we ourselves are riddles.—
While we cling
Still to our crumbling hold, so soon to fall
And be forgotten, in that yawning gulph
That whelms all past, all present, all to come,
Oh, grant us wisdom, Father of the soul,
To gain a changeless heritage with thee!

Wednesday, Oct. 7, 1840.

"A floating banner, swayed
With the light breezes—"

The approach to Chatsworth is over gently rising grounds; and on an eminence towards the east, we observed from the old Hunting Tower, embosomed in woods, the flag flying, which announced that the duke of Devonshire, the master of this magnificent domain, was at home. Immediately after entering the central gate, by the porter's lodge, we paused to admire a fine weeping ash, whose rich, dark foliage, drooping to the ground, forms within its circumference an arch of exceeding beauty. It was removed hither from Derby, about ten years since, at an expense of 1,000*l.*; and though it had attained the age of forty years on its transplantation, flourishes unchanged in its new home. The grounds of Chatsworth cover an area of eleven miles, diversified by lawns, plantations, and pleasure-grounds. Large flocks and herds luxuriate in the pastures; and deer, so fat as to forfeit a portion of their fleetness, beautify the parks.

It would be in vain to attempt a description of this splendid establishment. Dazzled as the eye may be with its internal decorations, I could not but consider the conservatory as its chief glory. It extends several hundred feet, its lofty roof resting on iron pillars, and entirely covered with large plates of glass, furnishing a spacious carriage-drive through plants and flowers from every region of the earth. Some of these are of surpassing beauty, and all refreshed by waters artificially distributed, and cheered

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by a perpetual summer, as if a second paradise fostered their bloom.

"Spin on, most beautiful."

In the sculpture-gallery at Chatsworth, among noble forms, and groups apparently instinct with life, we were attracted by the statue of a young spinning girl, from the chisel of a German artist. She is called the Filatrice, and stands in a simple and graceful attitude upon the fragment of a granite column, brought from the Roman Forum. Here, as in other choice collections of the masters of sculpture, we were reminded of Thomson's descriptive lines:—

"Minutely perfect all!—Each dimple sunk,
And every muscle swelled, as Nature taught.
In tresses braided fresh the marble waved,
Flowed in loose robe, or thin, transparent veil,
Sprang into motion—softened into flesh—
Was fired with passion, or refined to soul."

"Next, on to Haddon Hall."

It is well to see Chatsworth and Haddon Hall in the same day. The contrast of their features deepens the impression which each leaves on the mind. The overwhelming splendour of one prepares you to relish and to reverence the silent, mournful majesty of the other. You pass as from a Roman triumph, to Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage.

This touching relic of the olden time occupies an elevation, overshadowed by large trees, from whence it looks down upon the fair valley and bright waters of the Wye. Its most ancient portions date back 900 years, into the Saxon dynasty. William the Norman, who was liberal in parcelling out the good things of the conquered realm among his relatives and adherents, gave it to his natural son, Peveril. Thence, by marriage, it passed to the Vernons; and again, in the same manner, to the house of Manners, who now hold the dukedom of Rutland. In exploring its deserted halls, it is easy to scan three distinct styles of architecture, which as clearly define three differing states of social and domestic manners. The tall grey Eagle Tower, with its round loop-holes and prison-like apartments, recalls those days of despotism and danger, when castellated buildings were fortresses of defence against the Danish pirate, or the roaming outlaw. This period extended from the close of the Saxon dynasty, through the reigns of some of the Plantagenets, while the Peverils and Avenels bore rule at Haddon Hall. Huge fire-places, immense larders, chopping-blocks, on which a whole ox might be laid, heavy oak tables, and the old wicket, through which every stranger received, if he desired, a trencher of substantial food and a cup of ale, mark the succeeding era of rude feasting and free hospitality. The third era brought in the more lofty ceilings, richly gilt, the halls panneled with oak, the carved cornices, and the bay windows, decorated with armorial bearings. The various improvements made by the houses of Vernon and Manners may be plainly traced: the first of which obtained possession of this baronial mansion in the time of Henry VI.; and the latter, during the reign of queen Elizabeth. So liberal was the housekeeping of Haddon, that one hundred and forty servants were employed and maintained there by the first duke of Rutland, in the time of queen Anne. Now all is silence and loneliness within its bounds. Two hundred years have elapsed since it was inhabited. But the late duchess of Rutland, having been much attached to its scenery, was solicitous that it should be kept in good preservation, as a specimen of other days. Her wishes have been scrupulously obeyed, and thus the antiquarian taste, and the reflecting mind, continue to find high gratification from a visit to this deserted mansion.

"Chambers hung
With tapestry of France."

The state bedroom at Haddon Hall is still adorned with ancient hangings of Gobelines. Their subjects seem to be taken from the imagery of Æsop's Fables. The bed is surmounted by a canopy of green silk velvet, fourteen feet in height, and lined with thick white satin. Its embroidered curtains were wrought by the needle of the lady Eleanor, wife of sir Robert Manners, and are a commendable trophy of her industry. But the hands of pilferers have been so busy in abstracting shreds and fragments of this rich, antique couch, that it has been found necessary to protect it by an enclosure, something like the railing erected around the bed of Mary of Scotland, in the old Holyrood palace.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

MOUNT CARMEL.

In the cool of the evening, we ascended Mount Carmel by a deep and rocky ravine a little way to the south. We

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conversed together on Elijah's wonderful answer to prayer obtained on this mountain, and felt that we could well spend the evening of the holy day in such a place. Having soon reached the summit, a considerable way above the Latin convent, we sat down at a point commanding a full view of the sea to the west and to the north. Near this must have been the spot where Elijah prayed when he went up to the top of Carmel, and cast himself down upon the earth and put his face between his knees, and said to his servant, "Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And Elijah said, Go again, seven times."* There we united in praying for abundance of rain to our own souls, our friends, and our people, and for the progress of our mission, which seemed for a time impeded. It was awfully solemn to kneel on the lonely top of Carmel. The sun was going down beyond the sea, the air was cool and delightfully pure; scarcely a breath of wind stirred the leaves, yet the fragrant shrubs diffused their pleasant odours on every side. A true sabbath stillness rested on the sea and on the hill. The sea washes the foot of the hill on each side, and stretches out full in front till lost in the distance. To the east and north-east lay that part of the splendid plain of Esdraelon which reaches to the white walls of Acre, and through which "that ancient river, the river Kishon," was winding its way to the sea, not far from the foot of Carmel. These are the waters that swept away the enemies of Deborah and Barak,† and that were made red by the blood of the prophets of Baal, after Elijah's miraculous sign of fire from heaven. To the south is seen the narrow plain between the mountains and the sea, which afterwards expands into the plain of Sharon. And along the ridge of Mount Carmel itself is a range of eminences, extending many miles to the south-east, all of them presenting a surface of table-land on the top, sometimes bare and rocky, and sometimes covered with mountain shrubs. On some of these heights the thousands of Israel assembled to meet Elijah, when he stood forth before them all and said, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" and from this sea they carried up the water that drenched his altar; and here fell on their faces and cried, "Jehovah he is the God, Jehovah he is the God!"

The view we obtained that evening on Mount Carmel can never be forgotten. No scene we had witnessed surpassed its magnificence, and the features of it are still as fresh in our memory as if we had seen it yesterday. It was, moreover, a most instructive scene. We saw at once the solution of all our difficulties in regard to the scriptural references to this hill. Carmel is not remarkable for height; and is nowhere in Scripture celebrated for its loftiness. At the point overhanging the sea, we have seen that it is less than nine hundred feet high. To the south-east it rises to the height of one thousand two hundred feet, which is its greatest altitude. But then, the range of hills runs nearly eight miles into the country, and was in former days fruitful to a proverb. Indeed, the name Carmel, signifying "a fruitful field," was plainly given to it for this reason. And when this vast extent of fruitful hills was covered over with vineyards, olive-groves, and orchards of figs and almond-trees, not on the sides alone, but also along the table-land of its summit—would not Carmel, worthy of the name, appear an immense hanging garden in the midst of the land? In the days of its pristine luxuriance, before the curse of God blasted its glory, "the excellency of Carmel"‡ of which the prophet speaks, must have been truly wonderful! And then, how easy it would have been "to hide in the top of Carmel;"† for embowering vines and deep shady fig-trees would afford a covert for many a mile along the summit. And would not the beholder in other days at once understand the meaning of the beautiful description of the church given in the song, "Thine head upon thee is like Carmel?"‡ Would not the jewellery and ornaments, or perhaps the wreath of flowers, around the head of an Eastern bride, resemble the varied luxuriance of the gardens of Carmel seen from afar? There are at present in the convent garden on the hill a few vines that produce excellent grapes; but these are all that now remain to testify of the spot where Uzziah had his vine-dressers.‖ With the exception of these, which are not properly on the summit of the hill, we could not descry a single fruit-tree on the top of Carmel. A few verdant olive-trees grow at the northern roots of the hill, and some extend a short way up the side; but the extensive summit, which was once like a garden, is covered as far as

* 1 Kings xviii. 42, 43. † Judges v. 21.

* Isa. xxxv. 2. † Amos ix. 3.
‡ Song of Sol. vii. 5. ‖ 2 Chron. xxvi. 1

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our eye reached with wild mountain shrubs and briery plants, all of stunted growth, except where the rock lay bare and without verdure under the scorching sun. The same God who said, "Zion shall be ploughed like a field," and "I will pour the stones of Samaria down into the valley," said also, "The top of Carmel shall wither;"* and that word we saw before our eyes fulfilled to the letter.

We had a fine chain of Divine truth before us in the references made by the prophets to this mountain. Amos represents the guilty sinner detected, though he were to hide in its top, or plunge into the sea at its foot. Solomon shows the sinner justified in a Redeemer's righteousness, beautiful as Carmel. Micah alludes to its rich pastures, when he would express the care of the great Shepherd in feeding his justified ones, or restored Israel, and says, "Feed thy people, which (at present) dwell solitarily in the wood, in the midst of Carmel."† And when Isaiah would describe the fruitfulness and beauty of the new earth, he can say nothing higher than this, "The excellency of Carmel shall be given unto it."—*Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry.*

ELECTRIC CLCOKS.

Mr. Bain has perfectly succeeded in working electric clocks by the currents of the earth. "On the 28th of August," says Mr. Finlaison, of Loughton Hall, "he set up a small clock in my drawing-room, the pendulum of which is in the hall, and both instruments in a voltaic circuit, as follows:—

"On the N.E. side of my house two zinc plates, each a foot square, are sunk in a hole and suspended to a wire. This wire is passed through the house to the pendulum first, and then to the clock. On the S.E. side of the house, at the distance of about forty yards, a hole was dug four feet deep, and two sacks of common coke buried in it; among the coke another wire was secured, and passed in at the drawing-room window, and joined to the former wire at the clock. The ball of the pendulum weighs nine pounds, but it was moved energetically, and has ever since continued with the selfsame energy. The time kept is to perfection, and the cost of the motive power was only seven shillings and sixpence. There are but three little wheels in the clock, and neither weights nor springs; so there is nothing to be wound up.

"To another friend, at Battersea, he has given three clocks, two small ones, and one a hall clock, all moved by one current, and regulated by one and the same pendulum. This is all he has completed in England, having just reached Edinburgh, where he is to establish a manufactory of those clocks, which for accuracy, cheapness, and utility, will, I believe, surpass every time-piece hitherto contrived."

MINIATURE STEAM-ENGINE.

Mr. Warner, an ingenious watchmaker and jeweller, who occupies a stand at the Polytechnic Institution, has completed the model of a high-pressure steam-engine—so small, that it stands upon a fourpenny piece, with ground to spare! It is the most curious specimen of minute workmanship ever seen, each part being made according to scale, and the whole occupying so small a space, that, with the exception of the fly-wheel, it might be covered with a thimble. It is not simply a model outwardly: it works with the greatest activity, by means of atmospheric pressure, (in lieu of steam,) and the motion of the little thing, as its parts are seen labouring and heaving under the first influence, is indescribably curious and beautiful.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

MUTUAL TOLERATION.

Chillingworth says: "This we know; that none is fit to pronounce for all the world a judicial, definite, obliging sentence on controversies of religion; but only such a man, or such a society of men, as is authorized thereto by God. And, besides, we are able to demonstrate that it hath not been the pleasure of God to give to any man, or society of men, any such authority. And therefore, though we wish heartily that all controversies were ended, as we do that all sin was abolished, yet we have little hope of the one or the other, till the world is ended; and, in the meanwhile, think it best to content ourselves with, and to persuade others unto, an unity of character and mutual toleration; seeing God hath authorized no man to force all men to unity of opinion."

* Amos i. 2. † Micah vii. 14.

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Sorrento.

THE PLAINS OF SORRENTO.

SORRENTO is situated on the gulf of Naples. As fresh air blows from the sea regularly through the heat of the day, and is as constantly succeeded when the sun has declined by a land wind, it has been pronounced the most healthy place in southern Italy. Here, too, are indications of culture and of the fruitfulness of nature. One traveller describes it as "a spacious rock-embosomed plain: a sea of ever-living leaf and fruit that flows in waves of richness and of verdure, high up the surrounding hills." Here often appears a scene of activity, and everything wears the appearance of richness and luxury, which is peculiarly accordant with the neighbourhood of Naples. A visitor mentions his being struck by a great number of very young children, already of use to their parents; little boys and girls, five or six years old, being as busily employed as their elders. One appeared as the bearer of his father's breakfast to the fields; a second was carrying a pickaxe or a spade, which one would have thought he was hardly strong enough to lift; and a third was driving an ass with vegetables to market.

In the vale of Sorrento the vine flourishes; orange trees are planted here in groves, and Carob trees abound, the fruit of which, the locust-bean, is very nutritious, and of great use to the poorer classes.

JOHN STRONG, THE BOASTER.

"Now wha dare meddle wi'me?" said John Strong, repeating a line of an old ballad, as he sat on his own chair, in a saucy attitude, with a jug before him. "Wha dare meddle wi'me?" said he, half in jest, half in earnest, talking to his companion and admirer, William Wallis, the tailor.

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"Why, a man would look twice at you before he handled you or tried to talk you down," said Wallis. "You are strong in name and strong in nature, John. At all events, I am not the man to meddle or make with you in the way of quarrelling."

"I fancy not, William; you are too fond of sound bones to cross one of my sort," said John, saucily; "but make no mocks at my name, you know, or we shall go by the ears; I will not allow it, Mr. Billy Button, and so I tell you."

"No offence, no offence, William; I meant no mischief," said the tailor, taking no notice of the nick-name John had just given him; for he well knew the quarrelsome nature of the man with whom he was talking. It was, as they say, a word and a blow with Strong, and one of John's blows, as the tailor knew very well, was no light matter.

"Well, well, take another glass of ale, William, and do not talk so fast. One cannot put in a word edgeways where you are," said John, who always treated those he liked with the best in his house; and that was the reason why the tailor went often to see him, and bore with his snubbings, and saucy ways.

William Wallis was a stooping, mean sort of fellow, after all, and would have agreed with any one, if they had given him good eating and drinking while they talked to him. He was a fine-weather friend, who would have forsaken his comrades on a rainy day, and turned his back on old acquaintance when they were poor and down-hearted. Frankness and upright dealing are a credit to a man; but he to whom the "bread of deceit is sweet, his mouth shall be filled with gravel."

"You cannot call me an old man, William," said John, "look at my arm! Is it like the arm of an old man? I shall be forty next June, and I say a man at forty is in his prime." "To be sure he is," answered the wheedling William.

"The miller's man, you know, who is but five and twenty, called me an old fellow, and said I must not think to crow over youngsters as I had done."

"He! he! he! so he did," said William, affecting to giggle, "but it might have been a manslaughter business, if his friends had not taken him away; you did pummel him handsomely."

"Wife! Mary! I say, bestir yourself a little and bring us the pork-pie out of the pantry," shouted John, in great good humour; "Mr. Wallis may like to eat a bit of something with his beer. He shall make me a coat at Midsummer, for there is not a better tailor in the parish, and I say it, whose word stands for something, for folks dare not contradict me!"

Strong's wife, a mild, good-tempered, healthy-looking woman, spread a white cloth upon a table, and placed plates, knives and forks, and a large pork-pie before the wheelwright and the tailor, and John went on with his boasting while William was occupied in eating.

"The miller had a narrow escape, as you say, Mr. Wallis. Old, indeed! He will not call me old again in a hurry. I have stopped his chattering, for he knows what to expect if he crosses me. Then there was Phips, the wrestler, he challenged me last Whitsuntide at the club, but when we met at Simpson's green, did not I give him a fair back fall for all his tricks and trippings? Why the man was not himself again for the whole day."

"I have heard say that you did," said the tailor thoughtlessly, eating heartily at the pork-pie, which took up his attention so much, that he quite forgot to try to please the wheelwright.

"Heard say! do you doubt it?" shouted Strong, in a rage. "What do you mean by 'heard say,' master William?"

The tailor turned pale, put away his knife and fork, and tried to soften down the wheelwright. "I mean," said he, "that I did not see it done, because you know I was not on the spot, Mr. Strong; but as for doubting it, that would be good indeed, when the whole parish knows that you flung the wrestler."

"And I shall be after flinging you, too, if I have any more of your 'heard says,' master tailor," said Strong, threateningly; "but, however, as you do not doubt the matter, there is no harm done. There is not a man in the parish that dare meddle with me. Look at that mastiff, master William," said Strong, pointing to a large dog that came just then into the kitchen; "folks say Towser's fierce and surly, and, to be sure, he has bitten a few folks that teazed him; now, some have threatened to shoot that dog; some say they will poison him, or cleave his head: but let them touch a hair of him, only let them do it; I shall like to see them, that is all. 'Love me, love my dog,' you know. I can take care of Towser."

"To be sure you can," said the coaxing

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tailor; "no one will touch Towser when you are in sight; they know better than to get into trouble for the sake of a dog."

"For the sake of a dog!" said Strong. "What do you mean by that, master tailor? The dog is worth his weight in gold. Do not speak slightly of my dog, for I shall not allow it."

"Well, it is a fine animal, to be sure," said William, "but I do not know much about dogs, Mr. Strong."

"No; you know more about geese than dogs, master tailor," replied Strong; "but still you may believe me when I say that Towser's worth his weight in gold."

"No doubt of it," said the tailor, again taking up his knife and fork, and cutting a fresh piece from the pork-pie.

"Well, well, you are a sensible man," said Strong, "taking you altogether, though foolish at times; and we think alike on most things. Now, where will you find a working man's cottage so well stocked as mine, Mr. William? Look at that Bible with the tea-caddy on it, why it is as big as a church Bible, and cost me a pretty penny, but my wife had set her heart upon having it. Look at the two sides of bacon over our heads, dangling from the ceiling, and did you ever see a finer ham than that hanging in the corner? Our cellar's small, but there are two good barrels of ale in it, and there is a leg of mutton and a round of beef in the pantry, where that pork-pie came from, master tailor."

"I always said," replied William, talking with his mouth filled with pie-crust, "I always said, that those would never starve that lived with Mr. Strong."

"I should think not," said the wheelwright, "for when that bacon's gone I can hang up more."

"To be sure you can, and fill your barrels again when empty," said the tailor, drinking a glass of ale off at a draught.

"To be sure I can," said Strong, vauntingly, "and help to empty them; for I can drink down any man in the parish, and get up neither sick nor sorry, to do a good day's work next morning."

A proud, boasting fellow was Strong, the wheelwright, as the reader has been told. He possessed great strength, he had a comfortable cottage, and he obtained a great deal of money for a working man, and these things were his pride. He trusted in his strength as though he thought it would never fail him, and was puffed up with his gains, little thinking that money makes itself wings, and that health and strength often suddenly pass away. Foolish man! money may be ours to-day, and belong to others to-morrow; it may be stolen; we may lose it, or be wronged out of it. If, then, our pleasure lies in having money, it may be taken away in an unlooked for hour; for no one can be sure of keeping his money. And as for health and strength, which are worth more to us than money, we may lose them in a day; ay, in a moment! It ought to be the language of every heart, "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity," Psa. xxxix. 4, 5.

John Strong, puffed up with pride, continued to go on in the same way for a time, disliked by most people in the village, and only friendly with those who agreed with him for what they could get from him, like fawning William, the tailor; but a cloud was coming over him.

Strong was not one of those who harden themselves against God, but he was carried away by the foolish pride of a vain-glorious heart. He took credit for his health and strength, as if they depended on himself. Though he received those gifts from God, he gave not God the glory.

How many are there in the world who hour after hour, and year after year, partake of unnumbered mercies, altogether regardless of the Almighty hand that bestowed them! How many are there who make a boast of what ought to fill their hearts with thankfulness, and their mouths with praise. Oh that men would humble themselves, and give God the glory! "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" Psa. cvii. 8.

John Strong had health, but health could not protect him from accident. John Strong had strength, but strength could not defend him from broken bones. He was called on to take off the wheel of a heavily laden cart, but the instrument called the "jack," with which he had lifted up the body of the cart, suddenly slipped, and down came the cart upon the unhappy wheelwright. His thigh was broken, and besides this, he

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was otherwise injured: maimed, and in sad agony, he was carried into his cottage.

Stout-hearted John Strong struggled hard against low spirits, even when made to possess days and nights of weariness and pain. Agony, restlessness, and impatience quickened his pulse, and fevered his tongue, till his great strength gave way, and he became weak as an infant.

While lying helpless on his bed, one day, he heard some one running up the stairs, and his wife burst into the room, holding her apron up to her eyes, and sobbing as though her heart would break.

"What is the matter, Mary?" said the wheelwright. "Tell me, I say, directly, who has crossed you?"

"O John, John!" said the weeping woman, "there is Towser lying dead in the lane. They have cleaved his head. It is the black-heartedness of the man that vexes me. The wheedling fellow always had the best in our house when he looked in."

"Who has done it? Was it the miller's man?" shouted John, giving way to sudden passion. "Was it the wrestler I threw at Simpson's green? Was it——"

"It was William Wallis, the tailor," said the sobbing woman. "The dog had hold of one of his children's clothes, and would not loose; so Wallis struck him on the head with a hammer."

"Did you tell him how I would serve him out for it?" cried Strong.

"Yes, John, I did," answered his wife, "and the saucy fellow laughed in my face, and said you were crippled for life, and could never hurt him."

"We will see about that," said John, for a moment forgetting his afflictions. "My clothes, Mary! my clothes!" and he sat upright in bed, but directly fell back again through weakness. The wheelwright's proud heart then gave a groan. He had kept up till then, but Wallis's behaviour struck him down; he turned his aching head on his pillow, and cried like a child. It was the first time Mary, who loved her husband with all his faults, had seen tears in his eyes, and the sight cut her to the heart. "Never mind the tailor," said she, "I wish I had not told you, John; I was foolish in speaking about it till you had got strong again."

"You did right to tell me, Mary," said John, mildly. "Do not keep things from me, and use me like a baby; I will not stand it. Now, leave me in quiet a bit, and then I can think about the matter."

Mary left the room directly, for John was one who would not be crossed. When alone, he tossed and rolled about on his pillow, muttering bitter threats against ungrateful William Wallis, and thinking how he would serve him when he got upon his legs. But the wheelwright's passion did not last long. He grew quieter, and began to think he might, perhaps, grow worse, and never leave his chamber till they carried him away in his coffin.

"Look at my arm, Mary!" said John Strong one day to his wife, as he lay on his sick bed, half wasted away. Would any one believe that this stick of an arm ever mastered the miller's man, and grappled with Phips the wrestler, laying him fairly on his back? No, that they would not. I am but the shadow of what I was!" What John Strong said was true enough; but his proud, boasting spirit was to be brought down too. His heart was to be humbled as well as his frame wasted. "I think, Mary, that I shall die; but I am not fit to die."

Sometimes it pleases God to take a man and shake him with the terrors of eternity, so that he cries out aloud, in the bitter agony of his soul, for the rocks to hide him, and the mountains to cover him from the wrath of the Almighty; and sometimes he allows the gracious promises of his holy word to descend gently as the dews of heaven on his heart, so that by degrees his soul is led to magnify the Lord, and his spirit to rejoice in God his Saviour. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost are enjoyed by him, without having to pass through those fears that many endure. It was in a gentle way, by little and little, that John Strong was brought to be an altered man.

A working man in health, who has a pork-pie, a leg of mutton, a round of beef, a ham, two sides of bacon, and two barrels of ale in his house, may feel independent; but in sickness, with these comforts gone, and with no gains, he is altogether in a different case. Like Samson of old, John was shorn of his strength, and found himself to be indeed as weak as another man.

There were a few Christian people, who, in John Strong's heavy affliction, took occasion to show him kindness. They, now and then, called in to know

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how he went on, and took him little comforts and niceties, while some rendered him more substantial kindness, till, by degrees, they were regarded by John as friends. Then, too, followed in its turn, Christian conversation, till at last Mary, by her husband's desire, was seated at his bed-side, with the big Bible in her lap. When Mary went for the Bible she felt ashamed to find it so dusty. Willingly would she have read it every day from the first hour it came into the cottage, but her husband gave her no encouragement. The day ought not to pass without the word of God being read, by those who possess the treasure, in every habitation. Husbands and wives should attend to this, and help one another on the way to heaven. "Search the Scriptures," John v. 39. And "let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom," Col. iii. 16.

John was always as proud of his big Bible as of his ale barrels; but the time drew near when he was to understand its value, to be taught by it that he was a sinner, and led by it to Him who died upon the cross, the only Saviour.

At first little more was done with the Bible, than turning over the leaves, and talking about the pictures; but better things were to follow. A verse or two, and then a chapter was read, and the soft voice of his wife Mary fell sweetly on the listening ears of John Strong, as she pronounced the words, "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all," Isa. liii. 6. The calls of the good minister became more frequent; John's conscience was stricken, his heart affected; his eyes opened, and he began to be a praying man; till, at last, the fear of death and eternal woe was swallowed up in the bright hope of everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Yes, John Strong was an altered man, but this was the work of time and many advantages, accompanied by the influence of the Holy Spirit. His coarse manner, his brutal boldness, and his proud boasting, had all disappeared. There was not to be found in the parish where he lived a kinder husband, a meeker man, a dearer lover of his Bible, nor a humbler follower of the Redeemer, than John Strong. Low as he had been brought down, he was raised from his bed of sickness, and prospered as a master wheelwright, never boasting of his prosperity, but giving God the glory for all that he enjoyed. Though he was again blessed with his former strength, he never again fought with the miller's man, wrestled with Phips, or felt any desire to avenge himself on William Wallis, the tailor.

G.

GOOD TEMPER.

A QUALITY, without which we can never take a smooth or agreeable course through this often troublesome world, is good temper. That temper partly depends on natural constitution cannot be questioned; for in schools and families we find among children, even among infants, a marked diversity in this respect, which must, in great measure, be traced to the peculiar frame both of mind and body. But although nature lies at the root of every variety of temper, much, very much, may be effected by a judicious influence, training, and habit, in the cultivation of an easy and amiable temperament, and in the suppression of sullen, obstinate, or irritable humours.

These humours are like so many little demons, which haunt and beset the mind, and woe to that man over whom they so prevail, as to make him their permanent habitation! Young people ought to be carefully taught, that every time the enemy is yielded to, he becomes stronger; and that whenever he is resisted, his power is abated. After repeated defeats he will retire from the field, and leave the mind in that sound and peaceable condition in which ability is experienced for every duty, and capacity for every rational and allowable pleasure. Let it ever be remembered, that ill tempers not only disturb the harmony of things below, but have a powerful tendency to prevent or mar the duties and exercises of religion.

One remark remains to be offered on this subject. Although bad tempers partly arise from peculiar natural constitutions, yet, when yielded to, they presently lead to actual breaches of the Divine law, and thus become absolutely sinful. Now, for the sinfulness of man, under any form, there is only one radical remedy—even the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let it be remembered, then, that grace is the proper cure for bad temper, and let this truth imbue all our educational

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efforts to subdue the evil in question. Let young persons be taught, when assailed by this temptation, to seek after retirement, and quietly to fix their souls on God their Father. His Holy Spirit will then gently move upon their minds, smooth down their asperities, and reduce the mountain waves to a calm level. The temper of Jesus was unruffled like that of the dove—blessed are they who follow in his footsteps. Yet this is no light or familiar business. A perfect cure of bad temper, as it is one of the most difficult, so is it often one of the latest triumphs of Divine grace.

At the same time, let no man mistake an amiable and kindly natural disposition for the saving work of grace. The good-natured and good-tempered among men require to be broken to pieces, and converted to God, like the rest of our species. Thus alone will the pride of their hearts be demolished, and their temper become not merely easy, but gracious—not merely smooth for the world, but suited to heaven.

If it is our duty to set a watch over our own temper, and to guard against all temptations to irritability in ourselves, it unquestionably becomes us to be careful not to vex or irritate others. Persons of very easy temper may often throw a stumbling-block, in this respect, in the way of their friends, even of those with whom they are the most nearly connected. When, for instance, we fail in punctuality, and infringe on the time of other persons, by keeping them waiting in idle and unprofitable expectation, beyond an appointed hour—when, perhaps, in addition, we are the means of spoiling their dinner and our own, and of destroying the wholesomeness of every one's food, by half reducing it to a cinder—we really are guilty of more than one little crime. Not only do we break a contract expressed or understood, but, careless and easy as we are ourselves, we excite an evil temper in those around us. The man who has formed this habit of petty transgression will often find himself grievously belated, not only in the drawing-rooms and at the dinner-tables of his friends, but at the place of public worship; and there will become a disturber both of the serenity of his neighbours, and of a solemnity with which it is unjustifiable for any man to interfere.—*J. J. Gurney.*

LONDON BRIDGE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The first attempt of the citizens of London to span their far-famed river with a bridge of stone, was probably considered an undertaking little less surprising than that of undermining its bed by a tunnel in the present day. The enterprising individual by whom this great work was projected, and to a great extent executed, appears to have been an ecclesiastic of the name of Peter, chaplain of St. Mary Cole church, in the Poultry. The foundation of it was laid in the year 1176, but he did not live to witness its completion; for we must not estimate the period likely to be occupied by such operations in those days of massive architecture and paucity of artificers, according to the habits of modern times. No fewer than thirty and three years were spent in erecting it. Before this date there had existed, it is true, some wooden bridges; but for the most part, it may be imagined, of a very rude construction. One of these is said to have been swept away by a violent storm; another was destroyed by fire; and in a publication of the thirteenth century it is recorded of another—which was so wide, we are told, "that two carriages might pass each other"—that when taken possession of by the Danish forces, in the reign of Ethelred, and attacked from the river by the king and Olaf, the Norwegian, "the piles gave way, and the whole bridge broke down, involving the ruin of many." The scale of solidity and magnificence of the structure now erected was, therefore, it will be seen, wholly unprecedented. It consisted of a stone platform 926 feet long and 40 feet in breadth, standing about 60 feet above the level of the water, and contained 19 broad pointed arches with very substantial piers raised upon strong elm piles, covered by thick planks bolted together; and although not unscathed by many a rude attack of "flood and fire," and subjected at various times to manifold changes and reparations, the work of the chaplain of Cole church survived the lapse of five centuries, and it is now but a few years only since its final demolition was effected.

In accordance with the manners of the times, it was furnished with a drawbridge—not merely to allow passage for ships "laden with corn and fruits," which were compelled to proceed onward to the "ancient wharf and market of Queenhithe," but likewise to cut off all com-

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munication, should need be, between the good city of London and the borough of Southwark. This drawbridge continued in existence so lately as the year 1768, though long disused. Strype speaks of it as never taken up except to be repaired. But the history of earlier times furnishes us with some records of its utility as a mean of defence, of which the following is an instance:—When the proposed marriage of queen Mary with Philip of Spain, in 1554, very justly alarmed the nation, and apprehensions were entertained that the inquisition would be established in England, and the people become vassals of the Spanish crown, a general insurrection took place, and sir Thomas Wyatt, who had the management of it in Kent, marched his forces, about four thousand in number, as far as Southwark. On this occasion we find the lord mayor of London directed the drawbridge to be cut down and thrown into the river, and ramparts and fortifications to be raised around. Wyatt was in consequence unable to proceed, and compelled to move onward to Richmond, where he devised and carried into effect some means of crossing the river, and afterwards entered London, but was shortly apprehended and executed. At the northern end of this drawbridge stood a tower, which was used, according to the barbarous custom of by-gone days, to exhibit the heads of traitors and others who had forfeited their lives for capital offences. In the days of the Lollards, many of the faithful disciples and "martyrs of Jesus" had the honour of conformity to their Master, in being thus "numbered with the transgressors." In 1577, this tower was become so decayed as to require taking down and removing, when a new building was commenced, and the heads of the traitors which had stood upon it were re-erected on another tower over the gate at the bridge foot, Southwark; subsequently known by the name of the "Traitor's Gate." A traveller, of the name of Paul Hentzner, who visited England in 1598, after describing the bridge, adds:—"Upon this is built a tower, on whose top the heads of such as have been executed for high treason are placed upon iron spikes; we counted about thirty." And it appears that this revolting practice was continued until the end of the seventeenth, if not till the commencement of the last century.

But we shall have a very erroneous notion of the appearance of this ancient bridge, if we imagine it to have resembled a similar structure in the present day, with the mere addition of a drawbridge, towers, and gates. It constituted not merely a busy thoroughfare for the transit of passengers and goods, but a closely built and densely populated street. Its ponderous arches were made to sustain a scarcely less ponderous pile of buildings on either side; and, as if this were not enough, several more were placed in a transverse direction, with arches under them. And in the intervals of the latter there were, in addition, several lofty arches extending across from one side to the other, the bottom part of each terminating at the first story, and the upper part reaching near the top of the buildings. These were designed to support the houses on each side, and were therefore formed of strong timbers bolted into them. As a separate footway was out of the question in the narrow and dark passage thus formed, it is said to have been the *most usual* and *safest* custom for a pedestrian to follow a carriage that might be passing over it. The rev. J. Motley, in his Seymour's "Survey of London," states, however, that there were in his time as many as three vacancies opposite each other,—"two with stone walls, upon which are iron rails that people passing along may take a view of the river east and west, and may also step out of the way of carts and coaches, the passage being formerly very narrow, and the floors of the houses that lay across the streets being low, they not only rendered those places dark, but likewise obstructed the free passage of carts if they were loaded any way high, and coaches, so that they could not pass by one another, which oftentimes occasioned great stops upon the bridge, and was a great hindrance to passengers."

Many of the houses, we are told by Bloome in his continuations to Stow, were inhabited by "sufficient tradesmen, who had very considerable dealings." By the title pages of books of the seventeenth century, it would almost seem to have been an ancient Paternoster-row. Thus we have, "The Merchandise of Popish Priests, etc., printed for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at his shop on London-bridge, 1629."—"The Wise Merchant; or, The Peerless Pearl. By Thomas Calvert. Printed for Charles Tyns, dwelling at the Three Bibles, on London-bridge, 1660."—"England's

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Grievances in times of Popery; to be sold at the Angel, on London-bridge, 1679."—"The Saint's Triumph; or, The Glory of Saints with Jesus Christ. By J(ohn) B(unyan). Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking Glass, on London-bridge." etc. etc. The sign of the "Three Bibles" seems to have been rather a favourite device, as we find some works published in 1724, by H. and J. Tracy, at a shop to which it was attached, whilst at the end of the volume there is an advertisement of a medicine called the "Balsam of Chili," to which is appended the following curious intimation:—"All persons are desired to beware of a pretended balsam of Chili, which for about these seven years last past hath been sold, and continues to be sold, by Mr. John Stuart, at the Old Three Bibles, as he calls his sign, although mine was the sign of the Three Bibles twenty years before his." But Pennant informs us, that latterly most of the houses were tenanted "by pin or needle makers; and economical ladies were wont to drive from the St. James' end of the town to make cheap purchases." He likewise states that the houses on each side at this period overhung and leaned in a most terrific manner. In most places they hid the arches, and nothing appeared but the rude piers. "Nothing but use," says he, "could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of falling waters, the clamours of watermen, and the frequent *shrieks of drowning wretches.*" Here is certainly a catalogue of grievances. As to the probability of the peaceful slumbers of the inhabitants being disturbed by the last mentioned of the above circumstances, we may leave our readers to form their own opinion. The former might probably come to be tolerated, for we read in Mr. Nicholl's "Literary Anecdotes" of at least one worthy citizen and haberdasher who, after having lived many years upon the bridge, was ordered at the age of seventy-one to go to Chislehurst for a change of air; but was altogether unable to obtain the refreshment of sleep in so rural a retreat, "for want of the noise—the roaring and rushing of the tide beneath, which he had been always used to hear."

Some few of the more remarkable buildings upon the bridge deserve a passing notice. Of these the most ancient was the chapel of St. Thomas, built by the architect himself upon the tenth or great pier. It was sixty feet in length by twenty feet broad, and stood over the parapet on the eastern side of the bridge, leaving a pathway on the west about a quarter of the breadth of the pier in front. The interior of the edifice consisted of two stories, both of them consecrated to sacred uses. The upper chapel was lofty and magnificent, supported by fourteen groups of elegant clustered columns, and lighted by eight pointed arched windows. In this building the chaplain of Cole church, and builder of the bridge, was interred; and his remains were discovered in the year 1737, when it was undergoing repair. At that time, part of it had been converted into a warehouse, and it deserves mention, as a proof of the excellency of the materials and masonry, that after the lower compartment, always from ten to twelve feet under the surface at high-water mark, had been for many years used as a store-room for paper, not the least damp or leak had ever happened, and the paper had always been found as safe and dry as if it had been in an attic. The erection of bridges, it may be noticed, is mentioned in some poetry of the thirteenth century as an act next in merit and importance to the offices of "holy church" itself; which may account for the fact, that it was not at all uncommon to erect religious houses upon them. We read of a bridge chapel built over the river Calder, at Wakefield; and of another remarkable one at Droitwich, where the road passed through the chapel, and separated the congregation from the chancel where the religious services were performed. Another splendid and very curious ornament of the bridge in the reign of Elizabeth, was the famous "Nonsuch House," majestically towering over the other buildings, with carved gables, cupolas, and gilded vanes. It was so called because it was constructed in Holland, entirely of wood, and being brought over in pieces, was erected here with wooden pegs only, and not a single nail was used in the whole fabric. It stood across between the drawbridge and the northern entrance, overhanging the east and west sides of the bridge, and presenting to the river two fronts of scarcely less magnificence than it exhibited to the city and to Southwark. It had a square tower at each extremity crowned by domes and kremlin spires, with an antiquely carved gable in each centre. The whole was ornamented with a profusion

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of transom casement windows, whilst richly sculptured wooden panels and gilded columns were to be found in every part of it. In the centre was an arch leading over the bridge, and over it on the south side were carved the arms of St. George, of the city of London, and those of Elizabeth, France, and England quarterly. But at the northern entrance to the bridge there was an edifice of higher interest. Here stood the ancient church of St. Magnus, one of the few spots where the pure and unadulterated gospel of Jesus Christ was faithfully preached in the earlier years of the reign of Elizabeth. "The word of the Lord was precious in those days,"—the number of those who published it was very few. Under these circumstances, we learn from the histories of the time that the inhabitants of London "flocked to the bridge to hear Father Coverdale." The venerable man did not, however, long survive. He died in the year 1569, and his remains, after having been undisturbed for nearly three centuries in the church of St. Bartholomew, Exchange, have recently been exhumed, and interred in the present church of St. Magnus, there to await "the resurrection of the just."

Our readers are familiar with the "cage" of the Pilgrim's Progress. An enclosure of this kind appears to have been formerly in common use as a temporary punishment for delinquents. In a vacant space by one of the archways of the bridge we find there were both "stocks" and a "cage;" and John Foxe, in his "Acts and Monuments," gives a curious instance of the use of the latter in the reign of Mary:—"On Wednesday in Easter weeke,"—which, in 1555, was the 17th of April,—"there were hearses set up, and diriges sung for the said Julius* in divers places. At which time it chanced a woman to come into St. Magnus church, at the bridge foot in London, and there seeing an hearse and other preparation, asked what it meant; and other that stood by said it was for the pope, and that she must pray for him. 'Nay,' quoth she, 'that I will not, for he needeth not my prayer; and seeing he could forgive us all our sins, I am sure he is cleane himselfe; therefore, I neede not to pray for him.' She was heard speake these words of certaine that stood by; which, by and by, carried her into the cage at London bridge, and bade her coole herselfe there."*

D. W.

* Pope Julius III.

* Foxe's "Acts and Monuments," vol. iii. p. 184.

AN ARRIVAL AT SYDNEY.

As we neared Sydney, several rocky islets appeared, some rising like ruined forts and castles, and richly adorned with verdant shrubs down to the edge of the bright, clear, deep-blue water, that reflected them so perfectly, one could scarcely tell where substance and shadow joined. One of them is named Shark Island; another larger one, Garden Island; and a little one, bearing the unmeaning, and not very refined name of "Pinchgut," is now the site of a small fort or battery.

The remarkable clearness of the atmosphere particularly struck me, in looking at distant houses or other objects, everything, however remote, seeming to have such a clean, distinct outline, so different to the diffused effect of an English landscape; not that I should like it in a picture so well as our softer and more rounded perspective, but in a new place, where one likes to see everything plainly, it is very pleasant. The bright white villas seemed almost to cut into their surrounding trees, so sharp the corners appeared; and the universal adjunct of a veranda or piazza in front, served to remind us that we were in a more sunny clime than dear, dull Old England, where such permanent sun-shades would be as intolerable as they are here necessary.

The harbour-master's boat was soon alongside, and he, with the physician, came on board, to perform their respective duties of inquiry and examination, and to hear the last news from home. No vessel had arrived from thence for a month, an unusually long interval, and intelligence was anxiously expected; but during the day of our arrival, and the following one, above a dozen English vessels poured in.

The pilot had informed us that wheat was at an enormous price in Sydney then, but his statement was not credited; it was, however, only too correct, twenty-seven shillings per bushel being the average price, in consequence of the severe droughts, which had, for two successive seasons, destroyed the crops.

The crew of the harbour-master's boat were New Zealanders, fine intelligent-looking, copper-coloured fellows, clad in an odd composite style, their national

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dress and some British articles of apparel being blended somewhat grotesquely. The New Zealanders are much the noblest specimens of "savages" that I have ever met with. During our residence in Sydney, I saw a chief walking along one of the principal streets, with his wife following him. I had often heard of, and seen what is called majestic demeanour; but this untutored being, with his tattooed face and arms, and long shaggy mantle, fairly outdid even my imaginings of the majestic, as he paced deliberately along, planting his foot at every step, as if he had an emperor's neck beneath it, and gazing with most royal indifference around him. There was the concentrated grandeur of a hundred regal mantles of velvet, gold, and ermine, in the very sway of his flax-fringed cloak; I never beheld anything so truly stately. I cannot say so much for his lady, a black-haired, brown-faced body, in a gaudy cotton-print gown, and (so far as I could judge) nothing else. She trotted after her lordly better-half, staring with unsophisticated curiosity at everything, apparently quite a novice in the busy scene; but I verily believe, had you placed the man amidst the coronation splendours of Westminster Abbey, that he would not have been so "vulgar" as to betray surprise. Nor is their courtesy of manner in any degree inferior to their magnificent demeanour. I have heard my husband say, that when at New Zealand, he was treated by the chiefs with such kind, anxious hospitality, and true gentlemanly bearing, as might put to shame many an educated, but less civilized European.

About noon we cast anchor opposite Fort Macquarie, a neat stone building, with a few cannon planted around it. Close alongside of us lay a Scotch emigrant ship, her deck thronged with crowds of both sexes and all ages, enlivened by the fearful din of some half-dozen bagpipers, who were all puffing, squeezing, and elbowing away with incomparable energy and perseverance, though, as they all seemed to be playing different airs, the melody produced was rather of a complex character.

Behind, or rather to the right of Fort Macquarie, was Government House, a long, low building, with a spacious veranda, in which sentinels were pacing to and fro; before it lay a fine green lawn, sloping towards, though not to, the water's edge, (quays intervening,) and around it grew noble trees, both European and colonial, the English oak in its early spring garb of yellow green being here and there overtopped by the grand and more sombre Norfolk Island pine. A few other good houses were in view, but the chief of the town, or, as it must now be called, city, is built on the sides, and at the head of a cove, running at right angles with the stream in which we lay, which prevented the best parts from being observed, and the main portion of what was visible had an air of "Wapping" about it, by no means engaging.

The opposite, or north shore of Port Jackson, here about two miles across, is of rather a monotonous character. Hills of no great elevation, and very tame outline, rise from the beach, dotted here and there with villas and cottages, their adjoining gardens making a pleasant green contrast with the uniform brown hue of the scrub. Numberless boats were pulling and sailing about, giving animation to the scene, and several of the vessels we had passed in Bass's Straits were working up the port; the life and bustle all around making a delightful change after our long, solitary voyage; and when the boat came to take us ashore, my joy was complete. Once more seated in the slung chair, wrapped in the British flag, I gladly bade adieu to the good ship that had so long seemed to me a weary "prison-house," and soon, with a delight that must be felt to be understood, stepped again on land.

And how happy a time it is—the first few days on shore after such a voyage! Every action of life is an enjoyment. I could walk, without the floor jumping about and pitching me over; could use both hands to brush my hair, instead of keeping one to hold on by; could absolutely set my wine-glass on the table, without fear of its upsetting into my plate, though, by the by, I often caught myself carefully propping it up against something, or looking above for the swing-tray to put it out of danger. Then the abundant supply of water for ablutionary purposes is a priceless luxury when first enjoyed after the limited allowance on board ship; and I often made the chambermaid smile, by asking if she could spare me another ewer-full. It is fresh, clean water too, not flavoured either by a vinegar or rum cask, and can be used without being "left to settle!" Perhaps few ship-stewards are very clean, but all are not extremely dirty, and there-

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fore our exquisite enjoyment of clean cups, glasses, plates, and forks, may not be imagined by the generality of voyagers. Vegetables, too, after a long diet of pork and rice, were most acceptable. Fruit was not in season, except loquats, a pleasant acid berry, the size and shape of a gooseberry, with large kernel-like pippins. The tree is a very handsome one, bearing large long leaves, and drooping clusters of white, deliciously fragrant blossoms, which are succeeded by the golden-coloured fruit.

When we remember that Sydney has risen within little more than fifty years from the first settlement of the colony, its size, appearance, and population are truly wonderful. It is a large busy town, reminding me of portions of Liverpool or Bristol, with many good buildings, though few have any pretension to architectural beauty. The newer portions of the town are laid out with regularity and advantage. One long street traverses its whole length, about a mile and a half, full of good shops, exhibiting every variety of merchandize; and in the afternoon, when the ladies of the place drive out, whole strings of carriages may be seen rolling about, or waiting near the more "fashionable emporiums," that being the term in which Australian shopkeepers especially delight. The vehicles are sometimes motley enough in their equipment. Here and there appears a real London-built chariot, brilliant in paint and varnish, and complete in every luxury; with a coachman, attired "as a compo of footman, gardener, and groom," sitting on a box innocent of hammercloth, and driving a pair of mean-looking, under-sized horses, terribly out of proportion with the handsome, aristocratic-looking carriage behind them. Sometimes, but very rarely, you see a consistent, well-appointed equipage. I think the tandem is more frequently turned out in good style than any other kind; and as no "lady" in Sydney (your grocers' and butchers' wives included) believes in the possibility of walking, the various machines upon wheels, of all descriptions, are very numerous; from the close carriage and showy barouche, or britzka, to the more humble four-wheeled chaise and useful gig. Few ladies venture to risk their complexions to the exposure of an equestrian costume, and, accordingly, few appear on horseback.

George-street seems to be, by common consent, considered as the Pall-Mall, or rather as the "Park" of Sydney, and up and down its hot, dusty, glaring, weary length, go the fair wives and daughters of the "citizens," enjoying their daily airing; whilst, close to the town, is the beautiful Domain, a most picturesque rocky promontory, thickly wooded and laid out in fine smooth drives and walks, all commanding most exquisite views of Sydney and its environs, the opposite shore, and the untiring, ever-beautiful estuary of Port Jackson. It was our favourite spot; even after driving elsewhere out of town (for, alas! the splendour of George-street had no charms for me) we generally made one circuit round the Domain, and as generally found ourselves the only visitors. It was unfashionable—in fact, not the proper thing at all, either to walk or drive in the Domain.

Lady Macquarie had this Domain laid out after her own plans. Walks and drives were cut through the rocks and shrubs, but no other trees destroyed; seats placed at intervals, and lodges built at the entrances. On the high point of the promontory some large horizontal rocks have been slightly assisted by art into the form of a great seat or throne, called Lady Macquarie's Chair, above which an inscription informs the visitor to whose excellent taste and benevolent feeling he is indebted for the improvement of this lovely spot. It always reminded me of Piercefield, in Monmouthshire, but is far more beautiful, inasmuch as, instead of the black-banked Wye, here the bright blue waves of the bay wash the lower crags, and in place of looking only at one opposite bank, here is a noble estuary, with countless bays and inlets, pretty villas and cottages, and dainty little islands, and bright, and clear, and sunny, with a cloudless sky above them. The trees are chiefly different species of Eucalyptus, or "gum-tree," some of which bear large and handsome flowers, having a remarkably sweet and luscious scent, like honey, with which they abound. The name Eucalyptus is admirably descriptive of the flower, meaning, covered well with a lid; and each closed blossom is shaped like a goblet, with a pyramidal cover, which in due time falls, or is thrust off, by the crowd of squeezed-up stamens within, that quickly expand into a starry circle when released from their verdant prison. The leaves are mostly of a dull green, with a dry sapless look about them,

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more like old specimens in a herbarium, than fresh living and growing things; and, being but thinly scattered on the branches, have a meagre appearance. They are, however, "evergreens," and in their peculiarity of habit strongly remind the observer that he is at the antipodes of England, or very near it, where everything seems topsy-turvy, for instead of the "fall of the leaf," here we have the stripping of the bark, which peels off at certain seasons in long pendant ragged ribands, leaving the disrobed tree almost as white and smooth as the paper I am now writing on. At first I did not like this at all, but now the clean stems of a young handsome gum-tree seem a pleasing variety amidst the sombre hues of an Australian forest.

Several species of tea-tree (Leptospermum) form the chief portion of the shrubbery here, producing their small pretty blossoms very abundantly, whilst various other shrubs, and many species of acacia, (generally called Mimosa or Wattle here) display innumerable novelties of leaf and flower to the admiring eyes of an English visitor. One beautiful shrub grows on some of the low rocks, which I have not observed elsewhere: the leaves are large, and not unlike those of a Camellia; the flower, in form, size, and colour, resembles a fine single yellow rose.

Opposite the south shore of the Domain, and forming the other boundary of a beautiful cove, is another similar point or promontory, called still by the native name of Wooloomooloo, (the accent being on the first and last syllables,) on which a number of elegant villas have been erected by the more wealthy residents in Sydney, being to that place what the Regent's-park is to London. The views from many of these are beautiful in the extreme, looking down into two bays, one on either side, and beyond these to the town and port, with the magnificent heads of the harbour closing the seaward prospect. Vines flourish here luxuriantly, and many tropical plants and trees mingle with those of European growth. Hedges are often formed of geraniums, and sometimes of the fruit-bearing cactus, called the prickly pear, (C. opuntia, or C. nana?) a detestable thing, which, if touched, even with strong leathern gloves, so penetrates them with its fine long spines, that the hands of the unlucky meddler are most annoyingly hurt by them. Some of our rarest greenhouse passion-flowers grow here unsheltered, and flower profusely; and the Brugmansia often forms the centre of a grass plot, with its graceful, tent-like white bells hanging on it in hundreds. Geraniums thrive and grow very rapidly, but I did not see any good ones; none that I should have thought worth cultivating in England. A Horticultural Society has now been established some years, and will doubtless be the means of much improvement.

The Government Gardens are tastefully laid out round the sloping head of a small bay between the Domain and Government House, and contain (besides abundant vineries and all other productive matters) a strange and beautiful assemblage of dwellers in all lands, from the tall bamboo of India, to the lowly English violet. A group of graceful weeping-willows overhang a pretty shady pool, where a statue, by an English sculptor, (Westmacott, I think,) is now erected to General Bourke, formerly governor of New South Wales. It had not arrived when we left Sydney, or I should have much rejoiced to see the first specimen of high art which the colony has obtained, placed in so lovely, and, with us, so favourite a spot. The grand Norfolk Island pine, the fig, orange, mulberry, and countless trees, shrubs, and flowers new to me, add to the gay beauty of these gardens; and when tired of roaming about the sunny and fragrant walks, there are grassy lawns and shaded seats—and such a lovely prospect around, that, much as I should dislike to dwell in Sydney, I left its beautiful gardens with great regret. Yet, will it be believed, that even these are very little frequented by the inhabitants? They are evidently, from some cause unknown to me, (but, doubtless, nearly allied to the cause of the Domain's desertion,) not considered correctly fashionable by the fancied "exclusives" of the place, though constantly frequented by all new comers; at all events, the former prefer the hot, glaring dusty pavement of a town street for their promenade, to these delicious gardens.* —*Mrs. Charles Meredith.*

* Since writing the above, I have seen some remarks in a Sydney newspaper, which imply a more general resort to the "Domain" than was the case at the time of which I speak. I rejoice to find that the beauties of so delightful a spot are becoming more properly estimated.

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THE BIBLE AND THE REFORMATION.

No. I.

When the gospel was first published, Greek was as generally understood in the Roman empire as French is now throughout Europe. The New Testament was consequently intelligible to all educated persons; and the Old Testament, it is well known, had been read in the Greek translation, commonly called the Septuagint, for more than three hundred years.

In her earlier years, Rome received from other countries the elements of knowledge and civilization; but when she became the mistress of the world, a commanding influence over the nations was necessarily acquired. Instead of borrowing from others, she imposed on all. Wherever her arms prevailed her laws were established, and at length her language was spoken. Greek was gradually superseded by Latin, which in its turn became the common medium of intercourse between men.

Hence arose the necessity for new versions of the Scriptures; a necessity which was further occasioned by the spread of the gospel in countries where neither Greek nor Latin was understood by the people in general. Several versions were made in the language of Rome in the second century. It is believed that the Syriac and Coptic versions were executed about the same time. They are venerable relics of antiquity, and of great use to the biblical critic.

Towards the latter end of the fourth century, Jerome revised and improved the old Italic versions, and framed out of them that which has ever since been known by the name of the Vulgate Latin. It was confessedly the best in the language, and has supplanted all the rest. The Church of Rome has adopted it in all her services; she even prefers it to the original, stamps it as "authentic," and commands her subjects to use it in all cases in which they are allowed to appeal to the authority of Scripture.

The same period is assigned to the Ethiopic and Gothic versions. Till then the Goths had no written language. Ulphilas, by whose labours the gospel was made known to that nation, invented letters for their use, and gave them at the same time literature and the Bible. The Armenian version was executed about twenty years afterwards. The Arabic was not made till the beginning of the eighth century. This closes the list of the ancient versions.

During the dark ages, the Scriptures were translated into most of the languages of Europe. But they can scarcely be said to have been published, as the excessive price of manuscripts prevented any but the rich from possessing them, and only ecclesiastics and nobles could read; nor was that attainment general even among these privileged classes. Fewer still could write: instances are very numerous in which persons of the highest rank affixed a cross instead of a signature to public instruments on account of their ignorance of that art. The following table shows the probable authors and dates of the versions abovementioned:—

Version.	Author.	Date.
Anglo-Saxon: the Gospel of John	Bede	735
Slavonian	Cyril and Methodius	850
Anglo-Saxon: the Psalms	King Alfred	900
Do.: Historical Books	Elfric	1002
German: the Psalms	Nother	1020
Norman French: the Psalms	Unknown	1080
Waldensian: the New Testament	Ditto	1120
Castilian	Ditto	1280
Irish: New Testament	Fitz-Ralph, Archbishop of Armagh	1358
Swedish	Matthias	1360
French	Raoul de Presles	1377
English	Wickliff	1380

But in those days, the word of God was bound. The exclusive authority of Scripture had been surrendered at an early period, and the consequences were awfully pernicious. The Bible must be all or nothing. If it be once placed on a level with the traditions of men, it is taken down from its high place and degraded, and will be soon forgotten. So it was in the dark ages. The sacred volume might be found in monasteries and palaces beautifully written, and adorned with silver and gold. But it was a splendid curiosity, a costly ornament, to be exhibited and admired, not used. If here and there a wealthy nobleman owned a copy of the precious book, it by no means followed that he knew anything of its contents. A large number of the priests themselves were enwrapped in the same ignorance. All their knowledge of the word of God was derived from the selections contained in the breviary and missal; and even these were imperfectly understood by many of them, their acquaintance with Latin being frequently

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very slender. The minds of the common people were dark as midnight.

The morning dawn of the Reformation began to be visible in the fourteenth century, and its light slowly increased during the fifteenth. Wickliff's labours mainly contributed to this result. Although, for reasons already mentioned, this great work, the translation of the Scriptures, could not be serviceable to the mass of the people, who were totally unable to obtain so great a treasure, or to make use of it had it been possessed, it cannot be questioned that his writings powerfully advanced the cause of pure and undefiled religion, and opened the eyes of many to the enormities which had been so long practised in the sacred name of Christianity. Small volumes and tracts found admittance among those who had not the means of purchasing bulky books, and all Wickliff's treatises had this excellence, that they abounded in quotations from Scripture, and thus assisted to spread abroad the knowledge of Divine truth, and to create a thirst for more plentiful supplies.

One of the earliest uses to which the invention of printing was applied was the wider circulation of the word of God. In fact, the Bible was the first large volume which issued from the press: it was the Vulgate Latin, and the date usually ascribed to it is A.D. 1455. In 1471, Malermi's Italian version was published. A Dutch translation appeared in 1475, and one in French in 1477. In the following year, a learned Spaniard, Boniface Fener, printed at Valencia a version in the language of his native country; but it was quickly destroyed by the Inquisition, and a complete copy does not now exist. An edition of the German Bible was put forth in 1483. The Bohemian version was published in 1488. Some of these editions, particularly the Latin, were reprinted several times before the beginning of the Reformation in Germany.

There is no reason to believe, however, that any considerable effect was produced by the circulation of the Scriptures before the time of Luther. The translations just mentioned were very imperfect; the high price of books operated as a prohibition on the greatest part of the community; and the number printed was in all cases small, the editions varying from three to five hundred. Even then, it was difficult to dispose of the article, so limited was the demand. Printers seem to have thought that the best book would have the best sale, and speculated accordingly; but it was a measure in advance of the age. The public mind was not yet prepared for the word of God.

Nevertheless, the requisite preparation was advancing with rapid steps. The revival of learning was in successful progress, and was destined to accomplish a marvellous revolution in society. In the fifteenth century, knowledge began to be sought with unparalleled eagerness by all ranks and classes; and as it pursued its triumphant course, it threw a blaze of light on long established opinions and practices, revealing enormities hitherto unsuspected, and bringing into the glare of day the "hidden things of darkness." Learning was first the herald and harbinger, and then the firm ally, of the Reformation.

In the year 1503, a student at the university of Erfurth was prosecuting some inquiries in the public library, when he casually opened a Bible. He was twenty years of age, and had received a liberal education; but as yet he had never seen the sacred volume. From the moment of the discovery, that book was inexpressibly dear to him. He read it with wonder and delight. Charmed by its histories, instructed by its truths, his soul received an impression which was never effaced, and a new direction was thenceforth given to his thoughts and aims. That young man was Martin Luther; and the circumstance which has been now related may be considered as the germ of the Reformation. Two years afterwards, Luther became a monk. In the convent of the Augustinians, he continued to study with his characteristic ardour, and might often be seen in the library reading the solitary Bible belonging to the establishment, and which was chained to the spot to prevent its removal. All this time the Spirit of God was working on his mind, and preparing him for the great enterprise by which his life was to be distinguished. A saying of his in later years was strikingly illustrated in himself: "Three things make a divine; namely, meditation, prayer, and temptation." His mental exercises were of a painful kind, though highly salutary in the issue, and were combined with severe bodily affliction. In this state, he found relief only in the word of God and prayer. The effect of gospel truth was peace, quietness, and assurance; and the gift of a copy of the Scriptures by Staupitz, the vicar-general of his order, completed his happiness.

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At the suggestion of Staupitz, Luther was appointed one of the professors in the newly established university of Wittemberg. This was in 1508. In the following year, he took the degree of bachelor of divinity, and immediately commenced delivering lectures on theology to a crowded and admiring audience. He was advanced to the doctorate in 1512. The oath he took on that occasion, "to defend with all his might the gospel truth," was in his case no unmeaning form. It expressed the purpose of his heart, and was most religiously observed during the whole course of his extraordinary and eventful life. Turning away from the muddy streams of scholastic theology, he repaired to the only pure fountain, and, having slaked his thirst there, went forth refreshed and strengthened to invite his fellow-creatures to the waters of life.

From the opening fight with Tetzel to the close of his career, Luther's motto was, "The Bible, the Bible only." Fathers, universities, the decrees of councils, and the bulls of popes were alike rejected, if they opposed, or seemed to oppose the oracles of God. He would allow of no appeal from the Bible. All doctrine, all discipline, was to be brought to this text, measured by this standard, and judged of accordingly. When urged, at the celebrated Diet of Worms, to retract his opinions, he answered in these memorable words:—"Unless I shall be convinced by proofs from Scripture, or by evident reason (for I believe neither in popes nor in councils, since they have frequently both erred and contradicted themselves), I cannot choose but adhere to the word of God, which has possession of my conscience; nor can I possibly, nor will I ever, make any recantation, since it is neither safe nor honest to act contrary to conscience. Here I take my stand; I cannot do otherwise: God be my help! Amen." His sermons, lectures, correspondence, and conversation, breathed the same spirit. The restoration of the long lost dominion of the Bible was the grand object to which he had consecrated himself, and the history of Protestantism is the record of his success.

Of all the efforts of this illustrious reformer, the most important and useful was his translation of the Scriptures. This great work was begun during his concealment in the castle of Wartburg. The New Testament was finished shortly after his return to Wittemberg; and, having received the critical revision of his friend Melancthon, was published in September 1522, and obtained forthwith an immense circulation. Several other versions had been previously printed without exciting much attention, and the numbers issued had been very small. But the people of Germany were now prepared to receive and value the precious gift. The contest with Romanism had been carried on for five years. Information had been widely diffused, and holy zeal awakened. All Europe was in a ferment; some wondering, some hoping, some fearing, some striving. It seemed like the time foretold by the Saviour, "Distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth," Luke xxi. 25, 26. Luther and his associates had dealt heavy blows at Antichrist, with weapons fetched from the armoury of God. Now the heavenly magazine itself was opened, and the assault became fiercer and more effective. Nothing tended so powerfully to establish and extend the Reformation as the publication of the German New Testament.

Encouraged by success, Luther continued his labours, and amidst the pressure of innumerable occupations persevered in the work of translation till the year 1534, when the Old Testament was finished, and the whole Bible published. He was assisted in this arduous undertaking by Melancthon, Romeranus, Justus Jonas, Cruciger, and Aurogallus. They took extraordinary pains with the translation. "Their method was to assemble from time to time, when each came prepared by having previously studied the particular parts of the Bible then under consideration. Luther, who presided, had always before him the Hebrew Bible, the Latin Vulgate, and his own manuscript version; Melancthon brought the Greek, Cruciger the Chaldee, and the other professors the Rabbinical writings. Thus they proceeded to examine the whole, sentence by sentence, till after sufficient deliberation it was agreed, either to confirm, alter, correct, or improve the translation, as occasion required: and so desirous were they of producing a correct translation, that they sometimes returned fourteen successive days to the reconsideration of a single

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line, or even a word."* The happy result of these labours appeared in the admirable fidelity and correctness of the translation; and the purity of its style rendered it a most acceptable present to the German people, who now saw their mother-tongue employed for the noblest purpose, and consecrated to the service of God. So well was it received and so extensively circulated, that in the space of forty years from the publication of the entire volume, no fewer than one hundred thousand copies had issued from one press. Luther and his friends met annually, on the return of the day on which the translation was finished, to celebrate the event; and "the festival of the translation of the Scriptures" was a season of holy pleasure and grateful joy.

J. M. C.

LIGHTING AND VENTILATING.

Professor Faraday lately read, at the Royal Institution, a paper on Lighting and Ventilating. The subject was interesting, not from any novel theory, but for the application of known facts to useful purposes, especially Lighting and Ventilating,—ventilation being here used in its common acceptation, as meaning only the mode of withdrawing, from places where human beings are to live, the bad air consequent on combustion, and so leaving the atmosphere in its natural condition, in which alone it can be beneficial to man. After some general remarks on the nature of combustion, and the consequent formation of water and carbonic acid, Mr. Faraday described the new process for which his brother has taken out a patent, and exhibited a chandelier to which it had been applied. The ordinary glass chimney is first placed on the lamp, which is fed with external air, as usual: a second chimney, somewhat larger and taller, is then put on, and covered with a thin sheet of mica. In the space between the glasses there is no communication with the external air, except through what Mr. Faraday called an aërial sewer, which sewer is intended to carry off the heated and decomposed air, and is continued till the air is discharged outside the house or into the flue of a chimney. In brief, the invention consists in the application of the down-drawing stove principle to a lamp burner. This arrangement, in the chandelier exhibited, formed a part of the central support, and was ornamental as well as useful.

Trial was made between the celebrated inventions—the Bude and Faraday Lights, fixed for that purpose in two of the libraries of the Reform Club. The result of the experiment was in favour of the Bude Light as to the brilliancy of illumination, the perfect ventilation, and the freedom from heat. The Bude gives a light equal to thirty argands, and lights the room perfectly at every point. The Faraday Light consists of eighteen lights, and the smoke of the gas is carried off by tubes. The heat increased six degrees after the Faraday was lighted; it is of a subdued tone, and far from brilliant. It will thus be seen that the Bude has added to its fame by these experiments, the more by reason of both lights being great improvements upon the old system. The Bude appears to have been quietly, but rapidly, gaining in public estimation, and to the many public and private edifices which now possess it, the principal clubs will, doubtless, soon be added. During the experiments, it was stated that the Faraday Light was about four times more expensive than the Bude.

INSPIRATION.

It may be proper to give a general definition of what we conceive that inspiration to have been, which the sacred writers enjoyed. In furnishing this definition, we are anxious to express it in terms which shall, in their unrestrained import, embrace the whole of the case, while they leave the particular aspects under which it may be viewed, unforeclosed, and susceptible of further determination, according to the different classes of phenomena that are presented for investigation. Divine inspiration, then, we consider to have been an extraordinary and supernatural influence exerted by the Holy Spirit on the minds of the sacred writers, in such modes and degrees as to lead to, and secure, in documentary forms, the deposition of such historical, didactic, devotional, and prophetic truth, as infinite wisdom deemed requisite for the immediate and future benefit of mankind.—*Dr. Henderson.*

* Townley's Illustrations of Biblical Literature, ii. 278.

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The City of Quebec.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE II.

The king became increasingly displeased with Pitt and his associates. They also found that the influence over the parliamentary boroughs retained by Newcastle and his supporters weakened their power. The monarch considered that they were insolent, and Cumberland refused to take the command of the army in Hanover, while Pitt was in office. Fox was desired to form an administration: he sent a plan requiring a considerable reversionary provision for his children, to compensate for his giving up the hope of preferment in the next reign. Such were the grounds upon which these statesmen proceeded. Lord Waldegrave told the king, that whoever he might employ, he would find no one of them forget his own interests. All the leaders applied to declined, except Doddington, who had lost his place in the last change, and evidently was always willing for office on any terms. Pitt and his colleagues were, however, dismissed, and Newcastle, again in office, requested Pitt to join him. He at first refused, but the duke at last declined to go on without an agreement including Pitt, and the party of the princess. The king would not consent. Earl Waldegrave, against his will, was then appointed prime minister. But Fox refused to lead in the House of Commons, and this project also failed.

Waldegrave had the honesty to recommend the king to give way to the necessity of the times, and to treat Pitt with kindness. George spoke well of the British constitution, but complained of the party spirit of the leading men, adding that they seemed to be making his grandson king in his life-time. After an unsettled period of three months, Pitt and Newcastle were again in office at the end of June.

Pitt, now in full power, was ready to go any lengths. He even offered to give up Gibraltar to Spain, in exchange for Minorca, if Spain would join the war against France. Happily for Pitt, Ferdinand refused. An expedition against the coast of France was attempted, and failed. Matters proved unsatisfactory in Germany. The allies, under the duke of Cumberland, acted against the advice of the king of Prussia: they were forced to retreat from the Rhine to the Elbe. There they capitulated by a convention, signed at Closterseven, which left Hanover in the power of the French, and the continental troops engaged not to take up arms during the war.

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This convention was disavowed by George II., but it left Frederick to defend himself against the confederates who pressed him on all sides, till he was extricated by a victory at Rossbach, in November. The Hanoverians then resumed their arms, on the plea that the French had broken the convention by their plundering proceedings, and the latter were driven back to the Rhine. In December, the king of Prussia gained a great victory over the Austrians at Lissa. The large annual sum of 670,000*l.* was granted to the king of Prussia. These wonderful successes caused Pitt to say that America could be conquered in Germany. In that year, indeed, little had been effected in America. But, in India, Clive defeated the native powers, and established the British authority in Bengal; after which he attacked the French settlements, and gaining the battle of Plassy, began to establish the British empire in the east. For a time the French strove to maintain their superiority, but were overcome, though not till a period later than that now under consideration.

At home, Cumberland was compelled to resign all his appointments under the disgrace of his late capitulation. Some riots occurred in consequence of a new militia bill, which obliged every man whose name was drawn, to serve himself, or to pay 10*l.* instead. It was also fancied that the militia would be employed abroad.

Another marauding expedition to the coast of France disgraced the year 1758. Such undertakings could only annoy and cause suffering in the places attacked: they were wholly useless as to any effect on the general warfare. Lord George Sackville had a command in this foray. After burning a few vessels near St. Malo's, which was found too strong for a sudden attack, the troops were re-embarked with some haste. Among other articles left behind were the tea-spoons of the duke of Marlborough, the general-in-chief: these the French commander sent back, as a polite mark of contempt. When the expedition returned to England, a detachment was sent under Marlborough and Sackville, to join a small British force, serving with the allied army in Germany.

Another attempt was made on the French coast, when Cherbourg was plundered. A third attempt was disastrous. While the troops were re-embarking at St. Cas, the rear division of about fifteen hundred men was attacked and routed by the French. Several officers of the Guards, who covered the embarkation, were killed.

A powerful naval and military force was sent to America, under Amherst and Wolfe, with admiral Boscawen. The island of Cape Breton was taken, while the English forces were successful on the northern frontier of the colonies. Many of the Indians joined the English, and were employed by them, though their savage proceedings were disgraceful to both the nations that engaged them: but Pitt was a war minister; he sought the empty and blood-stained glory of conquerors. The British forces were also successful in Africa, and in the East and West Indies.

On the continent, Frederick defeated the Russians at Custrin, but was beaten by the Austrians at Hochkirchen, notwithstanding which he compelled them to retire from his territories. The allied army on the Rhine, under prince Ferdinand, was successful.

The victories in America enabled Pitt to urge the Commons for increased supplies, which were readily granted. The whole nation was eager for war, though additional taxation was necessary in 1759. Reports of invasion from France, by way of retaliation for the late marauding expeditions, created alarm. The militia were called out, and the French prisoners marched to the interior. Their number now amounted to more than twenty thousand, who, for some time, had been left without support from their own country. Considerable sums were raised in England for their relief; a laudable proceeding towards national enemies.

One pleasing feature of this reign is, the large sums raised for charitable purposes and promoting religion. The great awakening by the methodists had done much to call forth a disposition for liberality. It will ever be found that the more closely eternity is kept in view, the more loosely will be regarded the pleasures and possessions of this world, things that must perish with the using.

In reference to methodism it is well to remark that by the time under notice its position was settled. A large portion of those who were awakened to right views of the importance of eternal things, were compelled to leave the Established Church, from the refusal of the ecclesiastical powers to provide for their spiritual

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wants, by providing or admitting the teachers needful for their instruction, and to recognise the places of worship requisite for those instructors who were excluded from the parochial buildings of the land. They were, therefore, compelled to take refuge under the Toleration Act. How far it was applicable to their teachers and their chapels might at first have been questioned, but the government wisely gave sanction to a large and liberal interpretation of this law. This, it has been well observed, was a grand step in the progress of religious liberty, while it rendered the Toleration Act a much more extensive blessing than had been originally contemplated. The house of Hanover viewed methodists and dissenters in general as supporters of their throne, and had no apprehensions from their numerical increase. While this law is permitted to remain in full force, an effectual barrier is provided against the intolerant and persecuting inclinations of any ruling ecclesiastics, behind which the serious and awakened soul may find secure refuge for even the outward profession of his faith, when such a shelter is needed. Would that this providential blessing were more adequately valued, and thankfully acknowledged!

The year 1759 was marked by naval and military victories. Boscawen defeated the Mediterranean fleet in August off the coast of Portugal. In November, Hawke and Howe obtained a victory over the Brest fleet, off Quiberon. A combined operation was planned against Canada. Wolfe, after failing in one attack on Montcalm, found his situation desperate; considerable apprehensions were excited for him in England. Wolfe declared he would succeed or perish—both prospects were realized. By a bold and skilful night enterprise, on September 12th, he gained the heights of Abraham, where he was attacked by Montcalm. The French were defeated. But Wolfe fell in the moment of victory. His opponent also was mortally wounded. Quebec surrendered a few days afterwards. The death of the victorious general has been well delineated by an able historical painter.

The contest in India was between the French and English. The latter prevailed, so that the British success was general, except in Germany. Hanover was again in danger, but prince Ferdinand fought a battle at Minden. The English infantry behaved well. The French gave way. Two orders were sent to lord George Sackville, who commanded a body of cavalry, directing him to advance. He said the orders were contradictory, and hesitated till it was too late for him to complete the rout of the enemy. His conduct was severely blamed, perhaps more so than he deserved; but he had been notoriously on ill terms with the prince. A bloody battle was fought at Kunersdorf, in which Frederick was worsted by a combined force of Russians and Austrians; but he was not overcome.

In the parliament, which met in October, Pitt talked of the successes in war, "that all was Providence, whose favour must be merited by virtue." One so fond of warlike glory might well speak in heathen phrase, though professing Christianity, the true principles of which he, like all the statesmen of that day, disregarded. He boasted that he alone could manage the war successfully, and showed his proud selfish feelings by quarrelling with the king, because the monarch hesitated to gratify his brother-in-law, lord Temple, by making him a knight of the Garter. Temple resigned, but the monarch found it necessary to induce him to return to office, and give him the empty honour of the blue riband. The new-made knight pretended that he did not care for the dignity, but required it to show that he stood well with his sovereign. Pitt determined to push on the warfare, and humble France. The supplies required amounted to 15,000,000*l.*; the troops paid by England amounted to 175,000 men, including the militia.

Lord George Sackville would not be satisfied, without having a court martial held upon him, though it was against the wish of the ministry, and it was unwise to make himself an object of public notice. After a tedious trial, which was not ended until April 3rd, the sentence of the court was, that Lord George had disobeyed the orders of prince Ferdinand, and that he was unfit to serve his majesty in any military capacity. The king gave full effect to the sentence, struck out his name from the list of the privy council, and forbade him to appear at court, notifying this prohibition to the prince of Wales. Sackville had anticipated a different result; or was willing to have the appearance of being a sufferer, to recommend himself to the successor to the throne.

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At Quebec, Murray was defeated, and besieged by a French force from Montreal; but a fleet, with succours, arrived in time to compel the enemy to retire. Montreal was then attacked: it surrendered in September, placing the Canadas under English power.

On the continent, Frederick was again overpowered, the Austrian forces even occupying the capital of Prussia for a short time. In this warfare of alternate success, the peaceable inhabitants of the countries traversed by the armies suffered much, especially from the Austrians, who committed dreadful atrocities. Frederick, however, again repulsed his enemies, while the allies were successful on the Rhine, the English troops repeatedly distinguishing themselves; but Hanover was again threatened.

These military successes soon failed to gratify the British monarch. George II., aged seventy-seven, but regular and temperate in his habits, rose on the morning of October 25th, at six o'clock, as usual. Soon after seven, his valet heard a noise in the king's closet; on entering it, he found the monarch dead on the floor—the ventricle of his heart had given way, instantaneous death had followed. Thus death not only enters the palace, as well as the cottage, but treats prince and peasant alike. Each is liable, upon sudden call, to stand before the Judge of all men on an equal footing. Each in that hour must seek the same refuge, or each must look for the same sentence. Surely this instantaneous summons to a monarch, in the midst of national success and glory, says to every one, "Be ye also ready."

Without any pretensions to extraordinary abilities, George II. may be reckoned among the best of the English sovereigns, ruling as a constitutional, not as an arbitrary prince. The degree of personal influence he exercised was beneficial—he was kind, moderate, and humane. In religious matters, he effectually interposed to prevent persecution. A very pleasing feature in this reign is the numerous laws passed to promote domestic improvements: some may have savoured of injudicious interference, but still they indicated a growing desire in the legislature to promote the welfare of the mass of the people. And, in matters of religion, while tyrannical interference with the conscience was repressed, increasing ability was evinced to meet and put down the adversaries of revelation by fair argument and right reasoning, while there was a vast increase in the number of those who, returning to the doctrines of the Reformers, taught that it is "through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they."

"FORBEARING ONE ANOTHER IN LOVE."

Men have tried all kinds of methods, except the only right, effectual, and Divinely appointed one, for gathering into union the broken and scattered fragments of the church, and for tuning to harmony its discordant voices. They have tried the compulsion of law, the power of logic, the persuasion of eloquence, the subscription of articles, the application of tests, the authority of tradition, and yet all these means have signally failed, not only to procure internal unity, but external uniformity. Emperors and kings, popes and prelates, councils and convocations, cabinets and senates, divines and lawyers, have all employed their wits and exerted their hands in this great work of unity; and yet, whatever have been their schemes, and with whatever diligence they have been applied, however they may have appealed to the fears, the reason, or the cupidity of the opposing parties, they have all left the church as divided and inharmonious as they found it, and in the language of despair have confessed that union among Christians was a state of things never to be expected in the present world. And yet there, upon the very surface of revelation, where every eye can see it, lies, and has lain for nearly eighteen centuries, a principle so simple that a child may understand it, which, if properly felt and judiciously applied, would have effected that which has ever been considered so necessary, and yet so difficult—"Forbearing one another in love." Divinely-inspired, heaven-descended, godlike sentence! How simple, yet how sublime! By what machination of Satan—by what cunning artifice of "the father of lies"—by what operation of "the deceitfulness of sin"—or by what treachery of the desperately wicked heart of man, has the beauty of this precept been concealed, its force evaded, or its efficiency prevented? If there be one practical precept which we could wish to be printed in starry characters on the dark page of the nightly sky, written in sunbeams on the tablet of the earth, and

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uttered both night and day in voices from the heavens, that the attention of men might be irresistibly turned to it, and their hearts unavoidably impressed by it, this is the injunction; and yet, what greater clearness, or more importance, or higher authority, would this splendid method of publication give to it, beyond what it already possesses as a portion of holy writ? "Forbearing one another in love." This one short precept, universally obeyed, would set all right, and reduce all to order. It would not at once reconcile all minds, but it would harmonise all hearts. It would not amalgamate all churches into an external uniformity, but it would combine them all in "the unity of the Spirit" and "the bond of peace." It might not hush the voice of controversy, but it would take from it the harsh dissonance of human passion, and cause it to speak in the mellifluous tones of Divine charity.

But we may now justly ask by what mighty power this great consummation is to be brought about? Who can step forth, and with a voice that cannot only command, but insure obedience, say to the boisterous elements of human passion and religious prejudice, "Peace, be still?" This is the sole work of Him who gave order, beauty, and harmony to the primeval elements of our world. In vain do we make our appeal to the religious bodies themselves to come to a better state of feeling, if we stop there. The storms that are still raging round the bark of the tempest-tossed church will no more yield to the voice of argument or persuasion from men, than would the winds and the waves of the sea of Galilee have submitted to the command of the affrighted disciples. What saved them? That which must save us, if we are saved at all. They awoke the sleeping Saviour by the prayer of faith; and in answer to their importunate supplication, the calm supervened. He is still on board his weather-beaten vessel, and though not asleep, is waiting to be asked to put forth his tranquillising power. Let the whole church, having first deeply humbled itself for its sins of alienation, division, uncharitableness, and unbrotherly feeling, go to Him in the earnestness and in the prayer of faith for a fresh outpouring of his Spirit of light, love, holiness, and peace. He only waits to be asked, so to replenish us with his benediction, as to make Zion a quiet and peaceable habitation. It was when the harmonies of voices and of hearts ascended to heaven at the dedication of the temple, that the cloud of the Divine glory came and filled the house. It was when the disciples were met together in one place, and with one accord, to make their common supplications known, that the Spirit of God came down in coronets of fire upon their heads, and filled the place where they were sitting. The breath of prayer is the atmosphere in which the Spirit comes to hover over his church, and shed healing from his wings. That Divine Agent can set all things right. He can cause us to see and to feel alike; he can expel from our minds all error, from our hearts all pride, prejudice, and passion, and so fill us with meekness, love, and tender forbearance, that we shall be irresistibly drawn towards each other, and be enabled to bring about far more than the visible, formal union we now seek. He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.

And now, O my country! which I love with a patriot's affection, and bless with a Christian's prayer, I am not insensible to thy greatness in power, in commerce, in wealth, in literature, in science, and the arts; and sometimes I feel the danger of undue exultation in the contemplation of thy majesty; yet is my ambition far more intense for thy moral and religious fame, now too fearfully affected and too humblingly obscured and diminished by the party spirit so rife and so virulent among thy divided and alienated subjects. Oh! come the day, when thy awful form shall no longer reflect the lurid glare of fiery zeal for sectarian distinctions, but when thou shalt shine forth in the mild radiance of an ardent yet well-tempered concern for substantial Christianity; when thy commanding voice shall be heard to the ends of the earth, uttering, not the words of bitter intolerance or priestly exclusiveness, but of charity and forbearance; and when, by whatever is liberal in policy, thou shalt be a pattern to all countries of national generosity, and by whatsoever is associative and affectionate among thy different denominations of religion, be no less a pattern to them of Christian union! May it be thy honour—and no brighter one can be allotted thee—to teach all countries and all ages that the most unrestricted religious liberty, though it gives full scope for diversities of opinion among Christians, serves only to exhibit more clearly in its power, and more

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brightly in its glory, the cementing principle of their common Christianity! Amen.—*Rev. J. A. James.*

THE MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

While it seems that in our native country, and almost all over the world, the church of Rome is gaining successive victories, her triumphant course is stayed in that country, and by the very nation which she has for centuries regarded as her own. From the midst of a population which appeared entirely devoted to her cause—yea, from her very bosom, from one of her own sons, Rome has received a deadly wound.

A few remarks will suffice to show the immediate cause of the great movement among the members of the Romish church in Germany. The bishop of Treves published a circular letter, dated the 6th of July, 1844, in which he announced that, "in consideration of the ardent wish and pious desire expressed by many of his flock, he had determined upon exhibiting in the course of the year the holy vesture, woven by the blessed Virgin Mary for her Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, which had been brought from Jerusalem by the empress Helena, who, being a native of Treves, had presented the invaluable treasure to the cathedral, A.D. 327. The holy relic shall therefore be exhibited at the cathedral of Treves for the space of six weeks, commencing on the eighteenth day of August; and to all who piously intend visiting Treves to adore the holy garment of the Divine Redeemer, a true pardon will be granted, agreeable to the bull of pope Leo X., addressed to the bishop of Treves on the 26th of January, 1524."

A peal from all the churches announced to the inhabitants of Treves the 18th of August; and after a service at the cathedral, the relic was exhibited for the adoration of the faithful. The vesture is of a grayish brown, five feet long, and three feet six inches wide; it was placed in a glass shrine, under a blue silk canopy, at the sides of which were four boxes, appointed to receive holy offerings, namely, for the repairing of the cathedral, for a boys' school, for the rebuilding of the cathedral at Cologne, and for the poor of Treves. During the night six silver candelabra with burning lights, and a guard of honour, consisting of townsmen, kept watch before the holy relic.

Thousands of pilgrims from Germany, France, and Belgium, chiefly of the lower classes, headed by their priests, visited Treves. As soon as a procession came in sight of the ancient towers of the venerable city, and perceived the white banner with the red cross floating from one of its highest turrets, the assembled multitude sang with the fervour of the crusaders when they first beheld the holy city, "Hosiana in excelsis!" Steamboats, railroads, and public conveyances of every kind, were put in requisition in order to convey the nobility and the wealthier pilgrims to the holy vestment; the bishops of Metz, Nancy, Verdun, Luxemburg, Spire, Limburg, Osnaburg, Munster, Cologne, and from some parts of Holland, were among the visitors.

While things were thus proceeding at Treves, men of all classes and ranks in other parts were "looking one upon another," inquiring the meaning of this piece of mummery—wondering how, in these enlightened times, such things could take place, partly blaming ministers and magistrates, yet none daring loudly to protest against this enormous idolatry, none venturing to raise their voices and tell the deluded people, degraded by superstition, that they were sinning against their God, against their souls, and against their senses. At this season the following letter, written in an obscure village of Silesia by a still more obscure and unknown individual, made its way into the public papers:—

"To the Right Rev. Dr. William Arnoldi,
Bishop of Treves.

"*Laurahutte, Oct. 1st,* 1844.

"For a time it sounded like an idle tale, that bishop Arnoldi of Treves was exhibiting a garment called Christ's vesture as an object of religious veneration. Ye, Christians of the nineteenth century, have already heard—ye know it, men of Germany—ye know it, German teachers of religion, and instructors of the people—it is no legendary tale or fiction, but it is reality and truth. Since the last accounts, 500,000 persons had already visited this relic, and daily many additional thousands flock to it, especially since the above-named garment has cured sick persons and wrought miracles. The fame thereof spreads through all lands, though in France the clergy have affirmed, 'that they possess Christ's vesture, and that the one at Treves is not genuine.' Here truly it may be said: 'He who does not

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on certain occasions lose his senses—has none to lose.' 500,000 persons, 500,000 *sensible* Germans, have hastened to Treves in order to adore or inspect a *garment!* Thousands of these are of the lowest class of people; poor, oppressed, ignorant, dull, superstitious, and some of them depraved, they leave the cultivation of their fields, their trades, the care of their houses, and the education of their children, in order to go to Treves to an idolatrous festival, an unworthy spectacle which the Romish hierarchy exhibits. Yes, it is an idolatrous festival, for many thousands of the credulous multitude are led to pay the devotions which we owe to God, to a garment, a work of human hands. And how hurtful are the consequences resulting from these pilgrimages! Thousands of pilgrims starve to save money for the journey, and for the offering which they present to the holy vesture, namely, to the priests; they collect it with loss to themselves, or by begging, in order to starve, or to suffer want on their return, or to fall sick by the way. If these outward disadvantages are great, very great, how much greater is the moral evil! Will not some, whom the expenses of the journey have reduced to poverty, try to indemnify themselves in an unlawful manner? Many married and unmarried women lose the purity of their hearts, their chastity, their reputation, and destroy the peace, the happiness, and the prosperity of their family.

"Lastly, by this unchristian spectacle the flood-gates are opened to superstition, to pharisaical righteousness, to fanaticism, and everything connected therewith, and no less to immorality. These are the blessings which the exhibition of the holy vesture diffuses: on the whole it being perfectly indifferent whether it be genuine or not.*

"The man who exhibits this garment, a work of human hands, to the public, as an object of veneration—who leads astray the religious feelings of the credulous, the ignorant, or the suffering multitude—who encourages superstition and immorality—who draws the last penny from the perishing people—who exposes the Germans to the ridicule of other nations, and who draws down upon us the storm which is already lowering over our heads—this man is a bishop, a German bishop, it is bishop Arnoldi of Treves.

"Bishop Arnoldi of Treves, I therefore turn to you, and demand of you, by virtue of mine office and profession as a priest, as a teacher of the German people, in the name of all Christians, in the name of all Germans, in the name of all instructors of the people, to withdraw the unchristian exhibition of the garment, and not to increase the already great offence.

"For do you not know—as bishop you must know—that the Founder of the Christian religion did not leave his vesture, but his Spirit to his disciples and followers? His vesture, bishop Arnoldi of Treves, belongs to his *executioners!* Do you not know—as bishop you must know—that Christ has said: 'God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth?' And he can be worshipped everywhere, not only at Jerusalem, in the temple, or on Mount Gerizim, or where the holy vesture is at Treves. Do you not know—as bishop you must know—that the gospel expressly forbids the adoration of images or relics? that the Christians, in the times of the apostles, and during the first three centuries, did not suffer images or relics (and they might have had many) in their churches? that the adoration of images and relics is heathenish, and that the fathers of the first three centuries ridiculed the heathen on that account? 'Nec intelligunt homines ineptissimi, quod, si sentire simulacra et moveri possent, adoratura hominem fuissent, a quo sunt expolita,' (Div. Inst. II. c. 2.) 'The images should rather, if they had life, worship the men that made them, than the contrary.' Lastly, do you not know—as bishop you must know—*this*, that the strong and healthy mind of the Germans did not degrade itself so far as to worship relics until the time of the crusades, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, had darkened the high idea which the Christian religion gives of the Deity, through the fictions and marvellous stories brought from the east? Bishop Arnoldi of Treves, this you know, and doubtless better than I can tell you. You also know the consequences which the idolatrous adoration of relics and superstition altogether has had upon us, namely, the internal and external bondage of Germany; and, notwithstanding, you exhibit your relic for public adoration! Yet you might not have known all this; perhaps you only had the well-being of Christians in view by exhibiting the garment at Treves. In this case you have loaded your conscience

* The professors Gildemeister and Von Sybel, of Bonn, have just published an historical research "On the Holy Vesture of Treves, and the twenty other Holy Vestures without seam."

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with a twofold guilt, of which you cannot clear yourself. First of all, it is unpardonable in you to have withheld the garment, if it really possessed miraculous powers, from suffering men until the year 1844. Secondly, it is unpardonable that you have taken offerings from hundreds of thousands of pilgrims. Or, is it not unpardonable that you, as a bishop, accept money from the starving poor of our people, especially as you have seen, only a few weeks since, that want drove hundreds to rebellion and suicide? As for the rest, do not allow yourself to be deceived by the flocking together of hundreds of thousands; and believe me, that while hundreds of thousands of Germans are hastening with fervour (?) to Treves, millions are, like myself, filled with deep abhorrence and bitter indignation at your unworthy spectacle. This indignation is not shared only by some ranks of men, by some party or other, but by all ranks, yes, even by the catholic priests. Therefore judgment will overtake you ere you expect it. Already the historian seizes the pencil and gives up your name, 'Arnoldi,' to the contempt of your contemporaries and of future ages, and points at you as the Tetzel of the nineteenth century!

"But you, my German countrymen, whether you live in the neighbourhood, or at a distance from Treves, use all your endeavours that the German name be no longer thus degraded. You have magistrates—avail yourselves of them. Let each one of you try to the utmost decidedly at least to oppose and check the tyrannical power of the Romish hierarchy. For not only at present are indulgences sold at Treves; you are aware that in the east and west, in the north and south, money is collected for holy beads, masses, indulgences, funerals, etc., and that the spiritual darkness increases yet more and more. Let all, whether Catholics or Protestants, go to work: our honour, our liberty, our happiness is at stake. Do not rouse the shades of your fathers, who razed the capital, by sanctioning the castle of St. Angelo in Germany. Do not allow the laurels of Huss, Hutten, or Luther, to be trampled under foot. Give utterance to your thoughts, and let your intentions become actions.

"Finally, you, my colleagues, who wish and labour for the welfare of your flocks, the honour, the liberty, the happiness of the German people, keep silence no longer; you sin against your religion, your country, your office, if you still keep silence, and still delay to express your better convictions. I have already once addressed you, therefore at present add only these few lines. Show yourselves the true disciples of Him who sacrificed all for truth, light, and liberty: show that you have inherited his Spirit, not his vesture.

JOHN RONGE, *Catholic Priest.*"

This letter flew like an electric spark in all directions: though its insertion was forbidden in many papers, private individuals published and circulated it largely at their own expense; it was read with enthusiasm by high and low, from the Vistula to the Rhine, from the Baltic to the Alps—it seemed as if this one letter expressed the unanimous feelings of a great and powerful nation.

The bishop of Treves was nowise disconcerted; he prolonged the exhibition a fortnight, published and attested the truth of some cures said to be miraculous, and permitted his clergy in their sermons to say to the people, "He who is able to walk, and does not go to adore the holy vesture, cannot see God." To those who came to Treves an old garment was shown, and it was told them: "This is a symbol of your God; you must adore it, for it is the palladium of your church." The consequence was, that some of the poor people were heard to say, "Holy vesture, I come to thee! Holy vesture, I pray to thee! Holy vesture, pray for me!" The official returns, state that 1,180,700 pilgrims visited Treves during the two months' exhibition.

The indignation of all thinking men was roused, and could not be repressed. John Ronge's being deprived of his office and excommunicated, only tended to make his cause more popular. Addresses of thanks were voted, subscriptions raised, and costly presents sent to him from the most distant parts of Germany; the Protestants and Catholics of the principal towns vied with each other who should be foremost in expressing their admiration.

John Ronge, the son of poor parents, was born on the 16th of October, 1813, at Bishopswalde, near Neisse, in Silesia; from his sixth to his twelfth year he had to tend his father's flock. During the lonely hours which he spent in the fields, he was often wont, as he says, to meditate "on time and eternity." One of the masters at the village school persuaded his father to send him to the grammar

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school at Neisse, which he entered in 1827. The study of the classics did not attract him, but the German language, and history, he studied with ardour; in 1836 he went to the university of Breslau. After much reflection Ronge decided on entering the church; he was accordingly received into the Romish seminary of that city; he was here so disgusted with the treatment, and the lifeless forms of the church of Rome, that he left the college already in the following year. He received a curacy at Grottkan, seven miles from Breslau, in 1841, and felt now with more force than ever under how degrading and corrupt a yoke the people and priests of the church of Rome were groaning. The resignation of the bishop of Breslau, and the choice of a new prelate, Dr. Knauer, gave rise to much contention and intrigue; the Jesuits opposed his election, and represented Dr. Knauer at Rome as incapable of exercising so important an office. Ronge felt indignant at the shameless conduct of these calumniators, and published a violent article in a Saxon newspaper, entitled, "Rome and the Chapter of Breslau," signed, "A Curate." In the course of six weeks he received a letter from the chancellor of the diocese, asking him to declare, on his word of honour as a priest, whether he had written the above article. Some unpleasant correspondence ensued, he was cited to appear at Breslau, and was suspended, 1843. Thence he proceeded to Laurahütte, a mining village not far from the Russian frontier, where he was universally esteemed and beloved; he was appointed teacher to the children of the overseers, and from this obscure place he addressed his energetic letter to bishop Arnoldi.

During the time that Ronge *spoke*, another man of kindred spirit, John Czerski, dared to *act*. He was born near Neuenburg, in West Prussia, and studied at Bromberg and Posen, where he received holy orders. One year and a half he officiated as curate at Posen, and experienced "what Luther did at Rome." He could not keep silence at what he saw and heard, and openly expressed his disapprobation; he was consequently reprimanded, and sent to the isolated town of Schneidemühl, near Bromberg, in 1844, as assistant to a very orthodox minister. Czerski's sermons made a deep impression on the minds of his new congregation, whom he exhorted diligently to search their Bibles; he was denounced, accused of heresy, and suspended. This unjust sentence led the people of Schneidemühl to declare for their beloved pastor; they presented an address to government, wherein they affirmed that some of them had for years studied the Holy Scriptures, and had been most desirous of embracing the truth; having however no priest to guide them, they had been obliged silently to wait till it should please God to see their affliction, and hear their cry; he had now graciously sent them a faithful servant of Christ; and as there was no hope of a reform in the church of Rome, they intended, with the help of God, to free themselves from the corruptions and human inventions of that tyrannical church. To this document is annexed their confession of faith; it opens with a prayer, wherein they declare Holy Scripture to be the only foundation of the Christian faith. They then proceed to enumerate nine articles, in which they protest against the church of Rome:—

I. Against the withholding the cup in the Lord's supper from the laity.

II. Against the wickedness of adoring relics, or considering them "holy."

III. Against the iniquity of invoking saints.

IV. Against the priests' giving remission of sins.

V. Against being compelled to fast.

VI. Against hearing prayers in an unknown tongue.

VII. Against the celibacy of the clergy.

VIII. Against the late command, forbidding Catholics to marry Protestants on pain of being excommunicated.

IX. Against the pope's supremacy.

Here follows the Nicene creed, every article of which they declare firmly to believe, and then humbly crave government to protect them and their minister from the persecution of the Romish priesthood.

Thus constituted itself, on the 19th of of October, 1844, "the German Catholic church," consisting only of one hundred and eighty individuals.

These small beginnings, these sparks of truth, how great a fire have they kindled! In a few months the obscure rivulet has become a mighty stream—a flood which can no longer be restrained. More than a hundred and fifty congregations, consisting of many thousand individuals, have renounced their allegiance, and freed themselves from the Roman tyranny and superstition; each day brings accounts

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of new accessions to the cause of truth and liberty, at Breslau, Berlin, Leipsic, Dantzic, Dresden, Magdeburg, Frankfort, Elberfeldt, and other cities of importance; numbers have joined the German Catholics—several eminent and learned men are among them—and others are only waiting to see the whole gain some consistency before they openly declare their separation from the church of Rome. From all classes and ranks of men, the German Catholics receive the greatest encouragement; the Protestant inhabitants and magistrates of almost all the large towns have come forward most cheerfully to contribute large sums for the maintenance of the new congregations; and the king of Prussia has, by special order of council, of the 30th of April 1845, commanded all the officers of the crown "to put no hindrances" into their way.

Surely, since the reformation in the sixteenth century, no event of the kind has so deeply interested the minds of men; the rapidity with which the reform spreads is wonderful, and the enthusiasm with which it is hailed evidently shows that the want of it had long been felt. Although no human eye can as yet discern in how far this great movement may be "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds," it can hardly fail to awaken many to reflection, and to lead them from the traditions of men, earnestly to seek Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. F.

June 10th, 1845.

OLD HUMPHREY IN SEARCH OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

"I will go," thought I, "in search of the beautiful; but where shall I be likely to find it? The wide-spread world is before me, the wonders of the east and west, the north and south, are great. To what part shall I direct my attention? Where is it likely that the beautiful will be found?"

When a man makes up his mind to travel, without making up his mind where he shall go, he has usually a long journey before him, especially if, as in my case, he means to dispense with steamers, horses, carriages, and railroad conveyances, and travel only in imagination. "I will go," thought I, "in search of the beautiful;" and splendid visions immediately presented themselves to my view. The mountains of Switzerland, the clear sunny skies of Italy and Spain, the temples of Greece and Rome, the icebergs of the pole, and the immeasurable forests of the New World, were only a part of the gorgeous panorama that my fancy spread around. "In some of these," thought I, "I shall find the beautiful."

Much as we may say or sing about there being "no place like home," whenever we sigh for health, wealth, knowledge, or pleasure, we are almost always inclined to look for it abroad; it is, therefore, not a little creditable to me that, on this particular occasion, before I in earnest packed up my imaginary trunk and mental portmanteau to go abroad, I began to look about me in my search at home. "Here," thought I, "is a splendid city, well stored museums of all kinds, zoological gardens, and rural scenery, all within my reach, to assist me in my inquiry: let me look about me in my search after the beautiful."

I looked at the skies when the king of day came "rejoicing in his strength," lighting up the heavens and the earth with glory; when the mid-day clouds curtained the blue vault above; when the setting sun flung around him a flood of molten diamonds and gold; and when the moon in her tranquil majesty sailed through the blue arch of heaven. My eye and my heart were alike open to their beauty. In the transport of my delight I clasped my hands together with energy. These things are, indeed, beautiful. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork," Psa. xix. 1.

I saw beauty in the mighty oak, in the stately cedar, in the towering elm and the pine, in the solemn cypress and the yew, in the graceful poplar, in the silvery bark of the birch, in the upright blossom of the chesnut, and in the pendent branches of the laburnum and the weeping willow. There was beauty in the green leaf of spring, and the sere leaf of autumn, in the hill and the valley, the mountain and the moor, the tangled copse and the running brook, the waving corn-fields, and the young lambs racing in the sunny mead. Gaze where I would, something beautiful met my sight. When, humble, and prayerful, and grateful, we walk abroad, we see and feel the beauty of creation. Then it is that "the mountains and the hills" appear to "break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field" to "clap their hands," Isa. lv. 12.

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How attractive were the fruits of the earth! I regarded them with unwonted pleasure. The red shining apple, the mellow pear, the downy apricot and peach, the grateful gooseberry, the juicy currant, and the blooming plum, vied with one another in beauty. These fruits are so common that we are not struck with their attractions; but each is a picture on which we may pause with delight. But when, with admiring eyes, I regarded with fixed attention the ripe cherry, the luscious grape and strawberry, the mottled melon, the yellow orange, and the golden pine, I felt thankful to the Father of mercies for the beauty with which he had decorated his bounteous gifts. No wonder that Solomon should make him gardens and orchards, and plant trees in them of all kinds of fruits! How rich, how free, how abundant is the goodness of God!

And was there no beauty in the foliage of the trees? Let the crumpled leaf of the oak, the soft leaf of the lime, the glossy leaf of the holly and ivy, the broad leaf of the sycamore, the scalloped leaf of the chesnut, and the green and variegated leaves of the laurel give the reply. Never had I so closely inspected them in their form, colour, veining, and variety. They moved me much while I regarded them, and the ejaculation "Wonderful!" broke from my lips. Precious are the words of holy writ that speak of the man who delights himself in the law of the Lord. "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper," Psa. i. 3.

What a world of beauty seemed suddenly opened before me when I turned to gaze upon flowers! We know that these grow from the ground; but I have often fancifully thought that they were flung by angel hands from heaven! What a profusion of cowslips and buttercups and daisies and daffodils meet the eye in the fields! What glowing poppies and elegant foxgloves! And, then, in the garden,

> The sweet, the light, the lovely rose,
> The fairest flower on earth that grows.

The gaudy tulip, the stately hollyhock and lily, the sweet scented pea, with hyacinths, convolvuluses, forget-me-nots, geraniums, anemonies, japonicas, pansies, passion flowers, and a hundred others. Why, had we never seen these things before, they would overwhelm us with delight. If we look at ten thousand flowers, we shall find them all beautiful.

> "Long as there's a sun that sets,
> Primroses will have their glory;
> Long as there are violets,
> They will have a place in story."

Nor did I overlook the grass of the field. The common meadow grass, Timothy, canary, and cocksfoot grass, the quaking grass, the slender spiked panic grass, and the feather grass, are all wondrously formed. I examined them with care, and greatly marvelled at the delicacy of their formation. There were others, also, that attracted me, and the corn-plants, wheat, barley, oats, and rye gave me more joy than they had ever given me before. I not only saw, but felt their beauty. Have you ever looked on these things, as on the workmanship of the Almighty's wonder-working hands? Have you regarded them as gifts from above, for your express gratification? Why, they are full of beauty!

Of all earthly hues, perhaps the hues of the precious stones are the most brilliant. On these I fixed my eyes with an intensity of wonder. If beauty can be found in colour and brightness, then are precious stones beautiful. The dazzling diamond and the crystal, the red ruby and garnet, the blue sapphire and türquoise, the green emerald and jasper, the violet amethyst, and the yellow topaz, to pass by the onyx, the opal, the cornelian, the agate, and the coral, are surpassingly arresting. I cannot tell you my emotions while my eyes drank in greedily the splendid and glowing hues that glittered before me.

I glanced rapidly at the shells of the mighty ocean, and could hardly forgive myself in not having before regarded them with greater attention. Univalves, bivalves, and multivalves were all goodly to gaze on, some having beauty of form, and others beauty of colour. The nautilus, the cone, and the cowry, the bubble, the wreath, and the trumpet, the limpet, the tusk, the hoof, and the turban shell, had each enough of interest to call forth my astonishment. Again and again I handled the sheath-shell, the gaper, the wedge, the Venus, the ark, the thorny oyster, the sea-wing, the stone-piercer, and the coat of mail; it seemed as though my eyes had never before been opened clearly to discern the beauty of shells. And these curious

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formations were so plentiful that we tread them under our feet. Wonderful! wonderful! Truly, "the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In his hands are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is his also. The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land. Oh come let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker," Psa. xcv. 3—6.

I next looked at animated nature; and if the half-reasoning elephant, the huge rhinoceros, the shaggy bear, the patient camel, the wild buffalo, and the grinning baboon were not alluring to the eye, yet there were not wanting things that attracted me. The figure of the horse with his neck clothed with thunder, the symmetry of the antelope with his limbs of grace, the tawny covering of the lion, the striped skins of the tiger and the zebra, the spotted hides of the leopard and giraffe, and the fur of the ermine bewildered me with their beauty. I gazed again and again—and again and again my astonishment was called forth. If you have never seen these things with an eye of delight, you have never yet regarded them with attention, for God has moulded them in forms and painted them with colours peculiarly their own.

I gazed on the plumage of birds, and my wonder was called forth till I became dumb with admiration, laying my hand upon my mouth. The dunghill cock strutted before me in his feathery grandeur, the graceful swan presented her snowy bosom, the canary warbled in his yellow doublet, the kingfisher skimmed along the brook in his brilliant attire, and the proud peacock spread his tail of glittering glory. What varied attitudes, what glowing colours! And then the dazzling hues of the humming bird, the radiant feathers of the flamingo, the glittering apparel of the gold and the silver pheasant, and the entrancing lightness and elegance of the bird of paradise! Oh, they were beyond all praise, and beauty seemed not to beam only, but to blaze amid the radiance around.

And did the finny inhabitants of the waters fail to wake my wonder? Did I gaze on the sparkling salmon, the yellow carp, the gold fish and the silver fish, without emotion? On the contrary, their glittering, glowing, ever-changing hues made my eyes sparkle with amazement. Yet even these, if possible, were exceeded by the radiant hues of the serpent tribe. In every possible form and colour, beauty appeared to be presented to my eyes. My heart was eloquent, but my lips were dumb.

I looked at the insect world, and a new beauty rose up before me. The industrious bee was abroad, the warrior wasp in his shining yellow coat of mail, and butterflies were fluttering in the air. The latter were like flying flowers of every conceivable attraction. Ruby reds, brilliant blues, dazzling yellows, and glittering greens, were mingled with every other colour. The dragon-fly flitted to and fro over the stream in his burnished armour, and the diamond beetle crept beneath the grass, spangled with radiant hues of almost unequalled intensity. The same heavenly hand that painted the rainbow had given them their brighter colours, and sent them forth as glowing specimens of his Almighty workmanship.

I turned my eyes upon mankind; on the smiling babe, and the grey hair and the graven brow. What a thrill ran through my heart as I gazed on the lovely infant with dimpled cheek—

> Secure in slumber, fearless of alarms,
> Cradled in peace, and clasp'd in beauty's arms!

Youth and maturity attracted me. The graceful figure of man, the fairer and lovelier form of woman, were a beauteous pair,

> "For contemplation he, and valour form'd—
> For softness she, and sweet attractive grace."

Was there no beauty here? My heart felt there was; and when I saw age with meekness and forbearance on his brow, wisdom on his lip, and heaven in his desires, his hopes, and his expectations, there was a beauty in the scene that sank into my soul. "Enough! enough!" said I, "Good and great is the Lord! 'He hath made everything beautiful in his time,'" Eccles. iii. 11.

I have looked at the heavens and the earth; I have gazed on trees, fruit, leaves, flowers, and grasses; on precious stones, shells, animals, fish, reptiles, and insects, and lastly on mankind, and there is beauty in them all. No longer will I wander in search of the beautiful, for when our eyes and hearts are open, the beautiful is everywhere to be found. Oh that we may love the beauty of creation and revelation! and oh that we may seek to obtain the beauty of truth,

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the beauty of love, the beauty of peace, the beauty of virtue, "the beauty of holiness," and the beauty of heaven!

THE CITY OF EDINBURGH.

No. I.

EDINBURGH is situate on a series of eminences, within two miles of the Firth of Forth. The Castle—the nucleus of the city, and a place of unknown antiquity—occupies the superficies of a lofty mass of trap, which bears all the appearance of having been protruded from below. A long sloping hill, which stretches to the eastward of this eminence till it sinks into the neighbouring level ground, forms the site of the Old Town,

"Piled dense and massive, deep and high,"

consisting chiefly of one line of street, from which a great number of lanes branch off to the north and south. Beyond the low ground, on the south, rises a large and comparatively modern suburb. In the opposite direction, and divided from the ancient part of the city by a deep hollow, now filled with gardens, rises the New Town, the whole of which has been called into existence since the beginning of the reign of George III. The lofty rock-perched masses of the Old Town, the extreme elegance of the New, the beautiful pleasure-grounds interspersed throughout the city, the rugged outlines of the Calton Hill, Arthur's Seat, and Salisbury Crags, which are close by, and the fine effect lent to the whole by the neighbouring estuary, have obtained for Edinburgh the credit of being decidedly the most picturesque capital city in Europe. It is further rendered attractive to strangers by the historical interest attached to many of its localities. Edinburgh was the chief seat of the Scottish court during the sixteenth century, and the scene of the most important transactions which took place in Scotland in that which followed. Since the Union, it has continued to be the inferior centre from which Scottish affairs have been regulated, the seat of the supreme courts of law, and of the leading university, and, accordingly, the residence of the most refined and literate portion of the national community. The population (which, in 1831, amounted to 136,548) consists of individuals connected with the law courts; of persons connected with the university, and other educational institutions; of gentlemen in independent circumstances, either landowners in the country, or strangers who have resorted to the city for the education of their children; of persons connected with literature, the arts, and the limited manufactures prosecuted in the city; and, finally, of the great class of retail shopkeepers, artizans, and others, who supply the rest with the luxuries and necessaries of life. The resources of the town are thus of a limited but steady kind, though it is said they have been for some years on the decline.

In Edinburgh, the attention of a stranger is in the first place attracted by the general appearance of the city. This may be commanded, in its finest point of view, from the Calton Hill, and, in points scarcely inferior, from the Castle, and from Salisbury Crags. The Calton Hill also affords a delightful view of the Firth of Forth and its shores. Of particular objects worthy of notice within the city, the following may be enumerated:—

The Castle is a series of fortifications of various kinds, occupying an area of about six acres. It is one of four fortresses which the act of Union provided should be kept up in Scotland, the other three being Stirling, Blackness, and Dumbarton. It contains considerable accommodations for soldiers, including a modern barrack. A half-moon battery, presented towards the town, and several minor batteries, are mounted with cannon, the only use of which in these times is to fire on holidays, and on occasions of rejoicing. The earliest royal residence connected with Edinburgh was a palace in Edinburgh Castle, which seems to have been last re-edified by Mary. It constitutes the south east angle of the mass of buildings. In the early ages of Scottish history, Edinburgh Castle was several times taken and retaken. It stood a siege from Cromwell in 1650, but was obliged to capitulate. At the Revolution it was held out for some time by the duke of Gordon against the partisans of the new state of things. It was beleagured without effect in 1745, by the army of prince Charles Stuart. In the present state of the art of war, it is a place of greater apparent than real strength. In a part of the palace built by Mary, the Scottish regalia are shown for a small fee. They consist of an elegant jewelled crown, of which the fillet is supposed to have been made for Robert Bruce, and the arches for James V.; a sceptre, also made for James V.; a two-handed sword (a present, in 1507, from Pope Julius II. to James IV.;) and a

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silver rod of state, supposed to have been used by the Treasurer of Scotland. At the Union, these insignia of national independence were deposited in a large trunk within the room where they are now shown, and it was not till 1818 that they were again brought to light. In the same place is now deposited the order of the George worn by Charles I., a present from Cardinal de York to George IV. In another part of the ancient palace, devoted to the humble business of a tavern, is shown the small room in which Mary was delivered (June 19, 1566) of her son, afterwards James VI. and I. On what is called the Bomb Battery, the highest fortification in the castle, is placed the curious old piece of ordnance designated Mons Meg, formed of bars of iron hooped, and measuring twenty inches in the bore. It is supposed that this primitive engine was made for James IV. at the end of the fifteenth century: it is certain that he used it at the siege of Norham in 1498. It was burst in 1680 when firing a salute to James, duke of York, on his paying a visit of ceremony to the castle; a bad omen, it was considered, for his Royal Highness's pretensions to the succession, then threatened by the Exclusion Bill. In 1754, it was removed to the Tower of London, by virtue of a general order affecting all old ordnance, and it lay there till 1829, when, in compliance with a general wish on the part of the people of Scotland, it was restored to its present situation. From many parts of the castle are to be obtained extensive views of the surrounding country.

The Courts of Law and Advocates' Library form a cluster of buildings, partly old and partly new, in the centre of the Old Town. The Parliament-square, to which they adjoin, is decorated by a strikingly beautiful equestrian statue of Charles II., erected in 1685 by the city of Edinburgh. In the south-west angle of this square a large door gives access to the Outer House of the Court of Session, a magnificent hall, arched with oak beams, erected in 1639, as a hall for the meetings of the Scottish Parliament, (which formed but one chamber,) and used in that capacity till the Union. It now chiefly serves as a place of rendezvous and promenade for individuals connected with the business of the law, and in time of session is a busy and animated scene. Two lesser and more modern chambers, opening from the different sides of this august room, and denominated the Inner Houses, are devoted to the business of the two divisions of the supreme civil court. A series of still smaller chambers, opening from the south end, gives accommodation to the lords ordinary, before whom causes are tried in their initiatory stages. In the Outer House there is a statue of the first viscount Melville, by Chantrey; and in the Inner Houses respectively are statues of presidents Forbes and Blair—the former of which is the work of Roubilliac. The supreme civil court of Scotland (Court of Session) was established in 1532, by James V. It consists of thirteen judges, who take the designation of lords. The individuals who practise in it are of three classes, advocates, writers to the signet, and solicitors, the first being in all respects the same as the class of barristers in the English law courts. In the immediate neighbourhood of these halls is the Justiciary Court Room, the seat of the supreme criminal judicature—a room not only very elegant, but what is more uncommon, remarkably well adapted for hearing. Underneath, and in close connexion with the Outer House, are a series of chambers, constituting the Advocates' Library—one of the collections privileged to receive a copy of each new publication, and supposed to contain about 150,000 volumes. Here are shown several of the copies of the National Covenant of 1638, which were distributed in such great numbers over the country for signature. The library is rich in manuscripts illustrative of Scottish history, and possesses one beautiful missal, and a very fine early specimen of typography. The writers to the signet also possess an extensive library, situated close beside that belonging to the advocates, and the upper floor of which forms a chamber of very superb proportions and beautiful decoration.

St. Giles's Church—the cathedral, in episcopal times, of the bishopric of Edinburgh—forms the north side of the Parliament-square. It contains three places of worship, and is surmounted by a beautiful spire. The whole building of late years sustained a thorough repair, attended with considerable alterations. In one of the places of worship took place (July 23, 1637,) the tumult about the reading of the service-book. In the south side, about the centre, the regent Moray and the celebrated marquis of Montrose were buried. It is also worthy of notice that John Knox was buried in the ground now forming the area of the

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Parliament-square, which was at one time part of an extensive cemetery connected with the church.

The College Buildings form a large and massive quadrangle in the southern part of the city. The university was founded by James VI., in 1582, and contains thirty-three professorships, in literature, medicine, and philosophy. It is scarcely necessary to mention that, as a school of medicine, it has for a century borne the highest reputation. The parts of the institution which bear the greatest interest in the eyes of strangers, are the Library, a superb modern hall, containing, besides books, a fine collection of paintings, recently bequeathed to the university, and the Museum of Natural History, a most extensive and valuable collection, to which admission is obtained for a small fee.

The Register House is conspicuously situated at the end of the north bridge. It was founded in 1774, and built after a design by Adam. In this elegant building are preserved the national records, and the registers of all legal deeds and transactions throughout the kingdom. The interior is decorated by a statue of George III., by the hon. Mrs. Damer.

Holyrood House, formerly the chief seat of the Scottish court, is situate at the eastern extremity of the Canongate. It consists of a large quadrangle, with flanking towers in front, and contiguous to one of the posterior angles is a ruined Gothic church. David I., in 1128, founded on this spot a monastery of Augustine monks, which flourished till the Reformation. To the conventual buildings were in time attached certain other structures, requisite for the accommodation of a monarch. James IV. was the first of the Scottish kings who spent much of his time here; the north side of the existing quadrangle, which is the oldest part of the palace now existing, was built by his successor, James V., in 1528. The massive towers forming the north-west angle of the building still contain, in nearly their original state, the apartments occupied by queen Mary, during her short and unhappy administration of the national affairs, from 1561 till 1567. Her audience-chamber, (in which has been placed the bed occupied by prince Charles Edward in 1745, and the duke of Cumberland in 1746;) her bedroom, with its antique bed; the small closet in which she was supping when Rizzio was torn from her side; the secret stair through which the conspirators on that occasion broke upon her privacy; are all shown, together with many other scarcely less striking memorials of one of the saddest chapters in history. Behind these apartments is a long gallery hung with portraits of above a hundred Scottish kings, of whom even the originals are mostly only creatures of the imagination. In this apartment, however, many gay and courtly scenes have been enacted; the last distinguished revelries which took place in it were the balls given by prince Charles Edward in 1745.

The remaining sides of the quadrangle were built in the reign of Charles II., under the care of sir William Bruce, in place of a similar but meaner range of buildings, which had existed at least from the days of Mary, but was burned down by Cromwell's soldiers. Of this more modern part of the palace, the east side consists of a range of apartments which were last used by the family of Charles X. of France, (in 1830-3,) while the south side contains a hall of state, fitted up in 1822, for the levees of George IV., and ornamented by a full-length portrait of that monarch in the Highland garb, by Wilkie. The only part of the abbey of David I. which remains is the ruin of the church, situate immediately behind the palace. It was fitted up by Charles I. as a chapel-royal, that it might serve as a model of the English form of worship, which he was anxious to introduce into Scotland. He was himself crowned in it in 1633. James II. (VII. of Scotland) afterwards rendered it into a model of Catholic worship, to equally little purpose. Since the fall of the roof in 1768 it has been a ruin. The floor is still paved with ancient tombstones, several of which relate to historical personages. In a belfry at the west end is a marble monument to Robert Lord Belhaven, who died in 1639. The exterior of the gate at that part of the building is considered a magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture. But the most interesting object in the chapel-royal is a vault near the east end, formerly devoted to the sepulture of royal persons. James V., his consort Magdalene, daughter of Francis I., and Lord Darnley, were the most important persons whose remains were deposited in it. Having been left open for many years, its contents became the sport and spoil of the populace, and all that now remains of the great and moving personages who have here "ceased from troubling," are a few fragments of bones, which have been placed on a shelf opposite the grated doorway—a striking

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memorandum of what all, little and great, must be.

The King's Park, surrounding the palace, and stretching for upwards of a mile behind it, and which was inclosed with a wall by James v., contains the fine picturesque hills of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, between which there is a valley as lone and wild as if it were a thousand miles, instead of less than one, from a capital city. On a shoulder of the former hill is perched the ruin of St. Anthony's Chapel, a small place of worship formerly connected with the monastery of St. Anthony, in Leith. At the extremity of the Duke's Walk, which pervades the park, and is so called from its having been the favourite promenade of James duke of York, while residing here in 1680-1, is Muschat's Cairn—a pile of stones marking the scene of a notable murder which took place in the year 1720,* and one of the scenes of a well-known popular novel. From the top and sides of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags many extensive and delightful views are to be obtained.—*Chambers's Picture of Scotland.*

NAVIGATORS' ISLANDERS.

Mr. Heath, some time ago, read to the British Association, a paper "On the physical character, languages, and manners of the people of the Navigators' Islands." The islanders were described as a fine race of people, the average size rather above that of Europeans—the colour brunette, the face oval, the hair black and rather crisp, and the eyes a fine black. Their language is at present scarcely known to philologists. It is spoken by about 60,000, and is a dialect of the wide-spread Polynesian. One of its marked peculiarities is, its reciprocal conjugation of the verb. Mr. Heath had entered very fully into a comparison of the Samoan with the Malay, and of several of the Polynesian languages among themselves, and of some of the Papuan dialects, and had obtained extensive vocabularies. With regard to individual and family life, the child is named after the god whose name is last invoked prior to the moment of birth. The mothers slightly press the forehead so as to give it a conical form: they rear their children tenderly. Circumcision is practised. They believed in a future state, but had rather loose and inconsistent notions as to what sort of state it is; some, they said, became gods, some were eaten by the gods, and the chiefs became living pillars in a large temple. The tradition with them is, that they came from the eastward, and their elysium is Pulo-tu. Since Pulo is the name for island, this also indicates their origin. They are an intelligent people, and manifestly capable of improvement. The people of Tanna and the neighbouring island are in stature about five feet six, or five feet eight, the legs rather short and ill-formed: they are neither so well-formed nor well-featured as the Samoans and other Polynesians. The complexion is the colour of dirty or worn copper coin, and they make their skin still darker by a deep purple dye; they also daub their faces with red, black, and other pigments. There is a mixture of the Papuans and Polynesians, for the people of Erranan and Immer have dialects very similar to the Samoan, and there are intermarriages between the tribes, so that the Polynesians are now nearly as dark-coloured as the Papuan. Various dialects were found, not only in the group, but even on one and the same island. The language spoken at Port Resolution is in some respects peculiar; it has a conjugation of the verb by prefixes, and not only a dual but a triple personal pronoun. The people of Tanna sometimes bury their dead in shallow graves, sometimes tie a stone to them and sink them in the sea. At Anatom, the widow is tied, alive, to the dead body of her husband, and sunk together with it in the sea.

The reading of these papers was succeeded by a great number of inquiries being made of Mr. Heath, on various points in the habits, language, etc. of the people with whom he had mixed. As specimens of the spoken languages of the people of the Navigators' Islands, he read over the Lord's Prayer in the two languages they employ, the plebeian and the aristocratic. Professor Owen stated that there was every encouragement for this committee to prosecute its labours. Many copious volumes had been written without eliciting so much information as had been gained in this instance by the queries issued by the Committee.—*Athenæum.*

* The existing pile is modern, and not correctly placed. The original cairn, the expression of popular horror for the deed committed at the spot, was nearer the gate of the park, and was removed at the end of the last century. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that the murderer in this case was a person of good birth, named Nicol Muschat, and that his victim was his own wife.

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SIN, IN ITS NATURE.

MANY theologians have puzzled themselves, and perplexed their hearers or readers, with dissertations upon the origin of evil; and, in every instance, it has been with them as with the fallen angels, whom Milton represents as reasoning high

> "Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
> And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

In this paper, therefore, which is intended to be a brief exposition of the nature of sin, there will be no venturing near the rocks where so many have struck. One only remark is offered—God is not the author of sin. His spotless holiness, his uncompromising hostility to sin, forbids the bare supposition. Its origin lies hid in the mysterious depths of past ages. It existed in the universe anterior to the fall of man. Long before that event its dark stain had sullied the purity of spirits, that once stood, glorious in their beauty and majesty, before the burning splendours of the throne of God. They sinned and fell. The image of the Holy One was effaced from their souls for ever; and although they were once the "morning stars" that sang together, and were honoured with the title of the sons of God, the place that knew them knows them no more.

The Scripture defines sin as "the transgression of the law." The relation of the Creator with the intelligent beings he has made, implies, on the one hand, authority; on the other, subordination. As the moral Governor of the universe, Jehovah gives laws for the regulation of his rational creatures. These equally affect angels and men; and from both obedience is demanded. The failure of this obedience is sin. This failure has been witnessed in our world. From the dust of the earth God formed man, his last and most glorious earthly creation, and "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." Him he made Lord of this lower world, because to him had been granted the glorious inheritance of intellect and immortality. As his eye glanced over this fair earth, bright in its untainted beauty, and observed the admirable adaptation of all things to his necessities—a provision which displayed the tender care that God had taken for the happiness of his creatures—he had a convincing proof of the Divine beneficence and love. And when God, in the exercise of his undoubted prerogative as the Creator, uttered his command, man's unsophisticated heart must have bowed, with the acknowledgment of its propriety. Now, although the command was uttered in relation to what in itself may seem insignificant, yet the principle involved was of the highest importance. Infidelity has foolishly hurled its shafts of ridicule against the narrative of the fall, denouncing it as fanaticism and folly to believe, that from so small a fault the evils which afflict the world could have arisen. But these persons overlook the fact that it was a violation of the Divine command—rebellion against the expressed and authoritative will of God, and as such a heinous evil—that constitutes man's great crime. It was not the fruit taken, but the spirit of disobedience which was exhibited, that is to measure the amount of Adam's guilt. And as his hand was thus raised against the Sovereign of the universe, his sin was nothing less than treason against the eternal throne. Besides, those who speak of the venial nature of the fault committed, should remember, the slighter the temptation the greater the crime of yielding. Had it been more severe, these persons would still have sustained the character of objectors, and would have represented its severity as too great for the creature to be subjected to.

Man violated the injunction of his Maker, and became a "transgressor of the law." That law, at first, was orally delivered, and subsequently embodied in a written code. In the Bible we have the whole of the legislative enactments of God. All sin is a violation of some of their precepts, expressed or implied. It is a substitution of the will of the creature for that of the Creator—a daring attempt to invade the prerogative of God. Whatever he forbids and we venture to do, is sin. When he enjoins and we neglect, that neglect is sin. Thus we have two classes of sin, those of omission and commission.

Sins of commission are more noticed by man than those of omission; but both are equally wrong. It is not uncommon for many to plume themselves on their freedom from outward infringements of the Divine law, forgetting that if they have not done the things they ought not to have done—yet who dare say this, with the consciousness that the eye of God is upon him?—they have probably, nay certainly, left undone what they ought

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to have done. Who will venture boldly to affirm he has never neglected a duty? Who has always loved the Lord his God with all his heart, and soul, and mind, and strength; and his neighbour as himself? Whose conscience does not condemn him?

Sins may be again classed as public and secret. The former are more or less flagrant; either such as meet with the general reprobation of society, or such as are tolerated or winked at and glossed over. But it must never be forgotten, that, with reference to the estimate formed of these things, God's rule of judgment, and not man's, must be the standard by which we are to measure them. His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. "That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God." "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil." These public sins again resolve themselves into sins of word and action, the former including all violations of the third and ninth commandment; and the latter embracing all these things which a depraved heart may incite to do, which are contrary to the laws of God and man.

Secret sins are many. The world knows not one half the iniquity that is perpetrated. Many are esteemed and respected, whose history, were it written, in all its details, would make not a few of their friends start and shrink from them. There are some sins which may not stalk abroad without reprobation; yet, if concealment can be effected, these are loved and pursued. But there is no concealment from God. "All things are naked and open unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance," Heb. iv. 13; Psa. xc. 8. That eye which is "as a flame of fire" follows us ever; and all our attempts to flee from its dreaded glance, whether to heaven or hell, are vain. If we take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, or wrap ourselves in the clouds of darkness, that we may hide from his eye, we find that the darkness and the light are both alike to Him. "Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off."

Under the head of secret sins may be classed sinful thoughts. These are many. Their name is Legion. "The thought of foolishness is sin," Prov. xxiv. 9. There are unrighteous thoughts,—see Isa. lv. 7; "vain thoughts," Psa. cxix. 113, Jer. iv. 14; "thoughts of iniquity," Isa. lix. 7; and "evil thoughts," the forerunners of all wickedness, Matt. xv. 19. The words of the Saviour annihilate the flimsy excuse of those who shelter themselves from accusation, because no overt act has been done, no actual commission of sin has taken place. "It was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: but I say unto you that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment," Matt. v. 21, 22. In the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth verses of the same chapter our Lord still further amplifies his instructions on this subject. And yet there are multitudes who deem themselves free from guilt. So did Paul until he saw the spirituality of the law; that it took cognizance of motives as well as actions; thoughts as well as words,—Rom. vii. All who fail to perceive this spirituality are like the pharisee who cried, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are;" all who do thus see it, with the publican, will exclaim, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

David speaks of presumptuous sin. This is that which is committed against light and knowledge, while conscience is upbraiding, and the lightnings of the law are flashing, and the still small voice of incarnate love is pleading. It is a great transgression. It is very diverse from that which is done through ignorance, as in the case of the servant who knew not his Lord's will and did it not; and from that of which Paul speaks, Gal. vi. 1, when a man is "overtaken in a fault." All who know the word of God, and yet act contrary to its express prohibitions or commandments, despising his warnings, daring his wrath, and contemning his love, commit this sin. It is well for such if their consciences be not seared as with a hot iron. Of old a terrible punishment awaited such, Numb. xv. 30, 31; 2 Sam. xii. 9, 10.

Well might the king of Israel pray, "Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins." Who of us has not fallen into them again and again? Who does not from them need the cleansing of the blood of Christ?

Theologians speak of original sin. This, according to the definition of the article of the Church of England upon the subject, is that "whereby man is very far

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gone from his original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil." This results from our connexion with Adam. We inherit a disposition or bias to evil, which very early develops itself, and from which no one is free. "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one.—In Adam all die.—By one man's disobedience many were made sinners.—Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." These and other scriptures indisputably prove the fact of the existence of what is termed original sin.

From this very brief consideration of the nature of sin, it must be evident to every reader that it is "an evil thing and bitter;" something to be dreaded, deprecated, forsaken. God has "nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against" him. Is it not wonderful that he has not whet his glittering sword, and his hand taken hold on judgment? "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not." The cross of his Son has stayed the uplifted blow. Each moment our transgressions cry aloud for vengeance; the Saviour's blood appeals for mercy. As the gulf opens to receive us, his voice cries, "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom." Reader! if you are living in sin, renounce it as an accursed thing which God abhors. Ask for mercy through the great Sacrifice, and believing on the Saviour, you will find it, and your soul be set free from condemnation. The Spirit will cleanse you from all your defilement, and make you "a new creature" in Christ Jesus. Old things will pass away; all things will become new. And you will find, as millions before you have found, that "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord."

T. A.

THE CHEMISTRY OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

No. I.

In the atmosphere there can be detected at least four distinct elementary substances, namely, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbon. The mode in which these are arranged is as follows: the great bulk of the air is made up of a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen gases, in the proportion of twenty-one measures of the former to seventy-nine of the latter. The two gases are in a state of mere mechanical mixture, not chemically combined. In addition to these are to be found a little carbonic acid gas, usually about a 2000ndth part by measure of the whole, but subject to occasional slight variation; a quantity of vapour of water, depending very much upon the temperature; and, lastly, a just distinguishable trace of carbonate of ammonia. These are the only substances yet demonstrated to exist in air collected in the open country at a distance from towns. Now, in casting a glance over the long series of accurate experiments made by different distinguished individuals on specimens of air brought from districts the most remote, and collected under circumstances the most dissimilar, the point that most fixes the attention is the almost absolute identity of composition found everywhere to prevail. Air from the summits of Mont Blanc and Chimborazo, from Egypt and from London, from Paris at the level of the Seine, and from a height of near 22,000 feet, exhibited the same proportions of oxygen and nitrogen. The carbonic acid and vapour of water are alone found to differ slightly. To what cause, then, can we attribute this extraordinary uniformity of mixture throughout the whole extent of the atmosphere, if its constituents are, as we know them to be, merely mixed? Oxygen and nitrogen differ in specific gravity. How comes it to pass they do not separate like oil and water, and arrange themselves in the order of their densities—the oxygen below and the nitrogen above? The answer to this question involves what is called the "principle of gaseous diffusion."

When two gases which have no chemical action on each other—as, for example, carbonic acid and hydrogen—are so arranged that the vessels in which they are contained communicate by a tube of narrow dimensions, it is observed, after a certain time, dependent upon the length and small diameter of the tube, that perfect mixture has occurred, and that hydrogen and carbonic acid are to be found in the same proportions in both vessels. This facility possessed by the two gases, of diffusion into each other, is not interfered with even when it is made to take place against the action of gravity, by placing the two connected vessels in an upright position—the carbonic acid below, and the hydrogen above. Carbonic acid is, bulk for bulk,

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more than twenty times heavier than hydrogen; and yet, after a few hours at the utmost, the two gases are found uniformly mixed.

There are many curious facts, known to the experimental chemist, which illustrate this principle, and which he accidentally meets with in the course of his labours. A bladder or thin caoutchouc bag filled with hydrogen, and left for some time, is found to contain nothing but atmospheric air. Diffusion has taken place through its substance in both directions. A jar of gas standing over mercury becomes gradually deteriorated from admixture of air creeping in between the mercury and the glass, in consequence of the want of complete adhesion, or "wetting," between the metal and the solid; and the chemist is often put to no small trouble and inconvenience in order to guard, in his researches, against the effects of this ever active principle.

A very curious and interesting law, linking together the rapidity of diffusion of the several gases and their density, has been discovered by Professor Graham, and its study will be found highly interesting to all engaged in the pursuit of natural science; it will be unnecessary to discuss it in the present instance, as the mere knowledge of the general facts above described will suffice to enable the reader to form some idea of the unspeakably important part played by this property or quality, inherent in the constitution of all gaseous substances in the great economy of nature. There are processes constantly going on around us in which gaseous matter and vapours, prejudicial in the highest degree to animal life, are unceasingly evolved; the function of respiration, the burning of wood and coal for fuel, are attended with the conversion of the free oxygen of the air into carbonic acid. By the putrefactive decomposition of animal and vegetable substances, poisonous principles, far worse than carbonic acid, are given off into the air. The volcanic vents, so numerous in both eastern and western hemispheres, discharge, as is well known, almost inconceivable quantities of noxious gas, chiefly carbonic acid, even when all traces of heat have disappeared, and no active eruption of lava has occurred within the historical period, as in the case of the ancient volcanoes of the Rhine.

The chief characteristic of the present phase of society, the crowding together of multitudes of men into towns and cities, and their employment in manufactures of various kinds, in very many of which gases and exhalations of the worst description are copiously evolved; and even without this the mere aggregation of such a mass of human beings, each one unconsciously consuming the air of heaven and replacing it by poison, would speedily put a stop to life altogether. If the heavy carbonic acid, so copiously generated from these many sources, were simply to obey the natural law of gravitation and spread itself out upon the surface in such localities, a state of things would arise only now to be paralleled by the condition of the hold of a slaver.—*Professor Fownes.*

SKETCHES OF THE WALDENSES.

No. II.

The idolatry and corruptions of the eastern churches made way for the rise and progress of Mohammedanism, which was founded on the belief that "there is one God," but, in almost every other respect, was a tissue of falsehood and absurdity, such as never could have gained ground where scriptural religion prevailed. "Had Mohammed been a carefully-instructed Sunday-scholar, his system would never have been formed." This is a familiar but a correct remark, and must not be lost sight of, since, in the dead and dark state of religion during the last century, an eminent writer among the Socinians, a sect not wholly unlike the Mohammedans, asserted that Christianity would soon be extinct. Blessed be God, it has experienced a revival. Let Christians be warned, and learn to watch and pray, while contemplating the decay of the eastern churches. These remarks must not be thought irrelevant, when tracing the state of Europe during the seventh and eighth centuries, in which the Mohammedans occupied Spain, and threatened the rest of Europe.

> "When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
> And bent appall'd before the Bactrian bow."

The resistance made against them by Charlemagne is indeed foreign to the present subject. That prince, by enlarging the power of the Roman pontiff, added to his pride and worldly-mindedness; and from this time the struggle between light and darkness is clearly to

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be traced in the annals of Europe, particularly where the Christians of the Alps are touched upon. Alcuin, a divine of English extraction, in the court of Charlemagne, remarked, that these churches did not practise auricular confession, as others in Italy, etc. did. There is no need to suppose that the spread of Mohammedanism contributed to the success of these churches, as some writers have affirmed, but both were objects of hatred to the ecclesiastics of Rome. This is evidenced in the early history of Spain, which gives many instances of the gradual encroachments of the Popes on the remnants of the primitive churches, scattered in different parts of Europe. There is a strong affinity between the Spanish tongue and the Provençal language used in the south of France.

In the eighth century, Claude was bishop of Turin, and the churches of the Alps formed a part of his pastoral charge.

Though little remains from the writers of that darkest age, the tenth century, yet some information as to the churches of Italy has been preserved. Allix has quoted considerable extracts from the works of Ratherins and Atto, who then flourished, and he wisely concludes by saying, "Both truth and piety began to decrease in this diocese, and error and superstition began to take their places, in spite of the opposition of those whom God had raised up to stop their progress; however, the essentials of religion still continued there, notwithstanding these growing corruptions. At this period, the Albigenses must be noticed. They seem to have been a branch of the primitive church, like the Waldenses, dwelling in the mountains between France and Spain, and deriving their name from the town of Albi, in their vicinity. Some have supposed that this body of Christians learned their religious opinions from Peter Waldo, whose history will be given hereafter; but this is not correct, as the whole course of history, from the third to the eleventh century, states that the churches in these parts objected to the unscriptural assumptions of the Pope. The crusades against them belong, indeed, to a later period.

From the year 1160 to 1264, the Albigenses were subject to repeated persecutions. The pope promised pardon of sin and many indulgences to those who should fight against the Albigenses, in the same manner as others crossed the seas to fight under the banner of the cross, against the Turks, who were infidels. This army of pilgrims was headed by Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, and considerable efforts were made for its increase, by the generality of the popish priests in every land, while it excited considerable indignation among the Spanish noblemen and rulers, who justly regarded it as an invasion of their estates by the pope. Some of these, while professedly servants of the Romish see, were, in disguise, found, and slain among the Albigenses. Of another, the king of Aragon, who, having been already excommunicated by the church of Rome, was killed while fighting on their side, an historian says, "They saw herein an extraordinary proof of the judgment of God, in that the king of Aragon attributed at that time more to his own power and providence, than the help and succours of the eternal God, it not being the first army that hath been discomfited in a just quarrel, nor the first bad cause that hath been maintained with victory. So Jonathan was slain by the Philistines. So Josiah, who was zealous of the service of God, received his deadly blow, fighting against the king of Egypt at Megiddo."

Beziers, Carcassonne, and other places were besieged and taken, and the inhabitants put to death, without distinction of age or sex. Even Catholics were massacred if they lived in the same towns, and this excited much opposition. At length, by the Inquisition, and similar efforts, the Albigenses were so far put down, that, after the year 1264, they are not mentioned in general history, though a remnant has remained in those parts, even down to the present day. To use the words of the writer before quoted, "Their enemies could never prevail so far against them, but that they still lay hid like sparkles under the ashes; and notwithstanding that great distance of time, during the which they appeared not, yet the eternal God hath not given over his work, to make manifest that he can preserve his faithful, even in the midst of the confusion of Babylon, as diamonds in a dunghill, wheat amongst the straw, gold in the midst of the fire. And, notwithstanding the instructions have not passed from the father to the son, until the time of the restoration, yet the goodness of God ceaseth not to be wonderful, in that many of those places where the dew of God's grace hath fallen, have

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been abundantly enriched with his heavenly benedictions in these latter times. This was in 1624.

Berenger of Tours lived in the eleventh century, and successfully opposed the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation. It is not improbable that he had associated with the Albigenses.

The next century was distinguished by the preaching of Peter de Bruis, who was burned alive in 1126, after labouring for nearly twenty years in Dauphiny, Provence, Languedoc, and Gascony. After his death, his disciple Henry ministered in the same district, but in 1147 he also perished in the flames, at Thoulouse, or, as some say, in prison.

Like other believers, "they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented," Heb. xi. 37.

It is generally considered that the Waldenses, or Valdenses, derived their name from the valleys, or *vallis densæ* which they inhabited. Thus their appellation would answer to the English term, valesmen, or dalesmen. They always spoke of themselves as dwellers in the valley of tears, but they well knew what our own poet, Cowper, states—

"That though life's valley be a vale of tears,
A brighter scene beyond that vale appears.
Whose glory with a light that never fades,
Shoots between scattered rocks and opening shades,
And while it shows the land the soul desires,
The language of that land she seeks, inspires."

They were also literally inhabitants of the valleys. The three vales which have formed their chief settlement are named Lucerne, S. Martin, and La Perouse; these include several districts known by other names, as La Torre, Rora, etc., and these are now their place of residence, though at some periods of their history the Waldenses have spread over a tract of ground considerably more extensive. They have also been driven by persecution to emigrate into the neighbouring country, according to the words of our Lord, "When they persécute you in one city, flee ye to another." Several of the most remarkable spots will be noticed in the course of the history, but a few words of description may here be added. These are extracted from modern books, but the general features have probably for ages remained the same.

"Angrogna," says Gilly, "is by far the richest spot now in possession of the Protestants. Gardens and vineyards, orchards and groves, corn lands and pastures, mulberry trees and the stateliest chesnuts, are here intermingled in the most picturesque confusion; and the variety of hill and dale before the acclivities swell into mountains, complete one of the loveliest landscapes in Piedmont." "San Giovanni (St. John) would be a little earthly paradise, if it were not besieged by Roman Catholics on the east and south. It is a beautiful vale, embroidered on the south by verdant meadows, watered by the river Pelice; the rest of the vale does not merely consist of cornfields, but of fields, vineyards, and orchards, intermixed. All the roads, the walks, and the hedges, which separate different farms, are agreeably bordered with fruit trees, particularly mulberries, which the inhabitants cultivate for their silk-worms. When we arrived at the torrent of Angrogna, the smiling features of San Giovanni were immediately succeeded by the more grand and imposing scenery of La Torre." This last-named is the capital of the Waldensian villages.

Pra del Tor, in the same valley of Lucerne, is a truly interesting spot. Here the barbs, or ancient pastors, had their school of divinity, where the youth were instructed, and sent forth to preach the gospel in other places. This ancient sanctuary is now destroyed, not one stone has been left upon another; and some Catholic priests have erected and consecrated a chapel of their own near the same site. The only relic of the original building, being an ancient table of black stone, is still preserved, and shown in a neighbouring cottage. It is in a striking situation, a deep secluded hollow in the mountains, encircled by lofty rocks, which appear to shut out the world. Once a synod of pastors assembled here, to the amount of 140. Like the prophet's sons, in times of old, they were honoured and blessed, though, to appearance, poor and obscure. Such were the two humble travellers, clothed in gray, who, in the fifteenth century, after supping at the cottage of Pieronette of Beauregard, in Valentinois, are stated to have asked her whether she had heard of a handful of people that are in the world, without which the world must perish; and added, that they were the men that had learned, by the commandments of God, how to serve him; and that they travelled about the world to instruct men how they ought to adore and honour

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him, and to renounce the abuses of the church of Rome.

"The scenery of the Val St. Martin changes frequently and rapidly," says a modern traveller, named Beattie, "from the most harsh and rugged aspect, to that of the most attractive beauty. Stupendous cliffs and terrific precipices give place to verdant and flowery spots, and a turn of the mountain path by the torrent side would bring us out of a deep cleft of rock, where our feet were bruised by the stones, to a bank of lavender, or a green plateau of herby grass, soft as a carpet, or to a sunny nook, where the little property of corn land is cultivated, like the patriarchal inheritances of the ancient tribes of Israel, by father to son, from generation to generation. The Germanasca, whose waters we followed, was of the same character. The deafening roar of its flood almost stunned us in some places, and soon afterward we came to a deep still pool, of azure blue, where it seemed to rest for a while before it resumed its impetuous course, and where we felt as if we could be tempted to sit for hours. Here, as in Switzerland, the mountain districts, which are exclusively used for pasture, are termed alps; and the breeding of cattle, and the produce of the dairy, are the principal sources of rural wealth. The alp of Guignevert, which immediately borders the gorges of the Balsille, is of this description."

The annual migration of the cattle, instinctively impatient as the season advances to reach their mountain pastures, (which in winter are covered with snow,) is described in a hymn written by the late moderator, M. Bert, (the same who is honourably mentioned by Gilly and others). The following is an attempt to translate an extract from it: "Why do our flocks appear thus uneasy? they are restless in their attitude, impatient in their gestures, and eager, without delay, to seek the benefit of a change of pasture. We will comply with their instinctive desires. It is not our interest to resist or oppose them. We will leave our lowly dwellings, and conduct them to the hills, that we may escape the sultry heat, and taste the cool fresh air. Our flocks will soon adorn those distant alps, and joyfully feed on the wholesome mountain herbs. Let this change of abode remind us that we are all strangers and pilgrims on earth, having here 'no continuing city;' let us constantly look forward to the everlasting habitation, which God has prepared for every believer." Perhaps this lesson has been as instructive to the mountaineers as the lines well known in our own land have proved to many around us:—

> We've no abiding city here,
> This may distress the worldling's mind;
> But should not cost the saint a tear,
> Who hopes a better rest to find.

The date of the twelfth century brings forward the Waldenses still more prominently. At this period, many supposed that the thousand years prophesied in Rev. xx. were now at an end, and that the world was drawing to a close. This opinion is referred to at the commencement of the "Noble Lesson," that famous compendium which expressed the great truths received by the Waldenses at that early period, and which will be found to agree in all fundamental points with those held by Christians in the present day. Indeed, the Waldenses were always distinguished for dwelling on those plain and simple statements of Scripture which can only be misunderstood by the wilful and perverse, which refer to the substance of religion, not to its mere shadows and outward forms. To use the words of a recent writer of their own body, "Read the discourses of Jesus and his apostles, and you will see, that if all Christians had been strictly guided by these few and simple principles of faith, there would be no strifes, no massacres." He then adds these references—Luke xxiv.; John iii. 36; v. 25, 26, 29, 39, 42; vi. 69; x. 24—26; xx. 30, 31; xi. 27; xvii. 3: Acts ii. 22; iii. 18; iv. 10, 12; v. 29, 32; viii. 5, 12, 37; ix. 20, 22; x. 42, 43; xi. 14; xv. 7—19; xvii. 1—9; xviii. 4—6, 27, 28; xxvi. 22. Such, doubtless, were among the passages which the ancient Waldenses used so diligently to treasure in their memories.

THE BLIND FIFER.

(A Street Sketch.)

It is easier to call a man a beggar, than to give a poor blind musician a penny; so we purse up our mouths and move on, full of virtuous indignation against mendicity.

As I sat in my bedroom in a listless and dissatisfied mood, suffering from ill health, which often causes despondency, and makes us undervalue the advantages we still possess, the shrill sound of an

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approaching fife struck on my ear, and added for the moment to my uneasiness.

"What is coming now?" said I, peevishly, expecting some annoying exhibition. "Tumblers tossing their balls in the air, I suppose, or a puppet-show; whatever it is, I wish it were far away."

But the fife sounded louder and louder in spite of my murmurings, and when it came opposite the window I looked forth to see what it meant. Neither tumbler nor puppet-show was there, but a blind fifer; I was going to call him a beggar, but I hardly think it right so to do. We did not call Paganini a beggar, and the fifer played harder for his money than ever he did. The man walked along the street, playing upon his shrill instrument with might and main, being led by a small dog that was fastened to a chain encircling the musician's waist.

There seemed at first nothing uncommon in this sight, but a second glance at the blind man told me that he was no common character, such a man as one sees not every day of the year. I therefore observed him more attentively.

Though blind, and seemingly friendless, with no other guide than a poor dog, the man's countenance was bold and cheerful. He walked with his head erect, and a trumpeter sounding a charge could not have blown his instrument with more energy than he did, as he stepped onwards with a courage like that of a marching soldier. It seemed to me that he took a pleasure in his pursuit, and actually enjoyed his humble occupation.

A woman gave the blind man a halfpenny, which stopped his playing for a moment, and he told his dog to say "Thank you" to the lady. The dog gave a double bark, doing his very best to please, like his master, and the fifer shook the moisture from his instrument and threw back his head, fully displaying his countenance to my view. He had nothing of the mendicant about him. He was not asking charity, but, blind as he was, earning a livelihood; he gave music for money, nay, he gave it whether people would pay for it or not. I liked the man, for there was that in his face which showed a vigorous scholar in a rough school; a spirit unsubdued by privation. I might have called him, as many no doubt did, a stroller, a beggar, and an idle vagabond; but had I done so, he might with more justice have replied, "You see that I am blind, and as to my being idle, take my fife and play on it for an hour for a penny, and you will see that I work as hard for my bread as my neighbours."

Again the dog pulled at his chain, which glittered in the sunshine. The blind man smiled and stepped forward with a gait bold enough for one clothed in purple; then applying his fife to his lips, he pursued his onward course, playing so merrily, that it made me in my moody fit envy him his hilarity. His bearing seemed to me more like that of a hero on his march of triumph, than that of a man playing for his bread.

Ah! I exclaimed, as I listened to the retiring sounds of his merry music, it is not a man's position that breaks his heart. When he loves his occupation, he can be as happy fifing for pence in the public streets, as if sitting on a throne with a diadem on his brow. If cheerfulness be any proof of thankfulness, then shame upon me! for, surrounded with blessings, with the sight of both my eyes, and the Bible within my reach, with all its glorious promises, here am I, irresolute and desponding, while resolution and cheerfulness are glowing in the heart of a blind fifer.

MONT BLANC.

Nothing short of actual observation can convey any adequate idea of the solitary grandeur and gigantic proportions of Mont Blanc. Neither the strength of the imagination, nor the power of language can depict the vast and overwhelming subject; there is nothing in Europe between which and this Cerberus of the Alps a comparison may be drawn and description facilitated.—*Beattie.*

LAW AND GOSPEL RECONCILED.

If the law had been given for the same end as the gospel; if the law had been given for man, ruined and sinful, to obtain life and salvation by it as well as the gospel, then they might have been supposed to contradict one another: but since they are given for different purposes they are but different revelations of God which are made happily subordinate one to another, and their different ends and designs are both obtained. The law convinces and condemns sinners, and the gospel relieves and pardons them, justifies and saves them," Rom. iii. 20—22; Gal. iii. 10—14.—*Dr. Watts.*

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Pass of Dazio Grande.

THE PASS OF DAZIO GRANDE.

The Reuss issues from a source in the heart of the wildest scenery of St. Gothard, and in its northern course forms the great lake of the forest cantons. The valley of this river is indescribably grand. Mountains enclose the traveller on all sides, until he reaches a deep chasm over which an arch is thrown, called, for its stupendous horrors, the Devil's Bridge. Leaving this terrific spot he begins to ascend, and passes through a gallery cut in the solid rock, which terminates in an extensive plain, environed by mountains. About a mile further, the ascent of St. Gothard commences; the whole way is paved, and the valley is much wider than before, the scene being that of rude and solitary grandeur, enlivened perhaps by a cottager with a few cattle, and a drove of mules passing from Italy. The descent to that country has all the awful accompaniments of Alpine scenery. After a walk of thirty miles, he reaches the beginning of the Levantine valley. Proceeding to Giomicho, the road passes between lofty rocks of various forms, with trees and shrubs scattered over them, and the Tessino flowing between them. Mountains rear their heads, and soon after the pass of Dazio Grande is reached, where there is a splendid display of landscape grandeur and beauty.

THE EXILES OF THE PALATINATE.

No. I.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the religious persecution which prevailed in many places throughout the German states, visited a village in the Lower Palatinate, many of the inhabitants of which had imbibed the reformed opinions. In that village, which has now swollen into the rich and prosperous town

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of Mannheim—the name it bore at the period of our tale—dwelt the family of a physician, named Albert Schonfeld. His father had listened to the truths that fell from the lips of Luther, in the church of Wittemberg; and he bore them to his native place, as a gift of inconceivable value to the souls of his neighbours. Karl Schonfeld could not repress his zealous desires to communicate the glad tidings he had heard to those around him; and the priest, whose ministrations they had formerly attended, found his congregation gradually decreasing. He soon discovered the cause; but, being by no means of a fiery temperament, the bitter and persecuting spirit, which, at that time, had possessed wiser and older men than himself, happily failed to influence him. Karl was thus left to pursue his course uninterruptedly, and as he frequently expounded the word of God to a group of neighbours, under the shadow of the lime trees before his own house, or read one of the many tracts that were called forth by the exigencies of the time on some disputed point in theology, the priest was not unfrequently a hearer. Both the latter and the elder Schonfeld were, within a few weeks of each other, laid peaceably in their graves, without the demon of persecution overtaking the one, or stirring up rancorous enmities in the heart of the other. But a cloud was now about to overshadow the bright prospects of Mannheim. The successor to the departed priest was one who had imbibed the fiercest hatred against the new doctrines, as they were called, and he could ill brook the indifference of the villagers to the religious exercises of his church, for they continued to meet together at the house of the son of Karl Schonfeld, who had first directed them to the only Mediator between God and man, and taught them to despise relics, and processions, and all the mummeries of Romish worship. No sooner did the newly appointed priest, whose name was Glauber, discover the state of things in his parish, than he determined to crush the heresy with a vigorous hand. He called upon each of the recreant parties, and authoritatively demanded their reasons for absenting themselves from his instructions. In most instances replies were given that tended to fan the hatred he bore to the Lutheran opinions; and being worsted in the argument which he had ventured to maintain with some, relying upon his skill and superior learning, personal mortification was superadded to official dislike, and he resolved to be amply avenged.

In the neighbourhood of Mannheim resided the count Von Steinberg, who, nursed in all the superstitions of the Roman Catholic church, and led at will by his spiritual advisers, promised to be an easy tool in the hands of the priest for the accomplishment of his intentions. The village was under his control; and his rank in society, added to his power as the possessor of the soil, enabled him to exert an influence greatly to the benefit or prejudice of the inhabitants. Under the guidance of his skilful adviser, the priest—who sheltered himself behind the count, as if only performing a subordinate part, while in reality he was the principal actor—he summoned a few of the more respectable of the villagers, and demanded why they had renounced the religion of their fathers. Albert Schonfeld, who was of the number, and who having acted as a leader hitherto, was now expected by all to be their defender, replied, "God has opened our eyes to the errors of that church with which we were once connected, and he bids us come out of her, that we be not partakers of her sins."

"And how has it happened," said the count, "that this should have been hidden from those who, conversant with all holy things, must be better acquainted with the will of God than you? Have the priests believed the new doctrines?"

"But few of them," rejoined Albert; "for how can we expect that they who have made a gain of the souls and bodies of their flocks, should be ready at the call of truth to relinquish their erroneous opinions?"

"What!" cried Von Steinberg, "do you dare to charge God's holy shepherds with connivance at wrong, and with the maintenance of error? Have a care lest the curse of that church you so impiously assail in the persons of its officers be hurled against you."

"We fear it not," replied Schonfeld; "and beside, we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and," continued he, warming as he spoke, "these locusts that devour all our possessions will soon be cast out, even by those who have most favoured them. A voice has gone forth through the length of Europe, that has made the papal throne tremble, and we know Him who has said, 'Every plant which my heavenly

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Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.' Let them curse; we care not for their malediction."

"This comes of meddling with what you do not, and cannot, without the instructions of the ministers of the holy Catholic church, understand," observed the count, with a sneer, as he glanced at the German New Testament which Albert held in his hand, the imperishable work of the great champion of the Reformation.

"Nay," replied Schonfeld, "we are commanded to 'search the Scriptures,' and have the promise of Divine assistance in our perusal. We have found in the pages of this book a satisfaction and heartfelt delight which never, in the most imposing services of the church, were experienced."

"No more of this," said the count; "I want to hear no more blasphemies uttered against that which is sacred, and which only daring innovators have ventured to assail. Will you cease from your separate meetings, and return to the holy society out of which you have cast yourselves?"

"Never," replied the man he addressed; and the word was re-echoed by all his neighbours who were present at this conference.

"Then you stay not under the shadow of my castle," rejoined the count, with a haughty glance at Albert; "I give you three days to consider. If you accede to my proposition, all will be well; if not, you stay not at Mannheim. I will not breathe the same atmosphere with heretics."

"You have done so for five years," observed Nicolas Hottinger, a stout, good-natured looking farmer. "You have never felt any inconvenience before; but a new doctor," said he, and he glanced at the priest who sat behind Von Steinberg, apparently uninterested in the proceedings, although listening with the deepest attention, "a new doctor has made you fancy a fresh disease."

The count turned towards the speaker with a tremendous frown, and laid his hand on his sword, as if to chastise him for his bold rejoinder. But he saw in the countenance of Hottinger a dogged determination that made him relinquish his hold on the hilt of his weapon, and, motioning towards the door, he haughtily commanded them to go, and consider his proposal.

They left, and held a conference among themselves. Some, whose courage failed them in the prospect of exile from their native village, were inclined to submit to the directions of the count. But Albert Schonfeld, with that irresistible influence which superior minds ever possess over others, was enabled, by representations of the folly and danger of resisting solemn convictions, and shamefully submitting to a spiritual authority they could never heartily acknowledge, to bring them to a resolution to brave all consequences in the maintenance of what they conceived to be their inalienable right—to worship God according to the dictates of an enlightened judgment. As they were aware that the count would fulfil his threat of ejection, they began at once to make preparations for departure.

No sooner was the decision of this little band of devoted men known at the castle, than its owner, enraged at the slight which had been put upon his offers, by their utter rejection, determined to revenge himself on one at least of their number. For this purpose he despatched two of his retainers with orders to bring Nicolas Hottinger to Steinberg. Towards him the count, since their interview, had been nursing the bitterest enmities. He had been stung by his sarcasm three days before, and he resolved to make the farmer, who was one of his vassals, smart for his boldness. Nicolas expected what this visit from the soldiers portended, and he left instructions with his family to join the company that was about to set forth from the village, whether he returned in time or not. That night he was confined a close prisoner in the castle.

This act of their tyrant lord struck terror into the minds of many of the other men. Each feared that he might next be singled out to appease the excited wrath of a powerful and unprincipled man, who, urged on by the crafty and bigoted priest, might carry matters to the utmost extremity. They, therefore, hurried their departure, disposing of what goods they could not conveniently remove; and the next morning, taking along with them the weeping wife and children of Hottinger, they left Mannheim just as the sun tinged the mountain tops with rosy hues. The path the exiles intended to take lay in a direction opposite to that where the castle stood, which, built upon a rock near the junction of the Neckar with the Rhine, commanded both rivers and the whole of the village. After they had crossed the latter noble stream,

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they turned to gaze for the last time upon their native homes. Stern men felt the tears gushing from their eyes as they stopped to take a farewell glance of scenes where their boyhood had been spent, and where happy hours had been enjoyed in the society of loved ones, some of whom, freed from the persecutions of men, were quietly slumbering amidst the graves of their forefathers. The eye dwelt on each well-known object with painful interest; all felt the emotions natural to their present circumstances, and every heart breathed a silent prayer that, with the world before them, God would be their guide. Albert Schonfeld turned from the objects he had been contemplating, and for the first time became conscious that there was one by his side who demanded more sympathy than the others. This was the wife of Hottinger, who, with a pallid countenance and trembling lips, was gazing on the prison of her husband, her eager eyes straining as if to pierce the thick walls of his dungeon.

"Perhaps," said she, "he sees us now. We are not too far from the spot to be distinguished. O God, help the right, and defend the oppressed and needy!" And she drew her eldest child, a beautiful girl of seventeen, to her side, and pressed her to her bosom as if fearing that she, too, would be torn from her.

"Be of good courage," said Schonfeld; "safe though the bigoted count may think he has his victim, he will elude his vigilance, and to-morrow's dawn will see him among us."

Margaret Hottinger turned with an incredulous look towards her sympathising companion. "I am not deceiving you," he continued; "your husband has friends even within the walls of that fortress, and the guard to-night will aid him to escape. He meets us about eighteen miles distant on the road to Metz. There we shall halt at noon; and as we expect he will join us at midnight, we shall start before day-break to-morrow, and thus be far away from the count before he discovers that his victim has eluded his vigilance."

Grateful were the emotions that swelled the heart of Margaret, and she trod the road with a more elastic step, when she found that her absence from her husband would be but temporary. In the middle of the day they arrived at the place of rendezvous, and counted the hours with impatience until evening set in. As the western hills threw their long shadows across the plain they had traversed, the party laid down to rest, so as to be ready to depart at the appointed time. Margaret Hottinger did not sleep. Midnight came, but Nicolas did not arrive. The first hour of the morning passed, but still he had not made his appearance. It was nearly two before the silence of the night was broken by a distant sound; presently the quick gallop of a heavy horse was heard, and in a few minutes the voice of Nicolas was heard exulting in his deliverance.

Count Von Steinberg was a man who never forgave an insult, and he could not forget the sarcastic language of Hottinger. Trifling as the fault appears, yet to a man accustomed to deference, and whose passions were ill-regulated, a slight offence affords sufficient cause for the display of a vindictive disposition. Nicolas was his vassal, and, as such, at that period, both his life and liberty were at the mercy of his lord. He had abridged the one, and he determined, by a refinement of cruelty, to end the other. For this purpose he resolved to deliver him over to the tender mercies of the inquisition, as a heretic from the faith of his forefathers. Nicolas saw that his doom was sealed when this intelligence was communicated to him, which, that it might be wanting in nothing to render it more painful, was brought by the haughty and triumphant priest.

"One way is left for escape," said the latter, as he stood before his intended victim; "return to the communion of the church, and bring your family with you."

"What! and trust for spiritual guidance to you, who have proved a bitter and unforgiving foe?" quickly replied Nicolas. "Never!"

"That is the only way left for your escape," again exclaimed the priest, as, without deigning to bestow on the prisoner another look, he strode from the cell, followed by the soldier on guard. The latter, as he passed near Nicolas, whispered hastily, "There is another way of escape. At ten to-night—hush!" and he placed his finger to his lips, to silence his impetuous auditor, while the next moment the door closed, and he was left alone.

The great clock of the castle had tolled the hour of eleven, when count Von Steinberg visited him, attended by the same soldier.

"Perhaps that varlet tongue of thine

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will not utter quite such bold language to-morrow," said the count, "when the father inquisitor puts you to the question."

Nicolas felt the perspiration start to his brows, as he called to remembrance all he had heard of the proceedings of that dreadful tribunal, before which he was to be summoned; but he answered, "It is needless, count, to offer insult to a helpless man. You have my body in your power, but you cannot touch my soul. You may shackle these brawny limbs, but you cannot fetter my spirit."

"We shall see how great is your strength, both of body and mind, to-morrow," said his pitiless tormentor; and he laughed in cruel mockery. But his laughter was suddenly and unexpectedly checked. Before he was aware of any design upon him, the soldier from behind had thrown him to the ground, and, passing his belt across his mouth, effectually gagged him. He then called Nicolas, who was stunned by this rapid and unanticipated movement, and bade him assist in binding the count to the iron bedstead which was fastened in the wall, there to remain until the morning, when he would be discovered and released by the new guard. No time was to be lost. As soon, therefore, as this was done, Nicolas and the soldier left the cell, and traversed the corridors towards the postern gate of the castle. There the war-horse belonging to the latter stood, ready saddled, and both springing upon him, galloped off towards the place of appointment, where, as we have seen, Nicolas arrived, the two hours' delay having been occasioned by the fact of the count's unexpected intention to visit Hottinger that night, which prevented the project of the soldier from being carried into effect at the time he intended to release his prisoner. The greetings were cordial on both sides, and Margaret poured forth her thanks to the deliverer of her husband, who had been wont to join them in their religious meetings, and who, of course, was now necessitated to share their fortunes. He journeyed with them, after having, for a short time, rested his horse, and, without any interruption, they at length crossed the Moselle, at the city of Metz, and deemed themselves safe from pursuit. Here some of them parted, to journey towards Lyons, where their relatives resided; but the majority determined to direct their course to England, which even then afforded an asylum to the persecuted. Elizabeth was at that time upon the throne of these realms, and, by her wise and vigorous rule, had raised the kingdom to a high pitch of influence and power. The fitting out of the Spanish Armada by the bigoted husband of the predecessor of Elizabeth, had produced in the minds of the English a bitter hostility against the Roman Catholics, so that no welcome was more cordial than that given to the exiles of the Palatinate; and towns and cities cheerfully consented to receive them, and others who were exiled for the same cause, as inhabitants. A.

THE WINDS OF AUTUMN.

There is something peculiarly mournful in the winds of autumn. Many circumstances contribute to give to these heralds of the season, their peculiar characteristics. The countless flowers of the late enamelled meadows, and of the once fragrant woods, have shrunk within themselves, and are sleeping the sleep of death. The rich, full chorus of the sylvan sanctuary has died away into a low and distant murmur. The rich and waving sea of summer foliage has lost its hues of varied green; and, instead of that gently undulating motion which lately prevailed, or that unruffled calmness which slept beneath the warmth and brilliancy of a cloudless summer sun, the winds of autumn, hurrying onwards with sudden, revengeful gusts, lash the boughs into fury with a devastating, mournful roar. It is true, that the tints of autumn presented around are far more varied and more striking in their character than any during the effulgence of summer. The maple has now put on its robe of saffron and gold. The beech, laying aside its bright green summer robe, has assumed the sober mantle of russet. The ash has shaken her flowing tresses, and they are falling at the touch of even the slightest breath. The oak is stern and stedfast amid all change, as if extremely loth to part with its summer robe; while the elm, the chestnut, and the sycamore have each assumed its peculiar dress, soon, however, to be cast aside for that of the night of leafless winter. But the yew, the holly, the laurel, and the numerous tribe of evergreens, remain unchanged and inflexible amid a scene where all else is changeful and fleeting. These contribute to give a pleasant variety of hues to the thick woods, the snug copses,

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and the belts of plantings. Along the lines of the hedge-rows the thorn trees are rich with crimson haws; and the wild rose has hung her vermilion ear-drops on every fragile branch. The richly varied aspect thus presented may be pleasant to the eye, but it cannot fail to awaken associations which partake more of sorrow than of joy—more of sad and desponding thoughts, than of that lightness and joyousness of heart which are created during the rich promise of spring or the full splendour of summer, as indicative of the approach of days of rayless gloom and tearful sorrow, and nights of hurrying storm and starless darkness.

The beauties which still adorn the face of the landscape are pleasant to behold. They are spread over the magnificent woods in rich profusion, presenting every variety of tint, and every shade of colour from the brightest gold to the sombrest russet, along the lines of the hedge-row, or the slope of the wooded cliff, and through the wide-spread secluded valley. These beauties, however, are only the precursors of decay—indications that days of gloom and melancholy are approaching, which, in the end, must give place to the stern dictates of frost and snow. The traces of decay, however diversified in hue, are the more visible on the heights which overlook some sequestered valley—those situations which are the more exposed to the biting of the impetuous blast. Below, the mass of trees, sheltered from the effects of the wind, enjoy a comparative protection from the fate to which their more exposed and less fortunate brethren are the devoted victims. Regardless of the striking changes which are presented around, the cattle are feeding in the snug pastures; and the quiet sheep, rustling among the fallen leaves, are seeking the greener slopes. The feathered tribe presents also those indications which are peculiar to their habits, as well as to the season. The rooks, forsaking their summer eyry, are busily congregated in the neighbouring trees, uttering their discordant and confidential sound. On the summits of the thorn trees, the notes of the fieldfare and his congener, the red-wing—not yet tamed by the severity of the weather—are distinctly heard, as they are busily feeding on the countless berries—sounds which may be considered portentous of the approach of severe and winter-like weather. The blackbird is seeking its repast beneath, or amongst the bushes of the blackberry, and hurrying away with a loud shout at the approach of the foot of the stranger. Along the numerous hedge-rows, the wren and the black-cap are busily creeping; and, although scarcely seen, are uttering their incessant chatter, wholly regardless of the approaching severity of the winter months. The redbreast, perched on high on the almost leafless branch, is casting around its beautiful yet mournful trill, as if in deep lamentation at the departure of the sunny skies of June, when it had taken up its abode in the depths of the solemn woods, as now it is drawing nearer and nearer to the habitations of man. And high overhead, flocks of plover, spread abroad like a cloud, are seeking their favoured localities; whilst, on rapid wing, the mallard and his mate are hurrying to the lower grounds, as well as the teal, and the widgeon, and other beautiful aquatic birds, the annual visitors to our beloved land. On the other hand, the river-keel, with its unfurled sail, is gliding silently down the stream. The ploughman is wending his weary way along the heavy furrow; and as the chequered shadows pass over the landscape, the varied hues of the woods, the bright green of the turnip lands, and the sober brown of the fallows, present that marked contrast which is peculiar to the season—a scene over which the winds of autumn, fulfilling the purpose of their high mission, breathe a mournful sigh.—*Martingale.*

THE AUCTION MART.

I LOVE to look upon the different phases in which human nature presents itself to the eye of the observer; believing that there is no appearance it can assume from whence we may not be able to derive both interest and instruction.

Meeting with one of my old schoolfellows the other day, as I was passing along the crowded city, he invited me to go to the Mart behind the Bank. In order to attract me thither he remarked that "The Grove," a mansion round whose grounds we used to ramble when at school, was to be sold at such an hour, and that he had set aside all business in order to see it come to "the hammer." I could not refuse an opportunity of witnessing a scene that would remind me of bygone days—days which were the happiest of my life; so after giving him

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a hearty shake of the hand, I promised to meet him there.

My old schoolfellow and myself were as true to our time as Charles Murphy's watch; and albeit neither of us happen to possess great wealth, we took our seats in the Mart with as much confidence as the men of opulence who had come to purchase. We were somewhat disappointed to find that "The Grove," instead of being the first lot of the day's sale to be sold, as we expected, was the last; but nevertheless we both felt determined that, however late the sale might take place, we would see it "knocked down." And for my own part I was the more willing to stop, because I imagined that I might again act "the philosopher," and derive some few lessons from the auction room that might prove useful, not only to myself, but to mankind.

I was struck with the many keen eyes by which I was surrounded—eyes which, to my fancy, seemed anxiously looking for a bargain over which, when obtained, they might reflect with pleasure. As I viewed the scene, I thought how well it would be for all that were seeking to purchase a narrow strip of "God's fair earth," which at most they could enjoy but a few short years, were as anxiously seeking to obtain for themselves a mansion in heaven, "an inheritance incorruptible, and that fadeth not away."

My thoughts were diverted by the commencement of business. Large landed property of some five or six hundred acres was offered for competition, to which the auctioneer did not fail to attach certain advantages, which appeared to exist in the imagination, rather than to be annexed in reality to the estate. But howsoever that might be, the lot was manifestly a desirable one, for thousands were soon offered for it, and successive hundreds soon amounted to thousands more. Bidder after bidder raised the sum, till it had swelled into a goodly amount. Then came a pause, which indicated that the competitors considered that they had offered enough. But the hammer was still uplifted. It was a shame to knock it down at such a price, and at least fifty more—another "little fifty"—ought to be offered. Gentlemen were also reminded, that if the hammer once "went down," the opportunity of purchasing would be lost: the estate would be irremediably sold. Prudence was the prevailing temper of the assembly, but it could not be lost for fifty, nor for many fifties, and full another thousand was thus realized. At length all competition ceased: the hammer fell, and the estate was sold. As the purchaser stepped forward to sign the contract, there was pleasure beaming in his face, and though the sum given was large, he had evidently got a bargain.

How wise are the "children of this world in their generation!" far wiser "than the children of light." In the choice of their objects of pursuit, indeed, they may be foolish, and even mad; but in their prudence in respect to their present interests, and in their perseverance, and their activity to secure those interests, they show themselves to be wiser than the children of God are respecting their eternal concerns. All their time, and all their talents, are employed in heaping up riches, although they may know not who shall inherit them when they are laid in the dust, and although daily observation teaches them that they may "make to themselves wings and fly away."

"Man dwells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poising what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.
He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheat the beams with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the ploughboy climb a tree,
When Crœsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be,
To think that shape their own!" WATTS.

The next lot offered for competition was a leasehold house in the city, and I was not a little amused at the manner in which the auctioneer endeavoured to set forth its intrinsic value. Its occupant, he said, was a professional gentleman, a dentist, who was employed from morning till night with his customers. So great was his celebrity, indeed, that when he went to view the house, the door was so beset with people who wanted to have their teeth drawn or stopped, that it was with difficulty he could gain admittance. This said professional gentleman, he continued, held a lease of this house for a term of twenty-seven years unexpired, and consequently, taking his celebrity into the account, the purchaser might fairly reckon upon a good tenant for that long term of years. In fact, he added, he offered them a good bank-note of £130 sterling, annually, till the year 1872! I thought to myself that probably before a few of these twenty-seven years

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had elapsed, some successful rival may appear, or the labours of this professional gentleman might be brought to a close, and he be the tenant of a cold and silent grave. This philosophy, however, was not a prevailing principle in the room. There was cool calculation, but such a bank-note as was offered was not to be obtained every day, and there was considerable competition for the prize. The leasehold fetched what I should have deemed more than its value, and yet I doubt not that the purchaser considered, as the hammer went down, and as he signed the contract, that he had got a bargain. The men of the world are well acquainted with the nominal worth of the things of the world, and it is rarely that they are induced to give more than their real value by the flowery representations which may be made of them: no, not even for a "good bank-note!" As this sale closed, I contrasted the eagerness of the competitors for this flimsy bit of paper, with the coldness which mankind in general exhibit when God in his written word, and by his messengers, offers them a bank-note bearing thereon the stamp of heaven. He calls, but they will not listen; he offers them eternal life, but they will not come to him that they might have life. The present engrosses their thoughts: the future is forgotten, till it opens upon them with all its awful realities. My thoughts excited a blush for the wisdom of mankind: I felt that their boasted sapience was after all but foolishness.

In the midst of these thoughts, at length "The Grove" was announced for competition. My old schoolfellow and myself involuntarily gazed on each other's countenances, and I doubt not but our thoughts mutually rushed back upon the past. Measuring his by my own, we remembered many a scene which had taken place around "The Grove" when our light hearts beat high with hope and joy. There we had chased the butterfly from flower to flower; there we had tried our skill in making "ducks and drakes;" there we had watched the rapid motions of the dab-chicks, and the various fowl that skimmed along the waters of its lake; and there we had listened to the lessons which fell from the lips of our dear old master. My memory was so busy in recalling past scenes, that I lost more than half of the description which the auctioneer was giving of "The Grove," and I doubt not but I should have lost still more, had he not laid particular emphasis on the fact that it was situate in the very neighbourhood of the royal hunt. Alas! thought I to myself, how would that good Christian nobleman who resided at "The Grove" in my youthful days blush, could he hear the mansion which he consecrated to piety offered as a fit residence for a sportsman! Then turning to my old schoolfellow, I asked, "Shall one who delights in the groans of the harmless deer locate himself in the mansion of him whose gentle feet were ever careful to step aside, and let the very reptiles crawling in his pathway live."

My friend smiling, slily whispered in reply, "Still a philosopher, I see;" and by a motion of his hand bade me listen.

The part of the description which next caught my attention was the salubrity of the country in which "The Grove" was situate. The late noble owner, it was stated, lived to upwards of eighty years of age; his lady was ninety-three when she died; and the gardener, who is still living, had worked upon the ground near forty years. It was added, greater proof could not be given of the salubrity of the country, and that there was no doubt the purchasers would take this into consideration: meaning that they ought to attach a high value to an estate which promised them a long life. I thought to myself that this auctioneer had some little knowledge of human nature. There have been men of wealth who would have given a good round sum—nay, all that they possessed, in order to prolong their lives upon the earth. And possibly there may be some one here who would not mind giving some few thousands to live as long as the late owner of "The Grove," and some few thousands more to live as long as his lady. Life is sweet, and mankind cling to it in general with a fond tenacity. And the longer a man lives, the longer he wants to live, if he has not a good hope that he is safe for time and for eternity.

Yet what are eighty, or ninety, or even a hundred years, compared with the countless ages of eternity? Only like a drop compared with the ocean, or one grain of sand in comparison with the myriads that are scattered on the sea-shore. What folly, then, does man display when he prefers this life to the next; when he seeks the things that concern his brief existence on earth, to the utter neglect of the interests of his never dying soul! Talk of a madman! There is not

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one in all Bedlam half so mad as the man who, boasting of rationality, yet prefers the joys of earth to the joys of heaven—the things of time and sense, to the things which belong to his everlasting peace. As life is but a passage to eternity, the wise man fills it up with meditations on it, and in preparations for it. He remembers that he stands on the very threshold of the door of eternity, and therefore he seeks so to enter it when it is opened unto him, that he may hear from his Saviour the joyful words: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

My thoughts were so busily occupied in these reflections, that the bidding for "The Grove" had fairly commenced before I could rouse myself from them. Long was the hammer uplifted, and when it at length fell, my old schoolfellow whispered, "'The Grove' is sold!"

"It is," I replied, "and may its future possessor be as truly excellent a man as its late noble owner. May the huntsman's song never be heard in the mansion where the songs of Sion were wont to be sung; or the huntsman's oaths be heard in the chambers once consecrated to prayer; or the huntsman's feet pace the groves so long sacred to piety and calm devotion."

"I don't know who has purchased it," rejoined my old schoolfellow, as he grasped my hand with affectionate emotion; "but this I know, that you are still a philosopher." E. F.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

"I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord," Gen. xlix. 18.

SALVATION, as seen by the dying Christian from the top of Pisgah, appears to be a state of the most perfect holiness, and perfect joy; and waiting for it implies faith, desire, hope, patience, and preparation.

That the patriarchs did not confine their views to the land of Canaan, is evident from what the apostle says of them, Heb. xi. 16, For in this they declare plainly that they seek "a better country, that is, an heavenly." Jacob was rejoicing in the approach of this; as if he had said, "I have had a long and tiresome pilgrimage through this wilderness, and many severe trials have I been exercised with; but, blessed be God, my travels and my troubles are almost over. God hath indeed kindly promised the land of Canaan to my posterity, and I doubt not that, in his own good time, he will put them in possession of it. But what is Canaan, what were all the world to me, who am just going out of it? The salvation of God must surely mean something better than anything to be enjoyed here, though what it is I do not so clearly perceive." But what the dying patriarch only saw through a glass darkly, the dying Christian beholds, as it were, with open face, life and immortality being brought to light by the gospel. We know that when this earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolved, we shall have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We know that when we are absent from the body, we shall be present with the Lord. We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. But after all, we know only in part; for eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath laid up for them that love him.

Let aged Christians, then, rejoice in the approach of salvation, and put themselves in a waiting posture. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous; shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart; rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice; for now is your salvation nearer than when you first believed. Bless God for the beginnings of salvation: that since it is only one here, and another there, that are inquiring after Christ, you are of the happy number; that the Lord has been pleased to open your understanding to perceive the preciousness of salvation, and inclined your heart to secure a part in it. Bless God for any taste you have had of the sweetness of salvation. If you have had a cluster from Eshcol, or if it be only a single grape, if you have been permitted to dip the top of your rod in the honey as you have passed through the wilderness, or to obtain any, even the smallest earnest and foretaste of the heavenly inheritance, be thankful for that; and look forward to the fast approaching period when that which is perfect shall come, and that which is in part shall be done away. In the meantime you may be called to undergo a great fight of afflictions. Outward troubles are sometimes galling enough, but inward troubles are much

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more so. The spirit of a man will sustain common infirmities, but "a wounded spirit who can bear?" To find that when you would do good, evil is present with you; to be kept at such a forbidding distance from Him whom your souls love; to have so little enjoyment of God, and (what is worse) such faint desires after him; to find so much defilement in everything you have and do, your bodies, souls, graces, duties, with such a sinful mixture in them all—must be very, very grievous. But it shall not be so always; it may not be so long. In a little time, "he that shall come will come, and will not tarry;" and he will bring salvation with him. Put yourselves, then, in a posture to receive him. It appears, by the history of Jacob, that he had left the burden of worldly business, in a great measure, to his sons for several years, so that he had more leisure to converse with God by meditation and prayer, and set his house and his heart in good order before he died. And it would be prudent in us, as far as circumstances will admit, to go and do likewise. Those especially who are drawing rapidly towards the close of life, should contract their engagements and connexions with the world, and set apart as much time as they can for religious retirement and heavenly contemplation. It would be more decent, and abundantly more comfortable, to take leave of the world by choice, and to retire gradually, than to die in a hurry and by constraint. To see an old person eaten up with cares, with his head and hands and tongue all full of the world he is just going to leave—how unseemly! Accustom yourselves to think often of death, and think of it as your deliverer and friend. There is, indeed, something dismaying in the countenance of the king of terrors, even though we know that his sting is taken away; but as it is death only that can bring you to the possession of that salvation you have been so long wishing for, that should reconcile you to it. Reconcile you! It should make you love death, and long for it. In this sense you should take pleasure in infirmities, and smile at every new symptom of bodily decay, especially if you find that, as your outward man perishes, your inward man is renewed day by day. And when all things are ready, when heaven is ready for you, and you are ready for heaven, then God will send some kind angel to fetch you home. He will even condescend himself to beckon you from the throne of his glory, and to say, "Friend, come up hither;" and then—no, I will not attempt so much as to guess, what you shall then be, and possess, and enjoy. Let the prophet describe some of your sensations on that joyful occasion, Isaiah xxv. 9, "And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him; he will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation."—*Lavington.*

SIN—ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Dark and heavy must have been the gloom which hung over Paradise on the fearful day of man's transgression; emblematic of that woe which sin had brought into the world, which was to overshadow every heart, and make this earth the habitation of unnumbered sorrows; the scene of the ruin of souls, originally formed in the image of God. This lower creation felt the effects of man's fall, and "groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now;" being "made subject to vanity." In very beautiful imagery does Milton represent the sad catastrophe:

> "Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
> Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
> That all was lost.
> Sky lower'd; and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
> Wept at completing of the mortal sin
> Original."

Little, perhaps, did our first parents conceive of the terrible calamities in which they had involved their descendants; of the interminable wretchedness, in a multitude of instances, to which their sin was the prelude. When, therefore, the solemn question of the Lord God, "What is this that thou hast done?" fell on the startled soul of Eve, we may suppose that from her were mercifully hidden the sad events of the future; the tumultuous sea of human life was not beheld, with its dark heaving billows and tempestuous skies, or that question must have shot an icy pang through her broken heart.

In contemplating the consequences of sin, it may be well to look at them as physical, intellectual, and moral or spiritual; and thus there will be brought in review the results of transgression, as affecting body and soul, for time and eternity.

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It has already been stated that earth shared in the consequences of the fall of man: the ground was cursed for his sake —thorns and thistles were to be its spontaneous produce. At first it was fitted to be a dwelling-place for the immortal creature, whose habitation it had been made; and its varied natural productions were sufficient for all his wants: for "out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food." But all was changed! The air around him that had been balmy and vital, became charged with death. A gradual deterioration in the nature of those things which supported life was, most probably, the method adopted to effect the curse of God. Man began to decay. It was appointed unto all men once to die.

While the physical consequences of sin, as has already been intimated, affect all things on earth, it is with relation to man that they are most painfully discernible. His body, that marvellous piece of mechanism, that wonder-work of the all-wise God, has been made to sink under toil, disease, suffering, and death; and these are the fruits of sin.

In Paradise, before man fell, fatigue was unknown. All that he had to do that required muscular energy was to till the garden and take care of it. A healthy and happy recreation! How different now with the majority of our race! In them the curse is being fulfilled, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground."

Disease, in a variety of forms, affects the human frame—the consequence of sin. All the agonies of mortality; the icy ague, the burning fever, flattering consumption, when beauty blooms on the borders of the grave, like flowers garnishing the sepulchre, as if to clothe death with loveliness; the pestilence that walketh in darkness; the destruction that wasteth at noon-day; all have this fatal and fruitful source.

Then reflect on the million evils which affect mankind in other ways; the injustice, the cruelties, the deeds of rapine and murder which are constantly perpetrated. "Whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, of your lusts that war in your members? When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death," James iv. 2, i. 15. Oh! there is an eloquence in the broken tower, and shattered column, the levelled wall, and roofless palace; habitations now for the bittern and the owl. The very winds that sigh around the ruins of former magnificence seem to have a voice of solemn import, and to cry to man, "Behold what desolations sin has made in the earth!"

But the greatest physical evil to which transgression has subjected us is death; the dissolution of the elements of our mortal frame; the separation of soul and body. There is nothing in this earthly creation more noble than the human form, instinct with vital energy; life beaming from every feature, and intellect flashing from the eyes: there is no sight more humiliating than that same form smitten with death, cold and motionless. We shrink from death; nature dreads it; but all must yield to the stern destroyer. "One generation passeth away, and another cometh." Flowers, the most fragile of God's works, are the chosen emblems of our weakness and decay. The wind passeth over us, and we are gone; and the place thereof shall know us no more. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned," Rom. v. 12.

Leaving the consideration of the physical ills that have resulted from man's transgression, those which may be designated intellectual evils are many and melancholy. Our first father was created with powers of mind as perfect as those of his body, all in vigorous exercise, and harmonious in all their operations. The former asserted their supremacy over the latter; a dominion which God designed should exist, and which accords with the most correct notions of the relative importance and worth of mind and matter. But sin has deranged the wise and well-ordered subordination of the inferior to the more worthy, and the intellectual powers have been debased. The mind, formed to vie with an angel's in comprehensiveness of grasp and vigour of thought, has become comparatively feeble; is soon wearied in its efforts, and perplexed with a thousand mysteries. How slow and laboured are all our advances! When we have reached the heights of knowledge to which years of toil have introduced us, how limited is the horizon, and how clouded! How mistaken are many of our views!—how incorrect our conclusions!—how partial our judgments!

In some of our fellow-men the intellectual seems almost to be lost in the sensual.

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Uneducated, walking the narrow round of daily labours, with scarcely more of thought than beasts of burden! Is it not an affecting sight, to see one endowed with mind, on whose nature is stamped a perpetuity of existence, placed in the balance with whose soul worlds are found wanting, in a mental condition apparently but one remove from the clod he treads? Yet within that man lies the germ of glorious things; capacities mighty, though paralyzed and crushed; but which, when touched by the hand of the Divine Spirit, shall start up and move with majesty and power.

Yet is there one other class of evils that have resulted from sin more to be lamented than those that have been glanced at: these are moral or spiritual evils. They are more momentous than the others; greater interests are involved; the happiness of the soul is perilled by them, and their consequences stretch into eternity.

The first sad spiritual result of sin was the loss of holiness. This excellence is the glory of God; the beautiful robe of angels and the spirits of the just made perfect. When it belonged to man it attracted the eye of God, who looked complacently on its possessor, and pronounced it very good. But when sin was committed, holiness fled, and darkness covered the soul. Pollution succeeded to purity. When this took place, God, who once dwelt in the temple of the human heart, left his abode; its glory departed. As we weep over the ruins of the soul, we may exclaim with the mourning prophet, "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed!" Lam. iv. 1.

When holiness was lost, then came man's fear and avoidance and hatred of God. As the voice of the Lord was heard "in the cool of the day" of the first transgression, the guilty ones hid themselves among the trees of the garden; and from that hour man has shunned his Maker. The soul has lost all relish for communion with him, and loves not what is holy and good. "The carnal mind is enmity against God." There is something inexpressibly appalling that the creature should thus feel towards the Creator, in whom is centred all transcendent excellence, and to whom the profound and perpetual homage of every spirit is due. And what is chosen in preference? The world, and the things of the world! To whom does the heart bow down? To "the god of this world, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." Surely, in such circumstances, "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed," Lam. iii. 22.

Through this alienation from God, and hostility towards him, his favour is forfeited. That "favour is life." Angels would be sad, the harps of heaven become discordant, were that withdrawn. Its brightest scenes would be covered with gloom, and immortality would be a curse without his smile. This constitutes the light and bliss of the celestial world. Now, as the creature's happiness depends on the favour of his Creator, and that being lost by sin, his happiness is gone. Is this the case?—and universally so? The whole earth replies in the affirmative. The universal groan of sorrowing humanity tells that sin has made man wretched. Its effects are visible in this particular result everywhere. The contagion and the consequences have spread through all ranks; "from the first-born of the prince on his throne, unto the first-born of the captive that is in the dungeon."

But the most fatal of all the evils of sin, that which is the sum and concentration of all ills, is, the eternal death to which sin subjects us, and by which millions are overtaken. This is the Divine decision: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." This is an equitable judgment: "The wages of sin is death." That spiritual as well as temporal death was included in the original threat is evident from what followed the malediction. A Deliverer was promised, who should redeem men from the consequences of the fall. But Christ redeems not from physical death; from spiritual death he does deliver all those who believe on him. This, therefore, must have been included in the curse as originally pronounced.

Eternal death is, as has been expressed, a combination of all that is dark and terrible, inconceivably terrible, to the soul. An immortality of wretchedness!—an eternity of hell! Absence from God, and the endurance of his everlasting displeasure! Mighty powers unused, or used only to add to the misery of their possessors! Passions, wild, raging, and uncontrolled!—the soul consuming with its own fires!

Look back, reader, for a moment, from the eminence to which Truth has conducted us. Fling your glance across the earth:

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"See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name!
The Father wounded through the Son,
The world abused, the soul undone."

Think of the injustice, the cruelty, the impurity, that abound; look at provinces wasted and cities pillaged by men inflamed with the lust of ambition; and young and old, the helpless and the strong, involved in one universal destruction; hear from land and sea the cry of oppression and agony—the wail of the captive, and the appeal of the slave. Reflect on the wide-spread desolations of abominable idolatries; the earth groaning beneath their altars, and red with the blood of their victims. Think of the sickness, the suffering, that exist in every home, at every hearth. Behold, stretched at our feet, the lifeless forms of many generations, that have been swept away like the leaves of the forest: and then hearken to the maddening cry of despair which rises in an eternal strain from the bottomless pit; and as the heart sickens at the survey, and we inquire, "Whence all these appalling evils? what has brought this bitter, burning woe into our world?" a million voices loudly reply, "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin." These are its consequences, this the fruit of the deadly evil, sin.

Reader! do you think lightly of sin? Spake not Solomon truly when he exclaimed, "Fools make a mock at sin," Prov. xiv. 9. Who else would? It endangers the soul that loves it, that yields to it. Are you doing so? Will you not pause? A gulf is at your feet. Do you wish to be saved from the awful consequences of your sin? Do you desire to be freed from its curse and its power? "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." He can save, and he alone. He is willing as well as able. Apply to him without delay. Every sinner's case is desperate. Like Peter sinking, do you cry, "Lord, save, or I perish?" How cheering to know that his blood cleanseth from all sin; that he has atoned for sinners, and satisfied the claims of the violated law; that the Father is ready to forgive you, and the Holy Spirit to "create in you a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within you!" Seek earnestly the God of your salvation. Lay hold, by faith, of the cross of the Redeemer.

T. A.

THE SWALLOW.

"The swallow knows her time,
And, on the vernal breezes, wings her way
O'er mountain, plain, and far-extending seas,
From Afric's torrid sands to Britain's shore."
GRAHAME.

When I was last at Paris, (says Mr. Jesse,) I saw women going about with numbers of swallows in cages, which were occasionally purchased by persons for the pleasure of giving them freedom. I must confess that I was sorry to see these joyous birds in a state of confinement. There is so much hilarity in all their movements, their song is so sweet, and they nestle with so much confidence about our houses, that I have always regarded them with peculiar affection and pleasure. These have not been lessened by the following account, for which I am indebted to the kindness of a clergyman: many of the clergy have sent me much pleasing information. I cannot do better than copy his own words.

"Five or six years ago, three swallows fell down one of the chimneys of my house. Their naked and helpless condition having excited the pity of my family, it was determined to endeavour to rear them. I, therefore, became their foster-parent: in rainy days they were fed with egg, and in sunny weather with various species of flies. I found it, however, a very difficult task to supply them with a sufficient number. I could only do so by sweeping the heads of umbelliferous plants with my fly-net. All the swallow tribe continue in their nests a very long time before they take their first flight; but I was anxious that my protégées should exercise their wings as soon as possible, and thus prepare themselves for emigration. I, therefore, threw them into the air as soon as I could do so prudently. At first they appeared much alarmed, and clung to the nearest object they could fasten upon; but in a few days they not only flew about, but caught their food expertly. Some time, however, elapsed before they could satisfy the cravings of appetite through their own exertions. This occasioned them frequently to appeal to me for assistance in a manner too intelligible to be mistaken. They would utter a plaintive cry in flying around me, and sometimes settle upon me. On these occasions, I usually led them to those places where the inula dysenterica (asters) abounded, from the flowers of which I easily captured various species of syrphi in the hollow of my hand. It

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was truly amusing to observe the eagerness with which the movement of my hand was watched, and with what voracity the produce of my efforts were devoured. As soon as my birds could fly, an open basket, having a perch across it, was set apart for their use: here they rested by day, and roosted at night. It was placed in the open air in the morning, and removed at night into the house.

"It often happened that my little charge had enjoyed two or three hours disporting before I was prepared to walk. I was, however, recognised and greeted as soon as I appeared; and whether I pursued the course of the roads, or rambled into the fields, they generally encircled me in their flight, sometimes resting upon me, or accepting a fly from my fingers. These amusive proceedings continued four or five weeks; but after that period, according to my wish, our intercourse diminished daily. They associated more and more with their congeners, who were collecting together as is usual at this period of the year, and were absent more frequently and for longer intervals; but, whenever or wherever they again appeared, they seldom failed to come to me when I summoned them by my call. Having disappeared for two or three days, I considered that our connexion was altogether dissolved; but as I was walking to an adjoining village, one of the birds gave me his wonted salutation in passing, and, on my invitation, perched on one of my fingers. In this position I conveyed it to the village green, and there, in the presence of several persons, cast it into the air, with some exclamation expressive of my wish for its welfare.

"I was often solicited to continue my interesting charge throughout the winter, but I had accomplished my object. I had promoted the enjoyment of existence. That was sufficient. By attempting more, and thwarting the demands of instinct, I should probably have terminated that happiness which had been the object of my care and interest."

Should the foregoing anecdote chance to be read by any one who has thoughtlessly been in the habit of destroying these useful and interesting birds, it may, I trust, induce him to forego a practice I have never witnessed without regret.

There appears to be no portion of the known world in which they are not to be found in certain seasons of the year, and where their indefatigable exertions keep down too great a preponderance of insects. They build in places where we should little expect to find their nests. While fishing this year in the neighbourhood of Dover, I discovered that a pair of swallows had built under an archway of a paper-mill, through which the water rushed with great force. The space between the water and the nest could not have been more than two feet, and yet the birds fearlessly conveyed food to their young, and again came forth to seek for more, at moments when the foaming stream appeared to fill up nearly the whole of the archway.

It is, we presume, generally known, that the swallow tribe, which visit us in the spring and summer, winter in Egypt and on the northern shores of Africa; but the fact may be new to some of our readers, that the six* species of swallows we possess, are found among many others, which though apparently equally powerful of wing, and capable of flight, do not appear to leave their native country. In the swallow tribe, the double purpose seems fulfilled, of devouring the numerous colonies of insects that breed with us in the hotter months of the year, and also of securing a proper climate and country for their own nidification; but in the case of other birds of passage, such as the goatsucker (caprimulgus) and the cuckoo, though they feed also on insects, yet their numbers are so confined, as to lead us to presume that the purpose of their coming to our shores, must be altogether confined to their own preservation and increase. It is also curious, that though bees are so numerous in England, through care and domestication, yet that the bird, the merops apiaster, whose natural prey they are, is so seldom found here; whereas it seems a general law of nature, that "where the carcass is, there the eagles are gathered together;" and that animals never fail to frequent those places where is the food convenient for them.

OH, MY BAD MEMORY!

"I will never forget thy precepts," Psa. cxix. 93.

My title and my motto are completely at variance; but this only shows that there exists an essential difference between the psalmist and the generality of mankind; and, therefore, gives me a

* The swallow, three martins, and two swifts. The pratincole, though resembling the swallows externally, does not belong to this family. In its habits, its skeleton, and in the character of its eggs, the pratincole is closely allied to the plovers.

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more striking precedent by which to prove that popular opinion is not always correct, even when a man is passing judgment upon himself.

"I have an exceedingly bad memory," says one, and, indeed, so says many an one: but I am not quite sure that these complaints are always well founded, or that they are exactly proper and becoming. The fault may sometimes be in the judgment of or concerning the memory, and not in the memory itself; and again, the deficiency may be, not in the memory, but in the exercise or cultivation of it; and sometimes the treachery of the memory may be the result of the natural depravity of the heart. Seeing, then, that we are liable to mistakes in this matter, it is certainly the duty of all these plaintiffs to find out the place where the defect is, that they may not form a wrong judgment, pronounce an unjust sentence, and preclude a salutary remedy.

Are you quite sure that your memory is really a bad one? Oh yes, that it is without any doubt.—But how do you know that it is a bad one? Oh, that is the easiest thing in the world to discover. I can scarcely think of anything. I very often forget what I ought to keep in mind, and this, of course, is a sufficient proof of a bad memory.—But is your memory to be blamed, or is the blame your own for not properly cultivating it? Why, I cannot exactly say as to that, but I believe I have a very bad memory—one that is regularly and naturally deficient. But who or what is to be blamed for it? I do not know; only I know that I have a very bad memory.—Indeed, perhaps you have; but examine the cause, and take care that you do not sin against God by indirectly throwing the blame upon your Maker. If judgment were to be formed from the testimony or evidence of the multitude who lay such heavy complaints against their memories, one would be led to suppose that nine-tenths of the human species were deficient in this respect, and that consequently the work of the Creator was so far imperfect. The reverse, however, is the fact; for I firmly believe there is not one memory in ten that is naturally defective. When worldly interest is concerned, the memory is often sufficiently active and retentive; but when moral or spiritual matters are introduced, it often sinks again into dulness and inability. I have known this truth illustrated by conversations somewhat similar to the following.

"Pray, where have you been to-day?" is a question which is frequently proposed to bad-memory men as well as to other men, especially on a sabbath evening.

"Well, I have been to hear our minister, Mr. B—."

"And what has Mr. B— said to you?"

"Oh, he has preached us an excellent sermon indeed."

"I dare say he has. Pray from what text did he preach?"

"Text?—let me see; dear me—wherever was the text? what a memory I have!—I have quite forgot."

"Is it in the Old or the New Testament, think you?"

"In the Old Testament I think, or perhaps in the New; I do not exactly recollect."

"Well, it is very possible that it may have escaped your memory; but pray what was the sermon about?"

"About? Why it was about a good many things, but I cannot tell you them all."

"Oh no, that is not likely; but what was the leading subject?—did the sermon treat of faith or practice?"

"Well, really I cannot tell you; I have quite forgot."

When one sees a person brought into a dilemma of this kind, it becomes desirable, out of courtesy, to change the subject as soon as possible, that he may be relieved from his embarrassment, and an Englishman has always a subject ready to introduce—the state of the weather.

"It is very stormy."

"Yes, it is; but I have known a greater storm than this."

"Have you indeed?"

"Oh yes; I can recollect it as well as if it were yesterday, although it is more than thirty years since."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I recollect the place at which I happened to be at that time, and the horse on which I rode, and all about it, and I can assure you this storm is nothing to what that was."

Oh, the inconsistency of man! and the treachery and depravity, not of the memory, but of the heart! Here we see that all the circumstances of a storm could be recollected thirty years, while all the particulars of a sermon were forgotten in a few hours. And this is no far-fetched, improbable case. Similar conversations have, I have no doubt, taken place thousands of times.

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This treachery, however, is very much to be deplored, and to be conscientiously guarded against. "We ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." A tolerably good memory, as it regards spiritual things, is a great advantage. It is a great means of increasing faith and hope. The more we can remember of the words, and works, and promises of God, the stronger will be our hope and confidence. Memory is the storehouse of experience, and experience worketh hope. It is a great help to gratitude. We ought to be thankful to God for past favours; but this we cannot be, if we have forgotten them. It is a great help to humiliation. We ought to be humbled on account of our many follies, infirmities, and imperfections; but how can we, if they have all departed from our recollection? It has great power in overcoming temptation. A man whose memory is well stored with Divine truth, has a double chance with the enemy. It was by the sword of the Spirit that Jesus repulsed and vanquished the devil in the wilderness. It is also a great source of comfort in times of trouble, affliction, and sorrow. This the psalmist found it to be. He meditated much on the Divine law and government; his mind was well stored with sacred truth; and in all his persecutions, troubles, and exercises, he could always derive comfort and satisfaction from the remembrance of the name and word of the Lord. Happy is that man who, in the time of need, can call to his aid the words of eternal life from the resources of his own memory.

But now the question arises, How is a good memory to be obtained? or, in other words, How is a treacherous memory to be amended or improved? I would answer: First of all, follow the plan of the psalmist: he made a resolution, "I will never forget thy precepts;" go thou and do likewise; there is nothing done without determination; be resolved, therefore, to "keep these things in remembrance;" and having once formed the resolution, success is certain.

The memory is to the mind what the stomach is to the body; and if the stomach of a healthy person be too full or too empty, or if it contain poisonous or unwholesome matter, the body will be disordered accordingly, although there may be no radical disease. It is just so with the memory and mind; therefore, banish all unprofitable and idle reminiscences from the memory, that it may be prepared to receive better things.

Cultivate the memory systematically. Hear, read, write, meditate, strive, and thus gradually habituate the memory to perform its office, and you will soon reap an ample reward in the possession of a memory which will not often deceive you, and of which you will not have to utter complaints. Above all, pray to God to assist you, and crave the influence and assistance of the Holy Spirit; for the Spirit will not only "help your infirmities," but bring good things to your remembrance.

"A man says he has a treacherous memory," observes a certain writer, "and thus excuses himself for neglecting his duty, or disappointing his friends. Such an apology is often an insult to common sense. He has not duly impressed his memory, or he has not regarded the record that memory offered to his notice. All men have certain offices to fulfil, and no obligations are more binding than the performances of our promises. Let a man take but a slight retrospect of a time past, considering to what and to whom he is engaged, and these governing memoranda will not fail to call up all their dependants and followers. The simple fact here is a duty; then succeed, when, how, and where the performance is to be executed. The propriety of not crowding the memory with a promiscuous collection of ideas will be manifest in the experience of those who have seen a torrent of rain fall on the parched ground. It runs off in rapid currents, and leaves the earth nearly as droughty as before, seldom penetrating far into the soil; but slow and continued showers insinuate deeply, and moisten it entirely.

"Memory, like all other human powers, may be assisted by method, and the decay of knowledge repaired by stated times of recollection.

"We call the committing of a thing to memory the getting it by heart; for it is the memory that must transmit it to the heart, and it is in vain to expect that the heart should keep its hold of any truth, when the memory has let it go.

"The memory should not be filled with trifles, as a child's pocket is loaded with trash; but as the ark in the temple was enriched with good things (such as the two tables, the pot of manna, and Aaron's rod), so the memory should be full of God's word and the riches of experience."

QUARTUS.

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Meeting of George III. and the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE III.

THE accession of George III. to the British throne was the beginning of a new epoch. Once more that throne was filled by a native-born and a Protestant king, one imbued with the principles of the Reformation. This had not been the case since the accession of Edward VI.; and though George III. was far from being actuated by the spiritual feelings which Edward appears to have possessed, he was influenced by the same principles. His ministers, it must be regretted, were not of the same views with the pious Somerset, while the general bent of the public mind was not free from the evil practices and infidel views so sedulously taught by Charles II. and his associates.

The privy council assembled on 26th October, 1760, the day after the death of George II., when his successor read a short address, which he had directed Lord Bute to prepare, declining one offered him by Pitt, thus showing his intention to distinguish that nobleman by his favour. The behaviour of the young monarch throughout, as characterized by a contemporary, was marked by "the greatest propriety, dignity, and decency." Another wrote: "So much unaffected good nature and propriety appears in all our young king does or says, that it cannot but endear him to all." His figure was handsome, and his countenance open and honest—George III. was decidedly an honest man. Whatever defects may appear in him as the history proceeds, he will be found honest, and therefore moral; while in all outward forms he was strictly religious, tolerant also according to the principles of his family, with a decided respect for really pious persons. This he had already avowed, and did so frequently at later periods. His desire for justice was shown by a royal message recommending that the commissions of the judges should no longer be terminated by the death of the king, but that they should hold office with entire independence. A proclamation for the encouragement of piety and virtue, and for preventing and punishing vice, profaneness, and immorality, was issued soon after the accession of George III., and certainly was enforced by his example.

The ministers were retained; Pitt, in reality, conducting the government, Newcastle managing its supporters and distributing favours. They soon, however, found themselves interfered with by the earl of Bute, who had notoriously engrossed the personal regard of the new king. This partiality was carried to an extent injurious to the public welfare, though it arose from regard for personal

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services, and from attention to the wishes of his mother; nor could the same objections be advanced, as against former royal favourites. It was manifest that the princess dowager possessed strong influence over her son; and that she was guided by Bute. Coarse and even criminal surmises were not spared, as to the causes of the earl's influence over the princess; but it is only justice to state, that they never were established, though the personal estrangement of the king from his favourite, a few years afterwards, has given some support to the surmise. And it was soon evident that Bute did not possess the talents and qualifications requisite to conduct the important changes contemplated. The parliament met on November 18th, when the king introduced these memorable words in his speech, "Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton," adding, that it would be the happiness of his life to promote the happiness of a loyal and affectionate people; and that the civil and religious rights of his loving subjects, were equally dear to him with the most valuable prerogative of his crown. He also spoke of the war as being for the Protestant interest.

As to these professions, in justice to the king, it must be said that he adhered to them in after life. The civil list was fixed at 800,000*l.* per annum. The whole amount required for the service of the year was the large sum of nineteen millions, but all went forward with the utmost harmony. Many of the leading families, hitherto absent from the court of the house of Hanover, were seen at St. James's, while the king, avoiding his grandfather's cold reserve, walked round the circle and spoke to every one. The Jacobites were no longer a party in the state. It was also evident that the oligarchy of noble families, which had lately monopolised the government, would be materially weakened.

Beneath this placid state of things there were elements of discord and trouble. The course of political events never runs smooth for any length of time. Ambition and evil passions soon disturb the most serene aspect of the political world. Newcastle and other leaders wished to continue to engross the royal favour. Bute determined to be the sole channel for making known the royal will, and to employ new men.

Pitt, as usual, would allow no interference with his direction of the public proceedings. These he desired to guide so as to continue the progress of what is misnamed glory. Therefore he would maintain the connexions with foreign powers; while Bute decidedly disapproved of the continental system, and the undue attention hitherto given to Hanover. Some slight ministerial changes brought forward Charles Townsend and others as supporters of Bute, while Legge, being at variance with him, was displaced. But these changes were speedily followed by the appointment of Bute, on March 25th, as one of the secretaries of state, in the place of lord Holderness. Pitt evidently was discontented. A new parliament was elected, but without any great political contest, Bute and Newcastle agreeing as to debateable matters. Such were the personal proceedings of these leaders; but it is necessary again to recur to the main principles then in opposition. On the one hand were the nobles who had established the house of Hanover, and supported it through the various difficulties of past years, who naturally obtained and desired to keep a material influence in public affairs. It is true, they were nobility, but their leading tenets were popular principles. Against these were the feelings of the monarch, able and willing to exercise more direct influence in British affairs than his predecessors, and desirous to push the royal prerogative farther than they had done. In this he was supported by many whose former predilections in favour of the Stuarts had kept them aloof from public business, but the waning state of that family had gradually released them, while a new reign, with new proceedings, allowed them to take part in public measures.

In Germany, the king of Prussia experienced defeats, and the warfare of prince Ferdinand with the French was not marked by decided results to either party. Both England and France were now disposed for peace. A congress was to assemble in Germany, while more direct negotiations proceeded both in London and Paris. Large concessions were offered by France; but Pitt required that all possessions should remain as they might prove to be when the treaty was signed. Meanwhile, the warfare continued. In April, an expedition was sent against Belle-isle, which island was surrendered in June; but it was an empty conquest, not worth its cost, being valueless, except as a matter of exchange in the negotiation.

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The news of the taking of Pondicherry, the last of the French fortified possessions in the East Indies, arrived in July, and the British arms were also successful in the West Indies. The French government urged claims which Pitt refused to allow, acting in his usual imperious manner, which made the refusal still more offensive. A family compact also between France and Spain had been agreed upon, thus carrying out what had been feared as the probable result of the accession of the Bourbons to the latter throne. Many little points of discussion had arisen between Spain and England, of which France skilfully took advantage. This rendered the French minister, the duke de Choiseul, less inclined to submit to the declarations of Pitt, Spain having secretly agreed to declare war against England on May 1st, 1762, in case peace had not been previously restored, and France being empowered to urge its claims as a part of the negotiation. Pitt was informed of this compact, and broke off the negotiations with France, on receiving the ultimatum, which required England to be neutral as to Germany, and that the prizes taken by the English before the declaration of war should be restored. He then urged that war should be immediately declared against Spain before the arrival of the annual fleet with money from America, which might be intercepted, and that immediate attacks should be made on her colonies. On his principle of seeking glory by success in arms, this was wise policy; but his associates were averse to such bold, uncompromising, and apparently uncalled-for proceedings, the Spanish government having succeeded in concealing its hostile intentions. Bute and Newcastle declared against him, as too precipitate. The principles on which they objected were good, but committed them to direct opposition against Pitt, who, with lord Temple, his brother-in-law, resigned on October 5th. The king received his resignation with a kindness that touched the proud heart of the statesman, and conferred a peerage on his wife, with a pension of 3000*l.* for three lives, while the people manifested much discontent at the change, followed as it was by full power being given to Bute. On November 9th, 1761, when the king and his queen went in state to dine at Guildhall, Pitt evidently was received by the populace with more favour than his royal master.

The domestic history of the royal family now claims attention. There evidently was a liking on the part of the king to lady Sarah Lennox, who, with her relatives, sought to promote his attachment. The princess dowager was fearful such a union would destroy her influence, and soon engaged him with another. On July 8th, 1761, the king unexpectedly declared to the privy council that his marriage was arranged with the princess Charlotte, sister to the duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, an honourable and ancient family of Germany, strictly Protestant in its principles. She was not remarkable for beauty, but had shown good sense and a good spirit. An admirable letter, written by her to the king of Prussia, remonstrating at the devastations committed by his troops in the dominions of her relative, had been sent to England, and engaged the attention of her future husband. It is pleasing to reflect that this letter was remarkable for a more than usually correct estimate of what are falsely called the glories of war. It is so well known that it need not be given in this place.

Nor was this rectitude of principle belied in her course as a queen. She was amiable and domestic, rigidly virtuous, stedfastly refusing countenance to any who defied or sported with public opinion by vicious inclinations or excesses. Queen Charlotte ever will be distinguished as an instrument of Providence in diffusing that improved tone of public morals, which marked the close of the eighteenth century in Britain, compared with its commencement. England, as a nation, should ever feel a deep sense of gratitude to God for the Hanoverian dynasty, which under all its imperfections, and they have been many, did much to raise the country from the state of moral and religious degradation to which it had been brought down by the later kings of the Stuart race.

The princess soon arrived in England, landing at Harwich on September 6th, after a stormy passage. She was married on the 8th, after her arrival in London. Walpole describes her as not tall, nor a beauty, but looking sensible, and that whatever she did was done with good humour and cheerfulness, being easy, civil, and not disconcerted.

On the 22nd the coronation was solemnized. Never had the people witnessed that display with such thorough approbation, and thus never was a reign commenced under such favourable aus-

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pices in all respects, except the slight indications of political discord already noticed. The parliament met in November. Bute did not indicate any change as to political proceedings by the royal speech, while Pitt rather vindicated his own conduct than attacked his opponents. A dowry of 100,000*l.* per annum was secured to the queen.

Before the close of the year the Spanish government had safely received its treasure ships from America, when a change in its tone was immediately seen. Its claims were urged anew, and with pertinacity; the English ambassador was told that he might return home, and orders were given to seize the English vessels then in Spanish ports. The Spanish envoy in London withdrew, and a declaration of war was issued early in January, 1762. Thus Bute found himself obliged to acknowledge the superior policy of Pitt, and to plunge deeper into warfare instead of terminating hostilities. There can be no doubt that, in a worldly view, Pitt's policy would have been preferable, but its value was deceptive. Bute's course, no doubt, was more in accordance with simplicity and good faith; but, alas! such elements seldom enter into the proceedings of states, and it is evident that he also was actuated by mere worldly considerations. He withdrew pecuniary aid from the king of Prussia, which was bad policy at the time, and bad faith. It gave fresh confidence to France, and was deserting an ally without cause or previous notice. As such, the desertion was not forgotten by Frederic, who fully repaid it at a subsequent period. It also caused a closer alliance between Prussia and Russia, now governed by Peter III., a weak-minded prince, who idolized Frederick, and placed at his disposal the Russian troops, then acting with the Austrian army against him. This more than compensated for the desertion of England, whose minister was accused of a design to weaken his late ally. The proceedings of Bute gave Newcastle a plea for the resigning of his office, which the rival minister evidently desired. It must be recorded that although a mean intriguer for place, he refused a pension, which he might have taken as a compensation for large sums spent in his political career. The amount, including the expense of elections, by which it had been supported, was estimated by Chesterfield at no less than 300,000*l.*

It is probable that if all the sums received by individuals for places and pensions, could be compared with the sums expended by themselves and others in their political contests and pursuit after state offices and honours, the latter would be found the largest amount—that more is expended in the pursuits of ambition, than is received as their recompense. Not, it is true, by the same individuals, for many a family can tell of the ruinous and profitless expenditure of some of its members, in pursuing political objects, while others exist almost, if not wholly, on the sums received from the state.

Bute now stood supported chiefly by George Grenville, Dashwood and lord Barrington, while the nation loudly inquired into the cause of this distinguished elevation, and asked why one should thus stand pre-eminent, who was neither individually popular, nor distinguished by personal merit, nor supported by aristocratical influence. Royal favour was the cause, and this, Bute soon found, was not sufficient to screen him from a storm. He was assailed by numerous writers, whose satires were sharpened by nationality; among these, John Wilkes soon became prominent as the writer of a periodical, expressly directed against the new minister, entitled "The North Briton." Of such rancorous attempts it is hardly necessary to say, that they are in every way to be condemned.

If it is wrong to raise a nation too high by idle and romantic effusions, it is still worse to seek to depress it by vile and slanderous attacks. Whatever tends to keep up distinctive feelings between nations united under the same governing head, should be deprecated and put down. All people thus combined should be fused into one mass.

It is, however, to be remembered, that Bute, in thus coming forward, was opposed both to the men and the policy which had governed the nation for more than the last half century. The comparative feebleness of the later monarchs, with their foreign predilections, and estrangement in some respects from British interests, had caused the rule to remain in a few noble families and their connections. Bute opposed these men, and the policy they had adopted; he therefore was assailed by the whole. As a party, they were too strong; and however well intentioned, he had not wisdom sufficient to meet his opponents. Still good resulted from all that party virulence which is

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coming under notice, while one immediate result was a chastisement on the national pride, lifted above measure by the false glory which Pitt had so unweariedly striven to obtain.

The king of Prussia received a check by the death of the Russian czar, who was deposed and murdered by his wife, and some nobles disgusted with his folly and innovations. In the campaign of 1762, however, Frederic was successful. The contest in Germany with the French armies was to the disadvantage of the latter, while a Spanish invasion of Portugal was checked by British troops and supplies. Martinico and some other islands in the West Indies were taken from the French. A more marked success in that quarter was the capture of the Havannah, the chief city and harbour of Cuba, from the Spaniards. In the east, a small expedition from Madras succeeded in taking possession of the Philippine islands; a treasure ship was captured in those seas, and another, the Hermione, on the coast of Spain; thus that country had full reason to regret its uncalled-for alliance with France. The treasure of the Hermione was brought to London in a number of wagons, which passed St. James's palace just after the birth of an heir to the crown of England, on August 12th, 1762.

This combination of successes was attributed mainly to the plans of Pitt, while Bute sought to use them to maintain peace. Negotiations were renewed in September; at Paris, by the duke of Bedford; in London, by the duke de Nivernois. Preliminaries were soon arranged, matters were to stand as before between Portugal and Spain; the latter was to give up the three points on which it had gone to war with England, disputes as to captures, refusal for the English to cut logwood in Honduras, and the claim of Spain to fish at Newfoundland. France and England agreed that neither should take farther part in the war in Germany; Minorca was to be given up for Belle-isle; Canada and Nova Scotia were ceded to Britain; Guadaloupe, Martinico, and St. Lucia were restored to the French; Tobago, Grenada, and some other islands were to remain with England; their power in Africa and the East Indies was also limited, but they were allowed to repossess their factories in the latter. All other conquests were given up, including those not yet known. This affected the Philippines and the Havannah. The surrender of the latter, indeed, was known before these preliminaries were signed, when Bute would at once have given it up, but his colleagues required him to demand Florida or Porto Rico as a compensation; the former was ceded; it proved a more important acquisition than had been supposed. It left England in possession of the whole settled part of North America, from the Mississippi to the ocean, with Canada to the eastward.

The terms thus obtained were advantageous to England; much more so than continuing successful warfare, by which the advantages gained had been dearly purchased. Bute certainly did not make the most he might have done of the triumphant position of the nation, while party virulence most disgracefully misrepresented and vilified his proceedings. The nation was unthankful, and foolishly, even wickedly, listened to party violence. Grenville resigned, from difference of opinion with the minister. He was succeeded by Fox, as leader of the Commons. The duke of Cumberland, with many heads of the families most powerful during the late reigns, now formed a strong opposition; the king was received unfavourably on his way to Parliament. Bute was hissed and pelted. Pitt spoke violently against the terms of the peace, but they were approved by the votes of 319 against 65. The definitive treaty was signed at Paris in February, 1763. There can be no doubt that the votes of many of this majority were secured by favours, and even by sums of money, paid and received, as Walpole states, with little decorum, on the part either of buyer or seller; he says this was chiefly managed by Bute, who had united Fox as a member of his administration.

A peace followed between Prussia and Austria, leaving matters as they were before the war. It was said by Frederic, that in this unnecessary warfare 640,000 soldiers, French, Prussian, Austrian, and Russian, had fallen! But these were a small number, compared with the peaceable inhabitants destroyed in the seat of war, whole districts being entirely depopulated during these seven years of mutual slaughter. Such is the reality of what the world calls glory. Cowper thus alludes to its results:—

> "War lays a burden on the reeling state,
> And peace does nothing to relieve the weight;
> Successive loads succeeding broils impose,
> And sighing millions prophesy the close."

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It is indeed necessary to remember at what a price the successes of the late war had been purchased, even as to money. The national debt had been doubled in these seven years, more than 70,000,000*l.* sterling having been borrowed; being more than half of the total expenditure of the state in this period. The interest had still to be paid, consequently the taxes required to provide it could not be remitted at the peace; on the contrary, a farther increase was needful to clear off arrears. Thus Bute had to bear the unpopularity arising both from having stopped the career of false glory, and from the necessity of providing for the money it had cost. The people, awaking exhausted from their dream, inconsiderately laid the blame of that exhaustion on the wrong person.

THE WATER-POWER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

In estimating, numerically, in any known measures, the average quantity of water which rises from the earth in vapour, descends upon it in rain, or exists in the atmosphere, there are imperfections in the data, and other difficulties, which reduce the conclusions to mere approximations; and even as such they are far from satisfactory, though, so far as observation and experience have gone, there is some agreement between them and the theories.

According to the calculations, the average quantity of water suspended in the atmosphere, if it were all precipitated to the surface of the land and sea, would amount to four inches in depth, or 11·794 cubic miles of water. This is greatest at the equator, being about 8½ inches, while at the poles it is only about 1½; in the average latitude of Britain it is about 2½ inches. The quantity of rain which falls would follow the same law, if it were not that different surfaces do not equally supply the same evaporating power. The average annual depth of rain for Britain, according to the experiments of Dr. Dalton and others, may be taken at 30 inches. This supplies all the springs, and all the water which works on the surface of the earth, including streams and rivers, and their floods; and the quantity discharged annually into the sea is estimated at about 13 inches depth in the year; but here it will be no great error if, for the sake of simplifying the calculation, it is taken at 12 inches, or four-tenths of the average of fall rain.* The surface of the British islands, in round numbers, as already hinted, is 77,000,000 acres, and, at the average given, it would be easy to calculate the quantity of water which falls upon it during any given time. If, however, the power of this water is sought, a smaller but indefinite breadth of land must be taken, because there are some places which discharge no water, and others where it cannot be rendered available as a power. Say that the total breadth, in all the lands in Britain, from which it is available, is 50,000,000, and that for England and Wales 20,000,000; and, making allowance for waste, one foot in depth of water over each of these is a power, whether it can be turned to account or no.

The first gives 2,178,000,000,000 cubic feet of water, and the second 871,200,000,000 cubic feet.

To reduce these, or either of them, into horse-power, there is this datum, according to the ordinary estimates: about 37½, say 38 cubic feet of water, falling every minute on an overshot wheel of 10 feet diameter, is reckoned the power of one horse. Divide each of these numbers by 525,960, the minutes in a year, and the first is the cubic feet for all Britain in each minute, and the second the same for England and Wales. Divide, again, by 38, and the results are the horse-power; that for the whole islands being a constant power of 108,973, and that for England, 43,590. This, however, supposes the water-power to be only on a ten-feet wheel, and that wheel to be in motion every minute of the year.

But in no one instance will such be the case. Twelve hours in the day will be the utmost length of working, and one-sixth of the year will suffice for ordinary farm work, and this gives twelve times the above number, or 523,080 horse-power. But this is supposing only a single ten-feet fall, and every additional ten feet doubles the power. Say that the average of falls, one with another, in England and Wales, is fifty feet, and the total horse-power

* Prize Essays of the Highland Society, vol. vi. —On the Construction of Reservoirs of Water for Agricultural Purposes. By Messrs. James Adam and Findlater.

The depth of twelve inches is quoted, without acknowledging that it is correct; it is believed to be much more.

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working, as above stated, will be upwards of 2,000,000. This is for the surface water alone; and if the floods were conserved in tanks and reservoirs, judiciously placed, and of proper size, this power would be increased, and a great saving of alluvial matter effected; but there are no satisfactory data for calculating the amount.*

Then for the water which will be obtained by general drainage over and above the quantity which escapes from the lands, there are absolutely no data whatever, for that must depend on the breadth of land which is drained, and the quantity of water afforded by the subsoil springs. It has been calculated that, where the land before draining is very moist, the drainage water will irrigate, in a proper manner, one-fifth as much water meadow as the land drained.† But this is too much for the average of England, and we must not allow more than one-eighth, and perhaps one-tenth would be nearer the truth.

The usual estimate is, that 10,000,000 of the 12,000,000 acres of arable land in England and Wales require drainage; and, in order to carry the system of irrigation as far up the hills as possible, 10,000,000 more out of the residue, and which require draining, would be added to that amount. All this could not be done in a year, or probably in a century; but it is a result which could be aimed at, and therefore it may be kept in view. Water sufficient to irrigate about twenty acres would on a wheel twenty feet in diameter, give one-horse power; and if we divide by this, the 2,000,000 acres, irrigated by the drain-water of 20,000,000 acres, it would give us a power of 100,000 horse-power, upon a single fall of twenty feet. But when tanks and reservoirs are used, the last, if there be more than one, should be made to answer as mill-ponds. During heavy rain this would retain the flood-water and the substances with which it is charged, and thus conserving both the fertilizing and the mechanical power in those places where they might be most advantageously applied.

* The alluvial soil deposited by the waters of the Nile, according to Mr. Rennell, is 14,784,000 solid feet per hour, and by the Ganges, 2,509,056,000 solid feet per hour.

The Mississippi deposits 8,000,000 solid feet per hour; and the Koangho, according to Barrow, carries into the sea 2,000,000 solid feet of sediment every hour.

† See page 34 of the Fourth Report of the Commissioners on the Nature and Extent of the Bogs in Ireland.

What have been stated are only approximations; but the principles are sound, and it may be of advantage to those who wish to study the subject, and profit by studying it, to have the outline of all its advantages before them. The next inquiry will be into the nature of the substance by which water should be impregnated for irrigation, and also the increase of manures for cultivated land that might be obtained by preserving the sewerage and refuse of towns.—*Mr. J. Bailey Denton.*

VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

No. III.

Among the smaller animals of interest in the Zoological Gardens is the Musquash (Ondatra zibethica). Though this animal is abundant in the high latitudes of North America, from lat. 30° to 60°, and thousands of its skins are annually imported into our country, the fur being used in hat-making, it is very rarely to be seen alive in our menageries.

The specimen in question is the first which we have seen living. The musquash builds houses like the beaver, but far less durable, and smaller, in accordance with the size of the animal, which is not much larger than a large rat, and resembles the water-rat in general form. Though its toes are not webbed, the musquash is aquatic in its habits, tenants the borders of lakes, swamps, and sluggish rivers, into which it plunges on the slightest alarm, and dives instantaneously; so sudden and quick is it, that it disappears beneath the water at the same instant that it perceives the flash of a gun, and speedily gains its summer burrow. When forced to dive suddenly it gives the water a smart blow with its laterally compressed tail, and this action no doubt facilitates its descent. Its food consists of roots and the shoots and leaves of aquatic vegetables, as the bulrush, to which it adds also various species of the fresh water mussel. During the summer the musquash resides in its burrow, in the bank overhanging the water: this burrow is of great depth, extending several yards in length, with several branching galleries, and in a chamber at the extremity of one of these it makes its nest and rears its young: it breeds three times in the year, and produces from three to seven at a birth.

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During the spring and summer the male and female are always seen together, and, according to Charlevoix, take separate lodgings in some hole or hollow of a tree, where it would appear that they become torpid, as the Indians affirm that they eat nothing during the winter. That some few may retire to the hollows of trees is very probable; but we learn from the same writer that they also build cabins nearly in the form of those of the beaver, but not so firmly and solidly constructed; these cabins are always close to the edge of the water, beneath the surface of which is the entrance. According to Dr. Richardson, "In the autumn, before the shallow lakes and swamps freeze over, the musquash builds its house of mud, giving it a conical form, and a sufficient base to raise the chamber above the water. The spot usually chosen is generally amongst long grass, which is incorporated with the walls of the house, from the mud being deposited amongst it; but the animal does not appear to make any kind of composition or mortar, by tempering the mud and grass together. There is, however, a dry bed of grass deposited in the chamber. The entrance is under water. When the ice forms over the surface of the swamp, the musquash makes breathing holes through it, and protects them from the frost by a covering of mud. In severe winters these holes freeze up in spite of their coverings, and many of the animals die. It is to be remarked, that the small grassy lakes selected by the musquash for its residence are never so firmly frozen, nor covered with such thick ice, as deeper and clearer water. The Indians kill these animals by spearing them through the walls of their houses, making their approach with great caution, for the musquashes take to the water when alarmed by a sound on the ice. An experienced hunter is so well acquainted with the direction of the chamber, and the position in which its inmates lie, that he can transfix four or five at a time. As soon as, from the motion of the spear, it is evident that the animal is struck, the house is broken down, and it is taken out. The principal seasons for taking the musquash, are the autumn, before the snow falls, and the spring, after it has disappeared, but while the ice is still entire. In the winter time the depth of snow prevents the houses and breathing holes from being seen. One of the first operations of the hunter is to stop up all the holes with the exception of one, at which he stations himself, to spear the animals that have escaped being struck in their houses and come hither to breathe." The musquash is fond of sitting on the ice, or on low muddy islets, in a rounded form, and, till approached, it can scarcely be distinguished from a clod of brown earth. From this habit it receives one of its Cree Indian names, which, being interpreted, means the animal that sits on the ice in a round form.

Besides accidents from sudden inundations, which often prove destructive to numbers, and also from the freezing up of their breathing holes in winter, when rendered desperate by famine they kill each other, they are subject to some disease which carries off thousands and almost depopulates their haunts, so that the hunter is forced to abandon the spot, till in the course of a few years the numbers of the colony are recruited.

At all times, but especially during the spring and summer, the musquash exhales a scent of musk; nevertheless, the flesh is eaten, though its flavour cannot be agreeable.

According to Dr. Richardson, between four and five hundred thousand of the skins of this animal are imported into Great Britain annually, from which some idea may be formed of its abundance in its native regions. We are informed by Hearne that the musquash may be readily tamed, and that it is cleanly and playful. The specimen in the Zoological Gardens is extremely shy and savage.

The musquash is subject to some difference in size, but generally measures from ten to fourteen inches in the length of the head and body, that of the tail being from six to eight. The body is thick; the limbs very short; the toes unwebbed, but fringed with stiff hairs; the eyes are small; the fur is brown, and in quality like that of a beaver, but shorter—it throws off the water while the animal is living, but not after death. The tail is compressed laterally, having an upper and under ridge; it is deepest in the centre, whence it narrows to the tip; it is sparingly clad with hair, through which the scales appear, and a close line of brown hairs runs along the upper ridge, and a dirty white line along the under.

Among other small animals in the collection we observed a cage containing a number of Egyptian jerboas, and learned that these pretty little creatures have

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been recently brought over in considerable abundance. The floor of their cage is deeply covered with sand, to imitate their native deserts, and they leap about with great agility and lightness.

M.

THE IMMATERIAL NATURE OF MEMORY.

It is proved by facts, that though a healthy condition of the brain is essential to the proper manifestation of mind in this state of being, or in keeping with the use of the senses, yet that a history of events lies hidden in the soul, which only requires suitable excitement and appropriate circumstances to cause it to be unfolded to the eye of the mind, in due order, like a written roll. And, moreover, these facts indicate that our bodies and our minds are mercifully constituted, in mutual fitness and accommodation to each other, and the world we dwell in. They also show that the active employment of the will, and bodily health with diversified bodily engagements, are the best means of correcting that tendency to mental absence which precedes and accompanies insanity. Moreover, these cases, as well as many others equally well authenticated, "furnish proofs and instances that relics of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed." Indeed, activity and intensity of all mental power seem to depend on the removal of bodily impediments. At least we see that certain states of body allow the mind to act, without the consciousness of difficulty or effort. Thus Dr. Willis relates the case of a gentleman, who expected his fits of insanity with impatience, because of the facility with which he then exercised his memory and imagination. He said, "Everything appeared easy to me. No obstacles presented themselves either in theory or practice. My memory acquired, all of a sudden, a singular degree of perfection. Long passages of Latin authors occurred to my mind. In general, I have great difficulty in finding rythmical terminations, but then I could write verses with as great facility as prose." I knew a clergyman, of fine intellect, who was remarkable for fits of hesitancy in preaching, but who, in his dreams, was accustomed to express himself with intense and most fluent eloquence. Dr. Haycock, professor of medicine, in Oxford, would give out a text, and deliver a good sermon on it, in his sleep, but was incapable of such discourse when awake. A writer in Frazer's Magazine mentions a lady, who performed every part of the Presbyterian service in her sleep. Some of her sermons were published. They consist principally of texts of Scripture appropriately strung together.

In the Edinburgh Journal of Science, a lady is described as being subject to disease, during which she repeated great quantities of poetry in her sleep, and even capped verses for half an hour at a time, never failing to quote lines beginning with the final letter of the preceding, till her memory, or rather her brain, was exhausted.

We cannot rationally suppose that the peculiar states of the brain, under which memory has thus recurred, acted in any other way than either as a stimulus or medium of action to something always ready to act. These facts, therefore, contribute to make it probable that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable; "yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single thought should be loosened or lost from that living chain of causes, to all whose links, conscious or unconscious, the free will—our only absolute itself—is co-extensive and co-present."*

How awful is the conviction, that the book of judgment is that of our life, in which every idle word is recorded; and that no power but His who made the soul can obliterate our ideas and our deeds from our remembrance, or blot out transgressions and purify our spirits from the actual indwelling of evil thoughts!

Every individual experience amply testifies that the forgotten incidents of long past years require only the touch of the kindling spirit to start up, in all their pristine freshness, before us. How often do we remember having recognised in our dreams those feelings and circumstances which had been lost to our waking consciousness, in the accumulated events which passing time had impressed upon our minds. And although we cannot say that we acknowledge, as belonging to our own actual experience, all the visionary combinations which are thus presented to our notice in dreams, we yet feel that every object in them is familiar to our knowledge. Some persons, on the

* Coleridge.

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near approach of death, have spoken of the incidents of their lives as being simultaneously presented before them as if in a magic mirror, every line as if fixed upon a tablet by the light, exactly as that revealing light fell on it. The portrait of the soul is the perfect reflection of itself, and every man must see his own character thus for ever visible to the eye of God, and, probably, hereafter to angels and to men.

The present consciousness of life is but a condition of mind, and our enjoyments are but expressions of the state of our wills; therefore a change of state makes no alteration in our characters, but serves only to exhibit them in new aspects. Thus variety of circumstances tests the stability of our moral principles; but these can be modified only by the relation in which the soul stands with regard to God, the source of moral law; for death is but a change of state, not of moral character.

In connexion with this subject, it is interesting to remember that immediately preceding death the mind is commonly occupied about those things with which it has been most intimate during health. Thus Napoleon's last words were "Head"—"Army." Those of a celebrated judge were, "Gentlemen of the jury, you are discharged." Cardinal Beaufort cried, "What, no bribing death!"

Reason and revelation agree, then, in asserting, that absolute forgetfulness, or obliteration, is impossible; and that all the events of our history are written in our living spirits; and, whether seen or unseen, will there remain for ever, unless removed by the act of a merciful Omnipotence! It is true that a thousand incidents will spread a veil between our present consciousness and the record on the soul, but there the record rests waiting the judgment of God. These sublime facts deeply warn us as to the manner in which we suffer our faculties to be engaged, not only as their exercise affects ourselves, but also in their influence on the destiny of others.

Viewing the subject, then, both physiologically and metaphysically, we must infer that memory has relation to another mode of existence; and that though, as regards this sphere of being, recollection is greatly influenced by the will, yet that much lies stored in latency, which can only be called into exercise under coming circumstances, when the will shall be more largely endowed, in a manner corresponding with its new relations, and thus be enabled to connect new facts with past impressions. The reasoning and undisturbed spirit shall then understand the meaning of all associated knowledge, and memory shall preserve within us a consciousness of all we have experienced through this life, and add it to that which is to come. Memory indeed seems intended to qualify us to treasure impressions in all worlds, and to carry on the record and history of our feelings from time to eternity. But if the experience of earth is to be our all, then memory is without a sufficient purpose. Is death indeed to end the scene in perpetual oblivion? Is knowledge itself, though the result of a laborious life of attention and of effort, to close for ever, like a beautiful symphony, significant of richer harmony to come, but yet terminating, we know not why, in abrupt and eternal silence? Is the stream to be lost, not in ocean, but in nothing? No. The everlasting future grows upon the past; remembrance is the basis of eternal knowledge. In fact, the full purpose of any one of our intellectual endowments does not appear to be fulfilled in the limited and broken exercise which is afforded to it in the present stage of being, since the utmost advantage we derive from the employment of our faculties now, is to become religious, that is, to be re-bound to the worship and enjoyment of God. Can it be that this re-binding of the prodigal soul to the Eternal Father is only for death, like the victim bound to the altar, to be sacrificed and consumed to ashes, from which no Phœnix-life arises?

Our best ratiocination, under the stimulus of the highest and purest affections, is only an ability to reason from things past to things future, and from experience to analogy; thence obtaining the promise, the desire, the assurance of enlarged capacity for understanding and blessedness; since hope and doubt, in equal balance, are otherwise the only ends of our utmost knowledge here. But expectation and inquiry are purposeless, if there be not a futurity in the mind of God for us, which shall illuminate the chaos and satisfy the trustful soul. Can it be that our Maker has given us a life so rich in promise and excitation, merely to terminate in a question that must receive no answer? Is it not most consonant with simple reason, as well as with revelation, (which is God's response to reason,) to believe that our holy desires

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are properly directed forward to coming events for their fruition; and that what we know, or think we know, now, is intended only to excite our longing for the larger knowledge reserved for hereafter. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living; for all who live for him live in him—the life itself; and what we taste of life in this world is but the covenant and agreement of God with our spirits—a covenant that cannot be broken.

As we cannot believe that Omnipotence ever created even an atom of matter and afterwards annihilated it, so we cannot believe that mind and spirit, created in his own likeness, capable of communion with himself, and so far partaking of his own nature, should ever perish. Every impression, every idea, every sensation, has a place in the individuality of every soul's experience, and is appropriate and necessary to the growth and edification of that soul, and cannot be destroyed without the undoing of the work which Divine wisdom and power have accomplished; so that to suppose a human being annihilated, or any part of his experience for ever blotted out, is to imagine Providence without a purpose, and Omniscient Wisdom without an object or an end worthy of human creation. And are not the facts we have related concerning attention and memory in perfect agreement with this conclusion of our reason? Here then let us pause and ponder on the wonders of our mental and moral being, and the vastness of our destiny as the offspring of the Everlasting Father.—*Dr. George Moore's Power of the Soul over the Body.*

OLD HUMPHREY IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

How weak, how foolish, how ungrateful it is to give way to despondency! Again and again the sunshine breaks through the threatening cloud, and the ruddy morn dissipates the darkness of night. Again and again we outlive our troubles, and our heaviest visitations pass away, yet still we are more given to repine than to take up the timbrel and harp and rejoice.

> Oh for a firm, exulting faith,
> Onward and upward in desires!
> Oh for a swift and heavenward foot,
> That never turns and never tires!

The other day I was limping, for my lame ankle could not sustain my weight, and now I can walk many miles a day, beside roaming the sea beach, scrambling among the cliffs, and ascending the Downs seven or eight hundred feet high. With a thankful heart ought I to say, "He maketh my feet like hind's feet;" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

How different is the scenery that daily meets the eye of a man who lives in an inland country village, to that which is seen by one who resides on the sea-coast, in a part that is frequented by shipping. My visit to the Isle of Wight impresses this on my mind. Everything seems stationary to the inland villager, except the clouds that glide onwards above his head. He rises in a morning and looks at houses that were built before he was born, and seem likely to keep their situations long after he shall be numbered with the dead. The church spire, a century or two old, meets his upward glances, constantly pointing to the skies. He sees farm-houses named after the families who have lived in them for generations, his daily walks are in the same fields, and he constantly converses with the same people.

On the contrary, the man who lives on the sea-coast looks upon moving scenery. He rises in the morning and surveys the wide sea. The ship that was anchored within sight the evening before has sailed away, and another is coming in to take its place. All kinds of vessels are daily passing before him, from the fisher's skiff to the huge merchant ship, and still larger man-of-war—

> "With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
> Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves."

He climbs the cliffs, and disturbs the screaming sea-gulls. He walks out on the beach, picking up sea-weed, and shells and stones, and soon afterwards sees the waves overspreading the sands, and boats swimming where so lately he had sauntered in safety. People from different countries converse with him, men that are here to-day and gone to-morrow; and he talks with sailors until he becomes half a seaman himself.

The ocean he looks upon is always changing—now advancing, and now retiring from the shore—one day smooth, and the next agitated by a storm. The boat excursion and the regatta meet his eye, and the royal salute and the minute-gun of distress reach his ear. Those who are fond of rarity and change find amuse-

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ment enough in a busy part of the sea-coast.

> The eye that gazes on the sea
> May revel in variety;
> There's sameness in both hill and plain,
> But all things vary on the main.

The Isle of Wight has ministered largely to my gratification; and not easily, had I not seen it, could I have been persuaded that such a place could be reached in a few hours from London. I have seen it thoroughly from Cowes to the Cove of Puckaster; from the Foreland to the Needles; stopping at all remarkable places, and gazing around me with much of interest and pleasure. At one time I moved about alone, and at another rambled with a companion as capable as myself of estimating and enjoying with a grateful heart the surrounding scenes.

I saw Bembridge and Bonchurch, Calbourne and Carisbrooke, Newport and Niton, Shorwell and Shanklin, Yarmouth and Yaverland, Binsted and Black Gang Chine; but I must not be quite so general in my remarks.

I saw Ventnor, with its church, boarding-houses, pleasure-grounds, hotels, cove, cascade, baths, bathing-machines, cliffs, and sea-beach, from the east end to the flag-staff on the ridgy precipice above Hope Cottage, with the union jack at its head, fluttering in the breeze; and I bathed in the ever-heaving ocean.

> "Farewell, thou sea! before me gleaming
> Oft wilt thou float in sunny pride,
> And often shall I hear, in dreaming,
> Thy resonance at evening tide:
> And I shall bear to inland meadows,
> To the still woods and silent caves,
> Thy rocks, thy cliffs, thy lights, thy shadows,
> And all the language of thy waves."

I paid a visit to the Wishing Well, on the side of St. Boniface Down, and a break-neck kind of a place I found it. They say that a certain bishop, benighted on the High Down on horseback, vowed that if ever he again set his foot on level ground, he would purchase the spot for pious or benevolent purposes. The poor brute on which he was mounted carried him safely down, and to this day the strip of ground at the base of the hill is called Bishop's Acre. I will not undertake either to affirm or deny the verity of this tradition. It was not overwise, in an old man like me, to go climbing and clambering up to such a place as the Wishing Well, and little did I get by it, for the fountain was completely closed up with fallen chalk. As I stood for a time at the spot, seemingly in no smal jeopardy of reaching Bishop's Acre in a much more direct way than his lordship is supposed to have done, the well-known lines of John Bunyan came forcibly to my remembrance:—

> "He that is down needs fear no fall;
> He that is low no pride.
> He that is humble ever shall
> Have God to be his Guide."

I walked through the Undercliff, as sweet and romantic a strip of land as any below the stars, formed by a succession of landslips in which hundreds of acres have separated from the High Downs above, and slid down towards the sea. This is a part of His almighty works who hath meted out heaven with the span, comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. How immeasurable his power, his wisdom, and his goodness! The desolation occasioned by the falling cliffs is so changed by the vegetation that now clothes and adorns it, that the place is beautiful beyond description.

Those who are fond of botanizing, may in the island add to their specimens of plants and wild flowers without much trouble. The Undercliff seems to me to be a complete garden in this respect. There you have agrimony, corn camomile, wake robin, and hart's tongue, oat grass, red briony, sea-rocket, and great throat-wort; dwarf woolly-headed musk, and wild carline thistles, mountain flea-wort, enchanter's nightshade, common hemlock, and foxglove; wild teasel, horsetail, crosswort, and red eye-bright; hops, henbane, sea feverfew, and purple cowwheat; groundsel, hellebore, crowfoot, and stone parsley; golden rod, coltsfoot, cats' tail, and French furze; with guelder rose, speedwells, periwinkles, heaths, violets, poppies, tanseys, and a hundred others. Often and often did I walk along the road, with a score of specimens of plants in my hand, asking all I met, gentle and simple, to tell me the common names by which they were called. Solomon must, indeed, have been well stored with botanic lore to have been able to discourse on trees "from the cedar tree to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," 1 Kings iv. 33.

I visited Cook's Castle, Steephill Castle, and Appuldurcombe, the seat of the earl of Yarborough; inspected the costly collection of paintings, turned over some of the ponderous tomes in the library, mused on the relics of antiquity, and rambled in

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the park. I went to Old Park, Mirables, Orchard, Puckaster, Rockenend, and Niton, mounting up Cripple Path to the summit of the high cliffs, towering up four or five hundred feet above me. It was from the top of these gloomy cliffs that the two intoxicated soldiers fell. What a fearful death! A man also, with water-cans in his hand, met with the same accident, but with effects less fatal; and a young woman (whom I myself saw) some years ago, in trying to recover her rolling basket, made the same dreadful plunge. Wonderful to relate, her injuries were but trivial, and she afterwards pursued her walk to Niton.

> What time the timid traveller hears,
> His cheek is seen to change;
> And breathlessly he doubts and fears
> A tale so wild and strange!

And think not that I passed through Brading without a visit at eventide to the grave of the Young Cottager. And trust me, as you freely may, that the cottage where dwelt the Dairyman's Daughter, and the green sod that covers her mouldering dust, were visited also. A man of my "complexion" and mode of thinking is not likely to neglect such things as these. I took not away a flower, but gently laid one on the grassy hillock that covers the dust of Elizabeth Wallbridge. Standing by the headstone that bears her epitaph, I regarded with some emotion the two adjoining graves, where lie the remains of Elizabeth's sister, and her father and mother. The figure of the father, as the pen of that ready writer and excellent man, the Rev. Legh Richmond, has drawn it, "a venerable old man, whose long hoary hair and deeply wrinkled countenance commanded more than common respect," seemed to stand before me. Once it might have been asked of one of the sleepers, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?" But that time has long passed, and father and daughter, parents and children, are mouldering side by side.

When in our visitations to places that piety has rendered dear to us, we are content with the unaffected solemnity that naturally rises in our minds, we make them, I believe, almost always seasons of profit; but when we affect more than we feel, or excite ourselves unduly, to act as it were a part, we make a mistake. I believe that in these matters errors have been committed by some of the best beings beneath the skies. True piety is not a fearful, time-serving, temporizing principle, that will hide itself to avoid an inconvenience; neither is it an abrupt, inflated, churlish, ostentatious personification of Christianity. Taking the cottages where once lived the Dairyman's Daughter and the Young Cottager as examples, I am somewhat fearful that their inmates have not been impressed by their Christian visitors with the *loveliness* as well as the importance of piety. I may be wrong in this opinion, and will, therefore, leave it on record as a suggestion only, but holding, as I do, the belief that humility, prudence, cheerfulness, and courtesy, are no unfit companions for piety, I am not a little desirous that they should ever be found in each other's company.

I went to Carisbrooke and saw the castle and the old round towers, and the window whereby king Charles the First, when a captive, in vain tried to escape. I looked down the well, three hundred feet deep, patted the donkey that drew up the water, gazed around on the creepers streaming down the mouldering walls of the lonely keep, and gathered an ivy leaf as a token of remembrance.

> And dost thou know old Carisbrooke,
> With its bare and roofless walls?
> And hast thou paced, in thoughtful mood,
> Its ancient, hoary halls,
> When the fitful wind on the turret's top
> Was gusty and wild and high,—
> And bent thy knee on the cold grey stone
> With an humbled spirit—all alone?
> O reader! so have I!

Many churches have I seen in different parts, each of which has had the reputation of being one of the least parochial churches in England. Saint Lawrence's church, which I visited, near Ventnor, is another of this description. This edifice has been erroneously represented as being no more than twenty feet long; but John Green, who is both sexton and clerk, and who, having been born on the 29th of March, 1774, is consequently now aged seventy-one years, tells me that the church, before it was extended to its present size, measured exactly twenty-five feet three quarters long, eleven feet and a half wide, and eleven feet high from the floor to the centre of the ceiling. Fifteen feet have been since added to the length of the building, which is now, consequently, forty feet long.

I ventured to correct the coachman who, as he drove me by the place, failed not to inform my fellow-passengers that

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the length of the church did not exceed twenty feet; but I saw clearly that my correction was labour lost, and I doubted not that, so long as he found passengers to marvel at his relation, he would do his part to limit the aged edifice to its original dimensions.

No time have I to dwell on Cowes and the Culver Cliffs; on Newport, Newchurch, and Newtown; Arreton, Brixton, Godshill, Chale, Freshwater, Yarmouth, and Yaverland: nor can I afford to pause on the lighthouses, preventive stations, sea marks, high downs, rivers, and sweet country scenes of the island. All afforded me a treat of no common kind.

The different chines were visited by me with unwonted pleasure. Brook, Chilton, Whale, and Cowleaze Chines have their attractions, though not to be named with Luccombe, Shanklin, and old frowning Black Gang. I could have played the eremite at the latter, drinking in from my secluded cave the sound of the heaving ocean.

Extended wide from that vast bay
The coast winds rugged far away,
Till murky, frowning-featured Chale
Rears his black front against the gale,
And shows its chine's jagg'd rocks on high
In anger-swollen solemnity.

Hast thou, amid volcanoes worn,
With livid flame convulsed and torn,
Mark'd the huge fragments of a world,
By lava's fire-flood onward hurl'd?
Mark'd the wide waste, with ruin fraught,
That demon earthquake's hand hath wrought?
Such wild and fearful horrors fill
The gloomy base of Catherine Hill,
Where wind and wave their rage combine;—
Such are thine horrors, Black Gang Chine.

"The chalk cliffs, extending from Freshwater Gate to Scratchell's Bay, are perhaps unequalled in the world; they rise upwards of six hundred feet above the level of the sea, perpendicularly in some places, and overhanging, in an alarming manner, in others. They are for the most part perfectly white, with narrow streaks of black flint, much inclined to the horizon. The several strata form rough projecting shelves, which serve as lodgments for the sea-fowl and other birds that congregate here in prodigious numbers. There are cormorants, gulls, puffins, razor-bills, willcocks, Cornish choughs, wild pigeons, daws, and starlings, that in certain seasons sit in tiers, and one above the other. At the report of a gun they scream, fly out, skim the air in endless circles, and wheel round the head of the tourist on wings that seem without motion, and with a cry like a horse-laugh. One or two species remain all the year round, but most of them are migratory, coming in May, when they lay their eggs in the rocks, and taking their departure about the middle of August, after which they are seen no more till next breeding season."

Such as are fond of geology will find quite enough in the range of hills stretching from the east to the west of the island, to occupy all their consideration. The strata of these hills, composed of clay and sand, flinty chalk, chalk without flints, chalk marl, green sandstone with lime and chert, dark grey marl, and sand mixed with some portion of iron, are highly inclined and sometimes vertical, while the parts on each side are composed of horizontal strata. How this came to be so, wiser heads than mine must explain. It is a part of His works whose "ways are not as our ways," and who "doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number," Job ix. 10.

But if one thing be more puzzling than another with regard to these hills, it is this, that the flints which lie in layers frequently through huge mountains of chalk, are all broken; that is, though they look entire, they are full of cracks, and fall in pieces directly as the surrounding chalk is removed from them. What could have broken these flints, seemingly so securely bedded in the chalk?

We are told that the huge block of granite which forms the pedestal of the colossal equestrian statue of Peter the Great at Petersburgh, weighs upwards of fifteen hundred tons. Its size when brought to St. Petersburgh was between forty and fifty feet in length, and upwards of twenty feet in breadth and height. This enormous stone was conveyed on a raft up the river Neva, and when it was landed "the raft was connected with the shore by two beams, each composed of three mainmasts, lashed together by strong cordage. These beams formed an inclined plane, down which the stone, being first placed on rollers in its bed on the raft, was drawn by the united force of several powerful capstans, fixed and worked on shore. The distance from the raft to the quay was a very few feet, and the stone, aided in motion by the descent, passed almost instantaneously; but such was the strain of the masts, that, although the stone went safely over them, two out of one triplet, and one of the other, were

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on examination found to have been burst quite through." This circumstance of the mainmast's being split, in the way described by me, which has been advanced as a proof of the effect occasioned by a sudden great weight, or shock, has been used, also, as an illustration to support the opinion that the flints, of which I have spoken, were broken by the sudden shock when the chalk hills in which they are imbedded were overturned. It might possibly be so; but, though no geologist, I would venture to suggest an easier solution. Might not these flints have been cracked by some sudden change in the temperature to which they have been subjected? Glass and china will both crack under such circumstances, and why not flint?

I saw Alum Bay, with its cliff of coloured sands and ochreous earth, and the Needle Rocks, and the cave two hundred feet deep, and Scratchell's Bay, with its beautiful stratification, and Old Pepper Rock, and the Frenchman's Hole, and the Bar Cave, Wedge Rock and Roe's Hall, and Neptune's Cliff, and the Four Caves of Watcombe, and Freshwater Cavern; and if I say that a hundred other places are all worthy of record, I shall not say more than the truth. The more I rambled through the island the younger I appeared to become, and my heart certainly beat with increasing thankfulness. How vividly do I now recall the impressive scenes that I have gazed on, with the mighty main, by which they were surrounded.

> The sea it is deep, the sea it is wide,
> And it girdeth the world on every side.
> O ancient, wide, unfathom'd sea,
> Ere the mountains were, God fashion'd thee!

THE PATHOS OF POETRY.

We cannot doubt that poetry has its distinct and very important office to perform in the world of letters. Without insisting that for a perfect culture of the mind it is necessary to become acquainted with a wide sphere of thought and feeling—even of thought not assented to, and feeling not approved of—we may, taking the narrowest of all ground, safely contend that, in the circle of pure and domestic affections, and of the natural sentiments of piety which man and nature inspire, a well selected poetry is of eminent advantage. Those who have given but slight consideration to the subject, have sometimes disputed its utility on the ground that, as it is with the real circumstances of life we have finally to deal, our feelings ought to be moulded by and for these, and not by fictions of the imagination. But it is exactly that the heart should be well attuned to the real circumstances of life that we desire, and it is exactly this that the better order of poetry assists in performing. Unhappily, the circumstances of real life, without collateral culture of the mind, rarely awaken all the feelings which they are fitted, and which they ought, to call forth. What is the magical word *home* to a hard materialized nature, which seeks even in the domestic circle nothing but its own selfish gratification? The poet takes from the heart of better men, and diffuses over many the tender, happy, and virtuous emotions which, in their perfection, are felt spontaneously only by a few. It is not always, nor most frequently, a mere visionary scene that he reveals to us; he more often makes visible the beauty of that old familiar world which is lying disregarded around us. Even when his events are fantastical and supernatural, the feelings, it must be remembered, which he describes are human; else his poem is indeed but a "tinkling brass," of which no account need be taken, it being powerless for good or for evil. That thoroughly English poet, Cowper, who drew his materials from the very fire-side by which he wrote—has he done nothing to extend the sentiments which he felt so warmly, and described so well? Assuredly, the poetry of "The Task," like a sudden beam of light over some unpretending landscape, has brought out to many an eye the beauty and pathos of simple and domestic life. And, in our own day, does not the whole heart of England confess a new, a tender, a charitable, and ennobling impulse from the verse of Wordsworth? He who makes two blades of grass to grow where one only grew before, has been regarded as pre-eminently the benefactor of his species, and elevated above conquerors and statesmen: is he far behind him in utility (we like to use that term, for we also, after our own manner, claim to be utilitarians)—does he rank much below in the scale of serviceable men, who makes two blades of kindly feeling to grow where one only grew before?

Nor is it only in youth, and as a preparation for untried scenes, that the pathos of poetry may render good service; it is

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well in manhood and old age to kindle the memory of kind and noble affections which *have been* felt. It has been said that "the heart has no echo," and some have added, "except for its grief!" Certainly, the finer joys pass rapidly across the mirror of the mind, and we need some powerful incantation to bring them back, and stay them there, if but for an hour. We need to be sometimes told that we *have* kindled with disinterested affection, that we *have* overflowed with that natural piety which the beauty of the earth calls forth, in order that the heart may be reassured, and know itself as still capable of these fine emotions. If familiarity blunts the more delicate susceptibilities of social life, literature may be said to supply an antidote to this ungracious influence. Every one has had occasion to experience, or to remark, how, at the meeting of old friends, there suddenly gush upwards, as from hidden sources, many a tender feeling which had been choked up, or trodden down, or let run to waste. What a meeting after separation is to an old friendship, such is oftentimes the perusal of a genuine and heart-stirring poet.—*British Quarterly Review.*

ANCIENT FABLE OF COLOSSAL ANTS PRODUCING GOLD.

One passage will satisfactorily explain the extravagant fable related by the Greeks, and repeated by travellers in the middle ages, of ants, as big as foxes, which produce gold. The passage states, that the tribes of various names who dwell between the Meru and Mandara mountains, brought lumps of gold, of the sort called paipilika, or ant gold—so named, because it was dug out by the common large ant or paipilika. It was, in fact, believed that the native gold found on the surface of some of the auriferous deserts of northern India had been laid bare by the action of these insects—an idea by no means irrational, although erroneous, but which grew up, in its progress westward, into a monstrous absurdity. The native country of these tribes is that described by the Greeks, the mountains between Hindostan and Thibet; and the names given are those of barbarous races still found in those localities.—*Professor Wilson; Proceedings of the Asiatic Society.*

INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF GOD.

All the discoveries of modern science serve to exalt the Deity; but they do not contribute a single iota to the explanation of his purposes. They make him greater, but they do not make him more comprehensible. He is more shrouded in mystery than ever. It is not himself whom we see, it is his workmanship; and every new addition to its grandeur or to its variety, which philosophy opens to our contemplation, throws our understanding at a greater distance than before from the mind and conception of the sublime Architect. Instead of the God of a single world, we now see him presiding, in all the majesty of his high attributes, over a mighty range of innumerable systems. To our little eye he is wrapt in more awful mysteriousness; and every new glimpse which astronomy gives us of the universe magnifies, to the apprehension of our mind, that impassable barrier which stands between the counsels of its Sovereign and those fugitive beings who strut their evanescent hour in the humblest of its mansions. If this invisible Being would only break that mysterious silence in which he has wrapt himself, we feel that a single word from his mouth would be worth a world of darkling speculations. Every new triumph which the mind of man achieves in the field of discovery binds us more firmly to our Bible; and by the very proportion in which philosophy multiplies the wonders of God, do we prize that book, on which the evidence of history has stamped the character of his authentic communication.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

GOD, THE HERITAGE OF HIS PEOPLE.

What can we wish for in an heritage, that is not to be found in God? Would we have large possessions? He is immensity. Would we have a sure estate? He is immutability. Would we have a term of long continuance? He is eternity itself.—*Arrowsmith.*

JUSTIFICATION.

The justification of a sinner under the gospel consists in the following things: pardoning his sins, acquitting him from the punishment which they deserved, and entitling him to the rewards or blessings due by the law to perfect obedience.—*Dwight.*

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THE CITY OF EDINBURGH.

No. II.

The Royal Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland occupies a large and beautiful building on the Earthen Mound, which contains apartments for various other public institutions and societies. In a large central hall, lighted from the roof, there is at all times a public exhibition of either the works of ancient or of modern and native artists. In a narrower apartment, on one side, is a rich collection of casts from the antique; on the other side are the library and hall of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and the hall and museum of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland. In the last there are many curiosities of great interest, particularly the extraordinary instrument of execution denominated the Maiden, by which the earl of Morton, (who introduced it from Italy,) the marquis of Argyle, Sir Robert Spottiswood, and many other persons of distinction in the troublous century before the last, were decollated.

The Calton Hill is crowned by a naval monument to Nelson. On a lower summit, towards the west, is situate an Observatory, connected with the university —a neat, small Grecian building, surmounted by a dome; flanked on the west by a monument (copied from the lantern of Demosthenes at Athens) to Mr. Dugald Stewart, and on the east by a plainer structure, designed as a monument to the not less distinguished Playfair. Towards the north are the first few columns of a National Monument to the heroes of the French revolutionary wars, intended to be a revival of the Parthenon of Athens. On the southern slope of the hill is a modern structure, in the purest Grecian taste, in which is conducted the High School of Edinburgh—an institution dating from the beginning of the sixteenth century, and which has always maintained a high reputation. The County Jail and Bridewell occupy another portion of the Calton Hill.

Of the public institutions not already noticed, Edinburgh contains the usual variety. It is rich in educational hospitals, of which may be mentioned *Heriot's*, erected in the reign of Charles I., by the bequest of George Heriot, goldsmith, and containing a hundred and eighty boys; George Watson's, dating from the beginning of the last century, and also occupied by boys; John Watson's, instituted in 1828, for children of both sexes; and Gillespie's, designed for aged men and women.

Besides the more conspicuous objects here pointed out, there are many places in the Old Town, of a comparatively obscure character, which are often visited on account of the historical or poetical interest which attaches to them. A few of these may be noticed in brief terms.

On the north slope of the Castle Hill is a small villa, which was built for his own residence by Allan Ramsay, and was subsequently the property of his son, the celebrated portrait-painter.—In Blyth's Close, opposite the head of the West Bow, is the palace of Mary de Guise, regent of Scotland from 1554 till 1560, a large range of buildings, but reduced to a state of miserable ruin, and now occupied by very poor people. Over the door is a pious inscription, flanked by the letters I. R., the initials of James V. Within the vestibule there still exists a Gothic niche, designed probably to contain holy water. The queen's chapel was in the house on the opposite side of the close.—Behind the east side of the mutilated West Bow, and accessible by a mean passage from the street, is the house of major Weir, burnt for sorcery and other alleged offences of a horrible nature in 1670, and a conspicuous figure in popular tradition: the house was left unoccupied for a century, on the presumption of its being a haunt of malignant spirits.—The building immediately behind the major's house, accessible by Riddell's Close from the Lawnmarket, and now supplied with a new front towards Victoria-street, was the house of John Macmoran, baillie of Edinburgh—a respectable man who, in endeavouring to quell a rebellion in the High School in 1595, was shot by one of the boys with a pistol bullet: his initials yet figure on the original front towards Riddell's Close.—A massive old-fashioned house, flanking the opening of George IV.'s Bridge from the Lawnmarket, (built in 1569 by an officer of justice named Gourlay,) was the residence of sir Thomas Hope, king's advocate to Charles I., the ancestor of all that wealthy and eminent family in Scotland: the earl of Morton spent in this house the last night of his existence, in 1581, and it was occupied soon after by M. de la Motte, the French ambassador.—The gallows employed to hang the unfortunate nonconformists, in the reign of Charles II., stood at the east end of the Grassmarket; the

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spot is indicated by a St. Andrew's cross in the pavement. Here took place the execution of Wilson, the smuggler, under the circumstances described in "the Heart of Mid-Lothian;" and here afterwards, by a singular exertion of the spirit of wild justice, was Porteus put to death by the populace.—In the churchyard of Greyfriars repose the ashes of Buchanan (the exact spot not known;) Alexander Henderson, the leading Scottish clergyman in the Assembly of Divines at Westminster; sir George Mackenzie, king's advocate; Dr. Robertson; Dr. Hugh Blair; Allan Ramsay; and Colin Maclaurin.—The scene of the Burke murders is in the West Port, a mean street leading from the west end of the Grassmarket.—The Old Tolbooth, which figures so prominently in the novel above alluded to, formerly stood in the middle of the High Street, opposite to the Library of the Writers to the Signet.—The house in which sir Walter Scott was born stood at the head of the College Wynd, near the south side of the present College Buildings: the place is now occupied by a wood-yard.—The Prebendaries' Chamber of the church of St. Mary in the Fields, in which Darnley was blown up, stood on the ground now occupied by the south-east angle of the College Buildings.—The Scottish Mint, disused since the union, is in the Cowgate, at the bottom of Gray's Close: the oldest of the buildings bears date 1574, and in a large room over the arch at the bottom of Todrig's Wynd, an entertainment was given to the Danish ambassadors who accompanied queen Anne to Scotland in 1591. In the same house the celebrated Dr. Cullen resided for many years previous to his death, in 1790: Michael Kelly, in his Memoirs, speaks of a visit he here paid to Dr. Cullen.—The house occupied by John Knox during his ministrations in Edinburgh, and in which, probably, he died, is at the bottom of the High-street, where it contracts into the Nether Bow.—In the Canongate, on the south side, is the mansion formerly occupied by the earls of Moray. It was built in the reign of Charles I., by Mary, countess of Home, and soon after came into the Moray family by marriage. On a balcony in front, which still exists, the marquis of Argyle, and his family, stood to see the marquis of Montrose led ignominiously to jail, from which he was soon to be removed to the place of execution. Oliver Cromwell occupied the house during the winter following the battle of Dunbar. In the summer-house at the bottom of the very interesting old-fashioned garden behind the mansion, the commissioners for the union are said by tradition to have adhibited their signatures to that important document. In the Bakehouse Close, near Moray House, is the mansion of sir Archibald Acheson of Gosford, secretary of state for Scotland under Charles I., and ancestor of a family which have since obtained large possessions in Ireland, and the title of earl of Gosford. It is a massive and handsome old house, but now much degraded. Over the door is the crest of the family—a cock perched upon a trumpet, with the motto, "Vigilantibus," and the date 1633; above the windows are the initials of the good knight, and his lady, dame Margaret Hamilton, of the Abercorn family. It is curious to see a house which, in its day, must have been a kind of viceregal court, now occupied by the meanest of the community.—In the Canongate churchyard repose Dr. Adam Smith, Robert Fergusson the poet, Dugald Stewart, and many other noted persons. Dr. Smith lived for several years in Panmure House, a detached old building a little to the east of the church, which had originally been the residence of the earls of Panmure.—Queensbury House, the massive mansion of the dukes of Queensbury, is near the bottom of the Canongate, and now occupied as a House of Refuge for the Destitute.*

Edinburgh is a royal burgh of old date, and, before the Reform Act of 1832, was the only place in Scotland which returned a member to parliament otherwise than in connexion with some other burghs. In consequence of the Reform Act, it returns two members, the constituency numbering about 5000. By the burgh reform act of 1833, it is a burgh of the first class, divided into five electoral wards for municipal purposes, and managed by a council of thirty-three members, including a lord provost, four bailies, a treasurer, dean of guild, and convener of trades. The revenue of the city exceeds twenty-seven thousand pounds; yet, from various circumstances, the corporation has for some years been in a bankrupt state.

The state of society in Edinburgh naturally results from the class of persons

* For a minute account of these and other minor objects of curiosity in the Scottish capital, the author may refer to his former publications, entitled "Traditions of Edinburgh," and "Reekiana."

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by whom it is inhabited or frequented. It is still regarded as the capital of a considerable division of the island; and all those families of the nobility and gentry whose fortunes do not enable them to encounter the expense of a London residence, resort to this city for the enjoyment of society, and the education of their children. Hence persons of title and rank abound in Edinburgh. As Scotsmen are accustomed to wander in quest of fortune to all quarters of the globe, considerable portions of those who have returned with success from their pursuit are led to resort to the capital of their native country. Many English families have also of late years come hither, whose fortunes, though not adequate to the enormous expense requisite to a splendid establishment in the capital of the island, are yet sufficient to enable them here to gain admission into the society of persons of rank. Of those engaged in business in Edinburgh, the members of the profession of the law take the lead. Including all denominations or orders, they are supposed to amount to about eight thousand persons, who, with their families, form a considerable part of the population of Edinburgh. When, along with these, we consider the numbers connected with the university, supposed to amount to nearly half that number, the character of society in Edinburgh must be evident. It is generally polite and intelligent; and there is probably no city in the world, of the same extent, in which so great a portion of the inhabitants consists of well-informed persons.

"Upon the whole, those whose health can bear a climate so variable and so trying as that of Edinburgh, will find few more eligible places of residence. The inhabitants of this ancient capital—'Scotland's darling seat,' as the city was termed by its best poet—is surrounded by the noblest scenery and ruins of antiquity; and the stranger may have at every step a companion capable of detailing the beauties of the one and the history of the other. His mornings may be spent in study, for which there is every species of assistance within his reach, and his evenings with friendship and with beauty. If he have children, he has within his reach the first means of education. If he be gay, there are at his command all the usual varied sources of amusement. He may live, if he will, in a palace, with a handsome suite of apartments, for less than would rent 'a dungeon in the Strand;' he may fare sumptuously every day for half the rate which is exacted for a bad dinner at an English inn. To be more particular, £3000 a-year is, in Edinburgh, opulence —£2000, ease and wealth—£1000, a handsome competence—and even £500, well managed, will maintain a large family with all the necessaries and decencies of life, and enable them to support a very creditable rank in society."*—*Chambers's Picture of Scotland.*

THE BIBLE AND THE REFORMATION.

No. II.

The principles of the Reformation were introduced into Denmark as early as the year 1521, and were zealously upheld by Christiern II., whose measures so exasperated the prelates and others who were interested in the maintenance of popish corruptions, that a rebellion broke out, and the king was forced to leave Denmark for a season. During his exile, he encouraged his secretary, Hans Mikkelsen, to translate the New Testament into Danish. It was published in 1524, and joyfully received by those who loved the truth. An improved version executed by Christiern Redersen, was printed in 1529.

Sweden received the light of the gospel about the same time as Denmark. The celebrated Gustavus Vasa gave to evangelical truth the entire weight of his influence. Rightly judging that the circulation of the word of God in the vernacular tongue would be the most effective means of advancing the cause of truth, he directed the New Testament to be translated into Swedish. His command was obeyed by Laurentius Andreas, a learned priest. The volume left the press in 1526. The entire Bible was printed in Danish in 1541, and in Swedish in 1550. The early and complete establishment of the Reformation in those countries was doubtless greatly owing to the blessing of God on his own word. By the comparison of existing errors and abuses with the "lively oracles" of Scripture, the people were brought to see the tyrannical bondage which had been imposed upon them, and to use every effort to burst their fetters. The struggle was successful. Northern Europe rejoiced in Christian freedom.

Zuingle, the apostle of Switzerland,

* Sir Walter Scott's Picturesque Scenery and Antiquities of Scotland.

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discoursed on Scripture at Zurich with such effect, that persons of all ranks manifested the greatest eagerness for Divine knowledge. The word of God was abundantly diffused, with the happiest results, and for many years after the death of Zuingle, merchants and magistrates might be found, accustomed to the constant use of the Hebrew and Greek originals: so desirous were they of obtaining, by all the means in their power, a correct understanding of heavenly truth. The New Testament was published in the Helvetic dialect in 1524, and the Old Testament in 1525.

The gospel triumphed gloriously in the Netherlands. Savage persecution fell to the lot of the servants of Christ; but they meekly endured, and, in very many instances, "loved not their lives unto the death." The history of the reformation in the Netherlands contains some of the brightest pages in the annals of martyrdom. Nor can this be wondered at; for the word of the Lord, if it had not outwardly "free course," being opposed at every step by the powers of this world, was "glorified" in the hearts and lives of the saints, as well as in their painful sufferings. The Belgic Bible, which was printed in 1526, and often republished, was an invaluable treasure to the oppressed and bleeding church of God.

We now turn to England. Tindal's translation of the New Testament was printed at Antwerp in the year 1526. The papists fiercely withstood its circulation. Tonstall, then bishop of London, employed an agent to purchase as many copies as he could procure, for the express purpose of committing them to the flames; and sir Thomas More disgraced himself, first by writing against the reformer, and then by setting on foot the persecution which ultimately consigned him to martyrdom. Tindal's was a version of distinguished excellence; it formed the basis of all succeeding attempts, and it has been asserted that, "in point of perspicuity and noble simplicity, propriety of idiom and purity of style, no English version has yet surpassed it. The Pentateuch and the prophecy of Jonah were also translated and published by Tindal. In 1535, the whole Bible was printed in English, under the care of Miles Coverdale, afterwards bishop of Exeter. Other editions followed. Between the years 1526 and 1547, the year of Henry the Eighth's death, there were issued fourteen editions of the Bible, and eighteen of the New Testament.* The contradictory proceedings of the arbitrary monarch just named are well known. At one time, he prohibited and punished the perusal of the Scriptures; at another, he encouraged the practice, and even made provision for its observance. It is only necessary to state in this place that, whenever the people were allowed to read the word of God, they gladly availed themselves of the permission, much to the annoyance of the popish priesthood, and greatly to the advancement of the reformation. Proclamations were several times issued, enjoining the clergy or the parochial authorities to place copies of the Bible in the churches, for the benefit of those who could not possess them, and who might read them there; and Strype says that "it was wonderful to see with what joy the book of God was received, not only among the learneder sort, and those that were noted for lovers of the reformation, but generally all England over, among all the vulgar and common people, and with what greediness God's word was read, and what resort to places where the reading of it was." After many hard struggles, popery was finally suppressed in England as the national and dominant faith; and the spread of Protestantism in this country is to be mainly ascribed to the circulation of the Scriptures, aided by the efforts of faithful preachers of the gospel. Those labours would have been productive of little good if they had not been able to confirm their doctrine by constant appeals to the infallible standard of truth, the possession of which by the people prepared them to profit by the instructions they received, and furnished them with the means of distinguishing truth from error.

James le Févre, a learned Frenchman, and a professor in the university of Paris, published the New Testament, in French in 1523. He was a member of the Romish church, and continued so till his death, but his opinions accorded so nearly with Protestantism, and he expressed himself so warmly against the gross superstitions of the papacy, that he excited the enmity of the bigoted, and at one time suffered a short exile from his country. His translation of the New Testament, together with Clement Marot's versification of the Psalms, powerfully aided the

* Since this paper was written, the Rev. C. Anderson has published, in his "Annals of the English Bible," a list of early editors of the English Scriptures, showing they were far more numerous than had been supposed.

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progress of evangelical principles in France. The first Protestant translation of the Bible, executed by Olivetan, was published in 1535; other versions were afterwards made, and great numbers of copies circulated.

When the improving effects of knowledge began to be felt, and revived learning shed its blessings on society, the monstrous impostures and exactions of the church of Rome, which had been quietly endured in the times of ignorance, were seen in their true colours. Disgusted with the avarice and licentiousness of the priesthood, and thirsting for the truth, men turned from the alleged abuses of the system to the system itself, and ventured to inquire whether its claims possessed a Divine sanction. That inquiry would have terminated unfavourably to the interests of scriptural religion, had it not been for the publication of the word of God, especially in the vernacular tongues. Authority would have silenced, or sophistry deceived the seeker after truth. But when the reformers gave to the nations the sacred oracles in their own languages, boldly asserting the right of every man to search and judge for himself, and abjuring all human enactments, whenever opposed to the dictates of revelation, the mind was freed from an intolerable yoke, and "brought out of darkness into marvellous light." As long as they maintained the sufficiency and sole authority of Scripture, they were invulnerable. Canons and decrees availed nothing at all. Papists said, "Hear the church." Protestants replied, "Search the Scriptures." And men did search; nor did they search in vain. The discoveries they made excited at once their astonishment and indignation. They had asked food of their ghostly mother, and she had given them the biting scorpion. The word of the living God had been supplanted by the traditions of men. For truth, they had received foolish fables and lying legends. Pride had been flattered by the doctrine of merit, and vice nourished by priestly confession. Thousands upon thousands had been plundered during life, cheated in death, and ruined for ever. But at length the light arose, and revealed the horrible mischief. Then those who were of the light came forth from their obscurity. Numbers more followed their example. A continued use of these means disclosed greater and greater abominations. It was not a time for peace or compromise. When men contrasted the "glorious church" of the New Testament with the corrupt community of Rome, they saw the fulfilment of the prophecies concerning antichrist, and felt that they must obey the voice which said, "Come out of her, my people." The reformation restored the Bible to Christendom, and the Bible sustained and established the reformation. Had it not been for that mighty movement, the word of God would have been little known to the people; and had it not been for the general use of Scripture, the efforts of the reformers would have been fruitless.

Some idea may be formed of the force with which this spiritual engine was brought to bear upon the ignorance and superstition of the age, from a statement of the number of editions of the Scriptures, or parts of them, printed during the first thirty-six years of the sixteenth century. They amount to no fewer than five hundred and sixty-eight. Of these, one hundred and four were in Hebrew, or other oriental dialects, and Greek; two hundred and seventy-eight in Latin, then the common language of the learned of all nations; and the remaining one hundred and eighty-six in the spoken tongues of Europe.*

The Papists were deeply conscious of the injury sustained by their cause through these efforts. As long as the circulation of the Scriptures was chiefly confined to the Vulgate Latin editions, or to small impressions of the vernacular versions, badly executed, and accessible to few persons, but little opposition was made. The bulk of the people were still totally ignorant of the heavenly oracles; and those who possessed the book, so far from regarding it as the only rule of faith, admitted the concurrent authority of tradition, and were content to receive the interpretation of the Divine word from the church, that is, the priesthood, by which means the force of the testimony was quietly neutralised, and popery remained dominant. But when the advancement of education multiplied everywhere the number of readers, and the Scriptures as translated by the reformers were constantly appealed to, as the only authority in matters of religion, a hostile policy was immediately adopted, and enforced with customary rigour. The history of the sixteenth century abounds with instances. In 1525, the university of Paris

* The editions, doubtless, were still more numerous.

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solemnly censured the proposition, "that all Christians, but especially the clergy, ought to be persuaded to study the Holy Scriptures:" and in the same year, the French parliament declared it to be "neither expedient nor useful for the Christian public, that any translations of the Bible should be permitted to be printed, but that they ought rather to be suppressed as injurious, considering the times;" and ordered all persons who had in their possession copies of the Old or New Testament, or any portions of them, to deliver them up to the authorities. In the Netherlands, the most strenuous efforts were made to suppress the word of God. All copies of the entire Scriptures, or separate books, with notes or expositions of a Lutheran tendency, were condemned to the flames; and whoever should be found in possession of such books, after the issue of the proclamation, forfeited life and goods. The bishop of Geneva, in 1534, directed all French or German Bibles discovered in his territories to be burned, on pain of excommunication for disobedience. Euginas, who published, in 1542, a version of the New Testament in Spanish, was seized by the Inquisition and cast into prison, whence he escaped after a confinement of fifteen months, while his book was placed in the prohibitory Index of the church, and all the copies that could be laid hold of were destroyed. Ten years before, Bruccioli had translated the Scriptures into Italian, and boldly defended the right of all men to read the sacred volume in their own languages. His production met with the same fate, and his name is to be found at this day in the infamous Index, among condemned authors of the first class, none of whose works, on any subject, are allowed to be read. England was not behind in this unholy warfare. The close of the reign of Henry VIII. was deeply stained with the guilt of persecution. In 1543, a barbarous act was passed, by which all women, "except noblewomen or gentlewomen," and all artificers, journeymen, apprentices, husbandmen, and labourers, were forbidden to read the Bible, "privately or openly;" and if they were convicted of the offence a third time, they were to be burned.*

Nevertheless the word of God "grew and multiplied." The number of editions of the entire Scriptures, or parts of them, published during the first thirty-six years of the sixteenth century, has been already stated to amount to five hundred and sixty-eight. In the next period of the same length, the number was greater, having increased to seven hundred and thirty-seven. Of these, one hundred and thirty-four editions were in the oriental tongues (principally Hebrew) and Greek; two hundred and eighty-eight were in Latin, and three hundred and fifteen in different European languages, chiefly French and German. The whole number of editions issued between 1536 and 1572, was thirteen hundred and five.*

The biblical labours of the reformers deserve the highest praise. They devoted themselves unremittingly to this great work. All their efforts tended to promote the highest reverence for the word of God, to secure a clear and full announcement of its truths, and to provide for the permanence of the blessing. They taught men to honour it as the Divine standard of doctrine and rule of practice. Their discourses were faithful expositions of the mind of the Spirit, enforced with all the earnestness of sincere love, and expressed in the language of natural eloquence. And whenever they could obtain sufficient funds, they were careful to establish schools, that the people might not relapse into ignorance. The education supplied by these institutions was scriptural in its principles and liberal in its extent. The property of deserted or suppressed monasteries was frequently applied to this useful purpose.

The reformation is here considered exclusively in its religious aspect. It is well known that, in many instances, the removal of civil grievances, which had long borne heavily on the oppressed people, accompanied the overthrow of error and impostures. In accomplishing that object, such measures were employed as are common on similar occasions. If spiritual weapons were not always exclusively used in establishing a better order of things in a religious point of view, the cause must be sought in the education and early habits of the chief actors, and the responsibility rests on the papal church. Rome had taught intolerance so long, that her children found it extremely difficult to rid themselves of the spirit she had infused. Nothing of

* Bishop Bonner showed his hatred of the word of God by ordering the texts of Scripture which had been painted on the walls of the churches in his diocese to be entirely effaced, "so that they might not be read or seen."

* See the preceding notes.

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this kind receives the sanction of the Protestants of the nineteenth century, nor is the Bible answerable for measures which its own pages reject and condemn. But if that great revolution be regarded simply as a religious change, restoring gospel truth and primitive worship; replacing man before his Maker in his individual capacity, accountable to God, and to God only, in things spiritual; reinstating the Saviour in his lost honours, by bringing to light the long-forgotten doctrine of justification by faith; and magnifying the Spirit of all grace, by whose Divine power the soul is renewed and sanctified,—it will be granted that a more glorious event has not been recorded in the world's annals since the apostolic age. A reference to the two points last mentioned will illustrate the importance of the connexion which has been stated to exist between the spread of the Bible and the reformation. The great and essential doctrine of justification by faith would have continued hidden from men had not the sacred Scriptures been sent forth, "making wise the simple," and "rejoicing the hearts" of humble inquirers. And when their Divine lessons were received, it was quickly discovered that sanctification consists not in bodily austerities, and is not produced by supposed sacramental virtue, nor promoted by obedience to human inventions, but is ever the effect of the truth, received not "in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost," 1 Thess. i. 5.

Dr. Lingard honestly confesses that the word of God was a "powerful weapon" in the hands of the reformers.* The policy adopted by the Romish church since the reformation sufficiently indicates the impression produced by Protestant measures, and displays much cunning contrivance in order to avoid their effects. Wherever the Scriptures can be safely kept out of sight, it is judged most prudent to act on that plan. In Italy, Spain, and Portugal, the Bible is a rare book. Protestant versions, however faithful and excellent, are universally condemned, because they are Protestant; and the zeal of our Bible Societies has been denounced by successive popes, in terms of fanatic fury worthy of the dark ages. The bigoted priests of France and Belgium too often succeed in wresting copies of the Scriptures from members of their flocks, and destroying them. But in countries where popery is not professed by the bulk of the community, or where it is deemed expedient to put on the appearance of Christian freedom, translations are published and allowed to circulate with seeming liberality. These translations, however, are made from the Vulgate, not from the Hebrew or Greek: and the language is Romanized as much as possible, *faire penitence*, or "do penitence" for instance, being the word commonly given for "repentance," as the translation of *agite penitentiam*, that the doctrine and practice of auricular confession and the priest's command to do *penance* may appear to be sanctioned by Divine authority; explanatory notes are appended, it being deemed dangerous to suffer the holy book to go abroad unfettered. The circulation is left to the booksellers, as a mere matter of trade, since all that the church does is grudgingly to "permit" the perusal of the volume at the discretion of the priesthood; and those who receive such permission are bound to submit themselves absolutely to the said church, in regard to the interpretation of the sacred pages, and to receive ecclesiastical traditions with "equal reverence," as constituting, together with Scripture, the rule of faith. Under these restraints, the word of truth makes little or no progress among the adherents of Rome. The existence of such restraints, and the care with which they are enforced, are conclusive proofs that Popery and the Bible are at variance.

If, therefore, we desire the advancement of Protestantism, or in other words, of our common Christianity, let us do all that lies in our power to promote the wider distribution of the Scriptures, and to sustain those institutions by which that great object is sought. Popery has everything to fear from the spread of the Bible; Protestantism, nothing. At a time when Papists are exerting their utmost energies for the diffusion of their antichristian tenets; and the distinguishing principles of the reformation are renounced and vilified by many who are called Protestants; all who love the pure truth of the gospel are bound to commit themselves to the conflict with unflinching zeal. Inaction is a positive sin. Be it our care to place the Bible, now happily attainable by the poorest, in the hands of all who can read it. Let scriptural education receive that measure of warm support to which it is justly entitled. Above

* Hist. of England, vi. 277. Foolscap 8vo. edition.

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all, if we would be prepared for the work of God, let us "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" his blessed word, earnestly and habitually imploring the gracious aid of the Holy Spirit, that we may be led into all truth, and strengthened to cleave to the Lord with purpose of heart. J. M. C.

LIGHT OF THE GLOW-WORM.

M. Matteucci lately addressed a notice to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, containing the results of experiments which he has made on the phenomena constituting the phosphorescence of the glow-worm. The following is the substance of his communication :—Carbonic acid and hydrogen are the media in which the phosphorescent matter ceases to shine after a space of 30 or 40 minutes, if the gases are pure. In oxygen gas, the light is more brilliant than in atmospheric air, and it remains brilliant for nearly triple the length of time. When it shines in the air or in oxygen, it consumes a portion of oxygen, which is replaced by the corresponding volume of carbonic acid. In the same media, when there is an impossibility of light being emitted, there is no oxygen absorbed, and no carbonic acid developed. Heat augments, to a certain extent, the light of the phosphorescent matter, whereas cold produces the opposite effect. When the heat is too great, the substance is altered. The same thing takes place when it is left in the air, or in some gases, for a certain time; that is, when the substance is separated from the animal. This matter, so altered, is no longer capable of emitting light or of becoming luminous. According to these facts, it would seem that the phosphorescence of the glow-worm is a phenomenon of combustion, the result of the combination of the oxygen of the air with carbon, which is one of the elements of the phosphorescent matter.—*L'Institut*; *Jameson's Journal.*

SOCIAL DUTIES.

Have Christian parents at all times acted before their children as they ought to have acted? Have they manifested the deadness to the world which alone is consistent with their "high calling of God in Christ Jesus?" If they have shown their children a little conformity to the world, whereby the children, according to the corrupted principles of the human heart, are tempted to seek a little more, the fault originated in the parents.—*Warning to Professors.*

WAITING ON GOD.

Wait patiently on God. It is becoming of a dutiful child, when he hath not presently what he writes for to his father, to say, "My father is wiser than I; his own wisdom will tell him what and when to send to me." O Christian, thy heavenly Father hath gracious reason which holds his hands for the present, or else thou hadst heard from him ere now.—*Gurnall.*

WIT, LIKE SALT—A LITTLE GOES A GREAT WAY; or, THE JEST OF A HEBREW CHILD.

"There, my lad," said an Athenian once to a little Hebrew boy, by way of joke, "here is a pruta, [a small coin, of less value than a farthing,] bring me something for it, of which I may eat enough, leave some for my host, and carry some home to my family." The witty boy went and brought him salt. "Salt," exclaimed the Athenian, "I did not tell thee to bring salt!" "Nay," replied the boy, archly, "didst thou not say, 'Bring me of what I may eat, leave, and take some home?' Verily of this thou mayest eat, leave some behind, and still have plenty to carry home."—*Medrash Eoh.*

EXPERIENCE AN EXCELLENT INTERPRETER.

Oh, what an excellent interpreter is experience! Taste and see; for thus the serious Christian getteth a view of the Scripture and spiritual things which the most subtle and piercing eye of unsanctified schoolmen cannot reach; yea, by the practice of truth, nearness to God, and retiring of the soul to him, hath oft obtained more light in one hour than others by many days, putting their judgment and invention on the rack.—*Fleming.*

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Derwentwater.

THE LAKES.

"THE form of the lake," says our poet Wordsworth, "is most perfect when, like Derwentwater, and some of the smaller lakes, it least resembles that of a river; I mean, when being looked at from any given point where the whole may be seen at once, the width of it bears such proportion to the length, that, however the outline may be diversified by far-receding bays, it never assumes the shape of a river, and is contemplated with that placid and quiet feeling which belongs peculiarly to the lake—as a body of still water under the influence of no current; reflecting, therefore, the clouds, the light, and all the imagery of the sky and surrounding hills; expressing also and making visible the changes of the atmosphere, and motions of the lightest breeze, and subject to agitation only from the winds.

——————The visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady lake!

It must be noticed, as a favourable characteristic of the lakes of this country, that, though several of the largest, such as Winandermere, Ullswater, Haweswater, do, when the whole length of them is commanded from an elevated point, lose somewhat of the peculiar form of the lake, and assume the resemblance of a magnificent river; yet, as their shape is winding, (particularly that of Ullswater and Haweswater,) when the view of the whole is obstructed by those barriers which determine the windings, and the spectator is confined to one reach, the appropriate feeling is revived; and one lake may thus in succession present to the eye the essential characteristic of many. But, though the forms of the large lakes have this advantage, it is nevertheless favourable to the beauty of the country that the largest of them are

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comparatively small; and that the same vale generally furnishes a succession of lakes, instead of being filled with one. The vales in North Wales are not formed for the reception of lakes; those of Switzerland, Scotland, and this part of the north of England, are so formed; but in Switzerland and Scotland the proportion of diffused water is often too great, as at the lake of Geneva for instance, and in most of the Scotch lakes. No doubt it sounds magnificent, and flatters the imagination, to hear at a distance of expanses of water so many leagues in length and miles in width; and such ample room may be delightful to the fresh-water sailor, scudding with a lively breeze amid the rapidly-shifting scenery. But who ever travelled along the banks of Loch-Lomond, variegated as the lower part is by islands, without feeling that a speedier termination of the long vista of blank water would be acceptable; and without wishing for an interposition of green meadows, trees, and cottages, and a sparkling stream to run by his side? In fact, a notion of grandeur, as connected with magnitude, has seduced persons of taste into a general mistake upon this subject. It is much more desirable, for the purpose of pleasure, that lakes should be numerous, and small or middle-sized, than large, not only for communication by walks and rides, but for variety and for recurrence of similar appearances. To illustrate this by one instance: how pleasing is it to have a ready and frequent opportunity of watching, at the outlet of a lake, the stream pushing its way among the rocks, in lively contrast with the stillness from which it has escaped; and how amusing to compare its noisy and turbulent motions with the gentle playfulness of the breezes, that may be starting up or wandering here and there over the faintly-rippled surface of the broad water! I may add, as a general remark, that in lakes of great width, the shores cannot be distinctly seen at the same time, and therefore contribute little to mutual illustration and ornament; and, if the opposite shores are out of sight of each other, like those of the American and Asiatic lakes, then, unfortunately, the traveller is reminded of a nobler object: he has the blankness of a sea-prospect, without the grandeur and accompanying sense of power.

As the comparatively small size of the lakes in the north of England is favourable to the production of variegated landscape, their boundary line also is for the most part gracefully or boldly indented. That uniformity which prevails in the primitive frame of the lower grounds among all chains or clusters of mountains where large bodies of still water are bedded, is broken by the secondary agents of nature, ever at work to supply the deficiencies of the mould in which things were originally cast. Using the word deficiencies, I do not speak with reference to those stronger emotions which a region of mountains is peculiarly fitted to excite. The bases of those huge barriers may run for a long space in straight lines, and these parallel to each other; the opposite sides of a profound vale may ascend as exact counterparts, or in mutual reflection, like the billows of a troubled sea; and the impression be, from its very simplicity, more awful and sublime. Sublimity is the result of Nature's first great dealings with the superficies of the earth; but the general tendency of her subsequent operations is towards the production of beauty, by a multiplicity of symmetrical parts uniting in a consistent whole. This is everywhere exemplified along the margins of these lakes. Masses of rock, that have been precipitated from the heights into the area of waters, lie in some places like stranded ships; or have acquired the compact structure of jutting piers; or project in little peninsulas crested with native wood. The smallest rivulet, one whose silent influx is scarcely noticeable in a season of dry weather—so faint is the dimple made by it on the surface of the smooth lake—will be found to have been not useless in shaping, by its deposits of gravel and soil in time of flood, a curve that would not otherwise have existed. But the more powerful brooks, encroaching upon the level of the lake, have, in course of time, given birth to ample promontories of sweeping outline, that contrast boldly with the longitudinal base of the steeps on the opposite shore; while their flat or gently-sloping surfaces never fail to introduce into the midst of desolation and barrenness, the elements of fertility, even where the habitations of men may not have been raised. These alluvial promontories, however, threaten in some places to bisect the waters which they have long adorned; and, in course of ages, they will cause some of the lakes to dwindle into numerous and insignificant pools, which, in their turn, will finally be filled up. But, checking these

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intrusive calculations, let us rather be content with appearances as they are, and pursue in imagination the meandering shores; whether rugged steeps, admitting of no cultivation, descend into the water, or gently-sloping lawns and woods or flat and fertile meadows stretch between the margin of the lake and the mountains. Among minuter recommendations, will be noticed, especially along bays exposed to the setting-in of strong winds, the curved rim of fine blue gravel, thrown up in course of time by the waves, half of it perhaps gleaming from under the water, and the corresponding half of a lighter hue; and in other parts bordering the lake, groves, if I may so call them, of reeds and bulrushes; or plots of water-lilies lifting up their large target-shaped leaves to the breeze, while the white flower is heaving upon the wave.

To these may naturally be added the birds that enliven the waters. Wild ducks in spring-time hatch their young in the islands, and upon reedy shores; the sandpiper, flitting along the stony margins, by its restless note attracts the eye to motions as restless: upon some jutting rock, or at the edge of a smooth meadow, the stately heron may be descried with folded wings, that might seem to have caught their delicate hue from the blue waters, by the side of which she watches for her sustenance. In winter the lakes are sometimes resorted to by wild swans, and in that season habitually by widgeons, goldings, and other aquatic fowl of the smaller species. Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe the evolutions which these visitants sometimes perform, on a fine day towards the close of winter.

Mark how the feather'd tenants of the flood,
With grace of motion that might scarcely seem
Inferior to angelical, prolong
Their curious pastime! shaping in mid air
(And sometimes with ambitious wing that soars
High as the level of the mountain tops)
A circuit ampler than the lake beneath,
Their own domain; but ever, while intent
On tracing and retracing that large round,
Their jubilant activity evolves
Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro,
Upward and downward, progress intricate,
Yet unperplex'd, as if one spirit sway'd
Their indefatigable flight.—'Tis done—
Ten times or more, I fancied it had ceased;
But lo! the vanish'd company again
Ascending; they approach—I hear their wings,
Faint, faint, at first, and then an eager sound,
Past in a moment—and as faint again!
They tempt the sun to sport amid their plumes:
They tempt the water or the gleaming ice,
To show them a fair image;—'tis themselves,
Their own fair forms, upon the glimmering plain,
Painted more soft and fair as they descend
Almost to touch; then up again aloft,
Up with a sally and a flash of speed,
As if they scorn'd both resting place and rest.

THE EXILES OF THE PALATINATE.

No. II.

In the beautiful suburban village of Stoke Newington, then separated from the metropolis by two miles of corn-fields and meadow lands, which have now given place to densely populated streets, Albert Schonfeld found an abode. According to the records of that place, a spot of ground was selected on which houses were built for the reception of some of the refugees from the Palatinate; and, to this day, the property bears that name—a standing and pleasing memorial of the sympathy that was felt and the generous feelings that were in exercise towards those who had become aliens from home and kindred, that they might worship God according to their conscientious convictions.

Here, for several years, the exiles remained, supported chiefly by their own skill in the several trades or professions to which they belonged. But that love of country, which even the least sensitive cannot fail to cherish, lived still in their hearts, and Albert yearned to have one more glimpse of his native mountains, before he died. Great changes had taken place in the Palatinate since they left. Of these they regularly heard from friends resident there. Count Von Steinberg had sustained a series of reverses from the time that he had lifted up his hand against the Lutherans of Mannheim, and scattered them abroad; as if the retributive justice of Heaven had overtaken him. That proud castle, in which he had exercised his tyranny towards those who differed from him in religious views, had been wrested from his grasp; and he was wandering with a few attendants from place to place. His conscience often upbraided him with his treatment of Schonfeld and his fellow exiles, and now he bitterly regretted the harshness of those proceedings, to which he had been urged by the malignant bigotry of Glauber, the priest, who, in the day of the count's adversity, had forsaken him.

A favourable opportunity presenting for the return of such of the exiles as chose to embrace it, Albert and Hottinger, and their families, with a few others, embarked for Rotterdam; and gliding along the bright waters of the glorious Rhine,

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at length reached Mentz. Here they found some well-known friends, and from them they heard still more of the miserable condition of Von Steinberg. They were too good men to exult over a fallen enemy, and an occasion was offered for exercising that forgiveness, the exhibition of which Christianity demands.

They reached Mannheim as the sun was setting, pouring a flood of glory on the height and sides of the Odenwald mountains, and with uncontrolled emotions beheld again the scenes that had been imprinted too indelibly on their memories ever to be forgotten, and which had mingled with their dreams while exiles in a stranger land. Many were the greetings they received; for Schonfeld and Hottinger had been much esteemed, even by their Roman Catholic neighbours, and a cordial welcome was given them to their native village, in which now the exercise of their religion, without molestation, was granted.

Nicolas Hottinger looked towards his old dwelling place. It was occupied by a stranger, so that he had to choose another place of residence. Two miles down the Rhine he observed a small cluster of cottages, near which he thought he might with advantage take up his abode, as there appeared a favourable opportunity for carrying on his farming operations. Thither he directed his steps, and Schonfeld accompanied him. They overtook, on the banks of the stream, an aged man, wending his weary way alone in the direction they were going. His locks were grizzly, his countenance marked by many furrows, and his eyes were sunken deep in his head. His dress had the appearance of having once been rich, but was now faded and threadbare. All betokened his having seen better days; and his walk, though feeble, was yet that of a man who had been accustomed to tread with a haughty step. Both the friends, as they gazed on his features, started when they recognised their old enemy the count; but neither allowed an exclamation to escape them, likely to betray their knowledge of his person. They wished to spare him the pang of humiliation which they knew he would feel should he find himself discovered in so abject a condition by the two friends, who, of all men, he had the least reason to expect would compassionate his distress. They offered him their arms, and he looked at them with surprise at this mark of attention; and, as he accepted their aid, a tear stole down his cheek, and he exclaimed, "'Tis a long while since any around this place displayed regard for me. I was once," he continued, with a voice that trembled with emotion, "the proud lord of these towers, which are flinging their shadows over the river; but I am now despoiled of all I formerly possessed." And he groaned in the bitterness of his spirit. "But," he resumed, "it is a righteous retribution. I drove from their homes men who had never injured me. I forced them to forsake the scenes that were dear to them, and in another land to worship that God who has convinced me that he judgeth in the earth. Oh, this is a weary world to me now! Nearly all have forsaken me, and I shall soon lie down in the grave, with none to weep over my loss."

He turned with surprise towards the one and the other of his supporters, for he heard the ill-suppressed sobs of both, as they thus listened so unexpectedly to the bitter self-accusations of this miserable man. "Why do you weep?" he asked. "Who are you, that you pity me? It cannot be," he exclaimed, with a look of the greatest surprise, for he seemed to recognise in the countenance of one of his kind sympathizers, features that were familiar to him,—"it cannot be Hottinger that has returned, and on whose arm I am leaning!"

"'Tis even so, my lord," said that person, "and his heart bleeds to find you thus."

"What!" said the count, "do you feel compassion for me who have injured you so deeply; and am I indebted to those whom, of all men, I conceived most likely to cherish enmity towards me, for both sympathy and assistance?" And the old man wept aloud.

"We are taught to forgive one another," said Albert Schonfeld, "as Christ has forgiven us; and we do this heartily. Come, lean again on our arms, and let us take you to your home."

"It is a miserable home," sighed the count, pointing to a small cottage, where, with an old servant who had been faithful to the last, he now resided. "Nevertheless, it will serve for the few days I remain here." And while he spoke they entered the humble dwelling.

How great the change which had passed over the once haughty count since the hour when, in the pride of his lordly station and conscious power, he had driven the men before him into exile! They

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could not but reflect on the mutability of human affairs, and on the shifting scenes of the drama of life. The oppressor had been humbled to the dust, and the oppressed were freed from his wrath. Thus had God vindicated the cause of his people, and avenged himself on his and their enemies. But while they silently adored Him who had so graciously appeared on their behalf, they could not but be sensibly affected with the fallen condition of the count. As they glanced around the room, which was most scantily furnished, the eyes of the old man followed theirs, and a blush passed over his pale cheek, for he read their thoughts; but he made no remark. Schonfeld, at his request, briefly narrated what had happened to them, and soon afterwards they took their departure, promising again to visit him the first opportunity. Hottinger took up his residence in this hamlet, and great prosperity attended his exertions. Soon after his location near the count, the domestic of the latter died; and the retainer, in the spirit of feudal times, opened his doors to give his lord a shelter. There was then a lovely, practical exemplification of the apostolic injunction,—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

Under this hospitable roof, although bereft of all the splendours of his rank, and deprived of all his earthly riches—a condition to which nobles, in that unsettled period, were not unfrequently reduced—the count spent happier moments than he had ever known within the embattled towers of his patrician home. For Ellen Hottinger, the youngest daughter of the farmer, in her kind attentions to the old man, greatly cheered and soothed his spirit. She sat by his side in the cool of the summer evening, and read out of the book of eternal truth. He listened, with clasped hands and bowed head, to the words of consolation, as they fell from her lips; and heavenly peace stole over his soul. He found in Christ a Saviour, at whose cross the burden of his guilt rolled for ever away; and when, at the summons of death, he bade adieu to the scenes of earth, it was with a smile of celestial hope irradiating his countenance, and with the words of strong confidence on his lips. He realized the truth of the prophetic declaration, "at evening time it shall be light."

T. A.

DISPERSION OF THE JEWS.

The dispersion of the Jews has been marked by cruelty and oppression. Did we begin our survey of Jewish sufferings in the East, sufficient might be urged to move the soul into the deepest sympathy. When Pliny Fisk travelled in eastern regions, he met a dervise beating his ass, and after working his feelings to the highest pitch of excitement, and having uttered his bitterest invectives, he summed up his abuse and curses in the contemptuous epithet—Jew. "Everywhere," says Wolff, "the Jews are princes compared with these in Persia." And yet there they are so oppressed, they flee for refuge into Turkey, where, such is the state of their princely freedom, that the proud lazy Turk punishes the Hebrew fugitive who will not light his pipe. Pass now into the land of their fathers. In Hebron, Stephens met with an old rabbi who many years before had come to lay his bones in the Holy Land, and who thus affectingly described his position:—"He was now eighty years old, and for thirty years he had lived with the sword suspended over his head; had been reviled, buffeted, and spit on; and though sometimes enjoying a respite from persecution, he never knew at what moment the blood-hounds might not be let loose upon him; that since the country had been wrested from the Sultan by the Pasha of Egypt, they had been comparatively safe and tranquil; though some idea may be formed of this comparative security from the fact that, during the revolution, two years before, when Ibrahim Pasha, after having been pent up several months in Jerusalem, burst out like a roaring lion, the first place upon which his wrath descended was the unhappy Hebron. And while their guilty brethren were sometimes spared, the unhappy Jews, never offending, but always suffering, received the full weight of Arab vengeance. Their houses were ransacked and plundered; their gold and silver, and all things valuable, carried away; and their wives and daughters violated before their eyes by a brutal soldiery."* Not less decided is the testimony of another recent traveller:—"In other countries the very name of Jew has associated with it cunning, deceit, usury, traffic, and often wealth. But here, in addition to the usual degradation and purchased suffering of a despised, stricken, outcast race, they bend under extreme poverty, and wear the aspect of a weep-

* Stephen's Incidents of Travel, vol. ii. 157, 158.

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ing and a mourning people; lamenting over their fallen greatness as a nation, and over the prostrate grandeur of their once proud city. Here the usurer is turned into the pilgrim, the merchant into the priest, and the inexorable creditor into the weeping suppliant. Without wealth, without traffic, they are supported solely by the voluntary contributions of their brethren throughout the world."* Barbary has always been a resort of this people, yet there have they been despised and oppressed. It is true their position there now is very different; they having received from France the privilege of French citizens. But the period is not remote when the Jews were forced to be the public executioners—an office degrading to the Moors, fit for the Jews; and when Israelitish money-changers and bankers were allowed to ride on an ass only, and that outside the walls of the city. Is it alleged, these instances of Jewish persecution are taken from states involved in oriental degradation and bigotry? Turn, then, to some civilized and refined countries; turn to Italy. In Rome, the Jews have been for ages confined to a district called the Ghetts—a narrow, contracted, filthy quarter. In mockery and cruelty combined, or in the irrational belief that opinion can be coerced, and mind converted by force, three hundred are compelled every Sunday to hear a sermon for their conversion; while, as if this was mercy, the proposal was made and entertained in 1829, to banish them from the Pope's dominions. Is it said, this is the treatment of a priest-ridden, intolerant land? Pass, then, to Germany, distinguished by its free thought—to Germany, under a monarch, who, according to the self-laudation of infidelity, ought to be tolerant, because an infidel, and as such, above all distinctions of Jew and Christian. Frederick, the correspondent of Voltaire, despite all professions of independence and toleration, excluded the Jews from office, and enacted most arbitrary and cruel laws to prevent their increase in his possessions. Who requires to be reminded of the sanguinary conduct of the crusaders to the Jews in Germany, —when men, wearing the badge of allegiance to Him whose kingdom is peace, and whose soul gushed forth in love and mercy, seemed to consecrate their enterprise by the massacre of Jewish victims? Such was the terror their very name inspired, that, at Treves, the Jewish mother killed her children, fearful of the contamination of Christianity. Such was the havoc they committed, that the Rhine was dyed with blood of murdered Jews, and their march might be traced in marks of gore they had shed. The preaching of some fanatic stirred human passion to an uncontrollable degree; the fiendish fury of the populace was let loose, and 17,000 Jews murdered, form part of the results of one crusade. As if cruelty in its old forms had lost its luxury, new means were devised, and a vessel at Basle filled with Jews, set fire to by the crusaders, furnished them with new pleasure in the shrieks of the helpless sufferers.

If we come to our own land, we there find the same barbarous policy pursued towards the Jew. I refer not to England when emerging out of heathenism—such policy might naturally be a portion of its sanguinary spirit—I refer to those times which some now describe as the period when England was a truly Christian land, (our sentimental statesmen poetically dream over its joys, untainted by the labours of mechanical science, untarnished by the selfishness of a mammon-worshiping age!)—the days of its agricultural simplicity, and chivalrous freedom and honour. By Saxon boor and Norman warrior alike was the Jew despised and spoiled. True, the presence of some feudal lord, to whom the riches of the Jew was an object of interest, might protect him from the insolence of the peasant churl; but the timid shrinking glance, the furtive look of the Jewish eye, showed eloquently the severity which had changed the son of Abraham into the crouching slave. Avarice clothed itself in the garb of religious zeal—the honour of a king lost its power—the rights of property had no force—common honesty lost its sanctions—chivalry was shorn of its lustre, wherever a Jew's interests or character were at stake. One monarch sold them to his brother; while such was the atrocity of English cruelty under another, that 1,500 perished by mutual slaughter in York castle, rather than trust to the treaties and honour of Christians, or die by the refined arts of death and suffering the English might practise. It seemed, in fact, as if it was part of Christianity to hate the Jew, and piety to persecute him.

It was perhaps in Spain, however, that the oppression of the Jews assumed the fiercest aspect. Under the Moslem power they had grown up in great prosperity. When its star declined, and the Arabs

* Wilde's Voyages, vol. ii. 395.

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retreated from Europe, the policy of the Spanish government was to foster the Jewish people—the policy, not of enlightened principle, but of malignant, heartless cunning, to let them increase in numbers and wealth, to lull them into unsuspecting confidence, and thus into defencelessness. Then came the time for action. The treacherous calm was broken; the fiends of the Inquisition were let loose; the populace aroused by the most wicked and false representations—a populace equally delighted with the bull-fight at Madrid, or a Jewish massacre at Seville. Under the mask of religion, with the alternative, Christianity or death, thousands, refusing to give even the hypocritical profession of conversion, perished for the amusement of the citizens, and the aggrandisement of the authorities. In the fourteenth century (A.D. 1391) 3,500 were massacred in Seville, while in Toledo, Valencia, etc., 20,000 perished. So numerous were the victims of Spanish ferocity, that the people became tired of ordinary murder, and 2,000 nominal converts were, on a suspicion of apostasy, cooped up in a large building filled with combustible materials, and thus murdered by a slow lingering death. Cruelty at length reached the climax—it had been glutted with blood; avarice was now to gorge itself with spoils. A decree of exile was published; oh! had the way to Palestine been open, it would have been a decree of mercy! But here was the tearing of every fibre that bound them to the land they were leaving, without giving new scenes where they again might be rooted,—300,000 Jews left the land where they had been born, with the melancholy feeling that they were just passing from the grasp of the eagle to the talons of the vulture.

I cannot close this melancholy recital of wanton, savage, uniform cruelty, without a reference to the treatment of our Jewish brethren in France. There it was the custom every Easter to smite them on the face at Toulouse. Every kind of story was published regarding them. Kings issued edicts requiring them to restore all pledges. To quote the words of Hallam: "It was the policy of kings of France to employ them as a sponge to suck their subjects' money, which they might afterwards express with less odium than direct taxation would incur; while bishops stimulated the people by sermons from the pulpit to revile and insult them." Such was the hostility of nations to the poor Jew, that it mixed with all their feelings; a word, a name, froze admiration into cold indifference or hate, stripped beauty of its fascination, heroism of its fame, benevolence of its charms. By the outlaw and his chief, the lord and his vassal, the clergy and the burgher, the swineherd and the thane, by all was the Jew denounced, to all was he the sport of cruelty, the victim of robbery, or the butt of scorn.

In every stage of society, under every form of government, beneath the influence of every form of religion, we find them dragged into notoriety to gratify the avarice of the oppressor, or to amuse by their tortures the savage taste of the populace. Spain, with its romance and chivalry; Italy, the gay, the classic, and refined, alike sported with Hebrew sensibilities, and gloated over Hebrew agonies; and Britain, the home of freedom, the refuge of the oppressed from every clime, the very touch of whose soil enfranchises the slave, has in its annals many a dark scene, where beauty, gracefulness, piety, and learning, gathered delight from the sufferings of the Israelite as from the courage of the brute. How long has the very name been a by-word, a scorn, a hissing! Is a man cunning? he is a Jew; dirty? he is a Jew; does he overreach his neighbour? he is a Jew. In the vocabulary of abuse no term is more contemptuous than this. Monstrous infatuation! that thus involves a nation in the sweeping censures due to the conduct of individual members;—and error, not more illogical than cold-hearted, that condemns the slave because he has not the manly port of the free, and denounces the Jew because he is what Europe made him.—*Dr. Archer.*

LONDON BRIDGE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

No. II.

It was mentioned in a former number that the ancient bridge of London frequently suffered injury and dilapidation from fire and other causes. A few of the more remarkable incidents of this kind may be worthy of further notice. It is related by Polydore Virgil, to whom reference has already been made, in his "Historiæ Anglicæ," that in the year 1211, all the buildings that were erected upon London Bridge were "even upon both sides destroyed by fire:"—"the which," he adds, "is esteemed a place of wonder." But we have a more detailed and most melancholy account of

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the matter, in our own historian, Stow, by which it appears that it occurred on the 10th of July, 1212,—still, it will be recollected, within four years only from the completion of the bridge. "The borough of Southwark," he says, "upon the south-side of the river Thames, as also the church of our Lady of the Canons there, being on fire, and an exceeding great multitude of people passing the bridge, either to extinguish and quench it, or else to gaze and behold it; suddenly the north part, by blowing of the south wind, was also set on fire; and the people which were even now passing the bridge, perceiving the same, would have returned, but were stopped by the fire; and it came to pass, that as they stayed and protracted the time, the other end of the bridge also, namely, the south end, was fired; so that the people, thronging themselves between the two fires, did nothing else but expect present death. Then there came to aid them several ships and vessels, into which the multitude so unadvisedly rushed, that the ships being thereby drowned, they all perished. It was said that through the fire and shipwreck there were destroyed above three thousand persons, whose bodies were found in part or half burned, besides those that were wholly burned to ashes, and could not be found."

In the year 1281, there was, according to the same chronicler, from Christmas to the commencement of February, "such a frost and snow as no man living can recollect the like;"—"where through," he adds, "five arches of London-bridge, and all Rochester-bridge, were borne down and carried away with the stream; and the like happened to many bridges in England." The damage thus occasioned does not seem to have been very quickly repaired; for we find, eight years afterward, the bridge was in so decayed a state, that men were afraid to pass over it, and as the laity—the "profane vulgar"—were doubtless considered incompetent to such an undertaking, "a collection," it is said, "or gathering, was made of *all archbishops, bishops, and other ecclesiastical persons*, for the reparation of London-bridge." On the 14th of January, 1437, we are told the great stone-gate and tower standing upon it, next Southwark, fell suddenly down into the river, with two of the fairest arches of the same bridge. "And yet," adds Stow, "no man perished in body, which was a great work of God."

When the solidity of this ancient structure, and style of its architecture, are taken into consideration, it can scarcely be doubted that there is considerable exaggeration in the records of these latter disasters. Coming down, however, to later times, we have authentic accounts of a considerable fire upon the bridge, "which could not be quenched," in the year 1504, and of a yet more memorable accident of this kind in 1633. Of the latter there is extant a curious narrative by an eye-witness, of the name of Nehemiah Wallington, in a manuscript volume, entitled "The Mercies of God; or a Thankful Remembrance," an extract from which was forwarded by the late Mr. W. Upcott, to the "Gentleman's Magazine," of 1824. The account of the fire is as follows:—

1663. "It is the bounden dutie of vs all that have beene the beholders of the wonderfull workes of the Lord our God, his mercyes and iudgements shewed heretofore; and now of late of a fearful fire, wee should not forget itt ourselves, and we should declare it to all others, euen to ye generations to come. On the xi. day of February, (being Monday, 1633,) began, by God's iust hand, a fearefull fire in the house of one John Brigges, neare tenn of the clocke att night; it burnt down his house and the next house, with all the goods that were in them; and as I heare that Briggs, his wife and childe, escaped with their liues very hardly, hauing nothing on their bodies but their shurt and smoke; and the fire burnt so fearcely that itt could not be quenched till it had burnt downe all the houses on both sides of the way, from S. Magnes church to the first open place. And although there was water enough very neare, yet they could not safely come at it, but all the conduittes neare were opened, and the pipes that carried water through the streets were cutt open, and the watter swept down with brooms with helpe enough; but it was the will of God it should not preuaile. And the hand of God was the more seene in this, inasmuch as no meanes would prosper. For the 3 engines, which are such excellent things that nothing that euer was deuised could do so much good, yet none of these did prosper, for they were all broken, and the tide was verie low, that they could get no watter; and the pipes that were cutt, yielded but littel watter. Some ladders were broke to the hurt of many, for some had their legges broke, some had their armes and some

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their ribbes broken, and many lost their liues. This fire burnt fiercely all night, and part of the next day, (for my man was there about twelue a cloke, and he said we did see the fardest house on fire,) till all was burnt and pulled downe to the ground. Yet the timber and wood and coales in the sellers could not be quenched all that weeke, till the Tuesday following in the afternoon, the 19th of February, for I was there then myselfe, and had a liue coal of fire in my hand, and burnt my finger with it. Notwithstanding there were as many night and day as could labour one by another to carry away timber, and brickes and tiles and rubbish cast downe into the liters. So that on Wednesday the bridge was cleared that passengers might goe ouer. At the beginning of this fire, as I lay in my bed and heard the sweeping of the channels, and crying for water, water, I arose about one of the cloke, and looked downe Fish-street-hill, and did behold such a fearfull and dreadfull fire vaunting itself ouer the tops of houses, like a captaine flourishing and displaying his banner; and seeing so much meanes and so little good, it did make me think of that fire which the Lord threatneth against Jerusalem in the sabbath day. He saith thus, 'But if ye will not here me to sanctify the Sabbath day, then will I kindle a fire in the gates there, and it shall deuoure the palaces of Jerusalem, and it shall not be quenched.' I did heere that on the other side of ye bridge, the bruers brought abundance of watter in vessells on their draies, which did, with the blessing of God, much good, and this mercie of God I thought on, that there was but littel wind; for had the wind bin as high as it was a weeke before, I thinke it would have indangered ye most part of the citie; for in Thames-street there is much pitch, tarre, rosin, and oyle in their houses: therefore as God remembers mercie in iustice, let us remember thankefullnes in sorrow. Therefore will I praise the Lord with my whole heart, and I will speake of all thy marvellous workes; for it is of the Lord's mercy that wee are not consumed. Lament. iii. 22." Then there follows an account of the houses burned, to the number of forty, with the names and trades of the inhabitants.

In the great fire of London, which commenced in its immediate neighbourhood on the 2nd of September, 1666, the bridge sustained considerable injury, but all the houses upon it even do not appear to have been totally destroyed. The account which Mr. Vincent gives of it, in his interesting work, "God's Terrible Voice in the City," is as follows:—"Now," says the author, speaking of the conflagration in his usual graphic style, "it rusheth down the hill towards the bridge; crosseth Thames-street; invadeth St. Magnus church at the bridge-foot; and though that church were so great, yet it was not a sufficient barricado against this conqueror; but having scaled and taken this fort, it shooteth flames with so much the greater advantage into all places round about; and a great building of houses upon the bridge is quickly thrown to the ground; then the conqueror being stayed in his course at the bridge, marcheth back to the citie again, and runs along with great noise and violence through Thames-street, westward."

About the middle of the last century the buildings on the bridge had become equally dangerous both on the edifice and on the water, and it was resolved to take them all down, to remove the great middle pier, for an entirely new arch in the centre, to add the depth of the removed houses to the width of the bridge, and to secure both sides by a stone wall and balustrades. While the works were in progress, it was necessary to erect a temporary wooden bridge, at an expense of two thousand pounds. The whole of this was destroyed by fire on the 11th of April, 1758, and the bridge itself considerably damaged, although the wind blew strongly from the east. Another temporary bridge was consequently erected, and the works brought to a completion, when it was discovered that, by the removal of the large centre pier, the excavation around and underneath its starlings were so considerable, as to place the adjoining piers and the new arch itself in imminent danger. Mr. J. Smeaton, the celebrated engineer, was summoned up by express from York, to obviate the evil, and his advice was, that the corporation should immediately buy back the stones belonging to the city gates, which had been removed the year before,* and that they should be thrown into the water to guard the starlings. This advice was followed with so much promptitude, that the stones were bought on the same day, horses, carts, and barges were instantly procured, and the work commenced, although it was Sunday morning. This expedient ap-

* They appear to have been those of Aldgate, Cripplegate, Ludgate, Bishopsgate, Moorgate, and Aldersgate.

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pears to have succeeded; but the continual reparation which the bridge subsequently required, at length induced the corporation to determine upon the erection of the present very commodious and elegant structure, after the completion of which the old London bridge was finally demolished. D. W.

A YOUNG BELIEVER.

One morning I paid a pastoral visit to a young lady, a member of my church, whose family had not long removed from another part of the country to reside in Birmingham. On my rising to retire, my young friend informed me that she had an invalid sister, whom she expected every moment from her chamber, and who, she said, would be much gratified to see me. I had scarcely resumed my seat, before there entered the room a most lovely and interesting young person, whose features, naturally extremely pleasing, derived additional beauty from the fatal hectic with which they were a little flushed, and which had been increased by the exertion of coming down stairs. What added to the interest of the scene was the presence of two other sisters, besides the one already mentioned, and who themselves appeared in delicate health. As soon as Martha, for such was her Christian name, had recovered her breath, which had been rendered short and rather difficult by the exertion of descending from her chamber, I entered into conversation with her on the circumstances of her affliction; a subject which, though in most cases gloomy and depressing, checked not for a moment the sweet smile which played upon her engaging countenance. She soon informed me that she felt she had the sentence of death in herself, and considered her illness as a voice from the tomb; and spoke of dying as one who was familiar with the awful topic. "I have neither love of life," she said, "nor fear of death: and although I am leaving the world when its prospects were become most flattering and alluring, I do not regret it. I have only one desire, and that is after more communion with God." There was a tear in her eye, but it was not the tear of disappointed hope or bitter regret, but only the tribute of nature refined, but not destroyed, by grace; and which, in fact, added a charm even to the beauties of holiness, that so evidently invested her character. The whole strain of her conversation was so calm, so collected, so dignified, evincing such meek submission, such humble piety, such weanedness from the world, and such longing after immortality, that I gazed at her with wonder and delight, and left the house thinking and saying, that I had scarcely ever witnessed anything so seraphic.

On subsequent inquiry, I found that the family of which she was a member had suffered much, and often, from the ravages of death. First they lost their father, who died when he was a little more than forty years of age, leaving a widow and numerous family. A few years afterwards, one of her brothers died; then, in the course of a few months, a sister; and in about two years subsequently, another brother. Death, when he enters a large family, seems often to delight in multiplying his victims, and accumulating his spoils, till the late flourishing and numerous household is left but a wreck for a widow's tears to fall upon.

These affecting breaches in the wide circle which Martha had been accustomed to meet in her mother's house, appeared to have produced a deep and salutary impression upon her mind. She saw in them sorrowful proofs of the brevity and uncertainty of life, of the vanity of the world, and the necessity of being ready for an early grave. But there were other lessons to be learned from these scenes of mortality. She saw what religion was in its excellence and power, in the happy deaths of her relatives, especially in the closing scene of her brother's life. She was the astonished witness of the resignation and patience with which he bore his sufferings, and the peace and hope with which he marked the advances of the king of terrors. As she ministered occasionally at his sick-bed, she listened to his pious counsels, and received his affectionate admonitions; and seeing how a young husband and father was enabled, by Divine grace, to leave the wife of his youth, and his babes, not only without a murmur, but with a desire to depart and be with Christ, she became anxious to be a partaker of that same piety which yielded him such strong consolation in his dying moments. From that time, now about three years since, the salvation of her soul became the object of her supreme concern; and she sought it, where alone it is to be found, by faith in Jesus Christ.

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Martha had been declining in health for some time; but on the 11th of May last, on returning from public worship, she ruptured a blood-vessel in the lungs. It matters nothing, where, or how, or when, the Christian is smitten for death: he is equally prepared for the stroke, whether he be in God's house, or in his own; in his secular pursuits, or in his devotional exercises; in the closet of private prayer, or in the place of public resort; and yet we attach an imaginative interest to some scenes above others. What the subject was which had engaged this pious girl's attention in the sanctuary, or what were her meditations on her way home, cannot now be ascertained; if it could, it would perhaps be found to have been some theme, specially adapted to her situation, by Him, who foresaw the scenes which lay before her, and knew what was necessary to prepare her for them. This attack of disease she received as an intimation that she must be ready for the speedy coming of the Son of man. In her private memoranda, she had made the following entry relative to this event: "This dispensation of mercy brought eternity to my view, and in the evening I had the sweet assurance that sudden death could have nothing to alarm me." How strange will it sound to many, to hear a young and beautiful woman, with all the ordinary, and some of the extraordinary reasons for wishing to live, talk of an event which would in all probability issue in death, as a dispensation of mercy. Yet this was neither unnatural nor irrational. All things work together for good to them that love God; and death is placed by the apostle amongst the privileges of the child of God. All is in mercy that God does to his people. He loves them with an infinite love, and having both omniscient wisdom and omnipotent power to fulfil the purposes of his love, he can do nothing contrary to mercy. This it is the business of faith to believe, nothing doubting; and it was one of the triumphs of Martha's faith to believe, that even the rupture of a blood-vessel was a dispensation of mercy. She at once gave up all hopes of recovering, and many times referred to the day with manifest pleasure.

Oh, how religion changes the aspect of everything terrible, and makes that an object of complacency which, apart from this, is an object of unmixed dread and dislike! It has power to make afflictions sources of joy, and death a matter of desire.

During her illness, Martha acquired exalted ideas of the heavenly world. Her faith pierced the veil that hides the unseen state from corporeal vision, and gazed upon the things that are eternal. "I know not," she would often say, "what all the employments of heaven may be, for it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but I know that I shall be in the presence of God and see Christ, and that will be enough. I shall be perfectly happy, for I shall be perfectly holy."

At the time of her attack in May, she was engaged in the bonds of plighted love to a gentleman, to whom she was tenderly attached, and to whom, at no distant period, she was to have been married. It is vain to suppose that she could turn from the altar to the tomb as an object of contemplation, and from this dearest of all friends to the arrest of the last enemy, without a severe struggle between an earthly and a spiritual affection. The conflict was short, the victory complete; and it was at once the greatest effort and brightest triumph of her faith, to be made willing to give up even this dear object of her heart, and to depart to be with Christ. In reference to this event she sometimes said, "It is mysterious, but I know it is all right. My heavenly Father knows what is best for me." "I never," says her sister, "saw greater firmness in her, than when she adverted to this disappointment of her hopes."

As I did not apprehend from my first visit that her end was near, and as I was much from home, I did not see her again for some time; and oh that all my young friends could have seen her as I then saw her!—lovely in death, like a moss-rose bud nearly severed from its stock, and just ready to fall on the ground; yet its opening beauties possessing still their freshness and their fragrance. There was not the shadow of a shade of impatience, anxiety, or fear, to becloud her beautiful countenance, to check the smile which irradiated her features, or to dim the ray of hope which glittered in her fine expressive eye, as it turned to that heaven whither her heart had already ascended. What painter's skill could pencil the looks which I then saw? All was peace that passeth understanding, rising into a joy unspeakable and full of glory. Christ, and Christ alone, was her refuge; and

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she confessed her exclusive dependence on his blood and righteousness for acceptance with God. She knew in whom she had believed, and was persuaded he was able to keep that which she had committed to him until the day of Christ. I pass over much that was said during that most solemn and delightful interview, to mention one remark: "Do you now feel any regret," I said to her, "that you are leaving the world so early, and when its prospects were becoming so attractive?" With an ineffable smile, she replied, "Our great business in this world is to obtain the salvation of our souls; and having secured that, I have accomplished the end of my existence." Glorious and immortal truth! Mighty sentiment! Profound wisdom! Worthy to be printed on the firmament in starry characters, and to be written in sunbeams on the tablet of earth, for human eyes to read, and human hearts to study. Let the young ponder it at the commencement of the great journey of life; let it be weighed by those in the midst of life, and by the aged at the end of life. Gain what we may, life is lost if the soul be not saved; while on the other hand, if the soul be saved, we have secured the end of life, from whatever possessions or whatever prospects we may be called by death to depart.

One day, about this time, Martha said to a friend, "I sometimes regret the time that I spend in sleep, since it deprives me of so much opportunity for communion with God." This was much indeed to say, for a young person dying of consumption, whose slumber was so much interrupted by feverish restlessness, and almost ceaseless coughing, and to whom the hours of sleep ever brought with them an oblivion, or respite of her sufferings.

A time was fixed for a last sad interview with her intended husband. In this scene her faith shone forth in all its brightness, and patience had its perfect work. While all around were filled with poignant grief, she was calm, serene, composed. Having affectionately uttered some pious counsels to this friend of her heart, and pointed him to that heaven on the verge of which he saw her, she took her last farewell, and gave her last look with a tranquillity and fortitude that surprised every one, and which proved that she was now enjoying too much of the "excellent glory" to suffer intensely from the rending of any earthly ties whatever. She looked up into heaven, and saw Jesus waiting to receive her spirit, and felt that she could leave for him even that friend, with whom it was once her fondest worldly hope to tread the path of life in company. The scene scarcely ruffled her peace, or drew from her soul one longing, lingering look to earth; for heaven was fully in her view.

During a paroxysm of severe bodily suffering, which came on soon after, she requested a beloved sister to pray with her, whose supplications greatly soothed her; she then desired the family to be called into her chamber. "Sing some hymn to me," she said, "for though I cannot sing with you, I can join by repeating the words." It was done, as well as the feelings of her sisters would allow, whose voices sounded in her ear as the distant echoes of the songs of the redeemed above, which she was so soon to join. Becoming drowsy, she said, "It is sweet to fall asleep singing the praises of God."

"In the midst of sufferings too painful to describe," said her sister in a note, "Martha could smile, and tell us Jesus was near to her. Her countenance, at all times amiable and happy, was unusually so now; it beamed with ineffable brightness, and was a strong and beautiful evidence that all was perfect peace within. When she could no longer articulate, she looked all we could wish her to say. About five minutes before she expired, her agonies ceased—she recognised all of us; and, as though to bid a last farewell, she smiled, and exclaimed, 'Happy! happy!' Blessed state of mind! to smile and exclaim, 'Happy, happy!' even in the cold arms of death!"

So died Martha S. Her last farewell to earth was uttered with the consciousness and the feeling that she was treading at that moment upon the very threshold of heavenly glory; and who, then, need wonder that she could speak of happiness, even in dissolution? As she drew near her everlasting home, she saw the lights of her Father's house; and unconscious of the gloom of the dark valley of the shadow of death, from the midst of which she beheld them, she gave expression to her feelings in a shout of holy rapture, and left the world with accents which we may easily imagine were also the first she uttered as she touched the heavenly shore —"Happy! happy!"—*Rev. J. A. James.* —*Memoir of C. Cuvier.*

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VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

No. III.

One of the most, perhaps the most interesting of the animals in the Zoological Gardens, is a living sloth, the first, as far as we can learn, which has ever been brought from the dense and humid forests of South America to this northern island. The older naturalists misrepresented this arboreal animal, and regarded it as a piece of deformity; while, on the contrary, it is most expressly and admirably constructed for its peculiar mode of life. It lives amongst the trees, clinging to the branches, suspended by its huge claws, which serve as grappling irons; and thus, with the back downwards, it proceeds along, when alarmed, with considerable celerity. On the ground it is very awkward; but it is not destined for the ground, any more than the deer or antelope are for the branches of the tree. In the form of its limbs, in the power and endurance of its muscles, and in the conformation of its hook-like claws, it displays a peculiar fitness for its arboreal abode.

Its chief enemies, setting aside the Indians, are tree-snakes and the ferocious harpy-eagle. The former it is capable of grasping, by means of its claws adpressed against the palm, and, like the fabled Hercules in the cradle, of crushing to death. To the latter, it often falls a victim. If attacked on the ground, to which it only resorts by some accident, it grapples with its adversary and holds him, as if in an iron vice, till he perishes with hunger—and this without much inconvenience, for it is capable of enduring a fast of several days, or even weeks—while its rigid muscles never for an instant relax their almost spasmodic contraction.

The tender buds and shoots of various trees constitute its food, and these it is enabled to procure by means of its claws, which it can use as efficient claspers, and the length and freedom of its limbs give it great advantage. This freedom of limb, and capability of using the claws, are conspicuous in the individual in question; and on its perch, or along the branches of a tree, it exhibits great ease, freedom, and address, often shaking the branch with considerable violence. It can strike with its fore-limbs, inflicting a severe blow; and, though destitute of the front incisor, or cutting teeth, is capable of giving a serious bite. It is, on the whole, a listless creature, appearing to pass most of its time in sleep, with its head folded between the fore-limbs, while it firmly clasps its perch, and in this attitude presents the figure of a somewhat rounded mass of hair. At times, however, it is more disposed to be lively, and to receive the playful notice of its keeper, throwing itself about on its back, in its cage, without however letting go its hold altogether of its perch, and uttering a low sort of growl.

It appears to have very little timidity, and will even make a movement occasionally towards strangers, and gaze fixedly upon them with a singular expression, resulting from the form of the eyes, which are circular, with the iris reddish-brown, and a very small pupil. They are placed at a considerable distance from each other, as are also the nostrils, which are large and circular orifices on each side of a black, naked, broad, and rather flattened muzzle, terminating the snout. The latter is short, abruptly projecting from the rounded head, naked to the eyes, and of a blackish hue. The hair of this sloth, which is one of the two-toed section, is not crisped, harsh, and dry, as in the common three-toed species, but straight, soft, and of considerable length on the shoulders. The general colour is blackish brown, passing into dirty white across the shoulders, and on the under parts. It measures about two feet and a half in total length. Though, as we have said, the sloth, in its native forests, lives exclusively on buds and sprouting leaves, yet the specimen in captivity is fed on biscuit soaked in water, and on this diet it evidently enjoys good health. We believe that it never drinks.

The sloth brings forth a single young one at a birth, and this, till able to shift for itself, is carried about clinging to the body of its mother.

From the character of their eyes, we suspect the sloths to be more nocturnal than diurnal in their habits; or perhaps they are adapted for the gloom of the dense forest. Lesson, speaking of the two-toed sloth, states that it does not see well by daylight, and from the extreme contraction of the pupil it appeared to us that the specimen in the Zoological Gardens would not court the strong glare of sunlight.

The sloth is extremely tenacious of life, and so extraordinary is the contractile power of the muscles, that the animal

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just after death has been known to continue clinging fast round the object to which it was adhering before it expired; in this manner it has been known, also, to grapple with a dog, and continue to grasp the lifeless body of its enemy, even when it had itself breathed its last.

The intelligence of the sloth is at a low par, and though admirably formed for its appointed station, it cannot be regarded as taking a high rank in the scale of quadrupeds.

Among the birds in the Zoological Gardens, is a pair of that singular and very rare species the çariama or sariama, (*Dicholophus cristatus.*)

The çariama is a large bird of feeble power of flight, but is elevated on long and powerful limbs, very much resembling those of the bustard, or secretary bird, on which it stalks along in a somewhat stately manner, like most of the crane tribe, to which, notwithstanding its peculiar habits, it appears to bear the nearest affinity.

This remarkable bird is a native of the vast table lands or mountain plains of Brazil, wide solitudes congenial with its shy and recluse disposition, which leads it to avoid the precincts of human abodes. There, wary and vigilant, it wanders over the solitary desert, and marks from afar the approach of the hunter, trusting to its speed for safety. It is not without a severe chase on horseback that the çariama is to be brought within range of the gun or lasso; the moment it perceives itself pursued, off it sets, scouring the plain and making many turns and doubles, till at last, wearied out, it crouches on the ground, or flies heavily into some low tree. But though thus shy and distrustful in its native wilds, it soon becomes tame and familiar in captivity, and may even be brought up in farm-yards with the poultry, which it does not attempt to molest. Thus reclaimed, it will wander about the adjacent fields, or the village lanes, and duly return to its accustomed residence. In its natural state it is said to live upon small reptiles, insects, and snails, slugs, etc. In captivity it eats meat, cut into small pieces. The pair in the Zoological Gardens are capital sparrow and mouse catchers, pouncing upon their victims, which they seize with the beak, and then dash down forcibly on the ground so as to kill them; after which the dead animals are swallowed whole. They refuse to eat frogs, a favourite food, as are also shrimps, of the trumpeter, (*Psophia crepitans,*) which is also living in the Zoological Gardens; for though they will strike at the frogs with their beaks, they bound backwards when the latter make any movement. They are very confident and familiar in their manners, and come to the wire-work of their enclosure without any apprehension, when visitors are looking at them. It is a very remarkable fact that they bore the cold of the winter in the open air without any inconvenience, refusing shelter, and manifesting impatience of confinement.

In its native regions the çariama is said to make its nest of sticks and twigs covered with cow-dung, on the branches of low or moderately tall trees, laying two white eggs. We did not hear the specimens in the Zoological Gardens utter any noise, but their voice is described as loud and sonorous.

The çariama is a strange-looking bird, its appearance being sure to attract notice. On the top of the head is a compressed crest of loose silky feathers, and the feathers of the neck are of the same loose, decomposed, flowing character: there is a naked space round the eye, and the upper eyelid is fringed with dark lashes. The iris is white; the wings are very short, but the tail is rather long and broad; the limbs are extremely long, but the toes are very short and stout, and the hind toe is small and placed high. The adult bird measures about thirty-two inches in length from the beak to the end of the tail. The plumage above is umber brown, the under surface whitish; the feathers of the neck are finely barred with zigzag lines of dark brown; the wing feathers are blackish brown, and barred with fine white lines freckled with black. The tail, excepting the two middle feathers, is white at the top. The naked part of the limbs and toes are orange red, and the bill, which is dusky in the young, becomes coral red in the adult.

The young are said to be covered with down when first hatched, and to be soon able to run.

Among the more remarkable birds of prey to be seen in the Zoological Gardens, is the caracara, or carrancha, as it is termed in La Plata, (*Polyborus Braziliensis.*) It is a handsome bird, of considerable size, and is very widely spread in South America, inhabiting alike vast arid plains and grassy savannahs, the borders

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of rivers, humid forests, and the sea-shore, ever searching for carrion, which forms its chief diet, though it also adds worms and various insects to its bill of fare, and will attack and destroy new-born lambs. It will wait patiently at the mouth of the burrow of any burrowing animal, ready to pounce upon the unconscious victim when it comes out, and Azara says that five or six will unite and give chase to large birds, such as herons. Mr. Darwin remarks, that in the desert between the rivers Negro and Colorado, numbers constantly attended the line of road, to devour the carcasses of the exhausted animals which chanced to perish from fatigue and thirst. He adds also, that it abounds in the estancias, or cattle pastures, and around the slaughtering houses. "If an animal dies on the plain, the gallinazo, or turkey-buzzard, commences the feast, and the caracaras pick the bones clean. Besides the carrion of large animals, these birds frequent the borders of streams and sea-beaches, to pick up whatever the waters may cast on shore. In Tierra del Fuego, and on the west coast of Patagonia, they must live exclusively on such supplies."

These birds are said to steal eggs from the nests of other species, as does the magpie or raven of Europe, and to exhibit the same crafty disposition; it also alights on the backs of horses and mules, the skin of which happens to be covered with sores, and picks the wounds. Well do the poor animals know their disgusting tormentor. On the bird's approach, they evince every sign of terror and distress. Though numbers of the caracaras assemble together, and crowd around the slaughtering places, or throng to the carrion repast, they cannot be called gregarious; for in districts where there is but little to invite a large assemblage, they are always seen either singly or in pairs: it is only the common banquet which attracts the assemblage. Wounded animals are sure to be attacked, and killed, and those that are feeble or expiring—the disposition of the caracara being in this respect similar to that of the raven. "A person," says Mr. Darwin, "will discover the *necrophagous* (carrion-feasting) habits of the carrancha, by walking out on one of the desolate plains, and there lying down to sleep. When he awakes, he will see on each surrounding hillock one of these birds, patiently watching him with an evil eye. It is a feature in the landscape of these countries, which will be recognised by every one who has wandered over them. If a party goes out hunting with dogs and horses, it will be accompanied during the day by several of these attendants. After feeding, the uncovered craw protrudes; at such times, and indeed generally, the carrancha is a tame and cowardly bird. Its flight is heavy and slow, like that of an English rook; it seldom soars, but I have twice seen one at a great height, gliding through the air with much ease. It runs in contradistinction to hopping, but not quite so quickly as some of its congeners. At times the carrancha is noisy, but not generally so; its cry is loud, very harsh, and peculiar, and may be likened to the sound of the Spanish guttural *g*, followed by a rough double *r*, *r*. Perhaps the Gauchos, from this cause, have called it carrancha.

"Molina, who says it is called *tharu*, in Chili, states that when uttering this cry, it elevates its head higher and higher, till at last, with its beak wide open, the crown almost touches the lower part of the back. This fact, which has been doubted, is quite true. I have seen them several times with their heads backwards, in a completely inverted position. The carrancha builds a large coarse nest, either in a low cliff, or in a bush, or lofty tree." Mr. Darwin observed three other species of caracara, the chimargo, found in Chiloe and the coast of Patagonia, and also in Tierra del Fuego; the Patagonian, seen only in one valley in Patagonia; and the New Zealand caracara, found throughout the whole of the Falkland islands. The chimargo is omnivorous, devouring not only carrion, insects, worms, etc., but bread, and newly-planted potatoes, thereby injuring the crops of that edible root. The New Zealand caracara appears to live almost exclusively on the flesh of dead animals, and marine exuviæ; it is very daring, and attacks wounded animals with great fury. So bold and rapacious are these birds, that they actually, says Mr. Darwin, "pounced on a dog that was lying asleep close to one of the party, and the sportsmen had difficulty in preventing the wounded geese from being seized before their eyes." "They were constantly flying on board the vessel (H.M.S. Beagle) when in the harbour, (at the Falklands,) and it was necessary to keep a good look out to prevent the leather from being torn from the rigging, and the meat or game from the stern." These birds, he adds, "are very mischievous and inquisitive; they will pick up almost anything

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from the ground; a large black glazed hat was carried nearly a mile, as was a pair of heavy balls used in catching cattle. Mr. Usborne experienced during the survey a more severe loss, in their stealing a small Kater's compass, in a red morocco leather case, which was never recovered. These birds are moreover quarrelsome and passionate, tearing up the grass with their bills from rage." In their general actions, cry, and habits, they resemble the carrancha. They build on the rocky cliffs on the coast of the smaller islets.

THE VIRTUES OF IRRELIGIOUS MEN AN AGGRAVATION OF THEIR GUILT.

If the virtues and accomplishments of nature are at all to be admitted into the controversy between God and man, instead of forming any abatement upon the enormity of our guilt, they stamp upon it the reproach of a still deeper and more determined ingratitude. Let us conceive it possible for a moment that the beautiful personifications of Scripture were all realized; that the trees of the forest clapped their hands unto God, and that the isles were glad at his presence; that the little hills shouted on every side, and the valleys covered over with corn sent forth their notes of rejoicing; that the sun and the moon praised him, and the stars of light joined in the solemn adoration; that the voice of glory to God was heard from every mountain and from every waterfall; and that all nature, animated throughout by the consciousness of a pervading and presiding Deity, burst into one loud and universal song of gratulation. Would not a strain of greater loftiness be heard to ascend from those regions where the all-working God had left the traces of his own immensity, than from the tamer and the humbler scenery of an ordinary landscape? Would not you look for a gladder acclamation from the fertile field than from the arid waste, where no character of grandeur made up for the barrenness that was around you? Would not the goodly tree, compassed about with the glories of its summer foliage, lift up an anthem of louder gratitude than the lowly shrub that grew beneath it? Would not the flower, from whose leaves every hue of loveliness was reflected, send forth a sweeter rapture than the russet weed, which never drew the eye of any admiring passenger? And, in a word, wherever you saw the towering eminences of nature, or the garniture of her more rich and beauteous adornments, would it not be here that you looked for the deepest tones of devotion, or there for the tenderest and most exquisite of its melodies?—*Dr. Chalmers.*

CONSOLATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity offers even to the irreligious, who relent amidst their sufferings, the alleviations springing from inestimable promises made to penitence; any other system which should attempt to console them, simply as suffering, and without any reference to the moral and religious state of their minds, would be mischievous if it were not inefficacious. What are the principal sources of consolation to the pious is immediately apparent. The victim of sorrow is assured that God exercises his paternal wisdom and kindness in afflicting his children; that this necessary discipline is to refine and exalt them, by making them "partakers of his holiness;" that he mercifully regards their weakness and pains, and will not let them suffer beyond what they shall be able to bear; that their great Leader has suffered for them more than they can suffer, and kindly sympathizes still; that this short life was not meant so much to give them joy, as to prepare them for it; and that patient constancy shall receive a resplendent crown. An aged Christian is soothed by the assurance, that his Almighty Friend will not despise the enfeebled exertions, nor desert the oppressed and fainting weakness of the last stage of his servant's life. When advancing into the shade of death itself, he is animated by the faith that the Great Sacrifice has taken the malignity of death away; and that the Divine presence will attend the dark steps of this last and lonely enterprise, and show the dying traveller and hero that even this melancholy gloom is the very confine of paradise, the immediate access to the region of eternal life.—*J. Foster.*

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

The presence of God's glory is in heaven, the presence of his power on earth, the presence of his justice in hell, and the presence of his grace with his people. If he deny us his powerful presence, we fall into nothing; if he deny us his gracious presence, we fall into sin; if he deny us his merciful presence, we fall into hell.—*John Mason.*

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Garden Front of Kew Palace.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE III.

THE prime minister, the earl of Bute, had become exceedingly unpopular in 1763. In addition to all the exaggerations of his opponents respecting the peace, with their insinuations that he had been bribed by France, he had made a disadvantageous loan, and raised an oppressive tax on cider. His manners were exceedingly disliked, while the reports of improper influence over the princess dowager were promulgated more freely. The nation, however, was much surprised when, on April 8th, 1763, Bute resigned all his offices, and, contrary to the king's earnest request, withdrew from public life. Many contradictory reports were circulated as to the cause, but Bute himself stated the reason to be want of public support, which made him fearful he should fall himself, and injure the king. It was evident that he still retained his influence. His successor, George Grenville, with his colleagues, lord Egremont and lord Halifax, were considered as the instruments of Bute. Grenville soon got into difficulties by one of the most unwise proceedings a man in office ever can adopt, namely, committing himself to a personal contest with an unprincipled individual of desperate fortune, whose only wish is to obtain notoriety, and consequent advancement, and who will hesitate at nothing to attain that end.

This was John Wilkes, who, in No. 45 of a libellous paper, "The North Briton," had charged the king with a falsehood in his last speech to parliament. On April 26th, a general warrant was issued, directing the searching for and apprehending the authors, printers, and publishers of that paper, without stating the name of any individual, so that any one might be apprehended whom the messengers employed chose to take into custody, and their papers might be examined. These general warrants were justified by precedent, though not strictly legal, and certainly endangered the reasonable liberty of the subject. Wilkes was apprehended, after protesting against the legality of the warrant. On May the 3rd, he was brought up by a writ of habeas corpus, when he asserted that the ministers had designs against the liberties of the nation, and had selected him as a victim, because he refused to be purchased or corrupted; though the fact was, they had not thought it worth while to purchase his services, or buy his silence. On the 6th the judges ordered him to be discharged, not on the ground of general warrants being illegal, but because his privileges as a member of parliament

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protected him against arrest on a charge of libel.

The attorney-general immediately proceeded against Wilkes for the libellous paper in question, but the pseudo-patriot had gained his object. He could talk of sufferings for the cause of liberty, and could charge the government with tyrannical and oppressive proceedings. The popular writers, and the mob, took up the cry. Wilkes was represented as a second Hampden or Sydney; while his cause was represented to be equally meritorious with the great principles for which those patriots contended. The people forgot that Wilkes was notoriously guilty of an atrocious libel, while he was confessedly one of the vilest and most profligate characters of the day, who, after squandering his property in vicious excesses, sought to obtain money and fame by assuming the appearance of a persecuted man. The public, in its haste, often fall into error; this was shown egregiously in the case of Wilkes, so far as he was personally concerned. But this matter did not rest wholly with the populace. Those who formed the opposition considered that the liberties of the nation really were struck by the course adopted against Wilkes; they, therefore, took up his cause as a means of distressing their opponents, and of vindicating the principles of government which they professed to support.

In reality, Wilkes was a bad and dangerous character; but the means used to put him down were arbitrary, and dangerous if generally resorted to. If, as Walpole states, the country had been rescued by these proceedings, it had been so rescued by two of the worst men in it; but these were only instruments in the hands of Him who says, even to the most violent and wicked, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther;" while the details of the efforts of party prove, as the same writer observes, "how little men are, though riding at what is called the top of the world."

In August, the ministry being weakened by the death of the earl of Egremont, Pitt was solicited to return to office. The king consented to his demand that Newcastle, and the other nobles lately excluded from office, should again be admitted to power: but this did not satisfy the haughty statesman; he required the whole authority to be again committed to "the great Whig interests." The king, probably advised by Bute, refused to put the government again exclusively into their hands; and the dictatorial Pitt would not consent to some nominations the king insisted upon retaining. The duke of Bedford and lord Sandwich were therefore brought into office, neither of them popular characters.

Grenville precipitated the House of Commons into his contest with Wilkes, by voting the No. 45 to be a libel; but Wilkes required the question of privilege to be considered on a future day. The House of Lords were brought in by lord Sandwich, who exhibited an indecent poem written by Wilkes, requiring he should be prosecuted as the author. This proceeding was justly deemed a party matter; for Sandwich was notoriously one of a profligate crew, by associating with whom Wilkes had ruined his fortunes, and the poem had been written for their profane and riotous orgies. Of course, the charge recoiled upon Sandwich; while Wilkes's real delinquency in the matter was passed by, as the accusation and exposure came from one worse than himself. The mistaken course of the ministry was made worse by Martin, one of the underlings of Bute, provoking Wilkes to fight a duel, in which the latter was wounded. He now was considered as a martyr indeed.

The debate on Wilkes's privilege came on November 23rd. Pitt took a part, stating his strong disapproval of the whole of the papers of the North Briton, but asserting the privileges of the writer as a member of parliament. In their anger against Wilkes, the ministry were willing to oppose this claim of privilege: it was right for them to contend that a seat in parliament ought not to protect the writer of slanderous libels, but it was easily seen that their desire for right was only from personal hostility. "The North Briton" was ordered to be burned publicly by the common hangman—a foolish proceeding, which gave the partizans of Wilkes the opportunity to make a riot, drive away the officers and sheriffs, and burn a jack-boot, as an insult to the earl of Bute. Horace Walpole gives the following explanation of the views of the opposition, in which he was included at this time. "The higher we could raise the flame of opposition, the sounder benefit we conferred on our country. Prerogative was the object of the court; and corruption so flagrant in both houses of parliament, that if the

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people were not strong enough to hold both in check, no resource would be left but a civil war. My nature shuddered at the thought of blood, and I felt, what every good man will feel in civil commotions, that there is nothing so difficult as to make the people go far enough, and to prevent their going too far." A serious truth: there is only one power by which the proud wrath of man can be stayed. The writer keeps out of sight, that his friends and himself had done much to cause the state of things leading to the exercise of prerogative; and, having raised evil that way, they were now seeking to check it by turning on a torrent they could not regulate. And that selfishness was really their main actuating principle, the same writer abundantly shows. But this exposure of party motives, and party proceedings, will be useful, if it causes the real Christian to stand aloof as far as possible from all political and party contests, so far as duty will allow him to do so, assured that there is One "who sitteth on the circle of the earth," in whose sight all these worldly-wise characters are but as "grasshoppers," yet who has given assurance, that all shall be made to work together for good.

Grenville hurried the parliament into a contest with the city, which ended in an angry vote; while Wilkes and his printers obtained damages against the under-secretary of state, and the messengers who had executed the warrants: this, however, led to one good result, that general warrants were declared by the judges to be illegal and void. Well would it have been had the ministry at once given up their unpopular and unconstitutional measures, and thus left Wilkes exposed to the consequences he justly deserved as a profligate libeller. The commonalty would soon have seen this, and have speedily let their idol fall to his proper state of degradation. But Grenville continued his mistaken course. Wilkes was summoned to the bar of the house. He for a time pleaded his wound as disabling him from attendance, and then, during the Christmas recess, went to Paris—in fact, while ready to suffer as a supposed political martyr, he was in danger of being imprisoned for the debts he had incurred by his profligacy. At last, the house voted his expulsion, on the ground that No. 45 of "The North Briton" was a seditious libel. Pitt took advantage of the outcry against general warrants, and nearly out-voted the ministry; six members were brought down in flannels and blankets on both sides. At length, on the last day of debate, Wilkes was legally convicted in the Court of King's Bench as author of the libel, and of the vicious publication alluded to. Well would it have been, had the minister and his advisers only adopted this sure though slow course.

The unfortunate minister, not deterred by his mistakes at home, now got into a far worse contest with the American colonies. The enormous and reckless expenditure of Pitt, in his so-called glorious warfare, had left a large debt, which required a considerable increase of taxes, even in the time of peace. The money had been raised in the most improvident manner. The loans of 1761 engaged the state to pay ultimately more than four millions above the sum actually received, and these proceedings were rendered still more disadvantageous from the loans being made without open competition as to borrowing on the best terms, so that large profits were made by the contractors at the expense of the nation. This also caused many to desire the continuance of a warfare thus profitable to them. The proper sources for taxation were not at that time well understood. Direct imposts on commodities seemed not only the readiest, but the best means for raising a revenue; and as England was burdened heavily, it was resolved to tax the American colonies by fresh duties on goods imported into their ports, while a measure still more unpopular, of restricting the American contraband trade with the Spanish colonies, was adopted on the complaints of the court of Spain. This trade had brought large sums in specie into the colonies, thereby supplying a solid currency. The lessening that supply was the more severely felt, from government ordering that the colonial paper currency should no longer be taken for duties, or be a legal tender. These unpopular matters were aggravated by their execution being committed to the naval and military officers of the station.

The colonies at this time were in an angry mood, from French agents having encouraged the Indians to attack the remote and exposed settlements, causing much bloodshed, and destruction of property, and they loudly complained that it was not right to impose taxes for the national burdens, upon people not represented in the national legislature. The

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sum in dispute was only about £200,000 per annum; but they contended, that if the principle were admitted, the amount would speedily be increased, and a stamp tax had been already proposed. It was plain that the English landed interest, and those who thought their pockets would be affected, would speedily urge an increase in the American taxation, if it could be levied, while on many grounds the attempt would give pretexts, and active operation, to every sort of discontent.

The colonies soon organized an opposition, recommending agreements not to consume the articles taxed, and appointing agents in London, the principal of whom was the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, who, from a journeyman printer, had by his scientific abilities and steady perseverance become eminent and highly respected. In this state of matters, the ministry, at the end of 1764, evidently were rapidly sinking, while Pitt, rendered independent by a large legacy, broke with the duke of Newcastle, declaring his intention to appeal to the country singly, and for himself; of course further turmoils would be raised by his disappointed ambition. Both France and Spain evidently were disposed to encroach, and to take any advantage that might arise from the political discords of the English leaders.

In January, 1765, the king opened parliament with an allusion to the American dissatisfaction, recommending that obedience should be enforced. This, no doubt, was the feeling of the young king; an unhappy pertinacity formed a feature of his character. Although his pertinacity was in matters he deemed to be right, yet, as he was by no means infallible, in this, and in other cases during the reign, he aggravated the difficulties that arose, by perseverance in things which, upon reflection, he might have seen were inexpedient at least, if not wrong. It is important in the history of this contest, to mark how the English ministry seemed purposely to render every proceeding as obnoxious as possible to the colonists, both by the principles they sought to establish, and the methods by which they carried out their measures. But for this, the various and differing circumstances of the colonies would most likely have prevented union among them. The northern provinces had been settled by the persecuted Puritans, a hardy, moral, and religious people, eschewing slavery, and firm for independence. The southern colonies were peopled mostly by the partizans of the Stuarts, and the Romanists; indolent, and farther enervated by the climate, relying on the labour of their negro slaves, consequently not real and thorough votaries of liberty. The middle colonies, including New York and Pennsylvania, were mostly peopled by the descendants of the Dutch, and the settlers introduced by the Quakers. It is therefore plain, at once, that the measures, which could force such a heterogeneous mass into a decided and compact resistance, must have been more than commonly injudicious, especially when the Virginians, whose fathers had been the supporters of Charles II., came forward the first to object to the stamp-act, and the other measures of taxation.

Grenville saw the danger that threatened from America, and proposed to give up the intended stamp-tax, if the probable amount was contributed in some other manner. To this, Franklin and his associates, who objected to the principle, would not consent. The duties were imposed; the debate on the subject was languid; men keenly alive to trifling subjects of domestic matters, knew little, and cared less, about the Americans and their views and feelings. Colonel Barré alone solemnly warned the ministers that these proceedings would stir up the same spirit of freedom which had first led to the settlement of those colonies. The imposts were confirmed by law, Franklin declaring that his people would refuse submission. The royal assent had scarcely been given, when the king experienced the first attack of that mental malady which returned and at length clouded his latest years; but he recovered in a few days, and the nature of the attack was carefully concealed. He was sufficiently aware of the danger to propose a regency bill; one was passed, leaving it to the king to select any of the five princes of the blood royal for the office. The name of the princess dowager was added, but in a very ungracious manner.

At this period there was a general spirit of dissatisfaction and turbulence among the lower people. There were riots in London, and reports of tumults in the country. The ministers were becoming more and more unpopular, while Pitt, who was the idol of the mob, kept aloof, opposing any comprehensive measures, and suggesting none. The king, tired of this state of things, and dis-

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pleased with his ministers, sent the duke of Cumberland to endeavour to make terms with Pitt; but the proud commoner refused. The ministers, feeling themselves strengthened, required the exclusion of Bute from favour, and of his supporters from office. Again the king endeavoured in vain to negotiate with Pitt, but was more successful with Newcastle; a new administration was formed from the less violent of the Opposition, including the marquis of Rockingham, general Conway, and the duke of Grafton. The chief-justice, Pratt, who was popular from his decision against general warrants, was made lord Camden. This appears to have been a more honest administration than those that preceded or followed it; but Pitt refused his support, and without that aid no administration could stand.

There had been more than five hundred changes in the offices of government, between May, 1761, and February, 1766. Well for England would it have been, if the man, so deservedly appreciated for many qualities, would have given up his personal feelings and his pride, and have really sought his country's welfare. Burke was first introduced to public life in the present administration. The duke of Cumberland, uncle to the king, died on October 31st. The old Pretender, as he was called, the son of James II., died at Rome, on December 30th. This event attracted little notice, for prince Charles Edward was become a degraded character, neglected by those who had once supported him. Another event of this year was, a pecuniary arrangement with the duke of Athol, for the sovereignty of the Isle of Man, which prevented its continuing to be a resort and shelter for smugglers.

America was now in a state of excitement and rage: the whole of the colonies declared their determination to resist the stamp-tax, and refused to consent to any imposts not sanctioned by their own houses of assembly. The persons appointed to be stamp distributors dared not act, so that business which could not proceed without the use of stamps was at a stand, or went forward upon certificate that stamps could not be had. These things passed during the recess of parliament, the king's determination that the taxes should be enforced, preventing any measures to allay the discontent.

When parliament assembled in January, 1766, the king called attention to the disturbances in America, stating that he had issued orders to suppress tumults, and support authority. Pitt at length spoke, declaring that he would have protested against those taxes if he could have been carried down to the house. He drew a distinction between taxation and legislation, and openly pointed out the rotten part of the national representation. All this seems merely to have been brilliant declamation, taking credit to himself for the faults of others, which he might have prevented, had he consented to come into office on reasonable terms. Pitt referred to the concealed influence of Bute, the existence of which was denied by Conway. It appears that before this time, though it is not clearly ascertained how long, the intimacy between the king and the earl had terminated, and that the former resented an attempt to bring the latter into his presence.

The proceedings of the colonists could not be longer disregarded. Grenville attempted to remove the blame from himself as the originator of the American taxation, to his successors in office, whom he accused of negligence. He urged that the mother country, having expended many millions for the protection of these colonies, was entitled to their obedience, and to call upon them for contributions to the public expense. This was the strongest argument in defence of these measures. He would not admit a difference between internal and external taxes. But Grenville also declared that "the seditious spirit of the colonies" owed its birth to the factions in the house: there can be no question that those who engaged recklessly in the political proceedings of the day had not hesitated to encourage the resistance beyond the Atlantic. Pitt replied in a manner likely to encourage the colonists; he rejoiced that America had resisted, that they were not dead to all the feelings of liberty. He drew a distinction between taxes laid on for raising a revenue, and duties for the regulation of trade, declaring that the profit to Great Britain from the trade of the colonies supplied the means for the late war.

Pitt then proposed the repeal of the stamp-act, accompanied by a declaration of the sovereignty of Great Britain over the colonies, but cautioned against attempting to take their money without their consent. In both houses the mem-

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bers most directly under the influence of the crown voted against this pacificatory measure; but it was carried by a considerable majority, and the intelligence was received with much joy in America. It is now become matter of history, that George III. was bigoted to the highest ideas of sovereignty over the Americans, and to this tenacity the unfortunate results that followed were mainly owing. But let it not be forgotten, that all these events were under the direction and control of One who worketh according to his good pleasure, and that in the event all will be found to have been for good, especially should past events give warning as to future proceedings, when other colonies become so far advanced as to be able to assert their independence. And assuredly, the general feeling of the nation, though decidedly and factiously opposing the king in measures at home, was opposed to the rights of the colonies, while those colonies despised the claims and assumptions of the mother country, finding that the government shrunk from opposing them, although refusing to adopt a liberal and tranquillizing policy. A petty claim for supplying the soldiers with some trifling articles, now did away all the grace of the larger concession.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

It is an incontestible fact, which requires no argument to corroborate, that a very large amount of the sufferings and calamities arising in the history of the offspring of pious parents, producing in the hearts of fathers and mothers such unutterable woe, is to be traced to something radically defective in parental example or management. Nor can we on any other ground satisfactorily account for the lamentable circumstance, that so many young persons are excluded from the covenant blessings of Jehovah, pledged in the gracious promise, "I will be a God unto thee and thy seed." To assign as a reason why this assurance is not more uniformly accomplished, that God is a sovereign, does not obviate the difficulty. The Divine promise is, "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring." Let this assertion of a God of unimpeachable truth and faithfulness be examined and analyzed with the most conscientious and rigid attention. Is it susceptible of any interpretation which is evasive or equivocal? Is it not to be understood in its literal meaning? Is it not as plain, as decisive, as positive, as words can make it? Does it form any part of Jehovah's system of moral government to animate our best affections, and to tantalize us with the most inspiring and cheering promises, and then to annihilate our fondest anticipations? Does he refuse to hear and answer supplications, breathing the spirit of the promises which he has given to excite faith and stimulate prayer? If these queries be met with, the only replies which can reflect honour on the character and the gracious dispensations of God, then the question returns back on us with redoubled force,—How comes it to pass that we find instances in which not only one, but several, perhaps all the children of pious parents, enter the world, and live and die impenitent, without God's "blessing," and without his "Spirit?" In such cases, is not the suspicion justly awakened that the promises now cited have not been understood, or believingly and perseveringly pleaded at the footstool of mercy? After every allowance is made for individual cases, the general principle announced by the wisest of men, after the lapse of nearly three thousand years, remains valid, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The apostolic injunction, "Bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," is as imperative as it is specific; and it demands the earliest, as well as most assiduous culture of the understanding and affections in the truths and spirit of the religion of Jesus. Mr. Thornton carried out this principle, and so early is the period in life at which he attained a complete mastery over the minds of his children, that they cannot remember when this ascendancy was acquired. His will was law, and his authority in the domestic realm undisputed. It may not be without its use to trace out how this influence was secured. If it is presumed his children were, as to natural disposition, remarkably sensitive, amiable, and docile, it may be candidly stated this was not the fact; they could be, and often were, in the association of others, as stubborn, intractable, and unamiable as any of their age; but these exhibitions were not manifested in the father's presence. One of his sons, at a very early age, was remarkable for the

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impetuosity of his temper; this unhappy predisposition, after many a struggle between the father and son, was entirely subdued ere the child grew into the youth, and he must ever thank his beloved father for his firmness in conquering a tendency which, if it had not been overcome in childhood, would have proved to himself, and all with whom he came in contact, a source of perpetual misery. If it be conceived the spirit of submission and obedience to parental authority was in consequence of the infliction of corporal punishment, the reply is, "No:" with the rare exception of a stroke on the hand, physical force was never resorted to; there were pains and penalties far more terrible. His sons would have preferred, at any time, a severe castigation from the hand of another, rather than a frown from their father's face, or a homily from his lips. He treated his children as rational and responsible moral agents, not as men are wont to treat their domestic animals, coercing them to action by the infliction of the lash.

The narration of an incident will best subserve as an illustration of fatherly discipline, and, as it refers to the author himself, he will relate it in the first person. The instance will, at a glance, be familiarly recognised by the family as a correct sketch of domestic judicature, in a case of aggravated guilt.

It may be premised that lying and prevarication were deemed, in my father's estimate, crimes of the highest magnitude. When I was about nine years old I committed some fault: the nature of the misdemeanour is now forgotten, although the circumstances connected with the detection of the lie told to conceal it are distinctly recollected. I denied to my father being guilty of the charge alleged against me. The following day some circumstance awakened in his mind the suspicion that I had told him a falsehood. The study bell rang. Immediately afterward the door opened, and I heard his quick footsteps in the passage. His voice then shouted, "John! John! where's John?" Poor John would gladly have escaped, but retreat was impossible. The servant replied, "He is here, sir." He then said, "Come forward," and I reluctantly marched behind him into the study, which was usually the court of justice. Having resumed his seat, he opened my trial with this remark, "I thought, John, you told me yesterday you had not committed the fault you were charged with." I was silent, but a lie or an equivocation was ready for utterance. He looked at me with a glance that seemed to pierce my soul, and said, in a tone of calm and grave determination, "John, I am resolved to fathom this matter to the very bottom; I'll find out the truth, if I go from one end of the town to the other in search of evidence." All evasion was hopeless; I confessed that I had told a lie. I stood trembling before him as a convicted criminal, awaiting my sentence. He took me by the hand and led me up stairs to my chamber, and having sat down with me there, he remarked, "John, I would rather have lost twenty pounds, than have found you guilty of this wicked lie." He then requested me to read aloud to him the history of the death of Ananias and Sapphira. During this time I was ashamed and confounded, but not softened into feelings of compunction. We then knelt down, and my father earnestly prayed for me, and especially for the forgiveness of my falsehood; whilst he was thus engaged in intercession I stole a glance at him, and saw the tears flowing down his cheek: this, with his petitions on my behalf, melted down my rebellious spirit, and when we arose from our knees, I said, "Father, I am very sorry; will you forgive me?" He replied, "Yes, my son, I forgive you; but I will leave you alone in your room, that you may ask forgiveness of God, against whom you have sinned."

So vivid was the impression produced on my mind by these circumstances, that I could point out the very place in the room where we knelt, and the spot where I stood, when he pronounced his forgiveness. This instance, selected from others of a similar kind, which might be related, is thus minutely detailed, to exhibit, in the clearest and strongest light, the true nature of his influence. If, on the occasion which has just been narrated, my father had burst into an ungovernable gust of passion, and, under its irritating excitement, inflicted on me the lash, and then indignantly spurned me from his presence, the worst passions of my nature would have been immediately aroused, resentment would have been engendered, my heart would have been hardened, and my conscience seared, and I might probably have become a confirmed and systematic liar. As it was, the result was most happy and suc-

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cessful. I believe I never afterwards told my father a wilful lie. I could not; I dared not!

This bears out the remark, that the potent restraining power exercised was moral influence; it was something more than even this, it was the commanding power of Christian principle and love. He made his direct appeal to my conscience; he brought my guilt into the light of God's revealed law, and proved its heinousness; he became my advocate at the throne of mercy, and, with the eloquence of a father's affection, implored, with tears, my forgiveness; it was those petitions that touched my spirit, it was those tears distilled on my heart.

When pardoned, I was immediately restored again to favour, and no allusion was afterwards made to the circumstance; indeed, the fact was forgotten by my father, until it was recalled to his memory several years after, when I mentioned it at my ordination. As children, it was always satisfactory to us to know that, when we had been rebuked, the wound would never be again reopened by the parental hand. After admonition, he used usually to say, "I have done, I shall say no more." From that time our minds were disburdened, and resumed their wonted elasticity.

If the question is started, Did the power of parental influence thus attained in childhood continue? Yes, even to maturity, it was never lost, perhaps never weakened; the influence remained in full force, after authority to exact obedience was resigned; when he was no longer the lawgiver, he was still the chosen, confidential, and faithful counsellor. His sons, when they became men, never ceased to feel they were sons, and to act as such; they do not take any credit for this deportment, because, they conceive, the same necessity laid upon them, would have acted with equal effect upon the hearts of any placed in precisely the same moral position as themselves. It may be remarked, as children we were never disgusted or teazed by perpetual pointed remarks addressed to ourselves, as it regards religion. Special and appropriate seasons were chosen, and these judiciously used. Sometimes at night, when we were receiving the parental salutation on retiring to rest, our father would say, with a grave and affectionate look, "My dear, do not forget;" we knew the allusion was to secret prayer.

As far as we can trace back our thoughts, and analyze our impressions as children, it may be affirmed, that we conceive the great secret of our father's influence over us was his devout and holy life. His light shone before us; its steady radiance to us was never eclipsed or clouded. The writer can most conscientiously avow, nothing ever transpired in his father's conduct which ever awakened in his mind even a momentary suspicion as to the reality of his piety. But, on the contrary, when a youth, whilst he was for a short period sceptical, his father's character and faith always acted on his mind as a breakwater, to stem the turbid current of infidelity; even then he felt the conviction, if there was religion in the world, his parents were pious; if Christianity were a system from heaven, his father was a true and exemplary Christian. Another trifling incident may show the effect of these impressions at this peculiar and momentous juncture. He was, on one occasion, attending an exhibition of the drama; he happened to take his watch out of his pocket, it was half-past eight o'clock; the thought instantly occurred to him—at home our family are at the domestic altar, perhaps my father is now praying for me, I ought not to be here; and the conviction led to his immediate retirement from the spot. Our father, although strict, and never, in the common sense of the word, indulgent, mingled with his stern determination to do what was right, a tenderness and affection which was most manifest, and always convinced us his motive was to promote our good.—*Memoir of Rev. J. Thornton.*

A FRENCH PROTESTANT CONGREGATION.

About a mile from the town of Arras there is a village called Achicourt, inhabited by poor gardeners, whose labours supply the markets of the town. Towards the end of the last century, this village was still exclusively under the dominion of the Church of Rome. Not one of its inhabitants had yet dared to cast a look of doubt or of scrutiny, either on her doctrines or her practice.

One of the most respectable families among these poor villagers was regarded with peculiar affection by the parish priest. When, by the premature death of the father of this family, the survivors were plunged in the deepest affliction,

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the priest acted the part of a warm and sympathising friend. He kindly visited the widow, and not only shared her grief, but promised that he would himself supply to her and her children the place of the protector they had lost. She was, therefore, painfully surprised, when some time after her husband's funeral, the priest summoned her to send him the fees usually paid at interments. She little expected this claim from one who might be said to have identified himself with the interests of her family. Her eldest son, an intelligent and pious young man, went to the house of the priest, who was just going to say mass, and represented to him that the widow was ill able to meet his demand, that his conduct in making it was both strange and distressing, and quite unbecoming one who professed to take a father's interest in their affairs.

The priest, enraged at the freedom of his young friend, turned a deaf ear to all his remonstrances, and a violent altercation ensued between them. At length they parted; the priest, still in the heat of his passion, repaired to church; while the young man thoughtfully returned home, astonished at what he had seen. He was both pious and reflecting, and he was painfully struck with the irreverent manner in which his former friend, the priest, had rushed into the house of God, to fulfil his ministerial duties. "Is this man," thought he, "whose mind is full of unhallowed excitement, on the point of causing Jesus Christ to descend upon the altar to accomplish the mystery of transubstantiation? Is it then at the voice of one under the influence of sinful passion that Christ will descend and incorporate himself with the substance of bread? Will God hear the prayers of the wicked? Will the meek and holy Jesus listen to the voice of a man whose angry and contentious spirit must be hateful to him? But, if he will not, the sacramental words have no effect; there is no longer any mystery—any transubstantiation; the voice of that priest will work no change in the substance of the bread—it will remain as it was when first made. And if it be not changed, as the Catechism tells us it is, into the body, the blood, the soul, the Divinity of Jesus Christ, I, and all who fall down before it, and adore it, commit idolatry—our worship is absurd."

Full of these thoughts, he returned to his mother, informed her of the result of his visit, and at the same time confessed to her the distressing doubts it had raised in his mind. How were these doubts to be dispelled? Where could he learn the truth? He knew that the doctrines of Christianity are contained in a book called the Bible, but it was not easy to procure it. The press, which multiplied by thousands the works of Voltaire, Diderot, and Rosseau, had no types for the word of God.

At that time the Protestant churches in the north of France were supplied with Bibles by itinerant venders, who brought them from Tournay, in Belgium, a town which then belonged to the Dutch. The widow's son at last procured one by the same means. Who can describe his satisfaction when he found himself in possession of this book? With what delight he studied it! Never, in his most fervent moments, had the Romish worship afforded him such joy; his heart burned within him.

Sunday was the day he specially devoted to the study of the Bible. At first he read alone; but soon feeling that desire of communication which always accompanies the discovery of the truth, he made known to his family and friends the treasure he had found. A numerous group was soon formed around him, who listened with pious attention while he read the word of God. His reading was always preceded and followed by a prayer. This simple and pure worship did what the Romish ceremonies had been unable to effect—it gave rise to personal convictions, and changed the morals of those who took part in it.

This little assembly continued its meetings some years, protected by the Edict of Toleration granted by Louis XVI.; it remained firm until the Revolution of 1789 swept away the Romish worship from France, and caused the parish church of Achicourt to be closed, and even destroyed. That dreadful convulsion, and the levies *en masse* which followed, did indeed somewhat diminish our little congregation, but could not shake its fidelity. In the midst of the agitation which at that time pervaded every corner of France, these humble Christians calmly continued their sabbath meetings, which, by the help of some Protestants, they had organized more regularly. They were also joined in their worship by some pious persons of the Romish church, who found themselves deprived of all religious aid.

How beautiful was the sight these

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pious men presented in the midst of the most awful confusion that history has to record! While the very name of Christ was proscribed in France, these humble Christians, guided exclusively by the word of God, feared not to sing his praises, to invoke his name, and openly to take part with his followers. "They added to their faith virtue;" that courage which no temptations can overcome, no dangers can daunt.

At length Napoleon seized the reins of power, and by him Romanism was restored as much as possible to its former splendour and power. The long silent church bell of Achicourt once more called the people to the sacrifice of the mass. This was a moment of trial for our little flock of Christians. It was much to be feared that those who had joined it in consequence of the suspension of all public worship, would abandon it to return to a church which they had never intended to leave. Many, indeed, obeyed the call, and returned to the parish church. But, though the ceremonies they witnessed were the same as before, they could no longer join in them with the same feelings. They themselves were changed; they had heard the word of God in its simplicity and its power; it had awakened their consciences, instructed them in the great truths of the gospel, and kindled in their hearts the love of God. They could no longer find satisfaction in a worship which left their understandings unenlightened, and their hearts untouched. While they took part in it, they felt a void which they could not describe. They sought in vain the scriptural instructions to which they had been accustomed to look for comfort and guidance. They could not remain in the bosom of a church where the word of God was never heard; they left it, and returned to their evangelical meetings.

Here fresh trials awaited them. Scarcely escaped from that system of formality which man has substituted for the religion of the Bible, our poor friends were about to be exposed to a still greater danger. Having learned from the Scriptures that the Lord has established a ministry, not to offer up his body as a bloodless sacrifice, "en sacrifice non sanglant," as the Romish church pretends, but to preach the word, and to assemble the saints for the worship of God, they desired to enjoy the benefits of such a ministry. They applied to the Reformed Church, and requested to have a pastor. It was not till the year 1822 that they obtained one resident at Arras, who was to serve all the churches of the department of the Pas-de-Calais; up to that time they had been occasionally visited by a pastor who resided in the department du Nord.

Joyfully did these simple people welcome their pastor; but, alas! their joy was not of long duration. They soon perceived that he was one of those whom God has neither known nor chosen, and who accepts the ministerial charge only for the temporal advantages which are attached to it. He preached the word of man, not the word of God; instead of knowing, like Paul, nothing but Christ and him crucified, he dwelt only on points which belong to natural theology and philosophy. It was man preaching himself, not Christ Jesus. It was rationalism without the science which accompanies it in Germany; there was nothing to console the repentant sinner, nothing to speak peace to the broken heart, or to direct the souls of men to Him who has the words of eternal life.

Our poor friends could not follow their pastor in ways so foreign to the gospel. They were the sheep of the good Shepherd, and they knew not the voice of this stranger. He spoke not the language to which they were accustomed, and which they had learned from the Bible—that of the Christian who lives in communion with his God.

As they had left the Romish communion in order to avoid formalism, so they rejected rationalism, though taught them by a Protestant pastor. They sought salvation by faith, through grace; Christ, with all the blessings he bestows, in the fulness of his character and his offices. But they sought him in vain in the preaching of their pastor; they therefore abandoned a ministry which could not supply the wants of their souls, and continued their meetings as before. But this trial was more painful than the first; not only were they disappointed in the hopes raised by the arrival of their long-wished for pastor, but they were left to themselves for nearly thirteen years; the love of many waxed cold; some left the meeting to follow the multitude, and to obey worldly lusts; but the greater part remained faithful, until the Lord, pitying their distress, heard their cry, and moved the Evangelical Society at Paris to send them, in 1835, a pious minister, who remained among

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them till their pastor was removed. This event took place three years afterwards; the Consistory instituted an inquiry into his conduct, which issued in his deprivation. He was succeeded at Arras and the churches annexed to it by a pastor who understands the wants of the interesting flock at Achicourt, and who makes every exertion to satisfy them.

The vicissitudes of this much tried group of Christians prove, in a very forcible manner, that those who are really taught by the Spirit, and have received the gospel into their hearts, will infallibly steer clear both of formality and rationalism—those two great enemies of real religion.

IMITATION.

Children at an early age practise their powers of imitation. While yet in the nursery as infants, they will learn to imitate the barking of a dog, the mewing of a cat, the hissing of a goose, and the sounds made by other creatures. As they grow in years they have other objects of imitation, and to do what others do is their delight.

This tendency to imitation becomes a bane or a blessing, according to the uses to which it is applied. The same stream that irrigates the land, and makes it fertile, may be made a means of inundation and destruction. The same ground which produces good grain, if neglected may bring forth thistles instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.

The disposition to imitate, in young people, requires a correspondent watchfulness on the part of those interested in their welfare. Too often do the bad examples which prevail affect the after life of the neglected boy, whom careless parents have permitted to wander according to his will among thoughtless companions.

Most people have seen the picture or the print of "Wilkie's Blind Fiddler," and been attracted by the figure of the little boy with the poker and bellows in his hands, imitating the movements of the Orpheus of the hour. It is perfect of its kind, and sets forth strikingly the disposition of the young to imitate their elders.

The same inclination is exhibited in the two small prints called "My Grandfather," and "My Grandmother." In the former, a very little boy is archly imitating his grandfather, having a pipe in his mouth, and, I think, a newspaper before him; and in the latter a dear, saucy little thing, not more than four or five years old, has dressed herself up in her grandmother's cap, with a pair of spectacles on her nose, and a snuff-box in her hand, as perfect a little grandmother as you would wish to see. They who can look on these two prints and feel no inclination to hug the loveable young things in their arms, in spite of their sauciness, must be slow in the movement of their affections.

The engraving of "The School in an Uproar," too, affords another effective instance of the love of imitation in the young. The pedagogue is thought by the young urchins to be absent, but the awful look of the boy who sees him coming in at the door, with his cane, tells, if nothing else does, the fearful truth, that he is near at hand. One young rogue is chalking a likeness of the pedagogue on the door, others are falling from the forms, or spreading sprawling on the floor in violent contention for an apple; but the principal figure of the rebellious group is the youthful mocker, who, with a cap on his head, and spectacles on his nose, sits up in the pedagogue's chair, every inch a schoolmaster!

These paintings and prints are executed by those whose business it is to observe and illustrate points of character, and they vividly bring before us what might not, otherwise, strike us so forcibly. The better the dispositions and inclinations of young people are understood, the easier will it be to guide them in virtuous paths.

The experience of every observer must supply, not from paintings and engravings alone, but from real life, numerous instances of the imitative qualities of the young, even at a very early age. I will mention a few such instances of late occurrence.

It was but the other day that an open carriage drawn by four cream-coloured horses, belonging to some equestrian exhibition, passed me in the street. The band of the troop occupied the carriage, and if outside glitter could have made the heart cheerful, they would have been a merry company. On went the carriage, and on went the band, playing a pompous march.

The sunshine increased the brightness of their brass instruments, and added lustre to their showy ornaments and scarlet dresses; but among these musicians, the

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drummer was by far the most conspicuous. He sat more elevated than the rest, bending somewhat backwards behind his great drum, which he occasionally struck as a set off to the sounding brass around him, blending its boomings with the varied strains of sackbuts, trumpets, and kent-bugles. Gaudy flags fluttered above the drummer's head, and an inscription on a wide piece of white linen fastened to two upright flagstaffs announced that the exhibition of that night would be *positively* the last performance.

I might not have noticed this clamourous company so closely, had it not been for a little boy who stood at the door of a house, with his admiring eyes fixed on the conspicuous drummer. I saw, clearly, that he was drinking in delight. Hardly had the musicians passed the young urchin, ere a happy thought struck him. Hastening into the house, he quickly returned with a toy drum slung from his neck by a piece of string; then standing more than upright to imitate the attitude of his hero the drummer, whose receding form was still visible in the distance, he struck his trumpery toy, timing his strokes by the faint sounds of the more perfect drum that was being borne away. The people around laughed, and so did I, too, at the little imitator.

As I passed along another street I met an old man who carried about spectacles for sale, crying out, with a hoarse voice, "Spectacles for all sights and ages." In a little time I had forgotten the old man, when, on turning the corner of a street, he was again brought to my mind. I knew he must have passed that way, by the antics of a ragged boy, who was mocking his gait, and croaking out as hoarsely as he could, "Spectacles for all sights and ages."

In walking yesterday near some almshouses, a blind man stood with his back against a wall, with his hat in his hand, and a plaid cap on his head. As he supplicated the passers by to "pity the poor blind," he rolled his sightless balls, as if in search of that light which to him was darkness. A group of children in petticoats were playing near with a few seashells.

One of these children, with a sea-shell in her hand, drew near the blind man,—attracted, as I suppose, by the plaid cap he wore,—and stood looking at him; just then a lady passed, who put a copper-piece in the extended hat, which was loudly acknowledged by the blind man. In a moment or two after, the little creature in petticoats had toddled up to the hat, and dropped in her sea-shell.

But I need not multiply instances of this propensity on the part of the young to imitate the actions of others. Most of us, perhaps, if not all of us, in our childish days, have imitated, in sport, the gait of the milkman, as he rocked sideways, with his full cans swinging from the yoke on his shoulders, and the cry of the fruit-seller, the knife-grinder, and the sweep. We have mocked the marching of soldiers, the whining of beggars, the roaring of lions, the growling of bears, the lowing of cattle, and the neighing and curvetting of horses; and had not this imitative propensity been watched over by our friends, it might have produced the worst of consequences. When taught what to imitate and what to avoid, imitation is a great good; but when allowed recklessly to pursue its own wayward course, it becomes a great evil.

This strong tendency to imitate what they see and hear on the part of young people being admitted, it becomes a duty of no common importance early to impress their minds with lessons of virtue and piety. Virtue should be set before them in all its beauty, and vice in all its deformity, and they should be taught to love the Lord their God, with all their heart, with all their mind, with all their soul, and with all their strength.

METEOROLOGY OF SCRIPTURE.

CONCLUDING ILLUSTRATIONS.

"It is he that buildeth his stories in the heaven, and hath founded his troop in the earth; he that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them upon the face of the earth: The Lord is his name," Amos ix. 6.

There is nothing doubtful about the meaning of the word "stories," nor in the word which corresponds to it in the original. Both refer to the several ascents, or lofts, by which a building ascends from the base to the summit. The passage represents Jehovah as the architect, and the clouds as his work, the building which he rears. And in explaining it, we have only to look for arrangements in the sky, which will easily agree with the stories, or lofts, here mentioned. We first examine the sense of the words, and then turn to the works of nature for our commentaries. The sacred writers, by their allusions, refer us to those works; hence we do rightly in having recourse to them

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for instruction. Observations made by those who have ascended in a balloon inform us, that the air is disposed in tiers, which are distinguished from one another by the direction of the wind that blows within them. At sea we often see a proof of the existence of different tiers; below, the wind is urging us rapidly in one direction, while the clouds that are posting across the disk of the moon tell us, that there is a wind aloft which is moving towards an opposite point. Nay, on land, we behold the clouds sometimes maintaining a majestic repose, while the wind is fresh around us. It is to these tiers the prophet seems to refer, which are not improperly called stories; nor are they unfit examples of the Divine power. It is wonderful how the air, which is such a thin, continuous, and fluid medium, can be paralleled out in separate departments, in which operations very distinct from each other are sometimes carried forward. But however hard this may be to conceive, observations assure us that this is the case. If we watch the clouds, or listen to the accounts of those who have been aloft in a balloon, we learn that the atmosphere is disposed in layers; and if we note the progress of a hurricane sweeping in a narrow belt across a plain, while the region around is tranquil, we must infer, that the same atmosphere is parted into regions by lines of demarcation which are perpendicular to the earth.

We have, therefore, not only stories, but apartments in the atmosphere, which the great Builder has seen fit to rear out of the atmosphere to execute his own benevolent purposes. In these stories, or chambers, Psa. civ. 3, he lays up the clouds, that they may screen the earth on one hand, and be ready to furnish materials for a shower on the other. While they are over our heads, this arrangement is not so easily detected, but when the sun is declining, we often behold them overlaying each other in successive tiers, and affording us a charming comment upon the passage under consideration.

In the latter part of the verse, the raising of the clouds from the sea by evaporation, and the forming them upon the face of the earth, are stated as instances closely connected with the existence of stories or layers in the atmosphere; and with great propriety, since by means of them, clouds are laid up in the atmosphere, conveyed to different places, and finally caused to descend upon the earth. They are, in the first instance, raised, or "called" from the sea by the agency of heat, which does not cease to act till they are precipitated upon the ground; but this agency is variously influenced and modified by the atmosphere, so that they may always be considered as under its control. At one time it lifts them up into the upper stories, where they exhibit the appearance of a lofty pile, a wavy field, or a host of flaky "morsels." At another they are dissipated, and vanish in consequence of its warmth. And lastly, they are collected into the "thick cloud" by the cold of the same atmosphere, preparatory to a descent in a shower.

"The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee; they were afraid: the depths also were troubled. The clouds poured out water: the skies sent out a sound: thine arrows also went abroad. The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook. Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known," Psa. lxxvii. 16—19.

We have cited these sublime and beautiful verses, because they trace the progress of a thunder storm from its beginning to its consummation. At first, the waters in the atmosphere are troubled, or clouds are formed, which is the grand preliminary of a storm. Then, the rain descends, or the clouds pour out their water; the distant lightning is seen, or the "arrows" of fiery light are sent abroad, and the pealing thunders are heard. After a little, the lightnings involve the heavens in a blaze, and the thunder rends the ether so that the earth trembles. In the midst of these awful phenomena, God is represented as presiding, having his way in the sea, and his path in the great waters.

We have now gone through most of those passages which bear upon the subject of the weather, with all its curious phenomena, and we have looked at these with the lamp of modern philosophy, and found that they will bear the strictest scrutiny. A reference has been made to the original in all cases, and the passages have been allowed to explain themselves, when necessary, by a comparison of one with all the others that have a relation to the same subject. Thus much was required to ascertain their meaning, in order that we might do them justice. But nothing more than justice was needed as a matter of criticism; no palliation from popular errors, no qualifying or accom-

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modating skill, has been called for. The Spirit by which the sacred writers were instructed had searched the secrets of nature as well as the hearts of men, and could only guide them right. No ancient book will bear the light of modern philosophy; it may contain many excellent truths, but they will be mixed up with many errors. The Bible alone can undergo this ordeal, and always shines most illustriously when subjected to the severest trials. G. T. L.

EVENING PARTIES.

Dr. Wardlaw says, in his Life of the Rev. John Reid, late of Bellary, while in Glasgow, he had, of course, both with the family and alone, invitations at times to the houses of friends—especially of an evening. To these social evening parties he contracted an aversion, on two grounds; their interference with his studies, and the want of comfort in the reflection on the generally unprofitable way in which, as it appeared to him, the time was spent. The former of the two grounds was a sound one, at least for the *infrequency* of such visits; for an *occasional* unbending of the mind in the recreation of easy social intercourse will be found a means of invigoration for severer pursuits. As to the latter, what he complained of was, the interference of such parties, even although the conversation and amusements in themselves might be harmless, with the collectedness and composure of subsequent devotional exercises; and the deficiency, even in companies of *Christian friends*, of *Christian conversation*. It cannot be denied, that there is too much reason for such complaints. I am far from being of the mind, that Christians, even among themselves, should never speak on any other subjects than those of a religious character; as if spiritual men ceased to have any interest in aught, whether private or public, that was temporal or secular. I am equally far from thinking those Christians right, who, when in company (as they often must be) with the men of this world, wrap themselves up in their own thoughts, look morose and sanctimonious, and decline taking any part in their conversation, when, though possibly trifling and of little interest, it is yet, in its character, harmless. Such treatment of them has a repulsive effect, and necessarily places those who indulge in it at a disadvantage, when attempting to introduce conversation on more important topics; whereas an easy cheerfulness of intercourse on the matters of minor consequence, gives the greater freedom and facility of access in introducing and recommending the more momentous. In the one way, you shut the ear, or turn it away; in the other, you keep it open—you conciliate good-will—you give yourself a kind of tacit claim to a hearing—you enlist courtesy on your side. My young friend would have acquiesced perfectly in such sentiments. But with regard to such evening parties as have been referred to, his general feeling was, that, how much soever he might enjoy them at the time, he did not profit by them. And while, on the grounds mentioned, this feeling might be carried to an extreme, yet is it impossible for any Christian to reflect upon the ordinary conversation of such parties, without admitting the existence of no small amount of reason for his censures. He placed his refusal on the footing of his having no time to spare from his studies; but, while in this he was perfectly sincere, and showed his sincerity by the use he made of the time thus redeemed, the cause mentioned appears from his letters to have operated with at least equal strength:—"Were the society of Christians such as it should be; were the topics of conversation more of a spiritual nature; did the world, and the things of the world, not occupy so much of the time spent in parties; were they rendered meetings of such a nature, that, instead of losing the devotional feelings of the soul, these feelings should be excited by them; then an evening's relaxation might be at once pleasant and profitable. Those who talk in this way, it may be said, should surely be the first to commence in endeavouring to promote this change. But if a young man were thus to endeavour to change the tone of conversation, would he not be looked upon as destitute of all sense of propriety and good breeding? And this forwardness would excite in some feelings of disgust, as interrupting other amusements, and diminishing the pleasantry of the evening. It would thus be productive of more harm than good. Besides, for me to do so at present is quite out of the question. My diffidence is so great, that I could not presume to intrude my remarks on any company. Now, you must not imagine that I am so enthusiastic as to wish that all the time should be spent

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in this way: I feel no objection to any rational amusements; but they are, I think, carried to excess in most places here. Were the customs somewhat changed in this respect, and useful information and religious improvement were universally attended to, all would be well. But here, you are set beside some strange damsel, whom you have perhaps never seen before; you must show her all the marks of gallantry and etiquette; you amuse her by the relation of all such 'old wives' fables' as will excite the risible faculties; the more nonsensical, the better you will succeed in pleasing. If you are silent, you must be looked upon as a nonentity; if you speak seriously, as an enthusiast." —This serio-comic description of a diffident youth in company, gives the reader a just conception of his character. From the native buoyancy of his disposition, he entered into and enjoyed the scene of hilarity, at the time; but the reflection on the hours thus unprofitably, and sometimes, it might be, not very rationally consumed, was more painful than pleasant.

COUNTRY DUTIES.

The proprietor of a large estate ought to be regarded by the labouring cottagers in the light of a protector, to whom they can look up for advice and assistance in their troubles; and as a friend upon whose kindness they may confidently rely, and who they know will be interested in their welfare. When this is the case, the tenantry of a country gentleman will form his best body-guard; and, instead of ever attempting to injure his property, they will do all in their power to protect it.

I think it highly desirable that you should be personally acquainted with the poor people in the vicinity of your husband's mansion, that you may know how to afford them the most acceptable assistance, and who are most deserving of it. For this reason, I think you should occasionally walk through the village, instead of confining your rambles exclusively to the park, and call frequently on your poorer neighbours; not with the apparent wish of dictating to them how they should live, and how they should manage their families, but with the ostensible appearance of employing them in some little work; and, in reality, to see how you can best be serviceable to them, and how you can do them the most positive good. It is the blessed privilege of wealth and rank that they give us the power of making our fellow-creatures happy, with very trifling inconvenience to ourselves. A word, or a kind look from the rich to the poor speaks volumes, and carries with it encouragement and pleasure, which no efforts of persons in their own rank of life can give. It is, however, difficult for the rich to know how to be of real service to the poor, as giving alms seldom does good, except in cases of sudden and unforeseen distress. The best charity is first to teach the poor how to maintain themselves, and next to give them employment; and, when they have this, they have a better chance of happiness than any riches could bestow combined with idleness. Perhaps, indeed, there is no state of existence more happy than that of a person who is usefully and profitably employed, and whose employment is of such a nature as to exercise moderately the faculties both of the body and the mind.

Establishing schools is an important duty which the rich owe to the poor. Every girl ought to be able to sew neatly and well, and to read, write, and keep accounts. I think, also, it would be a great advantage if all the girls who have attained the age of fourteen, were to receive a few lessons in dress-making, and making waistcoats and boys' clothes, from the regular mantua-maker and tailor of the village; or you might pay for this out of your own pocket, and make it a reward for good conduct. It is particularly useful to the wife of a labouring man to know how to cut out and make or alter clothes, as work of this kind can be taken up and laid down while the mother is nursing her children, or watching the boiling of a pot, or some similar kind of simple cookery.

Many poor women waste a great deal of food by not knowing how to use it to the best advantage; for instance, they often throw away the water in which meat has been boiled, and of which an excellent soup might be made, by the addition of a few vegetables, and thickening it with oatmeal, flour, or pearl barley; and they sometimes spoil meat, when they have it, by letting it boil so fast as to become hard and indigestible. I do not mean, by making these observations, that I think you should make inquiries into what your poor neighbours have for dinner, or how they cook their food, as there are no points on which the poor generally dislike to be interfered with more than these;

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but I only mean that you should, if possible, get the daughters taught the best way of cooking food suitable to their rank in life, by some experienced person, and that then it should be left for the mothers to adopt these new plans or not, as they wished.

Generally speaking, I would not have you too fond of offering to have the daughters of the cottagers taught anything by your own servants. The modes of living of the rich and the poor are necessarily so different, that a cottager's daughter could reap very little advantage from seeing how the dishes were prepared for your table, while she might be rendered discontented by observing the very great difference between the mode of living in your kitchen, and in her own cottage. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, in the case of girls who wish to become servants; and, whenever that happens, I would advise you always to have the girl sent to the mansion-house, to be placed under the direction of the servant in whose department she might wish to be employed.

Before commencing your visits to the poor, I would advise you to inquire in what way you can best afford them employment.

In cases of illness, I am sure you will be happy to assist your poor neighbours in every way in your power. When poor people are ill, their means of support are stopped, and they have not only to labour through the pains of illness, but they are also exposed to the greatest privations for the want of food, at the very moment when food, of a more nourishing nature than usual, is required for them. Then it is that the helping hand of the rich is of the greatest value to the poor, and that charity takes its more graceful form.

Many ladies in the country employ a portion of their time in making clothes for the poor; but with the exception of permitting young people to make baby-linen, I question whether it is advisable that much should be done in this way. The feelings of the poor are often hurt by having it dictated to them what they are to wear, and they are apt to look upon the clothes thus given to them, and which are probably quite different from what they would have purchased for themselves, almost as a badge of slavery which they are compelled to wear, to please their patrons, but of which they hate the very sight.—*Loudon's Lady's Country Companion.*

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST A MOTIVE TO HEAVENLY MINDEDNESS.

The continued intercession of Christ at the right hand of God, should stir up our desire after heaven, and make us press toward it with greater diligence and ardour. He who bought us, is now preparing mansions to receive us. He will never cease to plead while any of his ransomed people are in this world of sorrow. And we know what he seeks and requests for them: "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." Happy they who, with uplifted eyes and longing hearts, are waiting for the coming of their Lord! O Christian, thy prayers now enter into heaven, and are graciously received, and soon thy soul shall be there for ever. Thy path is thorny, but thy Forerunner hath left the print of his steps, and made thee to hear his voice, crying, "Follow me." Dost thou not by faith behold the King in his beauty, and the land afar off? Dost thou not hear the music of heavenly harps? Dost thou not catch the fragrance of Paradise wafted on the gales of the Spirit's influence? Look to Jesus now, and in a little while thou shalt live with him through eternity.—*Thornton.*

THE SCRIPTURES THE SOURCE OF TRUE WISDOM.

The Bible is said to "make wise the simple." The ignorant and unlearned, who are most exposed to delusion, and for whom the writings of philosophers and moralists are little adapted, by receiving humbly the word of God, become wise unto salvation. They learn their sinfulness; they learn to repent; they learn the way of salvation in Christ Jesus; they discover the source of strength and grace; they learn to lead a holy life. Such learning is real wisdom. It regards the highest interest and the highest duties of man. It chooses the noblest end, and pursues it by the best means. However confined the mind, or limited the acquirements of the true penitent, the entrance of God's word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple—to those whom human reason would bewilder in error and uncertainty. Pride is not the way to knowledge: he who loves the Bible understands it: faith is the most sure science of man.—*Bishop Daniel Wilson.*

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OLD HUMPHREY ON BEING PUT BY.

I AM not aware that the subject of being "put by" has been handled before, though very likely it may have been. To conclude that a thing is not in existence merely because we have not met with it, is unwise. I will, therefore, rather try to persuade myself that, even though the subject may not be so new as I suppose, I may yet succeed in attaching to it some novel remarks. It is certainly a subject entitled to attention.

In this changing world mutability is written upon all things. The beast of the field perishes, and "man that is born of a woman is of few days." Youth, in process of time, becomes age, health is changed to sickness, strength declines into weakness, and life gives place to death. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind; its energies are abated, its attainments become neglected, and wisdom itself is often succeeded by second childishness.

But though we all "do fade as a leaf," and "spend our years as a tale that is told;" though life is "even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away;" and though the general sentence has been passed on every one, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;" yet it is not this general and universal decay that I allude to, when I speak of being "put by," but rather to those sudden visitations of weakness, sickness, infirmity, or accident, that oftentimes arrest a man in the very noontide of his strength and usefulness. An hour ago, while busied with my books and papers, this subject suddenly came upon me, and set me talking to myself. The following may be considered as a fair account of what passed in my mind:—

"Hark ye, Humphrey! Here are you sitting in your study, as you are wont to do, hale and well, dipping your pen into your inkstand, and addressing your readers with a consciousness of standing well with them. Here are you, persuaded, by the kind expressions of your friends and by the flattering suggestions of your own heart, that you are doing some little good in the world; whether you are or not is perhaps more questionable than you suppose, but let that pass, and honestly answer this question—Has the liability of your being put by, ever been fairly and fully anticipated by you?"

"Put by! Why, we must all be put by. We cannot expect to live for ever. Life is short, death is certain. Every one knows that, some time or other, he must, of necessity, be put by."

"Very true; but you are not, by a general reply, to get rid of a particular inquiry. You have not been asked anything about every one; whether every one knows, or does not know, that he must be put by, is not the question. The inquiry is, Has the liability of *your* being put by, ever been fairly and fully anticipated by you?"

"I must certainly have thought about it, because——"

"Because what?"

"Because all people think, now and then, of their latter end; they cannot help it. The most thoughtless people in the world have their moments of reflection."

"But you were not questioned about what all people think, or whether they can help it or not. You were plainly asked whether the liability of *your* being put by, had ever been fairly and fully anticipated by *you?*"

"To confess the truth, I hardly think it has."

"Well, then, it is high time that it should be; and you may just as well reflect a little upon the matter now. You have lived in the world many years, and if ever any man had reason to praise God on an instrument of ten strings you have, for mercy and goodness have followed you all the days of your life. If, then, unexpectedly, your powers should fail, or mischief should befall you by the way, so that you could no longer do as you have done, or as you do now, should you submit, think you, without a murmur, or should you indulge in a spirit of repining? Would the language of your heart be, 'Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness;—when I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oil,' Job xxix. 2—6. Or would it be, 'I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me,' Psa. cxix. 75. 'Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?'" Job ii. 10.

"It is hard to say how any of us would act if suddenly placed in a position of unexpected trial, but it is my desire to be prepared for every earthly calamity."

"No doubt it is; but as there are

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thousands who desire to die in peace, who, nevertheless, make no preparation for eternity, so Old Humphrey may desire to act patiently and acquiescingly if put by, without duly considering his liability to such a visitation."

"Well, I admit that this matter is fairly stated, and honestly set before me, and I hereby promise to give the subject my best consideration."

And now having made you acquainted with what has passed through my mind with regard to the possibility and liability of being put by, let us now pursue the subject together, for it applies to you as well as it does to me. You may be put by as well as myself. How many have been called unexpectedly from the world? How many have been suddenly put by in the midst of plans and performances that occupied the whole of their waking hours? As the needle points to the north, so these occurrences point to us, and had they speech their language would be—

> Of present thoughtlessness beware!
> For future hours, prepare! prepare!

Among the many points of preparation, there are three which strike me as very necessary. A lively remembrance of past mercies, including thankfulness of heart that we have *not* been put by. An attempt so to arrange our plans and performances, that we, and all around us, may be as little inconvenienced as possible, *should* we be put by. And, lastly, habitual sympathy for, and respect and attention to, such as *are* put by. Bear these points in mind, and I will endeavour to bear them in mind, also.

It must needs be a heavy trial to such as act in prominent situations of importance and usefulness, to be, as it were, shorn at once of their powers, and to quit the sphere of their exertions. Do we then feel and manifest for such that sympathy and attention which, if put by, we should desire to receive? In this respect I feel rather strong; how is it with you?

I carry my sympathy in such things, even to the brute creation, and never see a bullock loosed from the yoke through an accident; nor a coach-horse unharnessed through exhaustion while running his weary stage, without feeling kindly towards the poor brute, and saying to myself, "There is one who has done his duty! he deserves attention." If, then, I feel this towards the lowlier creatures of creation that labour for the benefit of man, hardly can it be otherwise than that strong feelings of respect and affection should gather round my heart when I see a human being, whose best energies have been employed and exhausted in promoting man's good and God's glory, withdrawn either by age, sickness, or infirmity, from the stage on which he has played his part. If I know myself in such a case, my heart does feel enlarged towards him, my sympathies are drawn out in his favour, and I do hold him in high estimation. Again I say, How is it with you? How beautifully the word of God guides us in our dealings with one another! "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise," Luke vi. 31.

This subject of being put by is really one that should be often entertained by us, and we should regard it in a favourable as well as in an unfavourable light, for how often in God's providence, as well as in his creation, does sunshine break forth from behind a cloud! We may be put by to try our passive graces. Oh, how hard it is to be quiet,—to look on and see God do his own work without us, when we think that we could render much aid! Difficult as this duty is, it may be required of us. There is much that is heart-lifting in saying, "Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord," 2 Kings x. 16; and much that is spirit-humbling in communing with our own hearts and being still: "Be still, and know that I am God," Psa. xlvi. 10. A Christian man should be ready, in God's hands, to be somebody or nobody—to go up higher, or to take the lowest seat—to build the temple, or to hew wood and draw water. I hear you say, "This is fine talking, Mr. Humphrey, but do you practise what you preach?" To which I reply, "You ought to practise it whether I do or not. My infirmities are no warrant for your neglect of duty."

Once more, we may be put by for a time, that we may, afterward, be restored with renewed powers, bringing forth, like a field that has lain fallow, fifty and an hundred fold. As an unbent bow launches with fresh vigour the winged arrow to its mark, so may we, after affliction, strengthened by the Strong, and made wise by a heavenly Instructor, become mighty in our thoughts, our words, and our deeds.

Try if you cannot make more of this subject than I have done, and that you may do so, call to your remembrance the three points already mentioned by me;—a

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lively remembrance of past mercies, including thankfulness of heart that you have *not* been put by;—an attempt so to arrange your plans and performances, that you and all around you may be as little inconvenienced as possible, *should* you be put by;—and lastly, habitual sympathy for, and respect and attention to, such as *are* put by.

Of present thoughtlessness beware!
For future hours, prepare! prepare!

THE CHEMISTRY OF THE ATMOSPHERE.
No. II.

It has been stated that the atmosphere contains, as a mean, about one part in two thousand by volume of carbonic acid. It may also be shown, without much difficulty, that if the whole carbonic acid of the air were collected into a stratum or bed occupying the lower part of the atmosphere, such stratum would have a thickness of about thirteen feet. Now, let any one who wishes to gain a notion of the effect such a layer of heavy, irrespirable gas spread over the whole ocean and lower parts of the earth, gain admission to one of the large London breweries, and observe a sort of miniature representation of this state of things in the great fermenting vessels, filled to their upper edge with this gas, disengaged during the conversion of sugar into spirit. Let him consider what would be the condition of men if each continent and island were separated by an invisible ocean of poisonous gas, as impassable as the barrier between the dead and the living, encroaching even upon the land itself, filling the valleys and lower levels, and causing instantaneous death to the unfortunate being who should for a moment be plunged beneath its treacherous surface.

It may, however, be said, and with great truth, that such a state of things is impossible. Carbonic acid is freely soluble in water; no reason can be assigned why this power of solution should not be exercised by the water of the sea upon the gaseous stratum above described, the effect of which would of course be its total disappearance, the gas being held in complete solution in the ocean water. Man would then have no reason to dread asphyxia by carbonic acid; if any creatures suffered, it would be the inhabitants of the water, to whom, in all probability, this great additional quantity of carbonic acid and of carbonate of lime, speedily taken up, would prove highly noxious; but there is another most important consideration which must not for a moment be allowed to remain out of sight.

The dependence of animals for their food upon the vegetable world is easily seen: where no vegetation exists there can be no animal life. Now, as will hereafter be shown, plants in their turn depend in very great measure upon the atmosphere for their sustenance; they get their carbon from the air by decomposing the carbonic acid it contains. Carbonic acid, in small quantities—for an excess is destruction—is absolutely indispensable to the existence of vegetable life, and if it were withdrawn from the atmosphere in the way supposed, the latter must cease from the face of the globe, and with it vitality altogether.

Thus it is that in all the arrangements of the material world, whose details science has brought to light, the bodies and agents employed have been so chosen with reference to all their properties and mutual relations, that the slightest imaginable change in the latter may often be strictly shown to be incompatible with the safety and equilibrium of the whole.

The oxygen and nitrogen, too, instead of being uniformly mixed throughout the whole atmosphere, as at present, having the energetic chemical powers of the one modified and softened — diluted, as it were—by the other, would form two immense layers of unequal thickness, arranged in the order of their densities, the oxygen below and the nitrogen above. In such an order of things as this, animal existence would be out of the question, an atmosphere of pure oxygen is as fatal to life as one destitute of that element; all the phenomena of combustion and oxidation generally would be exalted tenfold in power and energy; in fact, the present arrangement of nature could not be maintained in its integrity a single hour.

The equable diffusion of vapour of water through the atmosphere is no less important than that of the carbonic acid. In many warm countries, during a great part of the year, rain seldom or never falls, and it is only from the copious dews deposited in the night that vegetables derive the supply of moisture required for their growth, and to sustain them, by the cooling effects of evaporation, from the scorching rays of the noon-day sun. Were the invisible elastic steam disengaged from

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the surface of the sea, or other large bodies of water not subject to the diffusive law in question, it is probable that other and very different phenomena would be observed.

To take another case, not perhaps so striking to the casual observer, but equally important in the eyes of the attentive student. In respiration, the object of which is to bring the blood in contact with the oxygen of the air for the purpose of effecting changes hereafter to be described, the lungs are alternately filled and emptied by the mechanism of the respiratory muscles, internal and external, and the air from without thus finds its way into the minute cells which terminate the last ramifications of the bronchial tubes; here its oxygen is made to act upon the venous blood, while the latter disengages carbonic acid in place of the oxygen absorbed. Now, in expiration, even when forced, the lungs are very far from being completely emptied of air, and that which is thrown out is in a great measure derived from the larger tubes and passages; the ultimate cells in which all the real business is performed remain filled with the vitiated air, which must be displaced, if the function is to be continued, by other means more efficacious than the gentle pressure of the elastic thorax. Here it is that diffusion comes into play between the oxygen of the tubes and the carbonic acid of the cells; the latter is speedily removed and replaced by the former, and expelled from the body by the next following expiration.

Such, then, are some of the leading consequences which follow from this one single property of gaseous bodies, their diffusibility into each other. We have seen how essential this property is to the present order of nature, and indeed to our very existence; it is not less pleasing to follow its consequences in this more humble office of administering to our happiness and pleasure.

Who does not inhale with rapture the perfumes of a flower-garden, when the dews of night, or the refreshing summer shower, have awakened the thousand sweet odours of its fair inhabitants! The breath of the hawthorn and of the rose have been always one of the most favourite themes of the poet's song; they have ever been associated with the purest and sweetest imaginings of tenderness and affection; and yet this endless succession of pure and simple pleasures is but a mere consequence of the law which bids a vapour, arising by its own elasticity from a volatile substance, mingle itself with the surrounding air, and extend its influence until its effects become so enfeebled by dilution as to be imperceptible to the sense.—*Professor Fownes.*

DREAMING.

It appears that the mental operations which occur in dreaming, consist chiefly of former ideas and associations, which follow one another in a way over which we have no control. Some dreams arise from bodily sensations. It is stated by Dr. Gregory, that having on one occasion gone to bed with a vessel of hot water at his feet, he dreamed of walking up the crater of Mount Etna, and of feeling the ground warm under him. At an early period of life, he had visited Mount Vesuvius, and actually felt a strong sensation of warmth in his feet, when ascending the side of the crater. Yet it was remarkable that in this case he dreamed of Etna, of which he had only read Brydone's description; probably from the latter impression being the more recent. On another occasion, he dreamed of spending a winter at Hudson's Bay, and of suffering much distress from the intense frost. He found that he had thrown off the bedclothes in his sleep; and a few days before it appears he had been reading a very particular account of the state of the colonies there during winter.

The effect of falling asleep in a stream of cold air, as in an open carriage, is mentioned by Lord Brougham as very singular. He says: "You will, instantly that the wind begins to blow, dream of being upon some exposed point, and anxious for shelter, but unable to reach it; then you are on the deck of a ship, suffering from the gale—you run behind a sail for shelter, and the wind changes, so that it still blows upon you—you are driven to the cabin, but the ladder is removed, or the door locked. Presently you are on shore, in a house with all the windows open, and endeavour to shut them in vain; or, seeing a smith's forge, you are attracted by the fire, and suddenly a hundred bellows play upon it, and extinguish it in an instant, but fill the whole smithy with their blast, till you are as cold as on the road. If you from time to time awake, the moment you fall asleep again the same course of dreaming succeeds in the greatest variety of changes that can be rung on our thoughts."

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Some dreams revive former ideas as to things which seemed to have been forgotten; of these many instances might be given, of which the following is a remarkable example. A gentleman, connected with one of the principal banks in Glasgow, was at his place at the teller's table, where money was paid, when a person entered demanding payment of a sum of six pounds. There were several people waiting, who were, in turn, entitled to be attended to before him, but he was extremely impatient, and rather noisy; and being, besides, a remarkable stammerer, he became so annoying that another gentleman requested the one in attendance to pay him his money and get rid of him. He did so, accordingly, but with an expression of impatience at being obliged to attend to him before his turn, and thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, the books of the bank could not be made to balance, the deficiency being exactly six pounds. Several days and nights had been spent in endeavouring to discover the error, but without success; when at last this gentleman returned home much fatigued, and went to bed. He dreamed of being at his place in the bank,—and the whole transaction with the stammerer as now detailed passed before him, in all its particulars. He awoke under a full impression that the dream was to lead him to the discovery of what he was so anxiously in search of; and, on examination, soon discovered that the sum paid to this person in the manner now mentioned had been neglected to be inserted in the book of interest, and that it exactly accounted for the error in the balance.

In some instances dreams are followed by singular results. A most respectable clergyman in a country parish of Scotland made a collection at his church for an object of public importance, in which he felt deeply interested. The amount of the collection, which was received in ladles carried through the church, fell greatly short of his expectation; and during the evening of the day he frequently alluded to this with expressions of much disappointment. In the following night he dreamed that three one-pound notes had been left in one of the ladles, having been so compressed by the money which had been thrown in above them, that they had stuck in the corner when the ladle was emptied. He was so impressed by the dream, that at an early hour in the morning he went to the church, found the ladle which he had seen in his sleep, and drew from one of the corners of it three one-pound notes. This interesting case is perhaps capable of explanation upon simple principles. It appears that, on the evening preceding the day of the collection, the clergyman had been amusing himself by calculating what sum his congregation would probably contribute; and in doing so, he had calculated on a certain number of families who would not give him less than a pound each. Let us then suppose, that a particular ladle which he knew had been presented to three of these families, had been emptied in his presence and found to contain no pound notes. His first feeling would be that of disappointment; but, in afterwards thinking of the subject, and connecting it with his former calculation, the possibility of the ladle not having been fully emptied might dart across his mind. This impression, which perhaps he did not himself recollect, might then be embodied into the dream, which, by a natural coincidence, was fulfilled.

Very rapid are the changes that take place in sleep. Hence, Lord Brougham remarks:—"Let any one who is extremely overpowered with drowsiness—as after sitting up all night, and sleeping none the next day—lie down, and begin to dictate: he will find himself falling asleep after uttering a few words, and he will be awakened by the person who writes repeating the last word, to show he has written the whole; not above five or six seconds may elapse, and the sleeper will find it at first quite impossible to believe that he has not been asleep for hours, and will chide the amanuensis for having fallen asleep over his work—so great, apparently, will be the length of the dream which he has dreamed, extending through half a lifetime. This experiment is easily tried: again and again the sleeper will find his endless dream renewed; and he will always be able to tell in how short a time he must have performed it. For suppose eight or ten seconds required to write the four or five words dictated, sleep could hardly begin in less than four or five seconds after the effort of pronouncing the sentence; so that, at the utmost, not more than four or five seconds can have been spent in sleep. But, indeed, the greater probability is, that not above a single second can have been so passed; for a writer

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will easily finish two words in a second; and suppose he has to write four, and half the time is consumed in falling asleep, one second only is the duration of the dream, which yet seems to last for years, so numerous are the images that compose it."

W.

CALICO-PRINTING.

It is the peculiarity of the art of calico-printing to confine the influence of the dye to particular spots, and so to unite different colours as to form devices, or patterns, according to the fancy of the printer. It is worthy of remark, that although the process is extensively employed in the decoration of calicoes, and on this account called calico-printing, yet it may with equal facility be applied to silk and other goods. The art is of great antiquity. From the evidence before us, it appears that it had its origin in India; and was there cultivated with such assiduity, that the principles were thoroughly understood before its introduction into Europe. Singular revolutions in chemical science, and wonderful applications of mechanical powers and contrivances, have given the Europeans a facility in manufacture unknown to the Indians; but to this ingenious people we are entirely indebted for the art itself. A Frenchman, who is supposed to have been a refugee after the revocation of the edict of Nantz, introduced it into England, and established the first manufactory at Richmond, in the year 1690. Soon after this, a much larger print-ground was formed at Bromley-hall, in Essex; and others of less importance were opened by speculative men in various places near London. In the year 1680, the art was introduced into Lancashire, and there gradually rose into such importance, that it is now a principal branch of trade, and a necessary auxiliary to the cotton manufacture.

The process of calico-printing formerly consisted in applying to those parts of the cloth which were intended to receive colour such a mordant, that when immersed in a bath, a permanent hue was given to them, while those parts which were not so covered received a colour that was easily removed by boiling in hot water. A new process, however, called printing by resists and discharges, has of late years been introduced. This is a directly opposite system to that which had been formerly practised. The mordant is in this case applied to the parts which are intended to be without colour, and baths are used containing colouring matter, of such a quality, that by its affinity for the fibre, a permanent colour is produced.

The following description of the process now adopted by calico-printers of printing by discharges, is given by a modern writer:—"In printing by discharges, the pieces of goods are first passed through a mordant, and, before being dyed, a substance, termed the discharge, is applied to such parts as are required to be white, which has the effect of neutralizing, or destroying the effect of the mordant, so that when the cloth has been dyed, the colouring particles are rendered fugitive upon that part affected by the discharge, and can readily be removed by the usual methods of washing. In producing the great variety of colours which are given to calicoes, these various processes and methods are combined in different ways, and so beautifully arranged, that each mordant, reserve, discharge, and dye, must perform with correctness the duty assigned, as one false step would render useless the time and labour of the operation."

Chemistry is valuable to the dyer; if possible, still more so to the calico-printer. By a knowledge of the affinities existing between different substances, he is able to choose his mordants and dyes so as to produce either a combination of the colouring matter and the fabric, or to prevent that combination. In calico-printing, it is of the greatest importance to obtain a number of colours with the fewest possible number of dyes or mordants. The two most common mordants are the acetate of alumina, and the acetate of iron, and by the use of either a great number of colours may be obtained by employing different dyes. So on the other hand, by using one dye and a variety of mordants, a series of colours, very different from each other, may be produced. Thus, for instance,—if the dye employed be quercitron, an aluminous mordant will yield a pure yellow; one formed of aluminous matter and the acetate of iron, commonly called iron liquor, will give an olive colour; iron liquor alone, a dark drab; iron liquor and galls, a nearly perfect black; and the ground on which no mordant is placed, will remain, after washing and bleaching, a clear white.

One or two examples may be introduced to explain the process by which different colours are usually obtained. A black is usually formed by a mordant of acetate of

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iron and a dye of logwood, or madder; a red by a mordant of acetate of lime mixed with alum, and a dye of madder, or sumach; a yellow, by the same mordant, and a dye of quercitron bark. From these statements, it must evidently appear, that the art of calico-printing is but a modification of the art of dyeing, and that in both a knowledge of chemical affinities is absolutely necessary. There are many persons, we admit, who may be engaged in calico-printing, and practise it successfully, without the slightest knowledge of chemistry; and these persons may amass large fortunes, and boast of wealth obtained without the assistance of theoretical information, as they please to designate the very principles of their practice. Although such persons may continue for years to manufacture articles in a style little, if in any degree, inferior to those persons who are better informed, yet, it is quite evident, that whatever skill they may manifest in the process, if there had not been previously men who devoted themselves to the study of chemistry in its application to the arts, they could not have had an opportunity of exercising their ingenuity. All the arts are dependent upon science; every operation is, or ought to be, founded upon some principle, and it is the knowledge of principles, or laws, which gives the present age so great an advantage over those in which all knowledge was empirical.

We may now trace the various processes by which the calico is fitted for the market. After the manufacture of the fabric, the first process is bleaching, an art already described. This being completed, the floss must be destroyed. The manner in which this is done always excites the surprise of a person who for the first time witnesses it. The cloth is wound round a wooden cylinder, and rolls on to another. Between these, there is an iron cylinder, which is raised to a red heat, and over it the cloth is passed; the side intended for printing is generally twice exposed to the heated iron. When the process is seen for the first time, the observer has the greatest anxiety for the preservation of the fabric, having a constant fear of its destruction from fire. But the mind is soon accustomed to appearances which when first seen seemed strange; for confidence is easily disturbed and as easily established. This characteristic of the human mind is of the greatest importance to man as a being possessed of an improvable reason, constantly exercised in the invention and application of arrangements suited to abridge the physical exertion of his species. It is not, however, our object to trace the origin and progress of this mental peculiarity; the fact is suggested by the process to which we have referred, and having alluded to it, we must now proceed to explain the various methods of printing calicoes when the preparatory operations are completed.

When the fabric is in a state to receive colour the mordant must be applied, and there are two ways of doing this; one is, by blocks which are formed of holly-wood, and cut in a manner somewhat similar to those used for a species of engraving; the other is by the padding machine. The apparatus called the padding machine consists of two cylinders, the lower one having engraven upon it the pattern to be printed, and moving in a box containing the mordant. When the printing has been done, the piece is hung up in a room heated by stoves to dry; or, in works, where great expedition is required, passed over cylinders which are heated by steam. The mordant being thus fixed, the cloth is plunged into a dung bath; which is, in fact, hot water containing a certain quantity of cow-dung. During the immersion the liquid is constantly stirred. The object of this operation is to dissolve the paste and other superfluous parts of the mordant. Unless this be done, the cloth is frequently soiled by the rubbing off of the paste, and its adhesion to parts where it is not required. This part of the process, therefore, requires great attention. When the cloth has been thoroughly rinsed and cleaned, the dye is applied in the usual manner; after which, it is washed in bran and water, and then exposed to dry in a field.

There has been some discussion among chemists as to the precise action of the dung-bath. Widmer supposes that there is a triple combination of the animal matter with the alumina and cloth; and Berthollet supports this opinion. The latter chemist endeavoured to find some substance which should have the same effect; but the only one that he could find was a substance analogous to bile. Dr. Ure is of opinion, that "the action of cow-dung is to be traced to its seizing a portion of the mordant not intimately combined with the cloth, and depriving it of the power to attach itself to the rest of the surface when diffused through the water of the cleansing bath; and thus that some animal principle in the dung,

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by neutralizing the excess of mordant, and possibly by precipitating it in an insoluble or inert state, protects the unmordanted spaces after being stained or coloured."

Colours are sometimes printed upon the cloth without dipping; that is to say, the block is so charged with a colouring matter as to leave its impress upon the fabric in a permanent colour. The compositions thus used are called topical colours. Substantive colours, that is, those which may be fixed upon cloth without previous preparation, are then generally used; but adjective colours, those requiring the interposition of some third substance, that is a mordant, may be employed. Printing with topical colours may be performed either with blocks or the padding machine. In some goods the topical colours are applied by hand with the camel's hair pencil; but whichever plan may be adopted, no dyeing process is required, the article being finished as soon as the usual washing and drying is completed.

The reader may, perhaps, from a consideration of what has been already stated, inquire into the manner by which a white ground can be obtained when a substantive colour is used. If a colour has no particular affinity for a fabric, so that it becomes necessary to employ a mordant to connect the colouring matter and the fibre, a permanent change of colour is produced only on those parts where the mordant is applied, and washing will be sufficient to expel it from the places where the uniting medium has not been applied. To guard that portion of the cloth where colour is not required from the action of a substantive dye, such as indigo, a resisting medium is provided, one which will prevent the dye from penetrating to the fabric. Wax is often employed for this purpose in the East Indies; but in this country, a mixture of sulphate of copper, verdigris, alum, and gum arabic, thickened with pipe-clay. This method of calico-printing is called printing by resists.

WHAT IS SIN, AND WHAT HAS IT DONE?

It is sin that infects our purest air, that damps our richest mines, that poisons our richest dainties, that lays thorns in our softest beds of down, that undermines palaces, pulls down crowns, shakes thrones, and ruins kingdoms; that sets all earthly things at opposition, heat against cold, cold against heat, winter and summer, light and darkness, moisture and drought, in arms and against the other: so that the whole world is become a boiling furnace of contradictions, in which man is the metal, the body is the dross, which must first be burned by the refining fire of death, before the soul can become pure gold, fit for the heavenly sanctuary. In proof of this, let us hear Jeremiah's Lamentation, ch. iii. 39, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" Heaven and earth answer his interrogatory, with a soul's sad echo, "Man suffereth for his sins." But come on further, and see all creatures—angels, men, beasts, plants, elements, yea the very heavens, in sorrow's discord, sighing out the very epitaph of man's mortality, "We have transgressed and have rebelled: thou hast not pardoned. Thou hast covered with anger, and persecuted us: thou hast slain, thou hast not pitied," ver. 42, 43. Ask we, wherefore? "The wages of sin is death." As tooth for tooth, eye for eye, hand for hand, one talent for another, so death is the deserved reward for sin—death first seizing upon the body while we live, by the canker of corruption and mortality, bringing at length the death of the body, by dissolution, and all this hatched and brooded under the cockatrice sin. And the reason of all this is, because the justice of God requires it. Sin is daily in the view of his all-piercing eye, sends up cries aloud into his holy ear, piercing through the clouds for revenge, importuning his vindictive hand to whet his glittering sword, and to feather his arrows, to make sharp the point of his spear, to wash his footsteps in blood. And then, shall not He that hath called the earth his footstool, and his throne the heavens to witness, and hath sworn by himself that sin shall not go unpunished—shall not he be just?

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

Youth is the spring of life; and by this will be determined the glory of summer, the abundance of autumn, the provision of winter. It is the morning of life; and if the Sun of Righteousness does not dispel the moral mists and fogs before noon, the whole day generally remains overspread and gloomy. It is the seed-time; and "what a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Everything of importance is affected by religion in this period of life.—*Rev. W. Jay.*

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Vesuvius.

VESUVIUS.

An eruption of Vesuvius, in the year 1794, is described, in an interesting manner, by the Rev. J. J. Clarke. "It was late in the evening of a lovely day in June. Vesuvius had for some time ceased to vomit fire. Many began to think that the flames which had burned so long within the womb of this awful mountain had finally become extinguished. The air was balmy, and all nature seemed to repose in that sweet tranquil state which we somtimes behold after a day of intense heat, when the evening breezes from the ocean fan us with their refreshing breath. Suddenly the earth shook and trembled, as though the day of her last doom had come. The inhabitants of this town, which had so frequently been buried beneath the eruptions of Vesuvius, aroused from their slumbers, fled half-naked from their houses into their gardens, and from thence to the sea-side, where they passed the night in a state of great consternation. The tremor was communicated to the city of Naples. The next morning there appeared in its streets vast processions of men, women, and children, walking barefoot to the cathedral of St. Januarius, to implore his protection. For several days, the hot summer air seemed loaded with vapours, and at intervals the whole sky would for several minutes become suddenly darkened. During this time, also, there were occasional slight shocks of an earthquake, accompanied by a rumbling sound, like distant thunder. On the fourth day, late in the evening, the inhabitants were again alarmed by a noise that came upon the ear like the continual discharge of cannon. Then, in a moment, there burst forth, not from the summit or old crater of Vesuvius, but from the western side of the mountain, where the earth had hitherto appeared solid and unbroken, an awful volcano. The explosion made every edifice in

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Torre del Greco tremble. From the ruptured earth on this side of the mountain there issued a column of smoke, that, mounting up, continually increased in magnitude till it formed itself into the shape of an immense pine tree. This column was sometimes clearly distinguished, and at others obscured by ashes; it continued augmenting rapidly in circumference, till at length it began to decline downward, and then soon after fell to the earth. Torrents of burning lava now poured down the mountain in several directions. One stream, about a mile in breadth, bent its destructive course towards Torre del Greco, which then contained eighteen thousand inhabitants. This torrent of lava, desolating in its progress the whole hill leading down from Vesuvius, swept away every tree and house in its course, till it reached Torre del Greco. The terrified inhabitants had already commenced their flight towards Naples. It was a scene of hurry, flight, and consternation, not unlike that, probably, which the last day will exhibit. But *then* there will be no refuge to which the wicked can flee. The awful burning torrent came on, and rolled its waves over the dwellings of Torre del Greco, just as the rising tide rolls the sea over the variegated and beautifully pencilled shells that lie strewn on the beach. It still rolled forward till it reached the sea, on whose shores it deposited vast masses of lava. The tops of some of the loftiest buildings were just visible at Torre del Greco, while all the country through which the lava ran was a desert.

"Since the great eruption in 1779, Vesuvius has poured forth its burning contents about forty times. In 1822 there was a tremendous explosion, by which some seven hundred feet of the top of this mountain were torn off."

THE DEATH OF ELISHA.

A FUTURE world exists. This is the first conviction we bring down with us, from the summit of the Mount of Olives, into the vale of death. But is heaven open to sinners? Hallelujah, it is so! This is our second truth. "The breaker is come up!" is the exulting exclamation of the prophetic seers. And so it was. "They have broken up, and have passed through," they joyfully cry out. Those break through who belong to Christ. Heaven is therefore open! What bars and barriers closed it once! Three cherubim, instead of one, kept watch at its gate, with swords that turned every way: Divine justice,—Divine holiness,—and Divine truth. They have retired. The door is open. To whom?—To the eye? Yes, to that also. We look into the other world, and what a sight! Jesus! our first-born Brother, in infinite glory on the throne, the reins of the world's government in his pierced hands! He, the breaker of the seals, the accomplisher of his Father's counsels, the supporting, governing, and nurturing King of his church.

But heaven is open not only to the eye, but also to the heart that finds on Jesus' breast a comfortable landing-place for his sighs, and in Jesus' paternal lap a lovely discharging-place for all his cares. Paradise is also open to thy feet. Direct thine ear upwards. That is not merely the music of angelic choirs, which sounds down to thee. Hark the theme, "The Lamb that was slain is worthy!" Hear, hear! "Thou hast bought us with thy blood! Hallelujah to the Lamb!" Dost thou perceive? They are human voices; and if thou listenest attentively, thou wilt clearly hear the voices of the crucified thief, of the publican, of Manasseh, Rahab, Magdalen, and thousands of their brethren and sisters, and thine. Heaven is open to sinners, transgressors, and those who are deserving of hell. And is it really so? The miracle on the Mount of Olives renders this also sure and certain.

What should be our exclamation from the vale of death, on seeing Jesus ascend on high? "Oh that thou wert one of us, and our Mediator!" would be our ejaculation, "then should we possess the right of entrance into Paradise. Oh that thou wouldest be to us as a general to his host; for the keys of the city of God would be given to the latter, on thy receiving them! Oh, that thou wert our head, as Adam once was; then would thy members be included in thy happy lot!" Such would naturally be the language of our heaving breasts; and, lo! what we wish and long for really exists. For who stood in our place, and undertook to rectify our cause before the Lord? Who took upon him our debts, in order to pay them; our obligations, in order to fulfil them? Who said, "I must restore that which I took not away?"—"I sanctify myself for their sakes, that they also might be sanctified through the

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truth?" "Jesus," is our reply. But, as in this quality of Mediator, Surety, Intercessor, Head, and Second Adam of all those who take refuge with him and believe on him, he soars aloft from the Mount of Olives to his eternal home, to be crowned, and to take possession of the treasures of celestial glory—the apostles do not hesitate, with all confidence and boldness of heart, to exclaim, "Ye are ascended with him to heavenly places, your citizenship is in heaven."

Can you imagine to yourselves a surer foundation than that, on which our hopes of immortality are founded? They do not rest on scientific inferences, nor demonstrations which may well shun the light—no; but on well-known facts, real histories, which are not shaken by the billows of impending distress, and present a brazen front to the terrors of apparently contradicting experience. Elisha was also acquainted with this immovable, adamantine, blood-besprinkled basis, which firmly holds the anchor of our hopes, whatever may roll over it. He saw its glimmer through the sacrifices of the temple, as well as from the prophetic sayings of the Divine interpreters. He knew the Lamb that was slain from before the foundation of the world; and it is on the blood of this Lamb, though dying, he so gently and peacefully reposes.

He begins to respire with greater difficulty, and his pulse becomes weaker. We are no longer terrified at the sight. Depart, Elisha! we shall follow. The hour must come. Our life is a pilgrimage; our growing old, a hastening to our home. We gladly go forward, and stretch the sail to the impelling wind, because we know whither we are hastening. Oh, how fair is the promised land, where youth fades not, where spring for ever blooms, whose joy is unmingled with bitterness, where light is without shade! Depart, Elisha! we will joyfully follow. If Christ is our life, death can only be our gain.

His face becomes more pallid; but no darkness clouds his brow, no convulsive doubt distorts his features. The most profound repose is expressed in his whole countenance. Hark! hark! "I depart in safety," he exclaims, with quivering lips. Yes, as long as the obedience of the Surety retains its value in the sight of God; or that, for the sake of Divine justice, it is not permitted that the adversary should devour a saint; and as long as the promise stands fast, "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed"—so long shall there be nothing more sure, than that the members of Christ, whatever may occur, shall attain the object of their heavenly calling: no pit, into which they fall, reaches down to hell; no snare, in which they are entangled, that is not burst asunder: no sea foams around them, which must not yield them a passage. Proceed with a firm step, my brethren; we shall force a passage. As true as the Forerunner, preparing the way, preceded us; so true it is, that we shall never stick fast in any valley of temptation, in any narrow pass, nor ever perish in the desert from hunger and sorrow. And on our arrival, the just made perfect, with palms in their hands, will be found standing upon the ever verdant shore awaiting us!

The prophet is "fallen asleep." Then let him sleep! He is not lost to us. We are members of the same body, an intimately and eternally united procession of pilgrims. Our love remains—it has been immersed in the spring of immortality; it passes over the grave, and embraces its objects who have entered into their glory, only the more closely and firmly. And in the degree in which the number of our beloved friends increases there, our longing to be joined with them, and the feeling of our being strangers on the earth, increases also in intensity. The roots, which we have struck on this side the grave, become ever looser, and ever freer do we hover above the heights of the earth, ever more powerfully are we attracted upwards and heavenwards by the glimmering lamps of our home, the benignant stars; and the more fully is formed within us the image of those peaceful pilgrims to Jerusalem, of whom the psalmist sings, that they go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, but return with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. Oh, desirable state, to have left the world, before the world leaves us! Oh, glorious freedom, to be beforehand with the angel of death, in the matter of weighing anchor, and to have outstripped him with the wings of an ardent longing to be at home!

Elisha has finished his course. He has entered into his rest; he is at home. The sons of the prophet stand round his bed, immersed in profound grief. Nor do their tears flow without reason. The

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Zion of God regrets the loss of such a man. For here was more than a "schoolmaster," one that was greater than a taskmaster, more estimable than a teacher of the law. There are still those to be found, such as I have described above; and when one of them departs, another soon succeeds to fill up the vacancy. But here was an evangelist, a preacher of grace, a herald of the lovingkindness and tender mercy of our God; and there never is a superfluity of such men upon earth. And how much had Elisha been to the church of God in other respects! What miraculous deliverances did he accomplish! What a host did he prove in the Almighty's hands, in the way of Israel's adversaries! What a barrier did the Lord throw up, in this single individual, against the infernal waves of idolatry amongst the lofty and the low! Well might king Joash throw himself weeping over the dying man, and break out into the lamentation, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" Israel's crown was gone; a conductor, to speak humanly, had fallen from the people's roof; a spring of consolation was dried up, and a vine hewed down, than which none in Canaan had ever borne sweeter grapes.

How peacefully does the noble corpse lie there, as if he were not dead, but slumbered only, and dreamed paradisiacal dreams! Here death no longer presents a terrific or horrifying appearance. It is evident that his going home has been arranged with parental care; it is not a dying and being torn away, against one's will, from the land of the living. The appearance of the chamber of death is that of poverty. How devoid of state does the dear man of God lie upon his couch! Here we see nothing of pomp or display. No golden candelabra illumine the gloomy chamber; no splendid insignia of high dignities or offices glitter upon the pall; no crown, no star of nobility, no wreath of honour, reminds us that anything more than a common corpse reposes here. But something else which far outshines all this, gives, nevertheless, an intimation of it. Oh! he who has an eye for it discovers here a funereal state, which kings and princes seldom enjoy. Children of God! stand and water the pale forehead of the corpse with the tears of ardent affection and sorrow; and this is more than if a diadem of gold and pearls encircled it. Friendly angels, who accompanied the holy man during his life, and bore him on their hands, surround, in the character of silent and affectionate watchers, the solemn couch; and whenever did nobler shield-bearers and attendants than these stand round a prince's corpse, when lying in state? The gratitude of innumerable souls, who are eternally indebted to him, weave tender invisible wreaths for the dear departed man of God, from flowers which never fade. And that which completes the whole is the wondrous perfection of profound and Divine peace, which the richly-favoured soul, on departing, leaves behind, as its last significant trace in the pale features of its cast-off tenement.

No, no; the open door of eternity has not been dreadful to our friend. He saw it, beaming with bright and lovely festal lights. It seemed to him a triumphal arch, under which he was to pass, after surmounting the struggles of the present life, in order to receive the crown of righteousness. He read, as the inscription over it, the words, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." But if a person, under the Old Testament, no longer felt any reason why he should shrink back at the gates of death, how much less, my brethren in the Lord, ought we to be afraid of them, who see them beaming in the full splendour of New Testament illumination and glory, and read upon them passages such as the ears of the saints of old never heard! No cloud any longer shades their entrance. No terrific form meets us near them. The King of kings, according to his promise, "I will come again," receives us at the threshold of eternity, with the open arms of his love. The holy angels crowd to the gate, in order, with the music of their harps, and joyful and affectionate greetings, to welcome and introduce the new citizens of the kingdom. Thousands of the most blessed promises are the tapers, which enlighten the antechamber with solar radiance. Over the glittering portal stands the inscription, "Enter, ye blessed of my Father, and inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!" Immediately adjoining it are the amazing words, "The glory which thou gavest me, I have given them." Inside the gate, a seraph sent from God beckons to us, holding in his hand a wedding garment, pure as the light, a palm-branch of triumph, an unfading crown of glory, and the golden key to a mansion of peace in the Jerusalem above. All for the new-

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corner! The golden harp of heaven glimmers in the distance. And oh! what harmony salutes our ears from the background! It is the echo of the eternal hallelujahs, the rapturous sound of the mighty song of the perfected church; the hymn, whose never-ceasing chorus is, "The Lamb that was slain," and which is responded to by the eternal acclamation, "Thou hast made us kings and priests unto God by thy blood."

Lo, such is the gate of eternity for the members of Christ's kingdom. It is a triumphal arch. We ought to rejoice aloud, whenever we think we see it about to open. But how seldom in Zion is the last journey commenced with rejoicing! The reason lies in the weakness of our faith, and our legality and self-righteousness. We refuse to rely solely on the blood of Christ; and yet all the glory must be given to his blood. Hence it so frequently happens, that we have to pass through a variety of painful processes, before we bid adieu to things temporal. The last remains of self must be put away; the false ground depart from under our feet. It is then that the various ladders we have endeavoured to plant, in our own strength, heavenward, are broken by the hand of God; then follow bitter castings down from imaginary states of holiness, subsequent strippings to the bone and marrow; developments of the depths of corruptions within us, which make us shudder; the demolition of our most specious works, and the like. "Nothingness" is the final cry: and conflict, storm, and darkness, are experienced before the anchor is weighed. Many are thrown, by the breakers, on the opposite shore; others, after their humiliation, are again raised up in Christ, and depart rejoicing. But, however a child of God may remove, timidly, or heroically and exultingly, he has no need to be anxious. "Father, I will," says the Prince and Surety of sinners, bought with his blood, "that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."—*Krummacher's Elisha, Part III., just published by the Religious Tract Society.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON THE COBWEB IN THE CORNER.

In the days of my youth I once had to call at a very elegant mansion, where I was shown into a fair apartment, to wait till the lady of the house joined me. Never had I before seen a room so elegantly furnished. The walls, which were covered with a paper of the most tasteful description, had a few choice paintings hung upon them; the costly carpet was delicately white, fit only for a satin slipper; while the chair-bottoms had worked upon them such beautiful flowers on a white ground, as made me afraid to sit upon them. I regarded the room with wonder, for altogether its walls, carpet, furniture, and pictures seemed to form a piece of perfection. On raising my eyes, however, to the ceiling, to examine the cornice, I saw, as if it were there to point a moral, a cobweb in the corner. How it came about that a spider could be suffered to weave her web in such a chamber is more than I can divine, though it might be that the extreme delicacy of the room, was after all the cause. Had the apartment been less costly, a servant might have been allowed to enter it more frequently; but however this might be, there was the black web on the snowy white cornice. The lesson it afforded me could scarcely be made plainer; and I must have been dull indeed not to have understood it, for it said as intelligibly as the web of a spider could say anything—we must not expect to be without annoyances. In the fairest earthly apartment there is a cobweb in the corner.

This lesson has very likely been impressed deeply on your memory, as on mine. Sometimes a trifling circumstance, and at other seasons an occurrence of importance, brings it home to our hearts, and yet we go on, day after day, fondly persuading ourselves that when we have got rid of a certain trouble, and gained possession of a certain good that we desire, we shall be at ease. No such thing! There ever was, there is, and there ever will be, a drop of gall in our honey-pot, a shadow in our most sunshiny path, and in the snuggest and daintiest chamber in which we can seat ourselves, a cobweb in the corner.

A short time ago I attended a well-conducted wedding. The day was fine, the carriages arrived at the church with their company at proper time. The bride and bridegroom looked as a bride and bridegroom should look, and cheerfulness and solemnity were alike visible

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in the bridal group. I was about to say that all were suitably dressed and decorated with white kid gloves on their fingers and bouquets in their bosoms; but no, there was one solitary exception to the general propriety. One of the party attended with a black crape hatband; and who was he who was thus so unbridally attired, casting a shadow where a gleam of sunshine would have been more in harmony with the occasion? Alas! it was Old Humphrey. Ay, and the inadvertence, or blunder, or whatever else it may be termed, cost him something too; for though he did all he could to hide his best beaver, bearing the symbol of sorrow, the thing was impossible. There he was handing out the bride and bridegroom from their carriage, with a black crape hatband above his brows! The wedding was, as I before told you, a well-conducted wedding; but you see that for all this there was a cobweb in the corner. Ay! and a cobweb there will ever be. It is the poet only that finds a paradise beneath the stars, and he only finds it in his own poesy. He rhymes of

> "Mossy banks of verdant green
> Where creeping thing was never seen;"

but it suits him better to rhyme about them, than to point out the exact locality where they are to be found. Gratefully to enjoy, and patiently to endure, is better than to spend our lives under the delusion of ever being perfectly free from care. As the traveller, in an alpine country, sets his eyes on a higher hill than the one he has ascended, so do we set our hearts on a higher hope than the one we have realised. We are never thoroughly satisfied. Oh! that we could at once set our hearts on heaven, for on earth there will ever be a cobweb in the corner.

Well would it be if the truth were more present to our recollection, that we never were, and that we never shall be, on this side heaven, perfectly happy. There will always be with us something present that we wish to be absent, or something absent that we desire to be present. If we want nothing else, we shall be sure to want durability, whereas mutability is written on all things.

> There is, where every man has been,
> So wayward is our will,
> E'en in the most delightful scene,
> A something wanted still;

And that something is the cobweb in the corner. It is better to be simple than superb in our desires; it is better to be lowly than exalted in our expectations. As a kite in the air often has a broken string, or a tangled tail, so in our high-minded, sky-scraping moods, something usually happens to bring us down to the common standard of humanity. We cannot keep up in the atmosphere of our excited hopes.

> For though, high for a season, we ride on the blast,
> We are sure to come down to one level at last.

To be thankful for sunshine is very desirable, and not less so to be prepared for shadows,—for come they will. Surely as night follows day, joy will be associated with sorrow. Some trouble, some anxiety, some vexation, we must have; there must be a cobweb in the corner.

Great and small have, and will have, their annoyances, all the world over. The monarch finds his people intractable; the statesman is outwitted by a rival politician; the victorious warrior is at last defeated; the rich merchant loses his cargo; the farmer has a blighted crop; the landlord meets with a bad tenant, and the tenant with a harsh landlord; the beau at the ball has a wrong partner, and the belle bursts her satin slipper; the soldier gets a shattered arm, and the sailor a splintered leg; the master is insulted by his servants, and the servant is turned away by his master; the woodman loses his axe, and the successful beggar at times returns home with an empty wallet. In short, every one finds a cobweb in the corner.

But change is enough of itself to make us thoughtful. When all that has been esteemed great passeth away, we need not expect that which is little to remain long. Babylon, the great Babylon, is thrown down! The hundred gates of Thebes are gone! The glory of Jerusalem is departed! The mosque of Omar occupies the place of the temple of Solomon, the Parthenon is tottering; and the heroes of olden times, where are they? Time is writing ruin on the pyramids, and the spider hath woven her web in the palaces of the Cæsars! Truly the lesson should be graven with a pen of iron on our hearts: "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth," Col. iii. 2. Change is universal, weakness follows hard upon strength, sickness upon health, and death upon life. There are shadows everywhere, and in every place there is a cobweb in the corner.

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The language of the Redeemer was not, "In the world ye may have tribulation;" but "In the world ye shall have tribulation." Trouble is our inheritance, our property, our birthright. Ours it is, and we cannot do without it. "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward," Job v. 7. Let us desire less, and try to deserve more; endure patiently, as well as enjoy gratefully, and look upwards as well as around us; setting our affection on things that are above, remembering, as I said before, that there ever was, there is, and there ever will be a drop of gall in our honey-pot—a shadow in our most sunshiny path, and in the snuggest and daintiest chamber in which we can seat ourselves a cobweb in the corner.

UNITY OF THE HEAVENLY CHURCH.

The one church in heaven is distinguished from the church on earth by its locality, by the immediate presence of Christ, by the perfection of the individuals comprising it, by the purity of its society (no hypocrite obtaining admission there) and by the vast extent of its members, by the exalted privileges enjoyed, and by its perfect unity. To make this to bear on the unity of the church on earth, it ought to be borne in mind that the whole invisible church is one in Christ, the members on earth being all related to the church in heaven by close and sacred ties. The members of the visible church on earth should derive a lesson of unity from the church in heaven, and make the greater union of the church on earth matter of prayer and constant effort. The prospect of the unity of the heavenly church is not a dream, but a reality, and should exert an influence; and the more that it is not said to any of us as to Moses, when the Lord showed him, from mount Nebo, all the land, "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither." Nor are we, if we are the children of God, like the covetous Balaam, who could admire when he beheld in vision the exterior of the camp of Israel, and exclaim, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!" without being admitted into the interior to behold the central luminary and glory.

In the first place, does not the excellence of the heavenly church, while commanding our admiration, demand, at the same time, our imitation? Not to speak of the obligations lying on us to imitate the example of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to imitate God, of whom he is the image, we are bound to imitate the saints, as they are followers of Christ; and has not familiar converse with them an assimilating influence? They are to be imitated in their social as well as individual excellence. In erecting societies for the objects of literature, science, or benevolence, we are eager to obtain information of similar institutions, and to adopt every improvement. Great national associations derive advantage from the knowledge of the institutions of other countries, adopt their improvements, and are assimilated to them by intercourse. What is excellent demands imitation; and the contemplation of it operates with a power of assimilation. Let, then, the acknowledged unity of the church in heaven, and the becomingness, beauty, utility, and felicity of this unity, be felt in its claims for imitation; and let the frequent contemplation of it in the light of the Scriptures provoke to every endeavour, and reconcile to every lawful sacrifice, by which it can be promoted in the church on earth, and her holiness, extension, and efficiency as a school, in which a people are prepared for heaven, advanced. The union of the church bears immediately on the sanctification and happiness of her members individually, on her efficiency in the proper duties of a church in promoting the conversion of sinners and extension of the kingdom of Christ, and in preparing her members for the celestial state by an elevated spirituality and sanctity of character. Let not the celestial unity be a mere abstraction in our imagination; let it be a reality in our faith, and an influence in our hearts. Nor should we faint in our hopes of unity, as though it were something only to be reached in another world. In the truths of the Scripture we have the same Divine glory which unites the heavenly church, although not in the same immediate manifestation of a present Incarnate Deity. We have the same Holy Spirit, by whose agency the saints in heaven are assimilated to the image of Christ, although not in the same immediate and full manifestation; and we should endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Having such revelations of the Saviour, the Lamb who is the light of the temple above, and having the same Spirit, the bond of union between Christ and the

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heavenly church, and the bond of the union of its members to one another, and having such views of the unity of the heavenly church, and professing its excellence, let us put forth enlightened, humble, and untiring efforts to approximation, encouraged by the many cheering promises of the Holy Scriptures on the subject.

Again; does not the relation between the church on earth and in heaven speak a language to us on this subject, which should be heard and obeyed? Foundation is laid, we have seen, for the visible unity of the church on earth, in her one Bible, and in her one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one Spirit, one God and Father of all. Alas! for the ecclesiastical divisions and hostilities that have so often and so long characterised the visible church, to the offence of the world and her own great prejudice. They cannot be ascribed to the truths, institutions, and precepts of the Holy Scriptures; for they are reproved by them, and are opposed to the spirit of the gospel. They cannot be imputed to the Holy Spirit, for they are among the things that grieve him, and must be an offence to him. The divisions of the church must be traced to other sources, and should produce deep searchings of heart. Still, with all in the mournful facts of the case to humble and shame us, it is acknowledged that the invisible church is one; and all her members, howsoever scattered and divided, and, it may be, alienated, are one in Christ. They are children of the same Father, brethren of the same family, pupils in the same school, citizens of the same city, soldiers in the same army, and pilgrims on their journey to the same better country. But this is not all. The members of the visible church on earth are not only related to one another, but they are related to the church in heaven by the same real, though mysterious, union to Christ, their one Head and King. Yes! they have been loved with one love, redeemed with one blood, regenerated by one Spirit, joined to one Lord, accepted in one righteousness, sanctified by one Spirit, after one holy image; they are the subjects of one King, and they are all under the same law, and have the same ultimate object in all they enjoy and do, to glorify God by Jesus Christ! They should reciprocate affection and sympathy; and it is not difficult to perceive that there is not only an obligation to imitate the unity of the church in heaven from the intrinsic excellence of this unity, but from the relation in which the church on earth stands to that in heaven. One with the heavenly church, and in it in Christ, believers should be one with one another in the church on earth. It is altogether unseemly that the children of the same family, though removed for a little time from the residence of the family, should live estranged from one another, and at enmity. It is not fit that the subjects of the same Sovereign should be fighting with one another. What! while one great department of the empire, the residence of the Sovereign, and the seat of his government, is all in peace and amity, shall the inhabitants of a remote province, enjoying every privilege under his most benign and gracious administration, and the expectants of advancement and honour with himself, be at war with one another? Reason, consistency, gratitude, and holy love, join in one protestation against this state of things; and if the parties on earth do not blush in self-condemnation and shame, the inhabitants of heaven, did it consist with the perfection of the state which they have reached, would weep over the unseemly and painful scene.

Besides, is not heaven the destination of the saints on earth? Is not the completion of the heavenly church the ultimate design of God in the erection of a church on earth; and should not reflection on this, impress upon the mind the obligation to prepare for it by the promotion of personal holiness and social unity? The feuds, and offences, and alienations, which divide the church on earth, and keep her members in a state of separation, must be removed from them, for they cannot go with them into heaven; they would unfit them for its harmony and peace. It should become, then, a matter of solemn inquiry, What is it that divides the church of Christ, and alienates its members from one another? Let every individual ask, Lord, is it I? Is it with me? Is it sin or doing of mine? Let every church ask, Is it with us? The designs of God, ultimately "to gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in Christ," demand, on the score of consistency, attention to preserve, restore, and consolidate the unity of the Christian church on earth. Reflection and conscience in the bosom of every Christian demand a con-

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sistency between our professions on the one hand, and our spirit and endeavour on the other. Does not an on-looking world perceive the discrepancy between the spirit and the profession of Christians on this point? and they stumble, or profess to be stumbled at it, and question the sincerity of the professions of Christians, if not the truth of Christianity altogether. Do not youth asking the way to Zion stumble here, or find a plausible profession of stumbling, while the greater cause of offence may be in the aversions of their own bosoms? And the heedless find thus an apology to cover their criminal unconcern and indifference. Let the consideration of the ulterior designs of God, by a visible church on the earth, to "reconcile all things unto himself by Christ, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven," bring home to us a sense of the obligation to promote, by every lawful means, the unity of the church on earth, as at once glorifying to God here, and as fitted to prepare for the unity of the church above. We have ample grounds from the word of God to cherish the expectation, that there shall yet be a state of great unity and union in the church on earth. We are not to despond of it from the long prevalence of disunion and strife, and from the many apparently adverse elements and aspects, as if it were a thing impossible. After long contentions, Israel were of one heart to make David king, 1 Chron. xii. 38. The sticks of Judah and of Ephraim became one in the hand of the prophet, emblematic that Israel and Judah would become one in the hand of the Lord, Ezek. xxxvii. 17, 19. The promise and the fact beautifully illustrate this—"I will give them one heart, and one way, that they may fear me for ever, for the good of them, and of their children after them." "Also in Judah the hand of God was to give them one heart to do the commandment of the king," Jer. xxxii. 39; 2 Chron. xxx. 12. The Lord's hand is not shortened. "The Lord shall be king over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one," Zech. xiv. 9. What he has promised, he is able to perform. We do not expect a new Bible, or a new system of doctrines, precepts, and institutions; but we expect providential interpositions and effusions of the Holy Spirit, to give enlargement of view and of affection. The occasions and causes of disunion will be taken out of the way; and personal, and party, and national feuds and selfishness will recede before the light and power of truth and of love.

And, just views of the glory of the celestial state are fitted to inspire with a spirituality and elevation of mind, which must reprove whatever mars the unity of the church and impedes its attainment. It is not easy to specify all the causes which have divided the church on the earth; but it is not difficult to perceive that these causes and occasions shall have no place in the heavenly state. The divided state of the church must be traced to the evil passions of the human heart, and to the stratagem of the enemy, permitted for wise and holy ends in the inscrutable procedure of Divine wisdom. There must be blame somewhere; but it is not with God, nor with his holy word, nor with his Holy Spirit. The blame must be sought in the imperfect sanctification of believers, and in the fact of unsanctified men being in the communion of the church, and in the workings of human policy and passions in the connexion and intercourse of the church with the world. But these "former things" shall have passed away. In the presence of Jesus there will be no deviation from his truth, or his will, when "his servants shall serve him, and shall see his face." In the celestial state there will be no ecclesiastical tyranny nor wrong to scatter the church, nor entanglements with anti-christian kingdoms to inveigle and seduce her from her allegiance to her sole and legitimate Head. All offences among brethren shall have then ceased, and shall be forgiven and forgotten in the presence of Him who has forgiven much—forgiven all. Instead of cleaving to truth as the profession of a sect, and with self-gloriation, the truth in Jesus will be seen in himself, and embraced with himself; and the spirit of party, having now no more occasion, will be absorbed in the spirit of universal love. In the certain exclusion of all who have not received the truth in the love of it, and in the perfected holiness of all who are admitted into the celestial fellowship, there will be no scope for vindicating the truth with the wrath of man, which worketh not the righteousness of God. Truths will be contemplated then in their proper proportion and symmetry, and one doctrine or institute will not occupy attention to the exclusion of just regard to others. Nor will necessity be laid on any to assume a position of separation

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from the prevalence of ungodliness and immorality through a relaxed discipline, all being holy, as He who has called them is holy. Nor will there be strife for greatness and pre-eminence, as appeared among the disciples when the Redeemer was on the earth; for, in that state, in the overwhelming sense of the obligations to grace, every one will seek the lowest room as unworthy of it. Nor will there be scope for those unsanctified passions which appear, to the great prejudice of the church's unity and peace, even on the part of those concerning whom there may be grounds, on other evidence, to cherish the most charitable views. Early did these appear in the primitive churches: "For it hath been declared unto me of you, my brethren, by them who are of the house of Chloe, that there are contentions among you. Now this I say, that every one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ. Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?" 1 Cor. i. 11, 12. All these contentions shall subside, and be absorbed in holy emulation to put honour on one Christ; and ambition, pride, party-spirit, and offences, shall perish from the bosom for ever. An habitual contemplation of the magnitude and glory of the heavenly church, and of its perfect unity and peace, is well fitted to elevate the mind to take more just views of the relations of things, and to restrain, and subdue, and calm the evil passions, to excite desires after the peace and rest of heaven, and to stimulate to activity in repressing everything that obstructs, and encouraging everything that will promote, the unity and peace of the church of God upon the earth. It would give a gracious character even to the zeal of the minister of religion in defending the gospel and the law of Christ, and sway an influence on him in his studies, in his ministrations, in the use of his pen, and in his entire deportment, consecrating him to the love of the truth and of peace. The unity of the heavenly church reproves every sinful cause of disunion and division in the church on earth, and the elevation and spirituality of mind produced and sustained by a contemplation of it is calculated to allay the ambition, pride, party-zeal, offences, and other evils which produce and perpetuate the state of things we so much lament. The Christian, and the Christian minister, who meditate habitually upon the glory of heaven, and the coming glories of the latter days, will see things in their true magnitudes and proportions, and will rise above the little selfishness and strifes which mar the communion of saints; and, from their elevation, they will perceive the real insignificance, not of any of the truths or precepts of the Saviour, but of points of honour upon which individuals and communities have taken their stand; and, raised above the storms of a lower region, they will find themselves in a hallowed calm, in which they perceive more clearly the beauty of the church's unity, and enjoy it, even in anticipation, with a more unmingled delight.—*Dr. Andrew Symington.*

CONVERSION OF ROUAZE, A ROMISH PRIEST.

He says: For nearly ten years I exercised my priestly ministry in different parishes, and I was then warmly attached to the church of Rome, thinking it was the only and real church of Jesus Christ. What, then, was my surprise when the word of God, and above all the light of the Lord which came to illuminate me, convinced me that all the institutions of Rome were but human ordinances, and that the priesthood with which I had been invested was an usurpation of the sacrificial office of Jesus Christ, whom the Scripture reveals to us as the only Priest and High Priest. Hard as it is to burst the ties of long-established habit extending through nearly all one's life, I felt that it was my duty to remain no longer in a church which has renounced the word of God, and which leads souls into the most painful paths, while it conceals from them the grace of Jesus Christ. God has abundantly blessed a step taken with conviction of its rectitude; for since I have renounced Rome and her altars, and especially that sacrifice of the mass which insults that of Calvary, I feel happy in my soul, and I experience how consolatory it is to have for our head no longer a sinful and mortal man, but Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, the Guide and faithful Guardian of our souls.

While I was yet young, I had experienced the utter emptiness of the world; my heart could never for an instant find joy in the midst of its pleasures. So, notwithstanding the opposition of my parents, I at length was enabled to enter a

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seminary, to prepare myself for the life of an ecclesiastic. I pictured to myself at that time the seminaries and convents as the abodes of happiness, where one might enjoy in quiet and solitude all the pleasures of the love of God. But, in the most lonely places, does, man cease to be man? And was I the better qualified for living in fellowship with God, for having outwardly given up the world? Alas! I went to open for myself a gulf of sorrows, from which nothing but the hand of the Lord could extricate me. Who can tell the evils which are caused to souls by the deadly doctrines of Rome, which rejecting the grace of the Lord, and ignorant of man's fallen state, shows him nevertheless the law of God so perfect, this law so spiritual, so immovable, so inflexible, which allows for no weakness, and which Jesus alone has had power to accomplish, and says to him, "Do this, and thou shalt live." In the full view of this most discouraging doctrine, I went to place myself in the academy. I undertook to save myself without a Saviour, and to make myself holy without the righteousness of Jesus Christ. Just as a man without strength, under the weight of a heavy burden, sinks every moment in his walk, and, under the necessity of reaching an eminence, despairs in the midst of his repeated falls, of reaching his destination; just as a ship tossed by the waves, and that has lost its rudder, has nothing before it but inevitable shipwreck—just such was my situation, when making redoubled efforts, multiplying my regular practices and my works, my penances, my confessions, I fell back upon myself to examine whether all this could merit for me the pardon and the peace of my God. I felt that there was a wall of separation between God and the sinner, and I saw clearly that it is not in the sinner's power to throw it down. This, although I was strongly in favour of works, I can say, that I never for an instant found rest in the efforts which I made to acquire a righteousness of my own. Alas! such a piety is nothing but pride, and the Lord declares to us in the gospel, that he who rests on his own virtues shall find nothing but confusion, as one may see by the example of the Pharisee. "O God," he cried, "I thank thee that I am not like other men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess," Luke xviii. 9—14. What a lesson on this subject the gospel gives us! This Pharisee was a moral man; he had never done anybody any harm; his manners were very pure; he possessed habits of piety and of mortification, for he fasted twice in the week; he was generous, liberal, giving tithes of his goods; nay, he thanked God for it, without ostentation; yet, notwithstanding all this, his own righteousness was rejected. The only remembrance of the seminary that occurs to my mind is, that of a time of pain and trouble, which I regret having passed without the knowledge of Jesus Christ, who alone can pardon the soul, enrich it with his holiness, and give it peace. But having no idea of the full and entire grace which he had merited for us, I proceeded to sink myself yet deeper in this slough; and the Lord continued to permit it, to secure a yet greater triumph to his mercy.

Having received deacon's orders, I was obliged to pass through a preparatory class, called the diaconal, to prepare myself for the ministry. My character was free from worldly irregularities; I had been kept from reading dangerous books; how painful, then, was it for me to be obliged to learn by heart a work of M. Bouvier, entitled a dissertation on the sixth commandment (it is the seventh in the Bible)! What torture was it to be obliged to learn to feed daily on a book which is revolting to every pure heart, where disclosures were made to me of such things of which I had had no idea. What conflicts for my imagination and my heart! More than one priest, I am sure, has deplored this dreadful trial. At length I entered upon a parish. There my disgust reached its highest pitch. Although I cannot say that I have received any personal ill-treatment, but have enjoyed a certain measure of respect in the different places through which I have passed, nevertheless all the evils of my position continued to influence me, and to prepare me for a rupture with the church, which I bless the Lord for having himself brought about. It would be difficult here to enumerate the causes which render the life of a parish priest a life of torment. But though it is impossible to explain all the miseries that accompany this situation, it is ever the case that the priest is surrounded by a vast amount of painful and disgusting circumstances, without any compensation or consolation.

In the first place, obliged to live alone, the sword ever suspended over his head,

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what reflections present themselves to him when he sees his brethren in the ministry under the censure of episcopal severity, without one being able to conjecture the reason. Formerly the priest had a resource; he could give his reasons, could see a penalty removed or mitigated; now no security remains any longer; the priest may see his existence cut short at any moment; may see himself wounded in his honour or his reputation, without the possibility of knowing what has earned for him a punishment which must make him unhappy for ever, on account of his ministerial character being inalienable.

What peace of mind can a priest have, placed in such circumstances? Must not his life be a life of fear and terror; a life of perpetual misgiving, since at any instant he may be the victim of some calumny, or of some accusation? Must not this state of bondage exercise the most fatal influence upon his character? Thus the feeling which rapidly prevailed in my heart was, disgust at my situation. Surrounded with dangers, ever under the dominion of fear, invested with a character which it was impossible for me to lay aside, and liable every moment to be deprived of my office without knowing why—I had not a soul to whom I could communicate my griefs, and no hope of seeing an end to this daily martyrdom; and if one (in these circumstances) should venture to unbosom himself at all to another, he may be sure the bishop is informed of everything,—not a word will escape his knowledge.

With a heart thus broken down, I was nevertheless obliged, without cessation, to perform the most dangerous offices, to listen every day to the circumstantial detail of all the miseries of human life, to sound the heart of every one, to discover the deepest secrets, to read without the power of ever saying, "It is enough," in this interminable book, where are fully unfolded all the weaknesses of human nature. What situation can equal this, for a young priest in the full tide of youth and passion? If the general reader cannot comprehend all the danger of such a situation, the priests who may read these lines will comprehend them. For myself, I have found by experience, that God could not bless me in the discharge of these offices; for to him alone is reserved the power of granting pardon to the sinner, who relies on the sacrifice offered on Calvary, seeing that it was there that the reconciliation was wrought of the sinner believing the word of his God. Thus I do not at all wonder that while I was inclined to usurp the rights of God, I met with nothing in the performance of my offices but that which I deserved—to be deserted by the Lord. It is no light punishment which God inflicts on an unfaithful minister, who robs him of his rights and his glory, in putting himself in the place of Jesus Christ. The most wretched state of such a condition is to remain quiet in it, it is to be in it without remorse; I therefore bless the Lord, that in the discharge of my office, I was incessantly tormented within, although I could not tell why: still it was a commencement of the mercy of God, who designed at a later period to show me the depth into which I had gone down. Accordingly, I was deprived of all comfort in my ministry; and that which added to my affliction was, the perceiving that the means which I was directed to employ had not the least power to give peace to broken and sorrowful hearts.

Poor souls, with whose griefs I was so intimately acquainted, you admitted me to the full knowledge of all your fears; you declared to me that you had a perfect confidence in me, and yet I had no power to remove your fears; I had no power to help you to approach God without fear—and why? Because, a sinner like yourself, troubled as you were, I could not give you what I did not possess; and because I did not exhibit to your hearts Him who has perfectly saved his church, who reveals to us by the Holy Ghost, that we only become the children of God by faith; and that it is then that we receive of God, in his well-beloved Son, that peace which man can never give. I can safely affirm that I was often grieved when I saw a great many consciences cast down by griefs of various kinds, and that the ministry exercised according to the rules of Rome, was utterly powerless to heal them. It was especially in attendance on the sick that I perceived that man's righteousness had reason to tremble before the judgment-seat of God. How often after my visits, where I have seen the sick expire before my eyes, I have returned to my home dismayed on my own account, and dreading that last moment when I should have myself to give account of my ways before the eternal Lord! And yet St. Paul tells us that we ought to glory in our blessed hope.

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I had lost all the delusive hopes of the academy; the Romish religion could not supply to my heart the means of satisfying the ardent desire *to love* which I experienced; I could not serve God by love; I was obliged constantly to make a reckoning with him, to be always in doubt of my pardon, to act only as a slave, to see none but troubled souls; above all, to tremble at the thought of the last moment at which I should have to die in doubt of my pardon. I saw clearly that I could not be happy as an exact religionist of this order, and I conceived a disgust at it. In reading the Tusculan Questions of Cicero, I believed that all those great geniuses had taken the most rational view of religion—that was, outwardly to conform to the customs of their country, and then in the sanctuary of their conscience, to adore a Supreme Being, who had manifested his perfections in his works, and who would render our souls happy in a future life. I read with the greatest delight the passages in which Cicero combated the notion of eternal punishment, and who only saw in a future life, a life of happiness. I no longer believed in hell; and, freed from this fear, I thought that I should henceforth live as a wise man, divested of vulgar prejudices, fulfilling moral obligations only on a principle of honour.

Thenceforth I had no more to do with parochial engagements. I embraced an opportunity that presented itself to quit them. The bishop having made some allegations, I was included in the charges. I took advantage of the circumstance to tell the vicar-general, that if the bishop left me free I preferred devoting myself to teaching. The vicar-general having replied to me that the bishop left me my liberty, I went to Toulon to prepare myself under private teachers to pass the examination for my bachelor's degree.

While I was occupied with these new studies, and was pursuing them with vigour—for the instruction received at the academy had been very incomplete—a letter from the bishop's residence told me that a new post was offered me. I persevered in requesting permission to continue my studies, that I might open a school. The vicar-general replied to me as follows:—

Frejus —, 1842.

Sir,—I have received orders to inform you that the lord bishop permits you to pursue your inclination for the study of the useful sciences, provided always that you do not reject theology, with regard both to doctrine and practice. You may apply to me whenever you shall consider yourself called to parochial ministry.

I am, with much affection,
Your devoted friend,
(Signed) Blacas, Vicar-General.

Having obtained my bachelor's diploma, I opened a school, chiefly designed for giving instruction in mathematics. For two years afterwards, I was entirely given up to my occupations, saying mass every Sunday, and sometimes in the week, when my occupations permitted it. All my religion was nothing but outward formality; the heart destitute of the love of God. In this sad state the Lord came to seek me, to manifest to me his love. And what love! I first resisted his call, for I did not think that any rest could be found in religion. I had experienced so many disappointments. But the Lord triumphed over my resistance, and brought to my soul a real deliverance; for to this day it had been indeed in captivity.

And what is remarkable, God made use of a Roman Catholic priest to convert me; I mean the evangelical curé, Boos. The biography of this priest unrolled before my eyes the picture of my whole life. I found (described there) the same disgust, the same apathy, the same discouragement, which I had myself experienced, and which had been his portion, so long as he had lived in the Romish practices. He was on the point of sinking under them, when God sounded these words in his ears, "The just shall live by faith;" and suddenly this faith was the precious plant that healed him of his wounds. This priest, who had been so timid before, so sad, so troubled, so discouraged—behold him changed into a new man, maintaining tranquillity, joy, serenity, in the midst of persecutions! What was the cause of this great change? The most free mercy of God, which opened the eyes of this priest, when in error, revealing to him that salvation is a gift entirely free, granted to a sinner in Jesus Christ, as the rich man grants an alms to the need of the poor.

From the time that this priest had received this salvation in Jesus Christ, he triumphed over himself, and all his enemies. This doctrine of salvation by grace was as a ray of light, which enlightened me on the atoning sacrifice of the Saviour. If Jesus is truly God, said I to myself, it is impossible that he should be for us a half-saviour, or a help

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only. God does not work by halves; his works are always perfect. If he is not a half-saviour, he is then a perfect Saviour; and he that believes on his sacrifice is reconciled with him, without needing to add anything, for no one can add anything to perfection.

Here, then, I appeared in my own sight stripped of all merit of my own, seeing myself in a state of utter nakedness before God, and receiving everything from him. Nevertheless, doubts concerning this doctrine assailed me from time to time, because it seemed to me to destroy all morality; but I was afterwards struck with admiration of the glory which the Holy Ghost himself thereby gives to God, and of the powerful motives to gratitude which it furnishes to man to obey and glorify the Lord.

Here, then, said I to myself, is the peace which thou hast so long sought after, by so many efforts and penances. God now gives it to thee in his well-beloved Son, as a pure gift, made to thy poverty by his all-free grace. He makes no demand upon thee to merit it, because a powerful king who pardons, who grants grace to a criminal, does it freely, to exalt his clemency; and as debtor to so great grace, thou owest nothing but love and gratitude. I felt my heart strongly drawn towards this doctrine, which revealed God to me under his highest character, that of an infinitely merciful Being; for God is love. I was resolved to arrive at a clearer view of the truth. This took place by means of the word of God. I then saw that this doctrine of a free salvation is not the offspring of the imagination, but that it is a certain truth, revealed by God himself.

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John iii. 17. "These things I have written to you that believe in the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God," 1 John v. 13. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," Rom. v. 1. "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life," Rom. v. 10.

What a difference is there between this language and the cruel uncertainty in which Rome keeps the souls of men! I felt all my bonds gradually loosening; for I did not arrive at this liberty, this precious privilege of the children of God, all at once. Although the inward call of God, by the power of his Spirit, is always effectual, still the Lord's work only manifests itself in spite of struggles and combats, that man may perceive his weakness, and recognise the power of God, to whom all the glory of regeneration is due. But if the struggles are painful, how sweet is the deliverance; for it is when one has forcibly felt the weight of one's chains, that one fully appreciates the happiness of seeing them fall. When a soul is set free by the grace of the Lord, it is then that it perceives the utter inefficacy of Romish practices for salvation.

Thus, when God had revealed to me his own testimony, I felt I could no longer take any part in those ceremonies of the church of Rome which imply that Jesus did not accomplish a finished work of salvation on Calvary.

I do not at all wonder that Rome has a horror of the doctrine of free salvation, because that doctrine strikes her at the heart, and threatens her very existence.

I therefore willingly gave up the saying mass, fully convinced that the mass was nothing but an insult offered to the sacrifice of the cross, and I accordingly informed the bishop of it by a letter which I will publish in a separate pamphlet.

Notwithstanding my having told the bishop that it was no longer my intention to say mass, for reasons drawn from the word of God, the bishop, instead of showing me my error, and refuting my explanation of passages which I had brought forward, thought proper to confine himself to forbidding me to act thus, and threatening me with the punishment of hell if I persevered. However, seeing that I persevered in refusing to say mass, he caused an offer to be made me of having my interdict taken off and of money being given me. This offer of money had been frequently made me on different occasions, by the curé of Grasse. I declare upon my honour, and in the presence of the God who will judge me, and challenging any one to disprove the truth of what I advance, that I would never accept any thing, not even the least aid, from the bishop's palace: in the first place, because I did not want it; afterwards, because I would never have consented to sell my conscience; and because I never, in any circumstance of my life, was wanting in that sense of

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honour which leads every upright heart to respect itself.*

Accordingly I no longer said mass, refusing all the offers of the bishop, and preaching the gospel every Sunday in private meetings. How happy did I feel myself when thus relieved of a mode of worship which is nothing but a false Judaism, and of these vain ceremonial rites. I lived according to the spirit of true Christianity; and giving up the deceitful worship of saints, I only adored the Father, to whom I only desired access through the Son. What unction is there in prayers made from the heart, addressed to the Lord through the mediation of Jesus Christ! It is in these true prayers that an humble soul finds the face of its God, and experiences all the power of the Spirit. How little is opposition to be dreaded, and how light are the persecutions of the world, when one thus pours out one's soul before the Lord! How strong one feels in living thus entirely by faith! Human words have no power to state what passes in the heart of a Christian who has thus received his free pardon in Jesus; for it is a question of the mystery of the love of God revealed to man on the earth, but of a love which will only be fully manifested in heaven.

Yet we may say that the mind and heart of the believer abound in consolations; he sees himself established in his adoption, in his glorious privileges, in the certainty of his hope. Notwithstanding his original state of condemnation, he enters by faith into the sanctuary of the Eternal, graced with all the gifts which the free mercy of the Father has granted him by his well-beloved Son. How the soul leaps for joy at the sight of such wealth, at the sight of this glorious munificence! how it loves to contemplate the inexhaustible sources of the Divine bounty! These consolations are so much the more pure, because they flow from the effusion of that Spirit which itself produces the feelings and groans in the regenerate heart. I was happy, yes, very happy, when, after having abjured all the errors of Rome, and quitted a dead church, I was admitted by God himself into his living church, on which he bestows all the gifts which Jesus has purchased for us on Calvary. There I found the true communion of saints, and there I was able to divest myself of that spirit of fear which I had received in the church of Rome, where I was exposed to perpetual misgivings respecting the accusations of which I might be the object.

May the priest who shall read this paper reflect! If the description I have given of my state does not apply to him, if he is happy, if he is convinced that he enjoys the favour of his God, I have nothing to say to him; but if he recognises himself in the portrait which I have drawn, if he groans and sighs and feels himself a prisoner, I have then set before him a great deliverance; let him break his chains, and become a Christian in believing the testimony of the love of his God.

To Him who has saved his church, who has regenerated it, who has quickened it by his powerful Spirit, be all glory, all honour, and all praise, as also to God the Father, and to the Holy Spirit. Amen.

ROUAZE,
Late Curé of Mougins, France.

* Copy of a letter from M. Ricardi, vicar-general at Frejus:—

"Frejus, February 23, 1845.

"Monsieur le Curé of Grasse,—It is quite untrue that I stated what M. heard respecting M. Rouaze; on the contrary, I declare, and I could, if necessary, confirm this assertion on oath, that I have offered money on different occasions to M. Rouaze, when he has always thanked me and replied that he did not want it. I request you to acquaint the family of M. Rouaze with this part of my letter. If they wish it, I will give them an attestation of it.

"Signed RICARDI,
"Vicar-General."

A RIVER-SIDE SKETCH.

I WAS about to go on board a steamboat at the foot of London bridge; but arriving a few minutes too late, I stood on the floating pier while a Gravesend steamer cleared out from among the craft assembled at the place.

The throng, hurrying to the water's side, consisted, as usual, of various characters laden with packets, all eager, hasty, and occupied with their own pursuits.

Porters that ever ply their busy trade,
And pleasure passengers of every grade,
Mothers and children, cits, in clothing gay,
That go Gravesending on a leisure day;
And tars that join their vessels outward bound;
Leave-taking mothers lost in grief profound;
With beaux and simpering belles, with idle fears;
And age, with tresses grey, oppress'd with weight of years.

London bridge, crowded with people on the one hand, a forest of masts on

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each side the river on the other, and steam-boats continually passing to and fro, presented a busy, bustling, and attractive scene. Here a passenger was left behind, with his luggage on board; there another borne away, leaving his trunk and portmanteau behind him; and yonder a whole family, stretching out their necks from the midst of their boxes, bundles, and bandboxes in the direction of the Margate packet, that was hissing and panting its way down the river without them.

As the Gravesend steamer increased her distance from the pier, she carried out a hawser, to which somehow or other a young man was clinging. Every moment the hawser became tighter, till at last, being tried beyond its strength, it suddenly snapped, and the young man fell into the river. It was plain that he could not swim, and certainly he must have been drowned had not a brave fellow leaped forward to save him. To fish him up, and bring him to the broken end of the hawser hanging down from the pier, seemed the work of a moment only. He who could not swim was then pulled up by means of the hawser, while the other dexterously swam to a boat.

Never did I see a humane and gallant action more skilfully performed; and thinking that it ought not to pass unacknowledged, I leaned down from the pier and tossed a shilling to the man in the boat, calling him, at the same time, a brave fellow. My example was instantly followed by others, and a half crown and a little shower of shillings descended from the pier. Dripping as the brave fellow was—what with the heroic deed he had performed, the money unexpectedly given, and the expectation held out to him of a medal from the Humane Society, I hardly ever saw a face more lighted up than his was, with satisfaction and pleasure.

A churlish word and an act unkind
Will be as darkness to the mind;
While a generous deed shall a glow impart,
To light the eye and glad the heart.

A PROFITLESS BOOTY.

The following ludicrous circumstance once happened, and was related to Mr. Moffat by a native in graphic style. Two men had succeeded in stealing an iron pot. Having just taken it from the fire, it was rather warm for handing conveniently over a fence, and by doing so, it fell on a stone and was cracked. "It is iron," said they, and off they went with their booty, resolving to make the best of it; that is, if it would not serve for cooking, they would transform it into knives and spears. After some time had elapsed, and the hue and cry about the missing pot had nearly died away, it was brought forth to a native smith who had laid in a stock of charcoal for the occasion. The pot was farther broken, to make it more convenient to lay hold of with the tongs; which are generally of the bark of a tree. The native Vulcan, unacquainted with cast-iron, having with his small bellows, one in each hand, produced a good heat, drew a piece from the fire. To his utter amazement it flew into pieces at the first stroke of his little hammer. Another and another piece was brought under the action of the fire, and then under the hammer, with no better success. Both the thief and the smith, gazing with eyes and mouth dilated on the fragments of iron scattered round the stone anvil, declared their belief that the pot was bewitched, and concluded pot-stealing to be a bad speculation.

REPENTANCE TOWARDS GOD.

There is no subject in which we can be more deeply interested than that of repentance towards God. But, in order to a right understanding, it is necessary to observe, that there are different kinds of repentance, or that which is called repentance is not always such as accompanies salvation. There is a sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of; and there is a sorrow which worketh death. Peter repented, believed, and was pardoned: Judas repented, despaired, and went to his own place. Ephraim repented, was ashamed and confounded, and obtained mercy: "but Judah hath not turned unto me with her whole heart, but feignedly, saith the Lord." There is an early repentance, like that of Josiah; a late repentance, like that of the thief upon the cross; and a repentance that is too late, like that of the rich man in torment. Ahab put on sackcloth, and humbled himself before the Lord; but he was a dissembler. Hezekiah mourned, and wept, and prayed, and was accepted.—*B. Beddome.*

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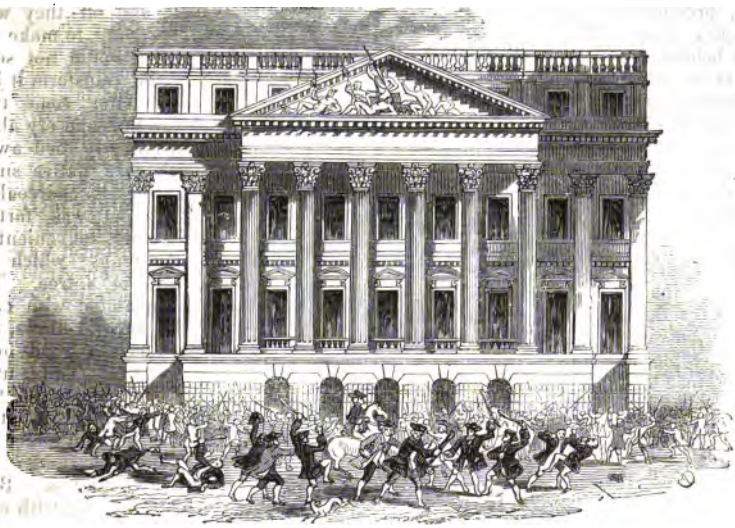

The Mansion House, London; the Wilkes Riots. From an old Print.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE III.

THE popular discontents at home were in some degree appeased in 1766. Those of the metropolis had been manifested by organized proceedings of the weavers of Spitalfields, requiring the prohibition of foreign silk manufactures, and the establishment of a tariff for wages. They were joined by many who only sought political objects, and to foment disturbances. In the end they obtained their demands, though really injurious to themselves, and the commercial interests of their country. In other places, apprehensions of famine had been raised, increased by the rise in the prices of provisions, caused by the increased currency, and the large national expenditure. These were allayed by prohibiting the export of corn, and enforcing the old, we may unhesitatingly say, foolish laws, against regrating and monopolies. It is now admitted as a general principle, that plenty and moderate prices are best promoted, by leaving the supply and demand to answer and influence each other.

In July the weakness of the ministry was so decidedly felt, that Pitt was again solicited to take office. Pitt was willing, provided he had a peerage; a plan that seemed very unaccountable, as it would remove him from the house of commons, where his power was unlimited. After negotiations, in which his own brother-in-law, lord Temple, and many other leading characters, refused to act with Pitt, on account of his haughty and impracticable temper, he was created earl of Chatham. All was left to him; a ministry was then appointed, containing Camden, Shelburne, Conway, Grafton, and Charles Townsend, the latter having the lead of the house of Commons. It was a heterogeneous arrangement, which every one said would be disastrous to Pitt.

One event of this year to be marked, is the allowing a popish bishop to be sent to Canada. This measure was consented to on the French government agreeing not to assist the new pretender. In 1767, the English papists, for the first time since the revolution, publicly prayed for the reigning family. Popery, however, received a check in the following year, the order of Jesuits being suppressed in France and other countries, as dangerous to the state. Their intrigues had been accidentally brought to light by an attempt to support one of their number in a fraudulent bankruptcy; and the new sect of philosophers rising up in France used exertions to overthrow the order. It was the struggle of infidelity

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against superstition; for, although the Jesuits were freethinkers themselves, they dedicated all their efforts to uphold the papal system, and to keep the people in the thraldrom of superstition.

Wilkes returned to England in May, in necessitous circumstances, determined to obtain something for himself, either from the fears of those in power, or by opposition to them. He demanded a pension of 1500*l.*, with an advance of money enough to quiet his creditors. Rockingham refused, and Wilkes could only obtain a temporary subscription of a few hundred pounds. On the appointment of the new ministry, he tried to cajole the duke of Grafton, but without success, as he, from his friendship with lord Temple, was now at variance with Chatham. The disappointed demagogue proceeded to abuse those who would not bribe him.

In America, the repeal of the stamp act had been received with satisfaction, but fresh causes for discontent soon arose, fomented by quarrels with the military, while the high and unwise declaratory tone assumed by Pitt in the repealing of the stamp act, excited a general jealousy, with a decided inclination to resist any claims or imposts. Non-consumption agreements were entered into.

When the parliament met in November, the exercise of the royal prerogative, by laying an embargo to prevent the exportation of corn, was strongly questioned, but was protected by an act of indemnity. A long train of political intrigue followed, in which many were placed and displaced, the great object being, in truth, what Doddington had once emphatically declared, "all for quarter-day"—the emoluments and power of office, not the general welfare, being mainly the actuating principle. Pitt felt all the difficulties of his position, but retained his office, remaining in the country, and leaving matters to take their course. A violent personal attack from the duke of Richmond in the house of lords seems to have tended to deter Pitt from taking a part in public proceedings.

The year 1767 began with matters in this state of confusion. The minister based his financial measures on an arrangement with the East India Company, which for a time seemed likely to renew much of the events of the South Sea year. The dividends had been increased largely in consequence of the successes of Clive over the native chiefs; but the rise on the stock was checked by an act limiting the dividends of the company to 10 per cent. Another financial measure was, to raise sufficient in the colonies to defray the expenses occasioned by them. This was deemed necessary to make up for the reduction of the land tax from 4*s.* to 3*s.* in the pound, a measure pleasing to the landed interest, adopted by the opposition to embarrass ministers, and supported by party intrigues. It was carried by a small majority; even its promoters saw the mischief, and would have recalled their votes, but it was too late. By again bringing on American taxation, this was one material circumstance contributing to the severance of the colonies from the mother country. A new system of customs was to be introduced, with officers to collect. All parties, in their violence against the Americans, forgot that the independent spirit of the people, and their habits of self-protection, making almost every man a soldier, caused the existence both of a nation determined to resist, and of the means of resistance. Hamilton foretold that in the end the Americans would probably dictate their own terms. But lord Shelburne would not listen to warnings; the act imposing various duties on imports passed without opposition. Another law prohibited the state of New York from any legislative proceedings, till certain submissions had been made; so infatuated were the ruling men, that even Chatham complimented the king on what he called his magnanimity and wisdom, as producing these measures. That haughty statesman continued to embarrass his associates by refusing to attend to business, on the excuse of illness. The duke of Grafton asked in vain for an interview of a quarter of an hour. The king, on May 30th, wrote urging Chatham to attend to business, as all appeared in disorder, and faction was at its height; he even offered himself to call in person on his minister at Hampstead, if he could not come out. Chatham then consented to see Grafton; but nothing resulted during the month following. Chatham continued to decline all business; he would neither attend to his duties, nor resign. The leaders in power were indeed led, as a contemporary expresses, into a chaos of difficulties, through a labyrinth of faction, self-interest, and misconduct. It seems impossible to account for the conduct of Chatham, but by referring it to disappointed pride, working upon, and

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aggravated by, a disordered state of bodily health. Even when apparently cheerful, the mention of business seemed at once to overcome him. After many negotiations, Townsend appeared likely to become prime minister, but he died, Sept. 4th, after a short but violent fever. At length, in November, lord North, son to the earl of Guildford, was induced to take the direction of affairs.

Lord Hillsborough was appointed third secretary of state, especially to attend to the colonies, the duke of Grafton being ostensibly the leader. Chatham still retained his office of the privy seal, but refused to attend to business. Affairs thus were shuffled on till the spring, strong and coercive measures with regard to America being resolved on.

In March, 1768, there was a general election. This brought Wilkes forward. His circumstances were desperate; as he could not obtain his demands from the ministry, he determined to see what he could do by opposition and mischief. Though outlawed, he returned to London, and stood for the city. He did not succeed there, although the mob were violent in his favour; but was returned as member for Middlesex, his triumph being marked by riots.

Parliament met in May. Wilkes was committed to the King's Bench prison on his outlawry; but the mob carried him off, with shouts of "Wilkes and Liberty," and kept him till night, when he surrendered himself. On the day when parliament met, the prison was surrounded by a mob, eager to escort the demagogue to take his seat; but he was not allowed to depart. Much rioting and confusion followed. A party of the guards were sent, and the magistrates ordered the assemblage to disperse. The people still continued to hoot and pelt the soldiers, when three of them, pursuing one of the most violent, by mistake shot a spectator named Allen. Several others were killed and wounded before the mob dispersed. The popular excitement was excessive. One of the soldiers, and the officer immediately in command over him, were committed to be tried for murder, and one of the magistrates was indicted; but the military were thanked in the king's name, and assured of support. It is true that the state of affairs was most alarming; the police of the metropolis was inefficient, while sailors, coalheavers, weavers, tailors, and others, were in active combination, meeting in riotous assemblages, so that a general outbreak was threatened. Recourse to the military was absolutely needful; but it was not well or wisely conducted. It is clear that the dissatisfaction and tumults then existing, had mainly arisen from the measures pursued by the Whig party in opposition to the king and his immediate supporters.

Wilkes having returned and surrendered, the court of King's Bench reversed his outlawry, sentencing him to two years' imprisonment, and a fine of 1000*l.* The proceedings connected with him, and the disturbances he had occasioned, engrossed the attention alike of the government and the people; the magistrate and the soldier were acquitted, but all increased the absurd mob popularity of Wilkes, and the unpopularity of the government. Chatham at this juncture resigned, though requested not to withdraw his name, the only support he had for some time given the government; and although urged by the king to continue, in the hope that he would be able to resist the factions then prevailing. Matters were still farther embroiled by the resignation of Shelburne, who gave up office in consequence of the rejection of an interference on the part of the English ministry, in behalf of the Corsicans, whose island had been ceded to France by Genoa, and subjugated by the former, after a short but ineffectual attempt to constitute an independent kingdom. At that time everything contributed to the popular excitement; this, among other causes, did so, though any interference was most impolitic, where there could be no intention to support by arms. It is worthy of notice, that by this forcible annexation of Corsica to France, Buonaparte, who was born in the year following, was by birth a French subject, and thus primarily adapted for the important part Providence ordained him to fill in the destinies of the world; in the course of events he was a scourge to the nation that had oppressed his country.

There was another contest for the representation of Middlesex, when Glynn, the nominee of Wilkes, was elected, but not without desperate riots, in which a man was killed, by the supporters of the government candidate. The offence was not more than manslaughter; but one of the accused was found guilty of murder under the prevailing political excitement. He was pardoned, but fresh proceedings were attempted. Meanwhile, Wilkes had gained his main object—money!

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Public subscriptions poured in; his debts were paid or compromised. It is calculated that he received above 30,000*l.* from the subscriptions, besides considerable presents, and even legacies. Beckford, then lord mayor, took the opportunity of disputing the royal power, in respect to ordering the place of execution for two men convicted of destroying property during the tumultuous proceedings in Spitalfields; but was silenced by the declaration of the judges. Every effort was seized to increase the unpopularity of the king and his ministers, without any regard to the real character of the measures opposed, or the means employed against them.

In addition to these distressing broils at home, the ministry was harassed by the increase of discontent in America; but the colonies were neglected in the absurd struggle respecting Wilkes, who petitioned the house to interfere for his liberation. It would be useless to detail all the turns of these debates, which Burke truly called a tragi-comedy, acted by his majesty's servants, for the benefit of Mr. Wilkes, at the expense of the constitution. It is impossible not to be disgusted, on contrasting the petty and disgraceful circumstances originating and attending the political strife of this period, especially on the side of the people, if a mob may be so called, with the serious and momentous subjects that excited interest in the preceding century. Wilkes was expelled the house, having avowed himself the author of insolent, scandalous, seditious, obscene, and impious libels. That these epithets were not unjustly applied, there can be no doubt. He was re-elected without opposition, and again expelled.

Mobs, assemblages, and riots, were almost daily occurrences, on one pretext or another. "Wilkes and Liberty" was the universal cry. He was again elected, and again expelled in March. Another election took place in April, when colonel Luttrell appeared as a candidate, and polled a few votes, Wilkes being again returned by a large maiority, but the house of commons voted that Luttrell ought to have been returned, Wilkes being ineligible. The colonel accordingly took his seat, the party of the earl of Chatham opposing the ministry through the whole proceedings. They were unquestionably right in their condemnation of the illegal course pursued, though had such vile characters as Wilkes and his associates been repressed by the regular course of law, no reflecting mind would have supported them. It is deeply to be regretted, that, by the ministerial eagerness to support the prerogative, and what must be admitted to have been arbitrary power, such characters should have found support, even from many reflecting minds.

Some attention was given to American affairs at intervals, but still in the mistaken spirit already manifested. While numbers crowded to attend the paltry discussions about Wilkes, the warnings against rash attempts to coerce the colonies were frequently addressed to empty benches. Pownall, who had been governor of Boston, referred to the pilgrim fathers, and the causes why the first settlers proceeded to America, reminding the house that the Americans had not now to leave their country and forsake their friends, but to defend their territory with united efforts. These warnings were of no avail; the house refused even to receive a remonstrance from New York.

A message from the king stated that there had been deficiencies in the revenues of the civil list, in consequence of which, debts amounting to half a million had been incurred. These the house agreed to discharge. The monarch was now so unpopular, that the mob insulted him on his way to prorogue parliament, on May the 9th.

Troubles arose in the east. Hyder Ally had successfully resisted the East India Company, which consented to make peace, on terms advantageous to him. But the increasing difficulties in the west engaged the public attention more prominently. The revenue and other acts were resisted by riot and smuggling with a high hand, and a regular plan for resistance was organized. A convention met at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, in September; but a small military force having been sent from Halifax, no proceedings were agreed upon, except resolutions and petitions, with engagements not to import or consume British manufactured articles. The government felt the difficulty of the position, but instead of a general retracing of the mistaken course, there was only a promise of partial concessions, which did not withdraw the obnoxious principles, while the spirit of independence and resistance had been fully roused.

Chatham and his partizans fomented the discontents at home. Wilkes was now at the height of his popularity, and

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another and more able, but secret opponent of the court had appeared. This opponent was only seen in his writings. For nearly two years, beginning early in 1766, letters appeared in the "Public Advertiser," signed "Junius," which attacked the monarch, his ministers, and supporters, with unusual force of language, and boldness of sentiment. The writer was in possession of many secrets of the court and the ministry, which gave his writings the stamp of truth, while the exaggerations and untruths also abounding in these celebrated letters added to their influence. The anonymous character of these letters was strictly preserved, and, as other cases have shown, gave additional force to their declamatory statements. The authorship of these letters remains a mystery to the present time, and now there seems little expectation of its being satisfactorily explained. After a full examination, it seems more probable that these papers were written by Sir Philip Francis than by others to whom they have been attributed. Lord George Sackville, perhaps, seems the next in probability. Now that this matter is fairly appreciated, it is not likely that any new claimant will be found. Few will now desire that the bad reputation of having been such an unscrupulous political libeller, should be awarded to any whose memory they cherish and revere.

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Reflect upon the year that is past, as becometh Christians and heirs of immortality. Have you nothing to record but that you eat and drank, and slept and rose up again; and thus day after day pursued a careless and unmeaning course of life? If this be all, have not the very beasts that perish as good a tale to tell as this? But, remember, though they perish, and live no more, it is not so with you. There is a life beyond the present, which is worthy of all your thoughts and all your cares; how you have lived in this life, will determine your portion in that which is to come. For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. Here, then, arises the question most forcibly, What hath the last year done towards our eternal inheritance? Some of us have had ten talents, some five, and others perhaps but one, to every man according to his ability; how then have we husbanded our talents, and what account are we prepared to return when the Lord shall come to reckon with us? Hath the rich man strove to lay up treasure in heaven? Hath the poor man humbly sought, through God's grace, to be rich in good works? Hath the rich man learned the Christian duty of becoming poor in spirit; and hath the poor one been taught that godliness, with contentment, is great gain? Hath the farmer industriously tilled his ground, but neglected to improve his mind and cultivate his heart? Hath he sown his seed in the earth, and reaped the yearly harvest of his labours, without reflecting that there is a seed to be sown in his heart, of which he must also reap his harvest, bad or good, according as he has sown to the flesh or the spirit? The tradesman hath passed the year in laborious attention to his calling, and now, perhaps, congratulates himself on being a richer man than when the year commenced. Let us ask him whether he has taken half so much pains to enrich his soul as his purse, and what grounds he feels to congratulate his conscience on being not only a richer, but a better man than he was a year since. Hath the soldier, whose time is so honourably spent in defending his country from the enemies of her peace and happiness, been sufficiently anxious to put on that armour of light, without which he can never effectually combat the spiritual adversaries of his own peace? Hath the sailor, whose days are passed amid the tempestuous waves of the ocean, listened to the voice which summons him to pilot the vessel of his hopes to that blessed haven which God hath prepared for them that love and fear him?

Ask the young man how he hath spent his strength and the vigour of his youth! In a sober, righteous, and godly manner; or in drunkenness, vice, and impiety? Hath he learned to remember his Creator in the days of his youth; or is the year passed without recalling the wanderer to a sense of his perilous condition? Can he have seen so many of his youthful companions suddenly drop off, in the midst of a vain and irreligious life, and not himself been taught, by such awful examples, the necessity, the urgent necessity, of reflection and repentance? Let the old man look back upon the time, and let me ask him, What hast thou done to im-

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prove the short remainder of thy days? Hast thou learned to look with peace and hope and joy on the grave to which thou art so fast hurrying? Hath the spirit of covetousness, so apt to be the idolatry of old age, found no place in thy heart? Art thou prepared to resign all the vanities of this world, in hope of a joyful resurrection to another? Hath the experience of thy age taught thee to seek for that Divine blessing to thy soul, which shall enable thee to cry out, with happy confidence, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Thou well knowest, my aged friend, that thy days cannot be many, and that the past year was more than thou hadst a just claim to expect. I pray God thou mayest have so profited by this instance of his mercy toward thee, that when thou shalt have most need of his help, he may not forsake thee. On that day it will be of no small consequence to thee how thou hast employed the last (truly, perhaps, thy last) year. But if thou hast still remained a slave to worldly affections and appetites; if the events of the year have not brought thee to a conviction of thy perilous state, think, ere it be too late, of the terrors of the Lord; slight not the warning voice which reasons of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Say not, with Felix, when there is a convenient season, thou wilt attend to these things, but do so without an instant's delay; and so, through God's blessing, thou shalt not bring down thy grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Is any among you a parent? You have, without doubt, industriously laboured for the provision of your children; who, indeed, that deserves the name of parent, would do otherwise? But hath your provision been entirely confined to the things of this life? Hath the procuring of meat and drink and clothing, and worldly indulgences, consumed all your care? Have you neglected to teach them that they have immortal souls; that it is to no purpose to labour for the meat that perishes, if they do not also seek that spiritual food which endureth unto everlasting life, and without which they can never be blessed hereafter? Have you endeavoured to make them fully sensible of the value of their Redeemer, by convincing them of their utter inability to be saved without his mediation and atonement? Have you encouraged them to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and to be clothed with the armour of God? Hath your own example taught your children to respect religion, to obey God, to believe in Christ, and to be in bonds of brotherly love and affection with all men? Look at your little ones, and consider what improvement they have made in the knowledge and practice of their religious duty since the commencement of the year. At their tender age, the past year hath been of high and momentous importance. The earliest impressions will ever be found the most lasting; and if the essential truths of the Christian gospel be not then engrafted on their hearts, there are evil principles in abundance, both from within and without, which will speedily occupy their place. I need not now tell you, that if your children do not become acquainted early with that knowledge which is able to make them wise unto salvation, the question will hereafter be solemnly put to you, why they were ignorant. Be prepared, then, to answer it.

Perhaps there may be some among you by whom this year hath been passed in much affliction of mind; I mean not that fretful, worldly sorrow which worketh no good, and proves the unholy condition of the heart; but that godly tribulation which worketh repentance—deep, solid, and lasting. If there be any such, whom conviction of sin and a conscious sense of unworthiness have oppressed with terror and grief, let them take comfort; such a year hath not been spent in vain. Though succeeding weeks and months have but increased your anxiety, yet be assured you have more ground to be happy than the now happiest of the sensual, the thoughtless, and the profligate. Blessed are they that piously mourn, for they shall be comforted. They that thus sow in tears shall reap in joy; and as their tears last but for a time, so shall their joy continue for ever. What consolation does the gospel offer to them who sincerely mourn for their sins and errors, and, with an humble and contrite heart, turn unto God with a lively and efficient faith in Christ Jesus! It is not against such that the threatenings of the Lord are denounced. These belong to the careless, the presumptuous, the disobedient, and the hardened; but to the penitent soul, melted with a sense of its unworthiness, and coming to the Redeemer, though with fear, yet in faith—pity, pardon, and peace are offered in plenteous

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measure. At the sight of such repentant sorrow as this, the angels of heaven rejoice in the presence of God.—*Legh Richmond.*

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF FREDERICK III. OF PRUSSIA.

In tracing the king's intellectual qualities, the first and most prominent, and that forming the groundwork of the whole, was natural and healthy good common sense. He was never led away by sanguine hopes, but ever remained moderate in his expectations; having learned the important and difficult virtue of "being able to wait." His judgment for that reason was always sound and striking, being not only the product of his understanding, but his pure tact—not only of his clear head, but of his noble and feeling heart. Thence originated, without surmising it himself, his calm preponderance, not only in everyday circumstances, but also in council with his ministers—such men as Hardenburgh, Stein, and Humboldt: not that he undervalued their perhaps superior sagacity and learning, for he had chosen their Excellencies to be of his privy council because of such qualities; but it manifested itself when, after long debate, opposition, and individual tenacity, they had brought themselves and the matter under consideration to a "fix,"—then the fast and complicated knot was generally loosed by the simple and sound views of the king. Such has often happened on most important political matters—namely, in 1812, when the emperor Napoleon prepared for, and entered on, his gigantic invasion of Russia. The king was thereby placed in the most painful and frightful position; for he was forced, through the untowardness of events and circumstances, to furnish a large portion of his troops to that powerful man—then at the culminating point of his greatness — to assist *him*, his deadly enemy — he who had brought misfortune on himself, country, and people—to carry on war against his friend the emperor Alexander. Shrinking from the hideousness of such a state of things, all his confidential counsellors, foreboding the worst, were of opinion, that with Napoleon (for he had distinctly shown his hatred of Prussia—and of the king personally, so lately as during his stay at Dresden) there should be no more negotiating. Therefore was it recommended by them that all tergiversatory measures should be abandoned, and the decided steps taken—namely, to risk the sacrifice of everything for the moment, and firmly coalesce with Russia against France. This view of the matter, respective of the then political circumstances, had much for it; and the most sagacious diplomatists were of that opinion. Not so the king; he was decidedly against such line of policy; for an inward presentiment made it impossible for him to acquiesce. "Who," said he, "will guarantee to us that if I, not being strong enough to oppose, draw on me the French army, and be forced to fall back beyond the Prussian borders to unite with Russia, sacrificing thereby everything—who, I say, will guarantee to us that the French emperor does not change his whole plan, drop the intended war against Russia, and then, in right of conqueror, deprive me of the remaining half of my country? No; in such great worldly occurrences, we must not presumptuously anticipate Providence, but await the beckon: I see it not yet. According to my view of the matter, only two results can occur: if the French emperor succeeds this time, then, inasmuch as I shall have fulfilled his wish in giving the demanded troops in aid, he cannot take from me that I have; if on the contrary he miscarry—which I ardently hope—then will the *future* teach what is to be done." How, through the wonderful assistance of the elements, the king's judgment and patience were justified—the destruction of the overwhelming French army on the northern ice-plains — the world hath witnessed with joyous astonishment. The vigorous-minded minister, Von Stein, passed this ingenious judgment on him: "The king is more penetrating, prudent, and judicious, than any of us, without being aware of it,—even as the *truly* good man is unconscious of being good."

The king loved proverbs; particularly those of our nation. He was very apt at pithy answers, and he never had to ponder long. When the organization of the Landwehr took place, preparatory to the great struggle for freedom, the authorities had proposed that the caps should bear the energetic motto, "Weaponless, Honourless!" On one being submitted to the king for approbation, he tersely replied:—"The sentence is too sweeping, says too much, and is unjust: there are many worthy and brave men, owing to their age, calling, sickness, family circum-

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stances, etc., who will be prevented from carrying a musket, and taking a direct and active part in the conflict—who remaining, at home, will, through their influence, benefit the good cause in manifold ways: such may not be stigmatized as 'honourless.' No, no, the motto shall be, 'With God, for king and country.'"

I have heard him speak uninterruptedly in conference on church affairs for twenty to thirty minutes, with conclusiveness and eloquence, so that that which he proposed was expressed in a most clear and connected manner.

Be it permitted to record one of the king's pleasantries relative to myself. I had preached before the king from Luke xiv. 8—11: "When thou art bidden," etc. Led by the text, I expatiated on the virtue of diffidence and humility—recommending them as safe preservers of our happiness. Being that day invited to dine at the royal table in company of many high in office, I hung back, and having entered the banqueting-room last, took my place at the lower end of the table. The king, surveying his guests, called to me, "Eylert, you are probably applying today's text? But it also says, 'Friend, go higher!'—Come, take the chair opposite to me." The undeserved and unexpected honour nevertheless embarrassed me. Such joyous temperament, however, was the exception, not the rule, for his equanimity and dignified earnestness hardly admitted of joking.

His memory was retentive—a gift most important to a ruler; everything he read, saw, and heard, took full hold, if worthy his attention; even figures and names were at his command, when in connexion with any circumstances or person that had interested him. It appears hardly credible, nevertheless it is strictly true, that he knew the greater portion of his guards—generally greeting those on duty at the palace by name, when he passed them; such recognition from the king's lips was highly estimated by the brave men. In 1810, being at Potsdam, he was standing at the window—his usual custom after dinner—and beside him the then colonel of the first regiment of guards, Von Kessel. looking towards the road he remarked hard by, a poorly clad man, who, with uncovered head, was staring up at the window, holding at the same time a letter in his uplifted hand. "I know that man," said the king, "he has a peculiar face; his name is Arnold Schultz, and was one of the Magdeburg garrison. He served under me when crown prince, in the campaign against France, in 1792, and was wounded before Mayence." Colonel Von Kessel remarked: "Is your majesty quite sure?—from 1792 to 1810 are eighteen years, almost too long to remember such-like occurrences." "I'll convince you," said the king, ordering one of his adjutants to show the man up. As he entered, the king said, "What's thy name, my son?"—"Arnold Schultz." "You were a soldier?" "Yes, belonging to the Magdeburg garrison; marched against the French in 1792, and was wounded before Mayence. Your majesty, then crown prince, was very kind to me—had me taken to the next lazaret—gave me money—and ordered that I should be taken good care of." "What, then, has brought thee to Potsdam?" "Alas! I am badly off now. The French in Magdeburg, because I won't leave off feeling that I am a Prussian, have dismissed me from my post of gate-keeper. I have no bread for wife and children; therefore am I come to Potsdam, to beg of my rightful and gracious master a little help." "And thou shalt have it, old man," said the king—ordering, at the same time, that he should immediately receive nutriment in the palace kitchen, be clothed from head to foot, and have money and support until he was appointed to some post.

A reigning grand duke standing beside the king at a window in the old palace, which looks towards the museum, remarked: "Berlin has only become splendid under your Majesty!" The expression, as being an historical fact, contained no flattery, it nevertheless discomposed the king's temper, who answered in simple and pretensionless manner, "Circumstances have favoured me; under the same, my predecessors would have done more"—turning the conversation to another subject.

On occasion of the triumphal entry into Paris, at the head of his brave and victorious army, which was the most glorious and splendid moment of his life; and later, his return entry into Berlin between two emperors, surrounded by his huzzaing people; no mark of self-conceit, vanity, or egotism, was depicted on his face. When anything was said or done that would attribute the happy result to his wisdom and guidance, would he say, "Not us! not us! to God alone be the honour."—*Bishop Eylert.*

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MY LETTER-BOX.

THERE are various features of avarice in the world. One man heaps up gold; another treasures up his old garments; while a third greedily collects rarities in the shape of antiquities or paintings. If there is any avarice in my nature, it is displayed in a different manner. My peculiarity is to hoard up the daily proceeds of the post. Not a letter which I have received for this twenty years, of whatever shape or size, or whatever import, but is carefully treasured up in my letter-box—as carefully as though the leaves were of gold.

I love to ruminate over my letter-box. It is instructive—it is humanising. But shall I prove myself a miser by keeping its contents all to myself? They were intended certainly for my own perusal alone, but I shall not betray a want of good faith by relating a few of the incidents which my treasures contain. In doing so I will omit all names, so that I shall be sure of not giving offence.

Here is a letter from a dear old friend. Oh! I well remember the days of our youth, when with light hearts we traversed the green fields, arm in arm, admiring the beauties of nature, and directing each other's mind through them to nature's God. Then we would converse on the charms of literature; ever and anon repeating, for mutual instruction, some passage which struck us as partaking of the beautiful and sublime, from the works of both the ancients and the moderns. Those were days of joy, but they have long passed away. Circumstances tore my companion from my arms, and this letter is an invitation to his wedding. I could not help smiling through my tears as I read it, because my dear old friend dwelt so ardently on the golden prospects of life. There did not appear to be a cloud in his sky from the horizon to the zenith. His bride was beautiful and accomplished, and above all endowed with fervent piety, the price of which is far above rubies. I longed to witness the happiness of my friend, but space intervened which forbade the thought. My heart, however, indited a long letter to him, in which I wished both him and his bride all the happiness this world could afford, and that they might finally enjoy the felicity of heaven. At the same time I cautioned my friend not to expect too much happiness in this world. "The sky," I said, "may be unclouded in the morning, and the sun arise in glory from the east, but ere noon it may be overcast with thick clouds, pouring down their impetuous showers upon the earth. This earth is not your rest."

I am no prophet, but my caution was not without foundation. Here is a letter edged with a deep black border from the same dear friend. I looked at it earnestly as the servant brought it into my study, and feared to open it. "Is the wife of his bosom torn from him?" I exclaimed, and involuntarily laid it down to weep for the woes of humanity. I opened it with a trembling hand, and though my fears were not wholly realized, I found him in the depths of affliction. By a sudden stroke, himself and beloved partner had been deprived of a lovely prattling child. Health sat on its cheeks in the morning; it fell, and its new-born spirit fled to a better world than this. It was a sudden translation to glory, but nature felt the pang of separation bitterly. The tears of my friend had stained the paper on which he wrote, and my own increased the disfigurement. I wrote him a word of comfort and consolation in reply. I depicted the eternal happiness of the spirit of his loved one, and then asked him if he would wish to bring it back into a world of sin and sorrow. I reminded him of his Christian principles, and then inquired if he had not sufficient faith to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." I endeavoured to dry his tears, by relating that touching incident in the life of David, when he wept and fasted for his sick child as he lay prostrate upon the earth, but comforted himself with these words when it was no more: "Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

It is a pleasure to receive a letter from my aged friend at H——. Although his hair is silvery white, and he has nearly numbered fourscore years, his heart is as light as that of youth. I often wish I had such an one in my bosom. It must be a great grief, indeed, that can touch his heart. He seems to sit aloft, and smile at the ordinary sorrows of this world. Losses affect him not; anxiety never sits on his fine open brow. His letters are replete with Christian philosophy; prose and poetry of his own composing, as

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he runs his pen along the paper, alternating. His letters are a feast to me, and I often enjoy a hearty laugh over his innocent wit. Yet his last letter called forth both our tears; he in writing, and I in reading it. He had an only son, who was tenderly brought up by him, and trained to an honourable profession. Alas! he has blighted both his parents' hopes and his own prospects by his conduct. He was wild and undutiful, and this letter relates that news had just arrived from America, whither he had been gone for some time, to the effect, that while on a pleasure excursion, he was drowned. How affecting are the sentiments of this letter! I fear the calm of mind he so long enjoyed is for ever broken. Yet there is a holy resignation displayed in them, which makes me hope, that though this event will make my dear aged friend "go softly all his days," he will yet be enabled to write many a pleasant Christian letter. I have seen him since, and his fine open countenance, which, while it displays a shade of sadness never seen there before, testifies that his heart reposes on the goodness of Divine Providence, and that his faith is built on the Rock of Ages.

The letters of another aged friend give me equal pleasure with those above-mentioned. I love to read their good round characters; for if they do not display the man of learning, they show what is far better, the man of worth. This letter, for instance, relates, that the writer has just thrown into the fire bonds for eleven thousand pounds, lent in the hour of necessity, that his debtors might not be troubled by his descendants. How striking is this conduct contrasted with that of the Shylocks of the world, who, if their debtors fail, however unavoidably, in payment, demand their full pounds of flesh, by immuring them within the walls of a prison! And whence does the difference arise? They are of the world; but my friend is a heaven-born Christian. I have scarcely met with his fellow upon the earth, and can never hope to look upon his like again. His last letter relates that he has just portioned off more than one hundred poor relations, reserving to himself only sufficient to carry him down to the grave, where, from his great age, he expects soon to be. And where did he obtain all his riches? In his boyhood he was poor, and when arrived at manhood, he had not sometimes one penny wherewith to purchase a morsel of bread to satisfy his hunger. I have heard him relate, with touching effect, the trials of his early life; how he struggled for a maintenance, but struggled in vain. In my last visit to him I stopped at an inn, whereat he was once errand-boy. But how passing strange is the life of man; how, in all its multiplied aspects, does it declare that there is a superintending Providence watching over, and overruling the affairs of man! Rough and uncouth as the exterior of my friend was when a youth, there was a talent within, which only waited to be called into action, and then its possessor would roll in wealth. But how shall it be brought into action? Who shall help the friendless and the needy? The same God who implanted the talent within his breast. His hand led him to a situation in a chemical manufactory, where his talent was displayed, and then, to use his own expression, he had only to hold out his lap, and his wealth was poured in beyond measure. What delight have I seen in the countenance of my friend, as he has related the goodness of God to him! For the full hour have I sat and listened to him, all the while watching the fixed expression of gratitude which his full heart has imprinted upon his countenance. And this gratitude is displayed all the day long. Many a recipient of his benevolence has knocked at his door when I have been visiting him, and when we have walked out into the village, his hand was ever in his pocket to gladden the hearts of the children whom we met. My friend pursues the even tenor of his way silently, but the world will sadly miss him when he is called away from earth, to receive his reward in heaven. I shall grieve for the widows whose hearts he has cheered, and the orphans whose tears he has dried, when the postman brings me a letter, containing the intelligence of his decease. His great age forbids the hope, but may the day be far distant when such a letter is put into my box.

How sweet are the expressions of sympathy! Many a letter in my box contains such, but none are more affectionate than those of my dear friend at C——. When the sorrows of bereavement rent my heart, how tenderly did he pour the balm of sympathy into my wounds! I look upon his letters as tokens of the goodness of his heart, and of firm friendship. Could those torn from our family circles by the

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hand of death return to earth, how would they thank those who have sympathized with us in our sorrows! And will they not do so if we should meet together in the family of heaven? It may be only imagination, but I often picture to myself the meeting of those whom we loved, with those who have mourned with us at their loss, and all rejoicing together with such joy as none can feel below the skies!

Not less sweet are the expressions of friendship than those of sympathy. I have many letters in my box replete with such expressions. Many of them, it is true, have proved to be hollow as the drum, but they pleased me very much on their first reading. From some of them, indeed, I had golden prospects in view, but they have long since been deemed by me baseless fabrics of visions. Against those who thus vaguely buoyed up my hopes, these letters remain as swift witnesses. They also warn me not to put my trust in man, but in God. Not so, however, have other friends trifled with my sensibilities, and especially one dear friend. His actions answer to his words, as many of his letters testify. I have experienced, and I am not ashamed to own his kindnesses. They have not kept me in idleness, but those are not our best friends who enable us to live without labour. The idle man must be miserable. He who extends my usefulness, and at the same time enables me to provide honourably for my family, has my highest esteem, and best expressions of gratitude. May my benefactor find a friend in Him, "who sticketh closer than a brother."

These letters lie on the surface of the goodly contents of my box. Let me shake them up and see if I cannot find others whose secrets are worthy of the reader's notice. Whose handwriting is this? I should be very glad to know myself, but I fear I never shall, though I have a shrewd suspicion as to who the writer is. It is signed anonymously, and it is intended as a stab in the dark. These anonymous writers of epistolary missiles are despicable assassins. They endeavour to disturb your peace of mind, while they look on in secret and enjoy the mischief. But as regards myself, their shafts would ever fall pointless. I apprehend the writer of this never saw my countenance overcast with a shade of sorrow from its contents, nor do I think that if the postman was to bring me one every morning, that they would ever have thy slightest effect in turning one hair of my head from black to grey. I should quietly treasure them up in my box as memorials of their envy, folly, and wickedness.

Here is a letter now, which has caused me much more uneasiness. Many a time have I wept over it, and many a time, if I live long enough, shall I weep over it again. It was written by one with whom I have often taken sweet counsel, and with whom I have gone up into the house of God as friends, but who, now, is slumbering in the cold grave.

> Alas! how vain, how brittle are earth's joys!
> Frail are connexions and the bliss of friends!
> The touch of death the thread of life destroys,
> And every pleasure to the grave descends!

I preserve this letter, with those of others, who have long since gone to their eternal rest, as precious relics. They are to me so many locks of hair set in gold rings; serving to keep the departed in fond remembrance. By them, also, I am reminded of my own frailty, and of the necessity there is of preparing for my latter end.

I look with pain on the superscription of this letter, as I do on all those in the same handwriting. They are written by one whose name I forbear to mention: a man of genius, but whose intellect has run wild, and which has rendered him a wandering star. How subtilely does he combat all my arguments in proof of that which is self-evident—that there is a God presiding over the universe, and that man possesses an immortal soul, which will exist for ever in weal or woe. He wishes to die like the brutes of the creation. How affectionately does my heart yearn over his best interests! Oh that he might live before God! What noble fruits would his talent bring forth to the glory of his Maker, should he become a converted character! Strange that an intellect possessing such a grasp of thought, should spend its strength in trifling and cavilling! What further proof does he want of Deity, than the possession of that intellect? God gave it to him—God preserves it to him! What further proof does he want of the immortality of the soul than his own boundless desires, which he seeks in vain to satisfy at the broken cisterns of this world, that can hold no water? Oh, my friend and kinsman in the flesh, yield to conviction, and let reason, of which you so much boast, hold its rightful sway! Take not a leap in the

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dark, lest you repent your folly throughout the undying ages of eternity!

What a pleasing contrast do the letters of my dear friend at S—— afford to those just described. He also possesses intellects of the highest order, but grace is given to him to consecrate his talents to the service of his Maker, and the benefit of mankind. It always gives me pleasure to see his handwriting afresh, and I break the seal which keeps the contents of his letters from my view, with hasty trepidation. Rich feasts are his letters to my mind. I never put them into my box before their contents are well conned, and they have been communicated to my most intimate friends. Even my poor doubting friend has enjoyed my possession of these jewels, and he has often asked me for a transcript of them. They are filled with heavenly wisdom, and as such are accounted among the most valuable of my paper treasures. Let the subject be what it will on which this dear friend writes, he is sure to improve it with some Christian sentiments. He seems to feel that literature is so sadly deficient in spirituality, that he cannot let slip any opportunity of rendering it more holy. His sentiments are:—

"If in the field I meet a smiling flower,
Methinks it whispers, 'God created me,
And I to him devote my little hour,
In lonely sweetness and humility.'
If where the forest's darkest shadows lour,
A serpent quick and venomous I see,
It seems to say, 'I, too, extol the power
Of Him who caused me at his will to be.'
The fountain purling, and the river strong,
The rocks, the trees, the mountains raise one song:
'Glory to God!' re-echoes in mine ear;
Faithless were I, in wilful error blind,
Did I not him in all his creatures find,
His voice through heaven, and earth, and ocean hear."

MONTGOMERY.

From such a correspondent as this, may the postman bring me a letter every morning. But I cannot hope it. Age has palsied the hand of the writer, and I fear it will soon cease to write. From this cause they appear now "like angel visits, few, and far between." I will prize those I have the more.

How volatile, yet pleasant, are the letters of my clerical friend at W——. His wit is as airy as the gossamer that rides aloft upon the wings of the slightest breeze. I am afraid he too much forgets his sacred calling, and his character as a Christian. There is a sprightliness about his letters, however, which renders them very delightful to read, and very welcome to my letter-box. When I receive them, I involuntarily ejaculate, "Now for a smile;" and they never fail to create one; sometimes even before I open them, having very frequently "private and immediate" written on the outside, to denote their great importance. Mankind like to please themselves with trifles, and this is the method with which this friend endeavours to please himself and friends. If he never does anything more criminal, I must not consure him, and certainly his letters shall always be treasured up, with the rest, in my box. Honey may be extracted from the meanest flower of the field, as well as the most gorgeous flowers of the gay parterre.

These are some of the secrets of my letter-box. There are others which I dare not make known, lest I abuse the confidence my correspondents have reposed in me. How open have some of the writers laid their hearts before me; telling me, with undisguised simplicity, all their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows. I love an open heart. The man who unveils his secret thoughts to me in confidence that my friendship will not allow me to abuse the trust he reposes in me, has my warmest regard; but he who pretends to place confidence in me, while his face, the true index of the heart, denotes that he has a mental reservation in the matter, creates a feeling of disgust, unnatural to my bosom. It has been well said, that an honest unsuspicious disposition diffuses a serenity over life, like that of a fine day, when no cloud conceals the blue ether, nor a blast ruffles the still air; while a crafty and designing bosom is all tumult and darkness, and may be said to resemble a misty atmosphere in a comfortless climate. It would be well for society, if every one composing it possessed an open and ingenuous disposition. The courage and generosity of the lion are far more admired than the pitiful cunning of sly Reynard, the fox.

By this disclosure of the secrets of my letter-box, it will be seen that its contents are very varied. I have another letter-box, the contents of which are still more rich and multifarious. Oh, how I love to ruminate over its contents! I need not disclose these, for I doubt not every Christian reader possesses its counterpart. This letter-box is the Bible! that casket of rich jewels, that treasury of wisdom! where not the will and mind of man is displayed, but that of God! where letters full fraught with mercy, and love,

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and goodwill to man, speak with affectionate emphasis to the human heart! How many are the messengers which he sent with these letters of love to the world: how pressing are the invitations, how earnest are the exhortations, how fervent are the desires for man's welfare, how warm the expressions of regard, how fearful are the warnings, and how ample are the promises of mercy which these letters contain! Reader, despise not his messages: treasure them up in your heart, that you may grow wise unto salvation! E. F.

THINGS TEMPORAL AND THINGS ETERNAL.

The liability of eternity to paralyze the active duties of time is not to be named, as a danger, compared with the fatal and universal propensity of man to subordinate the claims of the future to the affairs of the present. While their enlightened judgment compels them to concede the point of superiority to heaven, their depraved heart is for giving the practical precedence to earth, and the result of this variance is an attempted compromise between the two claimants. But against such an accommodation, the Redeemer enters his protest; appealing to the tribunal of common sense, he exclaims,—"No man can serve two masters," whose interests clash. The experiment has been made and repeated in every form, and in every age; and he solemnly avers, with the confidence of one who knows that it has failed as often as it has been made, and will prove eternally impracticable, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Passing into the sanctuary, and marking the worldliness of the assembled hearers, he shows how necessarily, in such soil, the seed of the kingdom must prove unfruitful. Visiting the place of gain, and contrasting the burden of thick clay which the worshipper of mammon carries, with the narrowness of the entrance to the way of life, he exclaims, in accents of deep commiseration, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven!" Penetrating into the inmost circle of domestic life, and arresting the inmates in the midst of their household cares, he calls them to his side, and turns on them a look of pity, as he reminds them that while they are careful and cumbered about many things, "one thing is needful." He even lifts the curtain of eternity, and bids us approach and listen, while the voice of Dives from the deeps of hell, and the replies of Abraham from the realms of light, pronounce the moral of the tale of life. And taking his stand on the highway of the world, and surveying the busy crowds as they pass and repass, each one as eager as if he had just discovered the secret of happiness after a thousand failures, and were about to give it an instant trial; he points them upwards, and reminds them that the good they seek is there; that there is one thing to which everything else desirable is appended; and *that* he exhorts them to "seek first."

It is the misfortune of some to be afflicted with that kind of defective sight, which prevents them from seeing to an ordinary distance; they are unable to distinguish the most towering and colossal object if placed at a short remove, while the merest atom, brought close to the eye, is magnified as with the power of a microscope. An affliction analogous to this in the moral sight, but pregnant with incomparably greater danger, is the universal malady of mankind; and our Lord insists on the urgency of its removal. He finds them mistaking phantoms for realities, and realities for phantoms; calling an atom a world, and a world an atom; practising on themselves an endless succession of delusions; and he gives them the alternative of a remedy or death. He finds them absorbed in providing for the temporal future, and he urges them, as they respect their own rationality, not to omit eternity from their reckoning. He approaches them while gazing on the near perspective of time, and, by raising and extending the point of sight, he adds eternity to the view, and leaves them lost in the contemplation of a boundless futurity. In all his addresses on the future, he does not forget that we are mortal; but neither will he allow us in our attentions to the present to forget that we are immortal. As the worshippers of mammon make religion subservient to the world, so he requires the worshippers of God to subordinate the world to religion. Instead of exhausting ourselves in efforts after the bread which perisheth, he reminds us that there is angels' food, and urges us to put forth our chief endeavours after that. He finds us as in the midst of a spacious repository, crowded with an infinite variety of objects, some of which are adapted to the body only, while others might form a rich dowry for an immortal

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soul; some of them things that perish in the using, and others of them things that form the gold and currency of heaven; things on which God has stamped his image and superscription, and inscribed an infinite value. But however diversified their character, he finds them each soliciting the first and highest place in our esteem; and aware that we are in danger of lavishing our affections—those precious things, which if given to God would bring us heaven in return—of wasting them on less than nothing and vanity, he draws near and expostulates, and entreats us that we cheat not our souls of eternal happiness by providing for them only an earthly portion, but that we select for them a good, spiritual and immortal like ourselves, suited to supply its important wants, and to gratify all their large capacities. "Lay not up treasures on earth," saith he, "where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."—*Harris.*

REMARKABLE HAIL-STORM IN THE PAMPAS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Mr. Darwin, in his interesting Journal, gives the following account of a hail storm, which proved fatal even to large animals:—

"September 16th.—To the seventh posta at the foot of the Sierra Tapalquen. The country was quite level, with a coarse herbage and soft peaty soil. The hovel was remarkably neat, the posts and rafters being made of about a dozen dry thistle stalks, bound together with thongs of hide, and by the aid of these Ionic-like columns the roof and sides were thatched with reeds. We were here told of a fact, which I would not have credited had I not had partly ocular proof of it—namely, that during the previous night, hail as large as small apples, and extremely hard, had fallen with such violence as to kill the greater number of the wild animals. One of the men had already found thirteen deer (*cervus campestris*) lying dead, and I saw their *fresh* hides; another of the party soon after my arrival brought in seven more. Now I well know that one man, without dogs, would hardly have killed seven deer in a week. The men believed they had seen about fifteen dead ostriches, (part of one of which we had for dinner;) and they said that several were running about, evidently blind in one eye. Numbers of smaller birds, as ducks, hawks, and partridges, were killed. I saw one of the latter with a black mark on its back, as if it had been struck with a paving stone. A fence of thistle stalks round the hovel was nearly broken down, and my informer, putting his head out to see what was the matter, received a severe cut, and now wore a bandage. The storm was said to have been of limited extent; we certainly saw, from our last night's bivouac, a dense cloud, and lightning in this direction. It is marvellous how such strong animals as deer could thus have been killed, but I have no doubt, from the evidence I have given, that the story is not in the least exaggerated. I am glad, however, to hear its credibility supported by the Jesuit Dobrizhoffer, (Hist. of Abipones, ii. p. 6,) who speaking of a country much to the northward, says, hail fell of an enormous size, and killed vast numbers of cattle; the Indians hence called the place Lalegraicavalca, meaning the little white things."

We may here notice that the thistles mentioned are a gigantic species; they cover extensive portions of the Pampas, forming, when fully grown, thick impenetrable jungles, through which a few tracks run, as intricately as those of a labyrinth. These tracks are known only to robbers, who, says Mr. Darwin, inhabit them, and sally forth at night to rob and cut throats with impunity. "Upon asking at a house whether robbers were numerous, I was answered, 'The thistles are not up yet;' the meaning of which reply was not at first very obvious." The Pampas great thistle overtops a rider on horseback. There is also a species of cardoon, which grows in the Pampas as high as a horse's back.

VAIN DESIRES.

"Godliness with contentment is great gain," 1 Tim. vi. 6.

"A dissatisfied spirit is a great evil, and the idle occupation of wishing, is one of the worst trades that a man can follow." Such were my thoughts, the other day, as I set out on my accustomed walk, and the following reflections succeeded them.

The servant is not contented with servitude, he would fain be a master; the

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